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GEORGE R. HALKETT

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THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE.

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MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

AND

THE MYSTERY OF THE CASKET LETTERS.

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR HERBERT E. MAXWELL.

[*The casket was of silver gilt, about a foot long, in an outer cover of velvet, and was engraved in several places with the initial F, under a royal crown. It was delivered up to the Government, after the application of torture, by Robert Douglas, who had been found in possession of some of Bothwell's papers shortly after the murder of Darnley and the marriage of Mary to Bothwell. If the casket was really Bothwell's, the inference is that it had been a gift to him from Mary, the crowned initial being that of her first husband, François II. of France. The contents of the casket consisted of eight letters in French addressed to Bothwell by the Queen, and eleven love sonnets. All the originals, it was alleged, were in Mary's handwriting; but these originals have disappeared.*]

WHEN Mary Queen of Scots landed at Leith, on August 19th, 1561, to assume the rule of her own kingdom, she wanted a few months of being nineteen. Thirteen years previously, after Henry VIII.'s bloody wooing of her for Prince Edward of England had culminated in the battle of Pinkie, thereby crushing the military power of the Scots and throwing them further than ever into the French alliance, a French fleet had carried away the child-Queen, the Scottish Parliament unanimously approving as "verray ressonabill" the project of her marriage with the Dauphin, "to the perpetuall honour, plesour and proffeit of baith the realmes." Then followed ten years' education in the most profligate court in Europe—such education as Lamartine pronounced "to have fitted her rather to become the mistress than the wife of the Dauphin."

The marriage took place in April 1558; in June 1559 Henri II. was killed in the lists; the Dauphin succeeded as François II., and the ancient Scoto-French alliance seemed to have reached ideal fulfilment—Mary Queen of Scots had become Queen of France also.

The weakling François died in the following year, and the French court was left under the sinister guidance of *la reine mère*—Catherine de Medici. Scarcely was Mary's husband cold before all Europe was buzzing with rumours of her second marriage.

"The mariage of our Queyn," wrote John Knox, "was in all mannis mouth. Some wold have Spaine; some the Emperouris brother; some Lord Robert Dudlye; some Duck de Nemours; and some unhappilie gessed at the Lord Darnlye." Arran, next heir to the crown of Scotland, Don Carlos and Darnley were mentioned as most probable suitors in official dispatches within three months

of François' death. Popular gossip gave Mary the choice also of the King of Sweden, his brother the King of Denmark, the King of Navarre, the Duke of Ferrara, the Prince de Condé, the young Duke of Guise, the Cardinal of Bourbon, Don John, and the Duke of Norfolk.

The beauty of the young Queen of Scots has been the theme of endless song and story; she must have been gifted also with singular charm of manner and a quick intelligence. To steer steadily through the stormy sea and treacherous shoals which lay before and around her required more than these. She had need, first, to be deeply imbued with right principles, and, second, to have ministers and councillors upon whom she could rely in the work of government.

As for the first—her perception of right and wrong was such as she had been able to acquire in the French court, where Catherine's *squadrone volante* was a feature of good society and a recognised instrument of statecraft. Such discretion and moral rectitude as she possessed must have been innate—it cannot have been acquired. One cannot follow closely the story of Queen Mary without reaching the conviction that by nature she was frank, generous and unsuspicious; tender-hearted to a fault, but passionately resentful when her trust was betrayed.

And whom had she to trust? Human character is never uniform at any period, and among the nobles of Scotland there must have been *some* honest, disinterested men—among the clergy *some* who were capable of Christian forbearance and charity. Doubtless there were many such, but these were not the sort whom the tempest of reform, the ceaseless strife of faction and the stress of private feud had forced to the head of affairs. John Knox was as sincere as he was earnest, but how could she seek the counsel of one who identified the "Quenis Kirk" with "that Romane harlot," and told her so? Moray, Mary's bastard brother, was the ostensible head of the Protestants, of whom the most active vied with each other in virulent invective against her religion;* yet she put her trust in Moray till he turned against her. The Earl of Huntly, head of the Scottish Catholics and "Cock o' the North," was probably a sterling character; and of all the mysteries which shroud Mary's conduct none is more profound than her behaviour to one whose religion, if nothing else, should and would have made him the most devoted of her subjects. It was her trust in Moray which caused her, within little more than a year of her return, to march in person against Huntly, and drive him to his death at Corrichie.

Then there was Maitland of Lethington, her Secretary of State, of able intellect, but shifting his course to suit every wind that should serve his own advancement; Morton, her Chancellor, to whom she became used to turn for protection from the intemperate vehemence of Knox, and whom she used playfully to tease about her many suitors—it was not long before she learnt how far *they* were worthy of her confidence. But before that hour came, another figure appeared on the scene—her cousin, Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, son of the Catholic Earl of Lennox, and great-grandson of Henry VII. of England. Comely, tall and athletic, with a wholesome taste for field sports, and a charming manner—when he chose—this *gentil hutaudeau* attracted the Queen's caprice, and she conceived for him a vehement passion.

Disdaining the fierce opposition of Moray and his party, who rose in rebellion, Mary married Darnley on July 29th, 1565, being then in her twenty-third year. Six weeks of matrimony convinced her of the grievous mistake she had made. Darnley had a disagreeable temper, without any intellectual endowment to satisfy Mary's quick, eager wit. Dull as he was, he had more dangerous qualities than stupidity. He conceived an intense jealousy of David Riccio, the Piedmontese musician, in whose company Mary had been accustomed before her marriage to find the intellectual solace which she sought in vain elsewhere; and he lent a ready ear to the scandalous construction put upon this intimacy by Lethington, Morton and others, who also discerned Popish designs in these secret *séances* with Riccio, and feared that the foreigner was to supplant Lethington as Secretary of State. Moray,

* It was not a mealy-mouthed age. Mary had scarcely been six weeks in Scotland before the magistrates of Edinburgh reissued a proclamation which they had made six months before *in her own name*, charging "all monks, friars, priests, nuns, adulterers, fornicators and all such filthy persons" to remove from the town within four-and-twenty hours on pain of branding and banishment.



MARY
STUART.

After the portrait
by CLOUET,
at St. Petersburg.

the Queen's brother, had been driven into exile; the Protestants were impatient for his recall, and suspected Riccio of being the chief bar to it. Cool, watchful Randolph, English ambassador at Holyrood, reported that there was strife between the King and Queen, and that "Darnley could not continue long. . . . To all honest men he is intolerable, and almost forgetful of her already that has adventured so much for his sake. What shall become of her, or what life with him she shall lead, that already taketh upon him to control and command her, I leave others to think."

Court rumours and her husband's suspicion only made Mary the more resolute in her friendship for Riccio. Of all women that ever lived, she was the least likely to alter her conduct in consequence. Her behaviour seemed to confirm the worst construction put upon it. She had not been wedded six weeks before Bedford declared to Cecil that of the countenance given by Mary to David he would not write, "for the honour due to the person of a Queen."

Riccio's enemies determined that he should die. Sixteenth-century assassins went to work in a businesslike way. No conspirator was to have the chance of rounding upon his confederates; when murder was to be done it was preceded by a formal contract, just as though it were a question of building a house or digging a drain. Accordingly a "band" was drawn up and signed by the conspirators, wherein Darnley, the King, guaranteed his accomplices against the blood-feud of great persons—Bothwell, to wit, his brother-in-law Huntly, and Athol. Chief of those in the secret were Lethington, Morton, Argyll, Boyd, and Ruthven. A pretty secret! Moray knew what was coming, "and looked through his fingers"; so did Rothes and Kirkaldy of Grange, who were in exile with Moray in England. On February 13th Randolph wrote from Edinburgh to Lord Leicester: "I know that, if that take effect which is intended, David, with consent of the King, shall have his throat cut within these ten days. Many things grievouser and worse than these are brought to my ears; yea, of things intended against her own person." Mary was five months gone with child; the deed was to be done in her presence, with such effect upon her life as might ensue.

Now, this brief allusion to an event so well known in all its brutal details as the murder of Riccio is made here merely because in that event may be found a clue to much of the Queen's subsequent conduct. Riccio was butchered before her eyes on March 9th. Mary survived the shock, to the disappointment of some, at least, of the assassins; but the horror of it, and her passionate grief for the loss of a trusted and well-beloved servant, combined to harden her character, naturally impulsive, and changed her into a reckless and vindictive woman. Every man whom she had trusted, and the man whom she had learnt, if not to distrust, at least to detest—her husband, had put a hand to this cruel deed—this mortal affront—the destruction of Riccio. Every man but one—the strong and dauntless James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. Him she had summoned out of France in the previous autumn, when her domestic troubles first dawned upon her. According to the prediction of stalwart Kirkaldy of Grange, himself one of her opponents at the time, the Queen "shook Bothwell out of her pocket" at her enemies, and it was his resolute bearing and mastery of resource at this crisis which completely won Mary's changeful heart. At last she had found a man of firmer spirit than her own, whose service she was ready to reward by making herself his servant. After the murder, Mary remained the prisoner of Darnley and the other assassins in Holyrood House. But Darnley betrayed his accomplices; and when Bothwell, with Huntly and Athol, effected the Queen's escape, her dastard husband shared her flight to Dunbar. Bothwell was all-powerful on the Border, Huntly and Athol in the north. The combination was too strong for Morton and his allies, who fled to England. The King and Queen of Scots were left to govern their realm.

It is told in the lately discovered Lennox manuscripts how, as Mary and her husband passed among the royal tombs in their escape from the palace, she stopped beside Riccio's fresh grave and exclaimed that "it should go very hard with her but a fatter than Riccio should lie anear him ere one twelvemonth was at an end." Within a twelvemonth Darnley was no more! But Lennox, it must be remembered, had become one of Mary's bitterest foes before these papers

were compiled.* He was convinced of Mary's guilt in the murder of Darnley, and many — perhaps most — persons thought false testimony a venial offence in support of such charges as were believed to be true.

So much as preface to the central events of Queen Mary's life. From this point her conduct has been the subject of such incessant controversy, extending over three centuries, without bringing people any nearer agreement upon the truth, that it may seem vain and irksome to peer further into the gloom. My excuse for reverting to the problem at this time is the appearance of a remarkable work by Mr. Andrew Lang, appropriately entitled "The Mystery of Mary Stuart." †

Herein for the first time, as it seems to me, the famous Casket Letters, upon the genuineness whereof almost the whole presumption against the Queen of Scots rests, have been subjected to rigorously impartial scrutiny, and examined in the light of the new evidence in the Lennox manuscripts. That evidence, it is true, must be taken more as showing how the case against Queen Mary was got up than as revealing fresh points in her conduct; but it must be confessed that nothing contained therein lessens the suspicion against her. Mr. Lang's treatise carries the greater weight inasmuch as nobody who is familiar with his feelings towards the House of Stuart on the one hand, and towards the Scottish Reformers on the other, can doubt that he entered upon his inquiry sanguine of unearthing something that might redeem the fair fame of the beautiful Queen of Scots. If proof could be had that the Casket Letters were forged or extensively garbled, he might have claimed fairly that Mary had been grievously traduced by political and ecclesiastical partisans. Unhappily "the spirit of rather reluctant conscientiousness," to use his own phrase, which he brought to the task, has been fatal to any such comforting conclusion.

Queen Mary's son, afterwards James I. and VI., was born on June 19th, 1566; on February 10th, 1567, Darnley was murdered at the Kirk-o'-Field. Bothwell was known by all men to be the chief assassin; to him Mary had already yielded her heart, and more than her heart, as there is too much reason to suspect. Mark, in Mr. Lang's gallery of masterly sketch portraits, the true delineation of this Bothwell — no rude, untutored, cowardly ruffian, as Buchanan and others would have us believe, that so we might shrink with greater horror from the woman who loved him. He was ruthless, indeed, in the indulgence of evil passions, but he had refined tastes, kept a well-bound library, wrote a fair Italian hand, and quoted classical precedent when his troops were formed for battle—altogether a notable figure in a court where many high-born personages could neither read nor write. His moral record was of the worst, but when has *that* brought a man disfavour from women? Bothwell —ready in action, smooth of tongue, no novice in love—was the very man to inspire a clever woman with a supreme passion.

This Bothwell, then, after undergoing a mock trial on April 12th, 1567, for Darnley's murder, and being acquitted, Lennox only protesting, waylaid Queen Mary on the 24th, as she travelled from Stirling to Edinburgh, and carried her—no unwilling captive—to Dunbar. He could not marry her at once, seeing that in the previous year he had wedded with Huntly's sister, Lady Jean Gordon; but that obstacle was removed by collusive and successful actions for divorce, judgment being granted on May 3rd and 7th. By that time the reputation of the Queen of Scots was hopelessly compromised, and she married Bothwell on May 15th.

Men were hardened to horrors in those days, but here was horror to appal the hardiest. Athol, head of the Catholic party, joined the Protestant lords, who had gathered their forces to deliver the Queen from Bothwell. Lethington joined them too, but, as may be believed, from different motives. His change of side is only important as regards his part in the affair of the Casket Letters. To these we have come at last.

Mary surrendered to the Lords at Carberry on June 15th, 1567, Bothwell

* Transcripts of them were found by Father Pollen among the papers of the late Father Stevenson, so well known in connection with Scottish historical research, and were collated with the originals in the Cambridge University Library. I am informed that they are to be published shortly; meanwhile Mr. Andrew Lang has made use of them in his recent work.

† Longmans, Green & Co.

being suffered to slip away, possibly because he knew too much implicating Morton and Lethington in the black affair at Kirk-o'-Field. On the 17th the Queen was imprisoned in Lochleven Castle; Morton, according to the Protestant historian Calderwood, having prevailed against the design of others, with whom he was acting, for her immediate execution. On the 19th, Morton, according to his own subsequent deposition before the Westminster Conference, in December 1568, was dining with Maitland of Lethington in Edinburgh, when "a certain man" came to inform him that Bothwell's valet Dalgleish, and two others, had entered Edinburgh Castle to recover some of Bothwell's possessions. Morton immediately sent his kinsman, Archibald Douglas, who had been present at Darnley's murder and was one of the most accomplished rogues that ever stood in shoe-leather, to arrest these persons. Robert Douglas, Archibald's brother, caught Dalgleish in Potter Row with some of Bothwell's title deeds. He declared that he had nothing else of Bothwell's in his possession; but next day, June 20th, being submitted to torture, offered to take Robert Douglas back to Potter Row and show him something. This "something" was a casket of silver gilt, about a foot long, in an outer cover of velvet and engraved in several places with the initial F under a royal crown. If it was really Bothwell's, the inference is that it had been a gift to him from Mary, the crowned initial being that of her first husband, François II. of France.

At eight o'clock on the same night this casket was brought to Morton, who was practically acting as Governor of Scotland in Moray's absence; and next morning, the 21st, it was broken open in the presence of Morton, Athol, Mar, Glencairn, Home, Semple, Sanquhar, Tullibardine, the Master of Graham, Lethington, and Archibald Douglas. The contents were "sichtit"—inspected—and given into Morton's keeping, who solemnly declared at Westminster, sixteen months later, that he had in no manner altered, added, or taken anything from them.

All those named by Morton as present at the opening of the casket, except Lethington, attended a meeting of the Privy Council on the same day. The matter must have been in their minds and on their lips, yet it receives no mention in the proceedings of the Council. Mr. Lang here establishes a new point, explaining Secretary Lethington's absence from the Council by the fact that on that day he was busy writing to Cecil an account of the discovery, and sending off Robert Melville "on sudden dispatch" to carry the letter to London. Melville was also to report verbally to Cecil "at length the ground of the Lords' so just and honourable cause."* That "ground" was explained to be the contents of the casket, yet the casket had not been opened until four days after the Lords, "in pursuance of their just and honourable cause," had imprisoned the Queen in Lochleven. Hitherto the "cause" had been proclaimed as the delivery of the Queen from Bothwell and the protection of the infant Prince.

The contents of the casket consisted of eight letters in French addressed to Bothwell by the Queen, and eleven love sonnets. All the originals, it was alleged, were in Mary's handwriting, but these originals have disappeared. They remained in Morton's possession until shortly before his execution, in 1581, when they passed into the hands of the Earl of Gowrie, son of that Ruthven who was one of Riccio's assassins. Bowes, the English ambassador, repeatedly, but ineffectually, tried to get them from Gowrie, in order that they might be used against the captive of Fotheringay. When Gowrie himself was executed for treason, in 1584, the secret of the casket perished with him.

Another document which Mr. Lang suggests must have been in the same casket was the "band" for Darnley's murder, not to be confused either with the earlier anti-Darnley band signed in October 1566 by Morton, Moray and others, nor with a later one executed *after* the murder (April 19th, 1567), whereby Morton and others pledged themselves to defend Bothwell against his accusers, and to promote his marriage with Queen Mary. This vital document had disappeared *before the contents of the casket*

* I confess that I have difficulty in reconciling the record of Melville's movements with the normal physical powers of a horseman. He is said to have left Edinburgh on June 21st, reaching London, four hundred miles distant, on the 23rd or 24th, and being back in Berwick on the 28th. He must have been in fine training!

were "sichtit" *by the lords*, showing that, if it was in the same casket as the letters, somebody had opened that casket before the lock was forced by Morton's orders. This is another of Mr. Lang's new points. Randolph, the English ambassador, stated in 1570 that this band had been abstracted from a little coffer in Edinburgh Castle by Lethington and Sir James Balfour. Hay of Tala, who suffered on January 3rd, 1568, for his share in Darnley's murder, deponed that Lethington and Balfour had signed the band, along with Bothwell, Huntly and Argyll. This is confirmed, as regards all of these except Balfour, by a draft of the deposition of Hepburn of Bowton, who was executed at the same time as Hay of Tala, lately discovered at Cambridge, containing passages implicating Morton, which do *not* appear in the "true copy" attested by Lord Justice Clerk Bellenden, and founded upon by Moray in his charge against his sister Mary before the English commissioners at Westminster in December 1568. The suppressed passages are printed for the first time by Mr. Lang, the inference from them being that they were excised from Bellenden's "true copy" by Moray's direction, in order to screen Morton. Bowton declares that Bothwell showed him the "band" at Dunbar—"quhilk band wes in ane of tua silver cofferis."

Now, if it is the case that two of Darnley's murderers, Lethington and Balfour, had access to the casket *before* it was forced open in the presence of the lords, and abstracted from its contents, there is nothing extravagant in the supposition that they also added to them. When the letters were produced by Moray, in December 1568, at Westminster, in support of the charge against Queen Mary, it became evident that almost incredible carelessness had been shown in dealing with such dangerous material. No minutes of the proceedings at the opening of the casket were handed in, nor any inventory of its contents; the commissioners were content with Morton's bald, sworn declaration that he had not added to or subtracted from them while the casket had been in his keeping, upon which declaration he was not cross-examined. Of all those present with Morton at the opening of the casket, only Lethington was in London, and it is doubtful whether he attended the conference. If he did, he held his peace. Mary demanded that she should be confronted with her accusers. This was refused; nor was she permitted to see the documents upon which they based their charge.

It is clear that Lethington and Balfour, deep in the crime of Kirk-o'-Field, had a special interest in diverting suspicion from themselves to the Queen. Mr. Lang, for the first time, has made it pretty clear that these worthies had access to the casket before it was forced open in presence of the lords on June 21st, and that they abstracted therefrom the compromising murder band. What should hinder them from filling the casket with forgeries designed to put Mary's guilt beyond question? Nothing, assuredly, in the character of the individuals, but, unhappily for the Queen's fame, much in the limitations of their ability to do so. With the patient perseverance of a sleuth-hound, Mr. Lang has followed this trail, and applied the dispassionate acumen of a detective to the result to which it leads. Remember, he is discussing whether documents which disappeared more than three hundred years ago can have been genuine or forged. He has to rely upon transcripts in the original French of four of the letters, translations in English and Scots of four of the others, and transcripts of the eleven sonnets. The task might baffle Sherlock Holmes himself. Yet he will carry many to conviction in his conclusion, which is—that while here and there incriminating passages may have been, and probably were interpolated by forgers, the body of the letters must have been genuine. That body is bad enough in itself. He supplies evidence that in place of Letter II. (known as the Glasgow Letter) there once did exist a forged letter, referred to in the papers of Lennox and Moray, but never produced in the proceedings against Mary; suppressed, therefore, because it was liable to detection, and—because the genuine Letter II. was damning enough.

The presumption is even stronger in favour of the authenticity of the sonnets. Written after Darnley's death, as there is internal evidence to show, their theme is Bothwell's suspicion of Queen Mary, her own jealousy of Lady Bothwell, and her absolute submission to her lord and master. Mr. Lang says:

> "Nothing is less likely than that a forger would think of such a task as forging verses by Mary; nor do we know any one among

her enemies who could have produced the verses, even if he had the will. To suspect Buchanan is grotesque. . . . I am obliged to share the opinion of La Mothe Fénelon * that, as proof of Mary's passion for Bothwell, the sonnets are stronger evidence than the letters, and much less open to suspicion than some parts of the letters."

In citing Mr. Lang's conclusions, space forbids me to trace his investigations, but a single extract, taken almost at hazard, may be given to show the minuteness of his method.

'One thing is absolutely certain: the letters were produced at Westminster and Hampton Court in the original French, whether that was forged, garbled, or authentic. This is demonstrated by the occurrence, in the English translation,† of the words—'I have taken the worms out of his nose.' This ugly French phrase for extracting a man's inmost thoughts is used by Mary in an authentic letter. But the Scots version of the passage runs—'I have drawn all out of him.' Therefore the English translator had a French original before him, *not* the French later published by the Huguenots, where for *tire les vers du nez* we find *j'ay sçeu toutes choses de luy*."

Here I must leave this dark affair. People should read Mr. Lang's book for themselves; they will find that rigid scrutiny of detail and laborious collation of dates have robbed the narrative of none of its thrill, and that the author has succeeded in treating what he says is really a police case with his wonted literary grace. "Mary fell," he sums up, "if fall she did, like the Clytemnestra to whom a contemporary poet compares her, under the almost demoniacal possession of passion; a possession so sudden, strange and overpowering, that even her enemies attributed it to 'unlawful arts.'"

* French ambassador in England at the time, who in writing to Charles IX. described the sonnet as the worst, or most compromising, of all the evidence.

† This translation was made hurriedly on 7th or 8th December for the benefit of the English commissioners. They had previously been translated into Scots.

AFTER THE DAWN.

BY ARTHUR L. SALMON.

WITH just a wreath of drooping flowers
Plucked in love's meadows, let me go.
The ripened fruit of happier hours
I may not know.

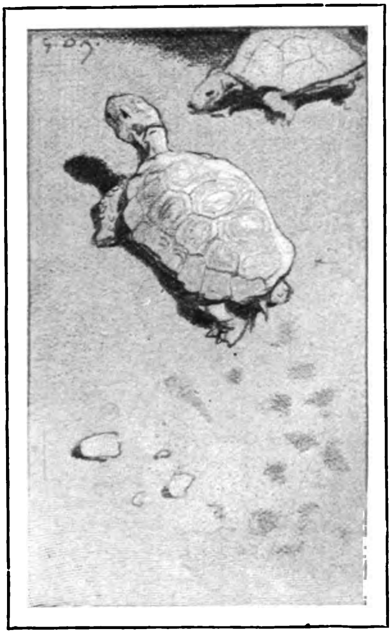
O'er faded woodlands drives the rain:
The earth looks vexed and wan and worn,
Like one who from a night of pain
Faces the morn.

The sunrise faints along the hill,—
The hope, the thrilling life, are gone.
Remembering that I love thee still,
Let me pass on.

TRAGIC BLUNDERS.

MY DOMESTIC PETS AND WHAT BECAME OF THEM.

BY LADY DOROTHY STANLEY.



The Tortoise.

A LONG line of pets, whose tragic end brought grief and tears. Poor beasties, to whom I was kind, only to be cruel!—this penitential confession I dedicate to their memory.

Stories without number have been written to teach boys and girls how they should treat their dumb friends,—this record tells how they should *not* be treated.

The first pet I can remember, quite as a little girl, was a small land tortoise; it was mine, and it was alive, and was therefore precious and wonderful. I thought its flat head beautiful, its dull metallic eyes full of expression, its ungainly waddle interesting. The shell alone distressed me, it was so cold and hard; but even this I contrived to enliven by gilding.

The poor creature lived in a candle-box opening on to a soup-plate of water, upon which floated scraps of bread and cabbage-leaf; but hearing that tortoises required living prey, and feeling indisposed to gratify so monstrous an appetite, I tried the effect of tying thread to small pieces of raw meat and jerking it, so as to give semblance of life.

The bait took: my tortoise made a grab, swallowing meat and thread; and only then I realised that either the tortoise must keep the thread or it must relinquish the meat. Now, thread might disagree with land tortoises, so I jerked back its first and only meal, and this seemed to discourage the poor thing, for it never attempted to eat again.

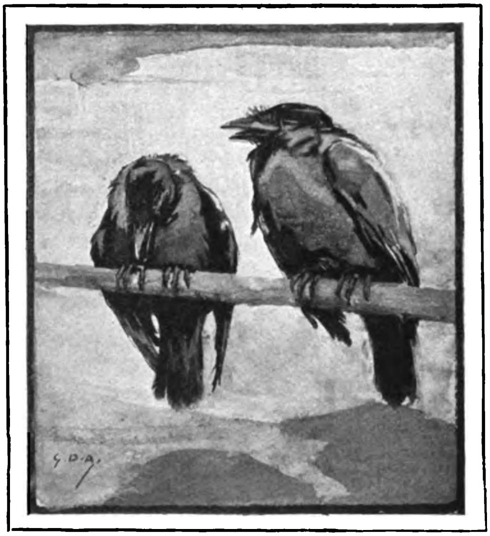
Now, I must beg my readers to remember that I really cared for my various strange pets. I spared neither time nor trouble ministering to what I fancied were their wants, and, as I will show, it was always through misplaced attentions, and never from neglect, that they died.

One cold December night I thought my tortoise must feel chilly in its box by the soup-plate pond, so I bethought me of a store of thistledown made into a doll's bed. I tore open the little mattress and carefully packed the tortoise in the thistle-down, tucking it well under the cold shell, and piling it up and pressing it down to keep out the cold. Alas! the next morning I found my tortoise colder than ever, for it was dead—starved, or suffocated. I mourned it, buried it, and replaced it by two Java sparrows—Rachel and Kerenhappuch. They were dull, pretty birds. They never cared for me, but they seemed devoted to one another.

Their end was sudden. Their cage, which was hoisted up by a cord and pulley insecurely fastened, came down one day with a rush, turned over, and Rachel and Kerenhappuch were no more. And a cock and hen canary reigned in their stead.

I shall never forget the delight of setting this pair up in their nesting-cage, with its charming little compartments, its nest boxes, and the bag of moss, hair, and wool, hung up inside the cage. Then the pleasure I had in watching them build their nest, admiring the busy birds as they kicked and rustled about till the nest was soft and round. But the supreme happiness was to find one morning a blue speckled egg in the centre of the nest.

On turning back to a very juvenile journal I find the following record: "Great joy to-day. My Hen Canary has laid her first egg—Please God she may lay more," and though I much disturbed the mother-bird by continual peepings, she laid five little blue eggs, and then devoted herself to hatching them. I welcomed with reverent awe the five hideous little chicks with their sightless eyes and raw wings. I watched them through the quill to the feather age, and hoped they would turn out to be unique as their names — Amram, Ozni, Tola, Jimnei, and Jonathan. But they grew up to be very ordinary hen canaries, neither tuneful nor tame; and I gave them away without regret, transferring my affections to a tiny red-poll, fastened by a string to a board fitted with perches.



"Romeo and Juliet."

This poor bird had to work for its living, having never a sip of water but by hoisting up with beak and claw a little thimble full of water which dropped, bucket-like, into a miniature well below. For seed my red-poll must fly up and peck the face of a painted clock, which fell back, showing the seed-box.

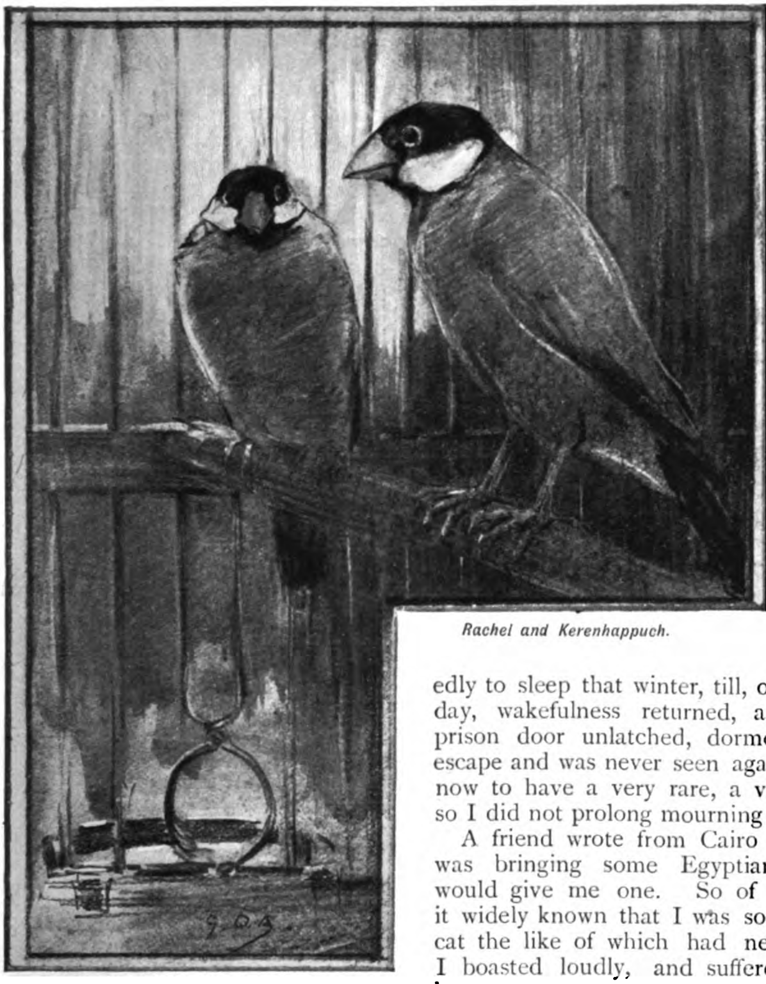
At first the mere mechanism and ingenuity of the arrangements had charmed me, and to possess a performing bird seemed great good-fortune; but when the bird's point of view occurred to me, I realised the cruelty, and, lifting it from its prison-board, I found it was tightly girdled underneath the feathers, the string pressing on its delicate breastbone. I kissed its ruby head, cut the cruel string, and then, from my open hands, it flew away with joyful whirr of wings. Next I turned my attention—I will not say my affections—to a bottle of leeches.

I kept them as being interesting, since they could not be considered engaging, and I neither gave nor expected affection. For one thing, I had heard that leeches made an excellent barometer, so I kept them in a good-sized pickle-bottle, which I filled daily with fresh water, being careful to tie a piece of linen over the mouth of the jar.

One day I carried my leech bottle into my brother's bedroom, meaning to fill it from the water-ewer. Some one called me; I forgot that the cover was off the jar, and when I returned, lo, the leeches had disappeared—five big, hungry leeches!

After much anxious groping about, and not finding any one of the five, I thought it best to go away very quietly. Gently closing the door, I withdrew my empty bottle, and I never alluded to my loss; but for many mornings I gazed anxiously at my brother, expecting with dread to see him looking pale and bloodless.

And now came my dormouse, in a tiny wheel-cage opening into a snug box-parlour lined with moss—the fattest, brownest, sleepiest dormouse you ever saw; but it is a great mistake to think dormice are always asleep, for when they *do* wake up, why, they are very wide awake indeed. Mine slipped through my fingers with the easy celerity of the grey house mouse, and took refuge behind a big bookcase. The books were taken out and the bookcase moved. The dormouse fled behind another and bigger bookcase; this also



Rachel and Kerenhappuch.

was moved, and mousey shot into a corner, where it was captured by the tail — when, oh, horror! the bushy tail slipped off the bone, as easily as a loose kid glove.

This accident so shocked me, I could never look at that dormouse without shame and remorse; but it did not seem to mind one little bit, but went contentedly to sleep that winter, till, one warm spring day, wakefulness returned, and finding its prison door unlatched, dormouse made his escape and was never seen again. But I was now to have a very rare, a very unique cat, so I did not prolong mourning for the mouse.

A friend wrote from Cairo to say that she was bringing some Egyptian kittens, and would give me one. So of course I made it widely known that I was soon to possess a cat the like of which had never been seen. I boasted loudly, and suffered the fate of boasters.

My Egyptian cat turned out to be a very ordinary, badly marked white and grey cat, with a distinct cast in its eye; indeed, the only remarkable thing about it was this squint. I felt now the impossibility of showing this common kitten to expectant friends as a rarity, so I cast about for some means of making the Khedive appear remarkable, and decided to *dye* it with some harmless vegetable dye. I made an infusion of logwood chips, a rich crimson dye, and another—I forget the ingredients—which yielded a bright yellow liquid; and the Khedive, in spite of protest, was dyed, one half a very decided pink, the other a gamboge yellow, and then he was carefully dried.

Now, I quite recognise the cruelty of this proceeding, and even at this distance of time I take comfort in the recollection that the Khedive soon recovered its spirits, and made grabs at its yellow tail with its pink paws. But though the kitten was made remarkable in appearance by artificial means, it was in reality a very remarkable cat for its intelligence and its endurance. I do not believe any English or American cat would have endured what the Khedive went through with such cheerful serenity. I hope none of my readers will imitate me, for even if the dear pussy did not suffer in the dyeing process, which is doubtful, it certainly must have felt itself an outcast among cats, notwithstanding the saying that "*Dans la nuit, tous les chats sont gris.*"

Dear little Khedive! it cost me many a tear. Once it walked into a saucer of

pure carbolic acid, and burnt its paws dreadfully; they were so swollen and blistered that for a long time it could only roll or wriggle from place to place. I dressed its paws with carbonate of soda and tied them up in cotton wool, and with tender nursing it recovered, and lived for some time a very happy life, till one day, sitting on the sunny sill of a very high window, our Khedive snapped at a fly, overbalanced and fell, and so it died. For a time I was inconsolable. I remember the feeling of void and loss left by its death; but before long I turned for consolation to an aquarium of fresh water.


"Khedive."

This was carefully planted with water weeds and stocked with minnow, Prussian carp, scavenger snails, water beetles and water spiders; on the top floated a cork island tenanted by a black and yellow newt, known as Salamander, and a small frog.

My aquarium was an endless delight; there was a mystery about that little world walled in by four sheets of glass. The feathery water-plants swayed gently as the fish darted about. The humble black snails crawled ploddingly up and down the sides of the tank, cleaning away the refuse. The jolly little spiders lived like divers in their silver air-bubbles,—really aquariums have the fascination of fairy-land.

Now, about this time, when in my early teens, I was much taken up with the microscope. I had a good student's microscope. I bought a polariscope, a micrometer, a spot-lens, etc. I mounted my own specimens very creditably, and read all I could understand, and much I could not, about microscopes, and felt at last that my calling in life was science in general and microscopy in particular.

It was my good fortune to be the friend of Professor Huxley's daughters, and many a happy Sunday afternoon I spent at their house. What a chance, too—for the future scientist! I felt that I must hasten to distinguish myself, lest Professor Huxley might come to think there was "nothing in me,"—I must lose no time in discovering some new insect, or some form of life which had escaped the vigilant eye of other explorers. So I examined dust from the roof and water from the water-butts. Everything likely to contain life in any form went under the eye of the highest power of my microscope. I burned to discover something I could call "Tennantia," my name being Dorothy Tennant.

Of course to-day we hear of nothing but microbes and bacilli, but when I commenced my researches much less was known and written of these living germs, and indeed, had I known it, there was a whole world waiting to be discovered; but I was only an ignorant girl, burning with zeal, but groping without guidance, and, I am afraid, somewhat puffed up with very youthful vanity.

One day I noticed that some of the Prussian carp in the aquarium swam very sluggishly, and I observed a fungus growth over them. Three carp died, and I immediately put some of the blood under my microscope. I was excited when I noticed, moving about amongst the blood corpuscles, what looked like small straight rod-corpuscles, with an independent life of

their own. I shook with joy. Had I at last discovered the "Tennantia"? and was not this form of life the cause of the fish's death? Quickly I sacrificed a healthy carp, and found no bacillus in its blood. I *had* made a discovery indeed!

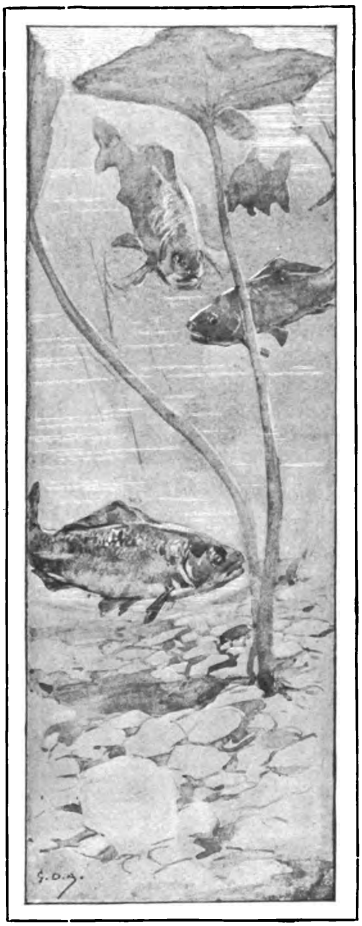
Then I sat down to consider. So very simple a form—could it really be alive? Did not life mean something more complicated? In all my experience I had never come across any organism quite so simple, with no mouth or stomach. The simplicity distressed me. Why, nothing but a little stick of a thing! Really this was too simple for my "Tennantia." I wrote out a full account of my discovery for Professor Huxley. I made an enlarged drawing of the "Tennantia," but, wishing to add dignity and importance to it, I added—yes, alas, I added antennæ just like those of a butterfly.

When Professor Huxley saw it he smiled and said, "Your ambition o'erleapt itself: your discovery would not have been bad; these bacilli have been seen in the blood of diseased fish, and not so very long ago; but you have destroyed the value of your observation by adding moustaches to this very simple form of life. I should therefore advise you to name this specimen 'Tennantia viridis!'"

Just about this time I had a little tame squirrel, called Filbert; it was suckled by a cat, who thought this particular kitten unusually lively, especially when it ran up the window curtain. She was very proud of Filbert's bushy tail, and if our tabby could have spoken she would have said, "Now, did you ever see such a beautiful brown kitten, and with such a tail, too?"

Filbert was the best loved of my long line of pets: he would sit on my shoulder and bury in my hair the nuts he could not eat, or poke them down my neck. He would sleep cradled in my hands, or sit perkily by my cup, and when the coffee was cool enough, cautiously dip a paw in, which he licked carefully. He had a droll way of washing himself. Whether their little pink tongues are too small or too dry to do all the cleaning, I cannot tell; but Filbert, when he wished to make a thorough toilette, would sit up and *sneeze* into his paws, then rub them over his shoulders, back, and tail, frequently repeating the sneeze.

Watching Filbert asleep, I observed that he incessantly ground his two upper teeth against his two long lower teeth. Now, this I decided must be a bad habit peculiar to Filbert; and, after considering how it was to be checked, I made him a muzzle of tape, which I carefully fastened on at night, to Filbert's great disgust, though he generally managed to work it off and tear it to bits.



My aquarium

I do not know how it would have ended, had not Frank Buckland, the great naturalist, who took a kindly interest in the young would-be naturalist, explained to me that squirrels, being rodents, were always grinding their incisors, and that if, by some accident, my squirrel were to break one of his upper front teeth, the corresponding lower one would gradually grow and grow out of his mouth till it curved round into his skull. So Filbert was ever after allowed to sleep in peace, and grind his sharp yellow teeth at will.

I had the dear little fellow for nearly four years; he died of a swelling under the lower jaw. Every one in the house felt Filbert's death; to this day I remember my great grief when I wrapped

the small body in white flannel, and placing it in an empty cigar-box, buried it reverentially in the garden. I cut off some of the hair from his pretty tail and put it into a big brass locket, something like a watch-case, and on a card inside I wrote with gold paint, "Grief."

Another little squirrel, called Tricksie, was given to me; I came also to care for it, though never so much as for Filbert. We had Tricksie for two years, and then he died in the same way as Filbert; so I reopened my locket and added another little pinch of fur, and wrote with gold paint "More Grief." Only the other day I came across the blackened locket.

Indeed, I went through a great deal one way and another with my pets, though I cannot deny that they also went through a good deal.

After the death of my squirrels Filbert and Tricksie, I came to possess a young hedgehog. Out of compliment to Professor Huxley I called it Thomas Henry. It was a bright little creature, very greedy for milk, and very destructive, for it chewed up the leaves of books and gnawed to shreds some rather valuable engravings.

Thomas Henry had only one drawback in my eyes—he was infested with fleas. I found it difficult to wash the hedgehog—as I understood washing—and the drying process was quite beyond me, so I bethought me of Keating's insect powder. It said on the packet that the powder was harmless to dogs, and though it did not include hedgehogs I nevertheless felt sure that it applied also to them. I therefore liberally sprinkled Thomas Henry with Keating's insect powder—so liberally, indeed, that I found him the next morning stiff and dead, and I had the added sorrow of having caused his death. But my zeal for natural history knew no abatement.

The microscope still occupied much of my time. I was forming a collection of insects' legs and wings. Now, as my collection required cockroaches' or blackbeetles' legs, and I was not sure whether they had wings—for earwigs, I found, had most exquisite wings cleverly folded away—I decided that I *must* study blackbeetles, and found to my regret we possessed none in our kitchen. So I begged Miss Huxley to procure me specimens, and she very kindly sent me half a dozen in a match-box. Feeling how useful it would be to have a constant supply "handy," I carefully placed them, when the cook was away, in a comfortable crevice under the kitchen boiler. Thus introduced, they multiplied only too freely, for to this day we are well supplied with blackbeetles in our kitchen.

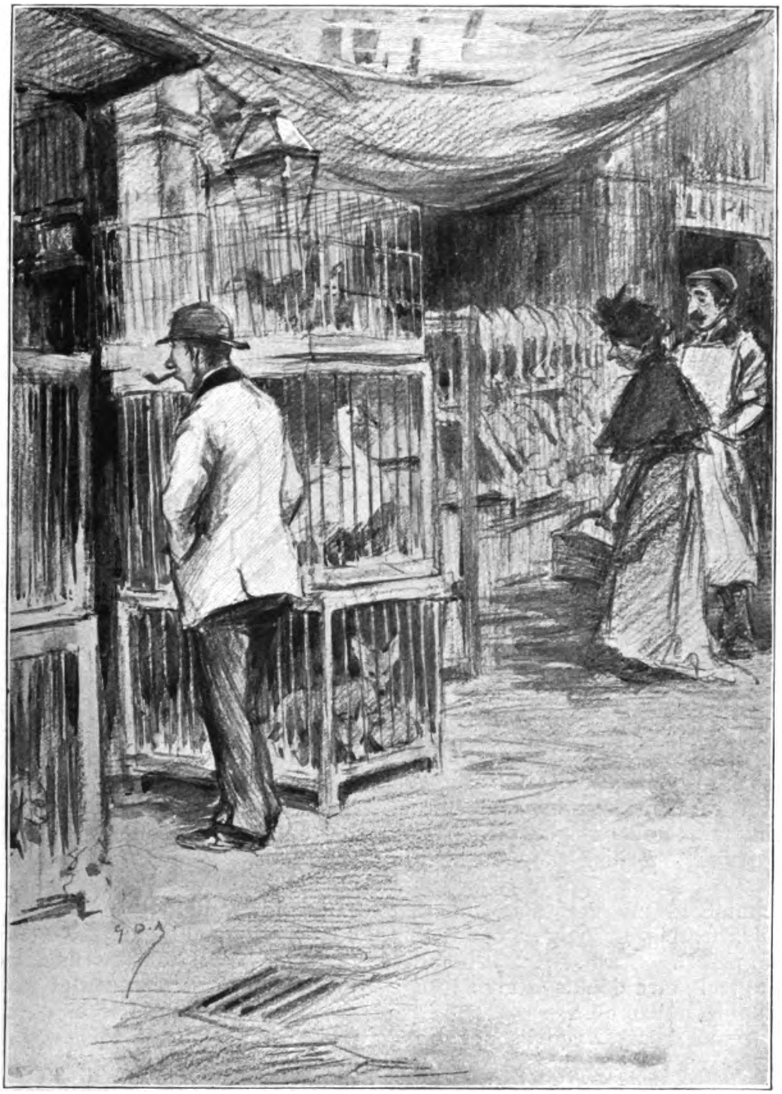
In my former chapter I spoke of Frank Buckland, who was a very celebrated naturalist and also a kind, original-minded man. An old friend of ours, a sort of naturalist in his way, first took me to see Frank Buckland; and whilst they conversed I looked about the curious room in the Albany Street house. There was such a confusion of wonderful things; it was just like a magician's room, with its stuffed animals, dried snakes, casts of fishes painted and varnished, living monkeys in cages, books piled up on tables and chairs, books heaped up on the floor—a place quite after my own heart.

Mr. Buckland then explained his way of stuffing animals. He carefully skinned them, oiled the skin, made a plaster cast of the flayed body, and then pulled the skin over the cast; in that way he kept nature's own proportions and modelling. He showed me with pride what appeared a living gazelle, done in this way, and said, "If this sort of thing interests you, come again—as often as you please—and I will teach you lots of dodges." I was dazzled at the prospect, and very soon I returned—this time with a French maid, who nearly fainted when she found her dress caught by one of the caged monkeys in the dining-room. "Hag" and "Tiny" I, too, have reason to remember, for one of them tore all the trimmings of blue buttons off a "Galatea" dress I wore, and stuffed them in its cheek like nuts.

One day Frank Buckland said to me: "Now, as I see you are an intelligent girl, and you take an intelligent view of things, you really might become a sort of pupil of mine, and study beasts and fishes. But how can you understand animals if you don't dissect them? Why, bless me, at your age I skinned rats and mice, snakes and hedgehogs, and thoroughly knew their anatomy."

I listened with proper reverence, and hoped my scientific zeal would carry me thus far; though I felt some doubt of myself.

"Have you ever made the skeleton of a snake?" asked Frank Buckland abruptly.



Leadenhall Market.

"No, never," I answered, somewhat abashed.

"Well, I haven't a dead one to-day, but next week you shall have one. Skin it carefully, then put the rest of the snake in boiling water, fish out the vertebræ, thread them on wire, and there you have a good skeleton. Then pin out the skin, rub it with an ointment I will give you, model out of putty a snake of the right length, put the skin on it, and there you have your snake: cleverly coiled, it will look alive!"

I felt glad the doing was adjourned to next week; but I rejoiced too soon.

"I haven't got a snake for you to dissect, but I have a dead Marmozet monkey. You will take it home, dissect it, learn all about its anatomy, and bring me the skeleton nicely prepared. You couldn't have a better thing to begin on; it's quite human. But don't forget to



"Filbert."

devoted to each other, and ignored me. I kept them in a small back yard, floored with lead, surrounded by very high brick walls. At first the jackdaws hopped about contentedly enough. They were well fed, and they enjoyed the com parative liberty allowed by clipped wings.

But a June sun can be hot, especially on London leads. I thought the jackdaws must be happy because they were in the open air, little thinking of the effect of the unwinking sun.

When I went in the afternoon to give them fresh food and water I found "Romeo and Juliet" staggering about, flapping their wings, with every appearance of approaching death. I brought them in, and telegraphed to Frank Buckland,— "Jackdaws appear to be dying; were left on hot leads too long: what should I do?"

He telegraphed back, "Sunstroke—try calomel." But as he did not specify the dose, and as I knew nothing about calomel beyond its being a white powder kept in a bottle in a certain leather medicine-box, I felt very uncertain, but I thought a small teaspoonful would meet the requirements of the case. So I picked up Romeo, who seemed most ailing, and poured the dose down his beak, and to my surprise the calomel killed him like a bullet.

Evidently calomel was deadly to jackdaws, so I made up my mind to treat Juliet differently. I sponged her head with cold water and left her quiet. The next morning she seemed better—though she looked askance at me, as much as to say, "*You* killed Romeo; we shall never be friends, you and I." But we did become friends, nevertheless, and Juliet lived very happy with me. I am glad I have not to record her death, for one beautiful autumn morning Juliet spied an open window, remembered she had wings,—for her wings after Romeo's death had

let it soak in boiling water; the rest you will find easy." And he went to an adjoining room and brought out a small, damp parcel, smelling abominably of carbolic.

I stammered my gratitude and left hurriedly, fearing he might open that dreadful parcel. And as I went home, I began to feel grave doubts of my aptitude for becoming a naturalist.

For some hours I could not bring myself to open the gruesome packet; when I did, there lay the tiny drowned-looking monkey, hideously and piteously human, and the reverence for death came to me again. I hunted up a pretty glove-box of Spa wood, painted with heartsease, and with mingled awe and disgust I placed the Marmozet in a fine cambric handkerchief, laid it in the glove-box and buried it—deep. To this day when I smell carbolic I evoke that wizen little monkey and shudder.

Not long after this episode I was given a pair of jackdaws. Now, I have invariably found that when birds are two of a kind they chum together and you are nowhere in their affections. My jackdaws were

been equalised,—and away she flew with a joyous caw, to meet some other Romeo. I felt a pang, because of her ingratitude, but now I am inclined to think she did wisely and well.

There are other birds and beasts in the dim and distant past whose life and death I could recall, but one may have a surfeit of tragedies, so I will only tell two more tales of the sad fate of pets, and then farewell.

The true story of the two owls happened when I was a big young girl —big enough to behave more sedately, young enough to enjoy the frolic. Friends of ours, a young couple, proposed visiting Leadenhall Market in the City, the market to which are brought all the turkeys, geese, ducks and chickens, to be distributed over London; very often, too, strange birds are brought there for sale.

It was said to be quite a sight, if only you went there early enough in the morning; so it was arranged we should go soon after six o'clock a.m. Not to attract attention, we should dress very quietly and simply, and I was to join our friends at their hotel, hard by my home.

I thought it would be fun to dress up, and yet it should be in simple, quiet style; so I borrowed a washed-out print from the short kitchen-maid, got somehow an old red plain shawl, did my hair up in a ridiculous knob, and put on an old-fashioned straw poke bonnet; I put on odd boots, and wore no gloves. Thus disguised I went to the hotel and sent up a note, for I knew I should not be admitted, and I walked up and down outside.

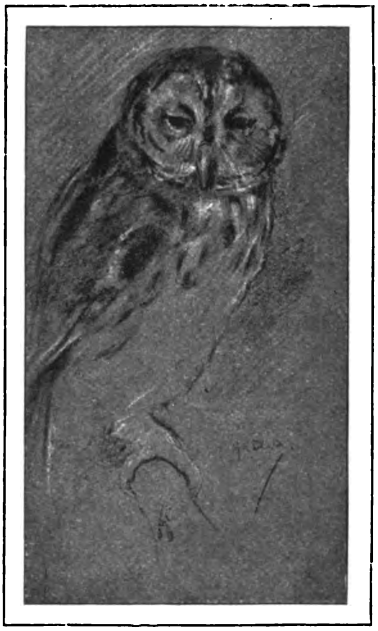
My friends were taken aback when they saw me, for I was certainly an odd figure; but there was nothing for it but to go on, so we hailed a cab and drove to Leadenhall Market.

A long narrow arcade, with shops and stalls on either side, crowds of people and a roar of voices—that was all I saw of the famous market. Knowing my affection for "creatures," my friends bought me an odd assortment—a pair of quails, a pair of doves, a big baby barn-owl, yellow and downy, and a small fierce-eyed Civetta owl from Italy—an owl with the eye and the beak of a hawk. Then, laden with cages, we drove to the famous "Ship and Turtle" tavern, since pulled down, where we had a memorable breakfast, after which we were taken down into great cellars, where gas was turned on, to illumine tanks where huge turtles were paddling about, waiting their turn to be made into turtle soup for City aldermen's dinners.

When I reached home with my family of birds I was puzzled to find the quails wore funny little white cotton caps pulled over their heads, completely blindfolding them, and of course the first thing I did was to remove these caps; whereupon the quails flew at each other with fury, evidently prepared to fight to the death. So they had to live apart.

The doves, too, behaved in a very un-dovelike way. Indeed, they behaved like real brawlers. They did not peck each other much, but they hustled one another very rudely. No sooner had one of the doves got on to a perch than it was elbowed off by the other, and this scuffling was so continuous that I had to separate them.

But the Civetta owl was decidedly



The baby Owl.

vicious, hissing at me in a perfect frenzy. The barn owl blinked stupidly, but it showed neither fear nor dislike. Both owls were very sleepy—it was now full noon—so I left them with their bright eyes closed and their feathers comfortably

ruffled up. As I had no suitable cages for them, I decided that for that day and night they could share together a disused parrot's cage; separate quarters should be ready for them the next morning. So I



The Civetta.

left them, the Civetta asleep on the perch, the baby owl asleep in a corner.

Early the next morning I came to wish my owls good-day, but the Civetta alone occupied the big cage. I looked about for the young barn owl, but he had disappeared. And I then noticed yellow down and feathers scattered about, and the claws of the poor baby bird—all that was left of him.

Civetta was the cannibal: there was fluff about his savage curved beak, and fluff still grasped in his fierce talons, but his ferocious eye was veiled by a film,—was it cunning or satiety?

And now for my last story, the adventures of my horned toad. Its scientific name is *Phrynosama Banvillii*, but neither name can give an adequate idea of these lizards, for lizards they are, with nothing toad-like about them.

A friend brought me "Beelzebub" from the Western States. Its body was broad and flat, about four and a half inches in length and width, if you did not add the tail. It was of a light buff colour, banded with dark crimson verging to chocolate; its body was studded with thorny warts, which became a crown of spikes, or rather a ruff of spikes at the throat. I was delighted with this strange beast, and it was called Beelzebub, meaning "Prince of flies," as it lived mainly on flies.

I found my horned toad singularly irresponsive: at first it would swell out into globular form, becoming the shape of a ball with a spiky tail; but I never knew whether this was from pleasure or rage. I kept it in a box with a glass lid, in the sunniest part of the room. I spent much time catching flies for its meals; but the flies let loose in Beelzebub's box became quite bold and contemptuous, and actually alighted on its thorns, and even walked over its nose without rousing the lizard,

When Beelzebub's fast had lasted over a month I became uneasy; I did not, of course, expect him to "take his meals regular," but a month without a mouthful was serious. So I gently wedged open his mouth with an ivory paper-knife and popped in two flies, shutting the mouth down by withdrawing the paper cutter. I found, however, you can put flies into a lizard's mouth, but you cannot make it swallow; and for another fortnight Beelzebub glared at me with the leg of one fly and the wing of another sticking out of its tight-clenched jaws. My next idea was to try feeding it with milk,—one of Grimm's tales tells of a child who fed a toad on milk,—so I poured a few drops down its throat and succeeded in washing down the flies.

Beelzebub accepted this method of feeding, and I succeeded not only in keeping it alive, but in keeping its bright colouring, which showed it was thriving.

When springtime came again we went to Paris; and feeling my responsibility as owner of a real live horned toad, I took Beelzebub with me. Of course I visited the Jardin des Plantes, and there I met the distinguished naturalist, Monsieur Vaillant, who showed me over the reptile house. He had no horned toads, however. His specimens had died a few months after their arrival, their colouring fading to a dingy pale brown. He was interested to hear that I had kept mine alive so long, and on a milk diet.

After a visit to the Jardin des Plantes came a visit to the dressmaker, my sister and I having been promised a dress at Worth's. Now, it occurred to me that the combination of colours seen on

Beelzebub would be very harmonious for a gown, so I put him in my pocket, and we drove off to the great dressmaker in the Rue de la Paix.

When I produced the horned toad, the emotion was great: all the hands were called to look at this amazing *crapaud*; in fact, Beelzebub made quite a sensation. When the dress had been decided on, and I was to retire to the fitting-room, I replaced Beelzebub in my pocket, and in due course took off my skirt and hung it on a peg.

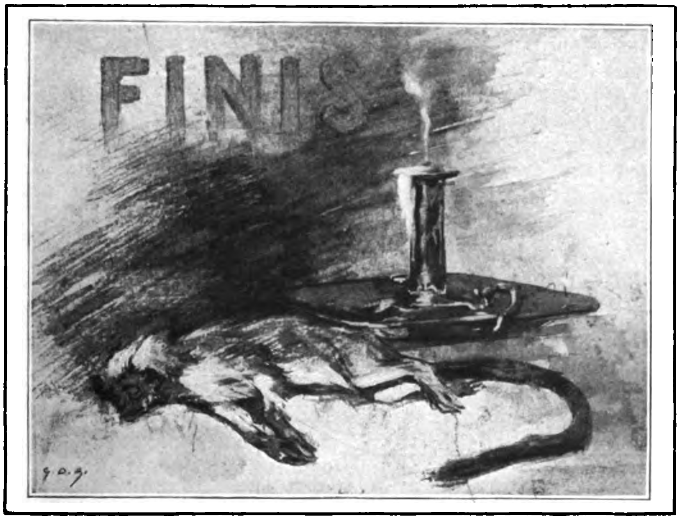
The dressmaker was kneeling down, her mouth full of pins, shaping on me a lining, when I heard a flop on the parquet floor—and lo! there lay the Prince of Flies! He had crawled up my pocket, overbalanced, and fell. This activity was very surprising, considering that the toad usually remained immovable, rarely, excepting on very warm days, condescending even to move its head from side to side.

I picked it up, and we returned to the Hotel Meurice. That evening we had a box at the opera—it was to be a *première* of Aïda, a great treat much looked forward to. I had dressed to go, and went to take a farewell peep at Beelzebub, when I noticed it was moving about with contortions as of pain. It was impossible to go to the opera and leave the horned toad in agony, so I bade the merry party go without me, and spent the evening sitting on the floor with two flickering candles lighting up the expiring lizard. I had tried, but all in vain, to bring relief by placing it on cans of warm water, hoping the gentle heat would be soothing.

Just as my people returned from the opera, Beelzebub curled up and died. To this day I do not know why I wept its death, for I had never cared much for it during its life. And thus ended one of the strangest of pets.

Now, I hope this sad history will never be read by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—they would pronounce it a record of cruel blunders. And yet, if the creatures suffered, I too certainly suffered. My wish was that they should flourish and be happy; the difficulty was to bring it about.

Perhaps many of us make the same kind of mistakes, only with human beings instead of birds and beasts—insisting on their being happy and comfortable in a way foreign and distasteful to them. There is a lot of mistaken kindness in the world.





"'The Deacon' told her his affairs."

THE HANDKERCHIEF.

BY DOLF WYLLARDE.

WHEN Miss Amory first noticed him he was buying Maltese-lace handkerchiefs in a shop in Port Said, and he struck her as a young man who did not know his own mind.

He was, at the moment, bargaining with the plausible, brown-skinned salesman for a reduction in price if he took four handkerchiefs instead of one, and something in his voice was familiar to Miss Amory. Then it gradually dawned upon her that he sat at the same table as herself on board the *Mameluke*, outward bound for India, and that, like herself, he had taken advantage of the boat's coaling to come ashore and spend money in Port Said. A good many of the passengers had come ashore, she fancied; but their faces had passed her in the unfamiliar streets as something dimly visioned in a dream. She did not recollect Tom Heath until

in his bargaining about the handkerchiefs she heard his voice, for her memory was much more tenacious of voices than of faces.

Miss Amory was a little elderly lady who had never had a chance to be young, and in consequence took a vast interest in youth. She was somewhat reserved, and a good deal solitary, and had hardly spoken to any one on the *Mameluke*, which she had joined at Marseilles, except a few married people who were even older than herself. Yet her attraction was always towards the younger portion of the community, and she watched their little flirtations and advances towards intimacy with a shy interest and excitement of which no one suspected her.

Life on board a liner is an epitome of the experience of the world. Tragedies and comedies—sometimes only incipient, and never developed, it is true—are evolved within the limits of the floating prison which forces human nature into intimacies that, in the nature of things, must advance at a startling rate. Miss Amory was already deeply engrossed in one or two couples, but it chanced that her attention had been only waveringly caught by the young man immediately in her range of vision at the present moment. She thought, when she came to consider it, that he was rather popular on board, and she knew that he had been nicknamed "the Deacon" for some reason that she could only conjecture. He was slightly built, but wiry, and his being clean-shaven may have suggested a clerical tone about him, but the clean-lipped, humorous face struck Miss Amory as much more like an actor or a lawyer.

She moved instinctively nearer to the counter where he stood fingering the lace with an exaggerated sense of its daintiness and value, after the manner of his sex. Miss Amory's over-active imagination was weaving a romance already out of those lace handkerchiefs, while she stood quietly examining the raw turquoise and trays of unmounted moonstones which the salesman was pressing upon her.

"Can't you give me one more expensive than the others?" said Mr. Heath.

Miss Amory's nerves quivered in sympathy. There was suggestion in the mere idea. She took up a moonstone and asked its price absently, listening to the conversation beside her instead of to her own business.

"Well, I'll take those three anyhow. Two of them are alike, aren't they?"

But yes, said the dusky, writhing salesman; two were alike, but the purchaser had chosen one much less expensive than the others!

"Oh yes, that will do for——" Tom Heath broke off abruptly, and began fingering the richer laces which the salesman proceeded to lay out on the counter. "I don't quite like this pattern—it hasn't the cross," he said. Then his eyes fell on Miss Amory, wildly purchasing moonstones in her agitated attention to his own bargains, though this he did not guess. He raised his hat slightly, and smiled in a rather quizzical fashion, recognising her as a fellow-passenger.

"I wish you would come to the rescue, and give me your advice!" he said pleasantly. "Ladies know more about these things than men. Look here,—*is* this so much better than the others?"

Miss Amory abandoned the moonstones, and gave her whole attention to the handkerchief question in a tremor of delight. She was a very woman, this quiet little spinster, in her keen scent for a romance.

"Oh yes, I think this one much handsomer!" she said, in a quick, soft fashion. "You—you wanted one to be better than the others?"

"Yes, I did!" He laughed in a rather embarrassed fashion, and then something in the sympathetic eyes looking at him seemed to restore his confidence. "I want one much nicer—obviously so!—than the others, and one rather—rather less nice, you know. They are all for one family."

"Oh!" said Miss Amory, a whole world of meaning in the one word.

"And I want one of the girls to understand that I'm sending her a better handkerchief than the others. Do you think she'll see it?"

"Oh, I hope so!" said the little lady earnestly. "But how will you manage? Will you—write a letter with them?"

She felt herself dreadfully intrusive for asking such a question, but Tom Heath did not seem to mind. Indeed, those dim sympathetic eyes drew his confidence from him.

"N—no, I don't think I shall write. It would be rather too much, you know. I don't exactly want to make it too pointed. And yet I want her to understand."



"'Oh yes, I think this one much handsomer!' said Miss Amory."

"Oh!" said Miss Amory again. She looked down with a little chill of disappointment, and her original impression recurred to her, that he was a young man who did not know his own mind. "But you have chosen one so much less handsome than the others!" she remarked, after a pause.

"Yes, that's intentional too. You see there are three sisters, and the mother, and I can't quite leave any of them out. I like the mother and one sister very much; and—and *the* one, you know—well, of course I like her! But the eldest sister is very jealous."

"But," said Miss Amory, "why should she be?"

"Oh! I don't know." But the embarrassment came back to his face, and Miss Amory sighed. "Well, on my honour I didn't! I was only just pleasant."

She looked at the half-amused, half-ashamed smile round his mouth and eyes—at the crisp, dark hair which was too short to curl,—and recognising a certain characteristic charm in his face, she wondered what his "just pleasant" might not be. Nevertheless, being a woman, she was inclined to exonerate him and blame the jealous sister.

"I'll take those four," he said at last to the salesman, sweeping them on to one side. "I think it will be all right," he added to Miss Amory.

"I am afraid it will cause a great deal of trouble," said Miss Amory, with a sigh, as she gathered up her own purchases and followed him out of the shop.

He was an object of absorbing interest to her from that day, the more so in that he surprised her so very much, and she could not entirely approve of him even in the excess of her charity. The Deacon increased in popularity daily, and by the time the *Mameluke* was through the Canal Miss Amory recognised that she must expect to find him in dark corners with certain ladies on board.

"It does not seem to me to be quite fair to the Handkerchief Girl," she said to herself, wrinkling up her forehead. She had old-fashioned notions, in that she considered that people whose affections were already appropriated should not venture into dark corners with anybody who happened to be at hand. "He does not call himself exactly engaged to her, and yet there is certainly some sort of understanding between them. I *should* like to ask him all about it, but I don't like."

The Deacon did not wait to be asked, however; in a moment of expansion he came and sat down by Miss Amory, and told her more of his affairs. Perhaps he felt how much she liked him, and that whatever failings he might have to confess he would not be hardly judged. He had met the Handkerchief Girl down in Herefordshire, where he had been staying with a married brother, and in the course of ten weeks they appeared to have come very near to falling in love with each other. To do the Deacon justice, his reason for not coming to a complete understanding was the uncertainty of his own prospects. He was going out to India on business for his firm, and on its satisfactory conclusion and his return would probably be made a junior partner. Until that time he thought it better not to speak, which Miss Amory conceded as very noble of him; unfortunately, however, he appeared somewhat susceptible to feminine charms, of which she could not so entirely approve. And he was really a little too assured in his confidence in the Handkerchief Girl. He seemed to think that he had only to ask and to have.

"I don't think you should be quite so certain," she protested mildly. "A man in love is always a little diffident, and apt to depreciate himself."

"Unfortunately I am only too sure," he said, and then he laughed and coloured. "I mean—I know I am sure." There was a distressed pause—distressed on Miss Amory's part at any rate. She almost wished, in her championship of her sex, that far away in England the Handkerchief Girl was flirting far more desperately than Mr. Tom Heath had done last night with little Miss Paget.

"Dances are fatal things," he said at last. "I will never go to another. You sit out in dark places, and then——"

Her imagination rioted wildly through fervent scenes. She was an inflammable little lady, for all her spinsterhood.

"I suppose—the conservatory?" she suggested. "Or—the garden?"

"No, neither. It was an alcove," he admitted.

"There is to be a fancy-dress dance to-morrow night," said Miss Amory, in mild warning.

"I know: I'm going as a monk. But

I won't sit out in dark corners," he said laughing, and went off to play bull-board.

Miss Amory's opinion of his last resolution was not great, warned by her knowledge of him. She was further dismayed on the night of the dance when little Miss Paget, got up as the sweetest of Geishas, walked up to the monk and made him a demure curtsey.

"Give me your blessing, Father," she said, glancing up out of her bewitching eyes at Tom, who, to Miss Amory's astonishment, chased her round one of the hatches with apparently amorous intentions.

"Do you know the blessing I should like to give you?" Miss Amory heard him say, before little Miss Paget escaped from his grasp and fled, laughing.

"Decidedly," said Miss Amory to herself, "he is a young man who does not know his own mind!"

It troubled her so much, poor soul, that she ventured timidly to remind him of his obligations next day, when she met him on deck, apparently as clear-conscienced and happy in his mind as if he had never thought of kissing any little girl in a Geisha dress, or had no attachment in England.

"I hope you have not forgotten to send the handkerchiefs home," said Miss Amory suggestively, as they leaned on the ship's rail side by side.

"No, but I really have not done so yet," he returned, smiling. "I couldn't send them from such a hole as Port Said, could I?"

"Well, I don't quite see why," said Miss Amory, in feeble remonstrance.

"Oh, they would think nothing of them," he returned. "I dare say I shall send them from Aden, though."

Miss Amory sighed. She looked at Tom Heath, and thought of the Handkerchief Girl. Poor little Handkerchief Girl! probably torturing her soul out because she was ashamed to think that she had bestowed her love where it had not been formally demanded. Miss Amory thought of the alcove, and blushed with her. The woman who has "given herself away," and feels herself unjustified, is an object for pity. But in the fire of her quick sympathies Miss Amory could follow in fancy the slippery stages by which it came to pass. She had not watched Tom Heath for nothing,—he had green eyes with which he could say anything he pleased, and so he rarely troubled his clean-lipped mouth to speak and incriminate him, though he had a way of smiling without parting those lips that accented the wordless conversation. He was not a very safe young man to leave about on board—particularly as he did not know his own mind.

There was among the passengers a certain Miss Poppy Janaway. She was travelling with her mother, and she was the typical girl on board ship who causes all the trouble. Miss Amory liked her, because all young fair things had an attraction for her; but the other women disapproved of Poppy. She flirted, and what was more, she did not confine her attentions to one man. If she had a choice, perhaps it was the Deacon; but as his fancy was as errant as her own, she filled her spare time with others, and came back to him as occasion served. Besides her mother she owned an album, in which she invited other passengers to write. When it came to Miss Amory's turn, the old lady was pensively turning over the leaves of the blue-and-gold volume, when she was conscious of a slight shock. Many were the cameras on board, and some one had snapshotted Miss Poppy and the Deacon, and had had the assurance to give her a copy, which she had placed in the album among other trophies. It was rather a happy snapshot, and represented Mr. Heath and Miss Janaway engaged in earnest conversation—indeed, they appeared to be gazing into each other's eyes. Miss Amory gasped. She closed the album abruptly, for she saw the Deacon approaching her, and clasped her hands over it.

"Well?" he said, sitting down in the empty hammock-chair beside her, "and what are you doing?"

"Miss Janaway asked me to write in her album. I am thinking what I shall write."

"Oh yes; she asked me. I haven't thought of anything pretty as yet."

"What is the Handkerchief Girl like?" said Miss Amory abruptly.

"Five feet six; rather a big girl, with fair hair—very pretty hair, all curly. It is rather short when down, only hangs to her shoulders——"

"My dear Deacon, how can you know such things!"

"I stayed in the same house, and met her going to the bath-room. Don't

interrupt me! She has eyes like a cat's; they look grey by daylight, but at night the pupils expand, just like a cat's eyes. She is fond of music, but doesn't sing or play; and she cycles, and plays tennis, and all that sort of thing!"

"Oh!" said Miss Amory, rather nonplussed by the glib catalogue. "Have you a photo of her?"

"Yes; but only an amateur—a snapshot. I'll show you some day."

Miss Amory thought of the snapshot even now reposing under her clasped hands, and shook her head. It seemed to her that the Handkerchief Girl needed a champion.

She never learned whether the handkerchiefs were posted; but she parted from Tom Heath at Calcutta, Fate detaining him at that place and sending her on to Lucknow. As it happened, she did not say good-bye to him; she was waiting her turn in the background, but he had so many last words to say, and young hands to press, that the little old spinster, with a wise smile, slipped away without embarrassing him further, and went ashore. She shook her head again at the memory sometimes; but she never forgot the Handkerchief Girl.

As a matter of fact, the handkerchiefs were posted at Calcutta, and could Miss Amory's second sight have followed them to their destination she would have been quite distressed. They arrived at a pretty country home in Herefordshire one sunny spring morning, when there was only one solitary occupant in the breakfast-room. This was Miss Lyndon, the "jealous elder sister." She was usually down first, and she was one of those people who looked through the letters that had arrived by the morning post, and mused on them, whether they were for her or any one else. She saw a packet with the Indian postmark lying on her mother's plate, addressed in handwriting she knew, and she bit her lip. The packet had come far, and the Deacon had done it up in a hurry—perhaps he had an appointment with Miss Janaway that day, for Poppy and her mother had stayed in Calcutta for a time. Anyhow, the string was partly untied—it only needed a touch to finish it, and it was really a marvel it had not given way before. The devil came into that sunny breakfast-room, and said something in Miss Lyndon's ear. She glanced at the clock, saw that she was early, and —undid the packet. There were four Maltese-lace handkerchiefs inside, labelled with separate names—no further word; but her feminine eyes saw the significance of the richer lace on Winnie's and the poorer on her own far quicker than masculine ones could do. Remember that the labels were only pinned to each handkerchief. Again the devil whispered, and Miss Lyndon unpinned and altered two of the labels. Then she replaced the paper, and tied the string—oh, so carefully! just as it had been before, only safely this time—and when her mother and sisters came down to breakfast she was reading her own letters, with a bright spot in either cheek, and looked up calmly to receive her share of the packet—the handsomest lace handkerchief of all the four.

"Really!" said her mother, laughing, "I think this should have come to me! But I suppose Tom thinks he has an excuse as you are the eldest, Miriam, and he would rather send his pretty present to a young woman than an old one."

"I think it is rather unnecessarily pointed, and in bad taste!" said Miriam righteously. "But of course it may be, as you say, because I am the eldest. Will you change with me, mother?"

"Oh no, dear! He meant it for you. He even wrote your name on it. I should have thought——" She caught herself up, for she had involuntarily glanced at Winnie, and changed the subject.

Winnie said nothing. She accepted the slight of the narrow lace, and thought she understood it. Girls who gave themselves away deserved no more. She went and played tennis as hard as she could that afternoon, and tried to tire the sore feeling out of her heart by slogging down the balls; but when it came to writing to thank the sender of the handkerchiefs, she begged off.

"We cannot all write. Four separate notes would be ridiculous!" she said. "If you or mother are writing, you can thank Mr. Heath for me, Miriam."

So Miriam scored yet another point in the game, because she quietly persuaded her second sister to write too, after all, and Winnie was the only one whose present remained pointedly unacknowledged, save for a very brief message which Miriam took care to word herself. It did look like a snub, and the Handkerchief Girl was more fully avenged than even Miss Amory's championship could have wished.

Miss Amory picked up the connection with the story until her return to England a year later. Then a chance invitation took her to Herefordshire. It was summer when she went to stay with her friends. They gave tennis parties, and invited the neighbourhood, and Miss Amory sat under the trees and watched the men in flannels and the girls in white frocks sending the balls gaily over the nets, and wove romances for herself. It chanced one afternoon that she was caught by the eyes by one particular girl: she seemed such a bright, healthy thing, so full of strong young life and wholesome strength, that Miss Amory's sympathetic eyes rested on her wistfully.

"Who is the girl in white who plays so well?" she asked a lady seated next to her.

"My youngest daughter!" was the reply, with a pleasant laugh. "She is a great tennis player. You would like to know her? The game is just ending. I will call her over. Winnie!"

Winnie came, rose-flushed with exercise, her fair hair tossed about her forehead, and swinging her racket. She dropped into the chair beside Miss Amory, and looked at her with frank grey eyes.

"Isn't it hot?" she said, fanning herself carelessly with a bunch of leaves she had pulled from the tree overhead. "But I suppose you don't feel it so, sitting here in the shade?"

"I have lately been in India. England feels to me rather chilly!" said Miss Amory apologetically.

"India!" said Winnie quickly. "Oh!—what part?"

"The North-West Province."

"You don't know Burmah, do you?" said Mrs. Lyndon from the other side. "We had a friend who went to Burmah—he was in Calcutta first for some time." And then her hostess chanced to come and take her away to have some refreshment.

"Who was your friend in Burmah? Perhaps I heard of him," said Miss Amory, turning to Winnie.

"Oh, only a man named Heath," said Winnie indifferently. "I don't suppose you heard of him—Tom Heath."

Miss Amory uttered a little soft exclamation, and stared at her. "You knew Tom Heath!" she said.

"We knew him—once—yes!" said Winnie, in a hard voice. "He dropped out of our lives a year ago. He was staying down here in Herefordshire for about ten weeks before he went to India." Her eyes, in the deep shade of the tree, had suddenly altered.

Miss Amory, trembling on the brink of a revelation, almost stammered: "Oh!" she said; "you must be the Handkerchief Girl!"

It was rather unfortunate, because the word "handkerchief" was to Winnie like a red rag to a bull. She drew up her round throat, and stared at Miss Amory blankly.

"I don't understand you!" she said distantly.

"I beg your pardon, my dear; but I am so interested in you!" was Miss Amory's plea; and her obvious distress was enough to soften the hardest heart. "I—the fact is, I first made Mr. Heath's acquaintance through some Maltese-lace handkerchiefs he was buying, and perhaps he confided in me—I was so very interested!—but I quite think one of them must have been for you!"

"Mr. Heath sent us four Maltese-lace handkerchiefs from Calcutta!" said Winnie slowly. She shut her lips.

"And you had the handsomest!" said Miss Amory softly.

"Pardon me!—I had the most insignificant of the four!"

The quick answer made Miss Amory turn her head in sheer surprise. The same dim eyes that had drawn Tom Heath's confidence from him by their sympathy influenced Winnie's sore heart, and loosened her tongue. She spoke on impulse.

"I was rather hurt at the time. We had been great friends. It seemed to me he needn't have taken the trouble to make any difference between mother and Edith and me." Edith was the second sister.

"But," said Miss Amory, bewildered, "he chose one handkerchief more expensive than the others on purpose for you! Then who had that one?"

"Oh, I suppose he changed his mind,—for he sent it to Miriam."

"Your jea—eldest sister?"

"Yes. There was no mistake—they were all labelled with our names."

If the days of inspiration are over, then Miss Amory must have been endowed with a special and holy fire. For she saw, as in a lightning flash, how the



"And then she was safely in his arms."

mistake might have arisen, and she felt she knew that it had happened so. Her own tired experience had held a jealous woman, far back in her life, and she knew that such an one was not to be judged by ordinary standards. Right and wrong get distorted under the influence of jealousy, and honour is as nought. She looked into the grey eyes that were dilating again, and she spoke.

"I am sure there was a mistake—but we won't ask how. The best of those handkerchiefs was intended for you; you may be quite sure of it! Did you write and thank him?"

"No! I let Miriam do that for me."

"What a mistake!" said Miss Amory, in dismay. "And you have lost sight of him ever since?"

"No, I haven't," said Winnie truthfully. "I wish I had; but his brother lives down here, and we hear of him from time to time."

"And where is he now?" said Miss Amory breathlessly.

"I believe he has just come home—I suppose he is in England somewhere. But I don't know where, and I don't care!" said Winnie defiantly.

"You oughtn't to talk like that," remarked Miss Amory quietly, as she rose to leave the shady retreat. "For one thing, because it isn't true, and for another because there is so little happiness in this world that it is wicked to throw away a chance of it. Good-bye, my dear. You will always be the Handkerchief Girl to me, and you mustn't be offended with me, because I am quite an old lady, and I love young things!"

Miss Amory was not self-assertive, but she did a thing the very next day that would have staggered her host and hostess could they have divined it. She borrowed their pony carriage, ostensibly for a lonely drive, and she deliberately went over to Tom Heath's brother, whose place was some five miles distant, and obtained Tom's address. She explained that she had met him on the way to India, and liked him so much that she regretted losing sight of him, and wanted to write and renew the acquaintance, as she had heard of his return. She said nothing at all about Winnie Lyndon. In some respects Miss Amory was a hypocrite.

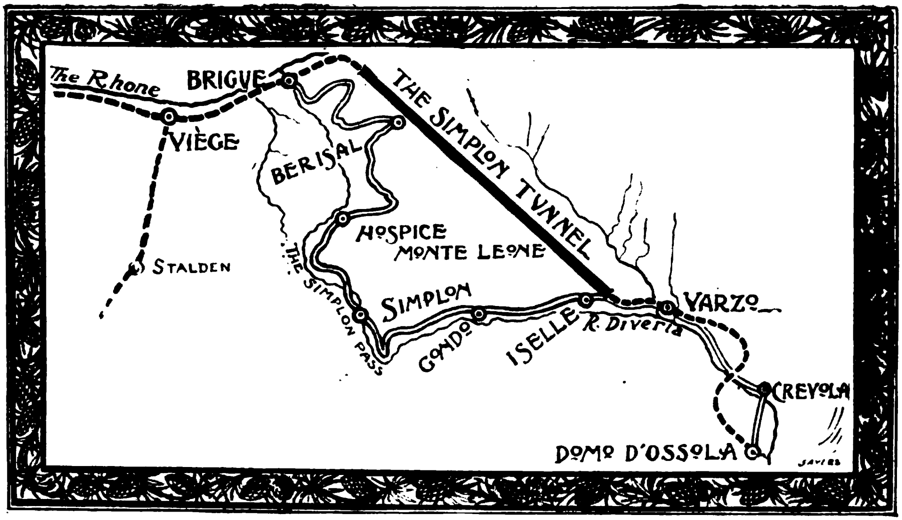
Mr. William Heath gave her the address, naturally enough. Who would suspect a quiet elderly lady with tired eyes of being a matchmaker and playing Providence to two turbulent young people? And Miss Amory went home and wrote a letter to Tom Heath, which she had to draft three times before it satisfied her. She remembered him as a little too confident, and even though she suspected that the misunderstanding about the handkerchiefs had had the salutory effect of lowering his estimate of himself, she defended the Handkerchief Girl delicately from all suspicion of offering anything unasked. Her letter did not obtain a direct answer. Its immediate result was that Mr. William Heath received an unexpected epistle from his brother, inviting himself down to Herefordshire, and mentioning incidentally that he heard a former friend of his was staying in the neighbourhood. He also said nothing about the Handkerchief Girl. But Mr. William Heath was secretly disturbed by the coincidence, for he knew his brother, and he began to wonder whether *every* woman Tom met in his wanderings round the world had attractions for him, however faded and elderly, and his mind reverted to that portion of the rubric which declares that "A man may not marry his grandmother!"

Miss Amory did not see the final scene of the romance in which she had so seriously interested herself, though she heard afterwards of the result. But her imagination filled in the blank spaces quite as vividly as if she had been present.

What really happened was this. On a certain sunny afternoon, about a week after Winnie had met Miss Amory, she was coming through their own grounds on her way to the house and tea, when she encountered a visitor entering the front gate. The drive was a winding one, and the encounter could not be seen from the house. There were neither explanations nor recriminations, because Tom Heath's mind suddenly knew itself without aid from its owner; and he laid his hands on the Handkerchief Girl's shoulders and looked into her eyes.

"Tom!" she stammered. "Tom,—I'm sorry! It was all a mistake!"

And then . . . she was safely in his arms.



TUNNELLING THE ALPS.

THE SIMPLON PASS AND THE SIMPLON TUNNEL.

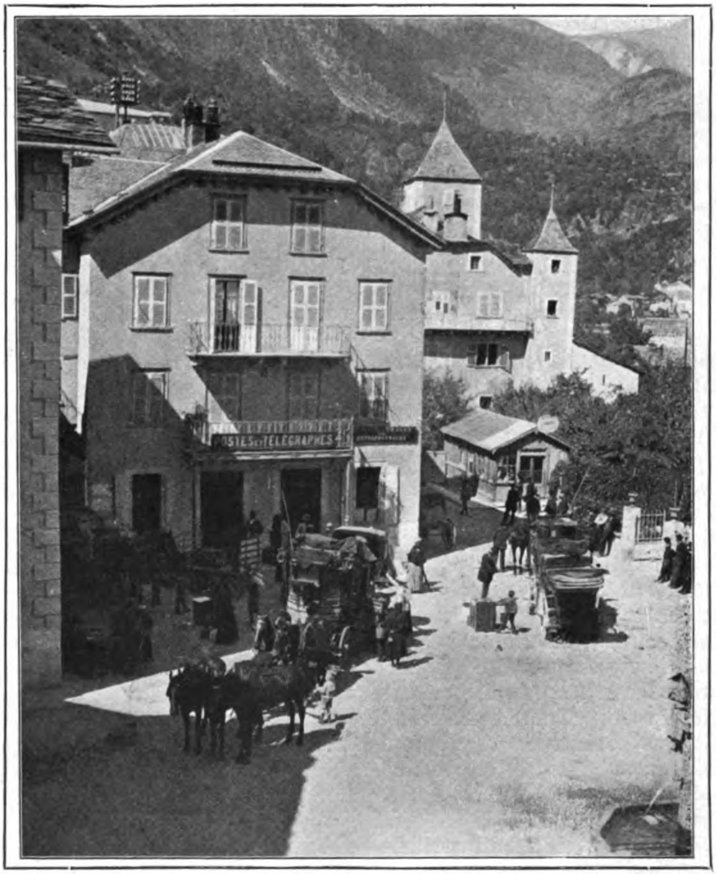
[Written and Illustrated by H. G. Archer.]

THE Simplon Road was the first great Alpine route after the Brenner, and constructed by order of Napoleon in 1800–1806. The wild and gloomy pass, however, is said to have been used as an international thoroughfare as early as A.D. 206, under Septimius Severus, and to have been provided with numerous stations and relays for a primitive posting service; but this is very doubtful, for one place, in the Vedro Valley below the village of Simplon, was impracticable in quite recent times, and a great amount of blasting must have been performed in making the high road. There can be no doubt that it was extensively used from the thirteenth century onwards, especially in the fifteenth century, when the Swiss were trying to annex the Val D'Ossola. In the middle of the seventeenth century an enterprising Swiss merchant, by name Kaspar Stockalper, dominated the trade over it, ensuring the safety of transit by a guard of seventy men, whom he raised and equipped himself. Relics of Kaspar Stockalper's enterprise exist to-day in the picturesque Château Stockalper at Brigue, which is still the largest inhabited building in Switzerland, and, by the irony of fate, has become the official residence of the engineers constructing the tunnel which is to supplant the road; the old Hospice near the summit; and the tall, square tower on the Italian side at Gondo—all which he built from the proceeds of the tolls, to afford shelter to travellers.

The construction of the splendid road over the Simplon, which, when completed, was the wonder of the day, and still deserves to rank as one of the great engineering achievements of the world, was decided upon by Napoleon immediately after the battle of Marengo, while the recollection of his own difficult passage of the Alps by the Great St. Bernard was fresh in his memory. The work was entrusted to the eminent engineer M. Céard, and commenced on the Italian side in 1800, and on the Swiss in 1801. For five summers five thousand men were employed on it, and by the autumn of 1805 Napoleon was able to receive a satisfactory answer to what had been his constant query since the commencement of the colossal undertaking: "*Le canon, quand pourra-t-il passer le Simplon?*"

The route taken by the road may be followed in the accompanying map, and some idea of the stupendous nature of the engineering skill and toil which its construction involved gleaned from the following particulars. The breadth of the road is from 25 to 30 feet, and its length between Brigue and Domo D'Ossola amounts to 41 miles. The

slope nowhere exceeds 1 in 13, and the maintenance of its comparatively gentle gradients necessitated the construction of terraces of massive masonry miles in length. Between Brigue and Sesto the bridges number 611, and there are also no less than ten galleries of solid masonry or tunnels perforating the rock, with a total length of 1723 feet, the longest being the Gallery of Gondo, 722 feet in length. Twenty houses of refuge, where an excellent hotel is located, a magnificent panorama of the Bernese Alps is obtained—the most prominent features being the glittering white peaks of the Aletschhorn and Nesthorn, and that wonderful sea of ice, the great Aletsch Glacier, the largest glacier in Switzerland. Right above one overhangs the snow-covered *massif* of Monte Leone, its flanks fitted with the treacherous Kaltwasser Glacier. To protect the road at this



The diligence at Brigue.

to shelter travellers and lodge the road-menders, are met with at intervals, the space between each varying according to the exposed condition of the track.

The ascent begins immediately on leaving the town of Brigue, and the most dangerous part of the pass lies 15 miles away, between the fifth and sixth refuges, half way between which is the summit of the road, 6590 feet above sea-level. Looking back from the Kulm, or summit,

point from the roaring cataracts and winter avalanches descending from this mountain, there are three galleries, known as the Glacier, partly excavated, partly built up of masonry. Over one of these, the Wasser Gallery, skims the principal torrent from the Kaltwasser Glacier, confined within a broad masonry trough, from the outlet of which the great volume of water hurls itself clear of the grotto in a majestic fall, with a drop of 50 feet.



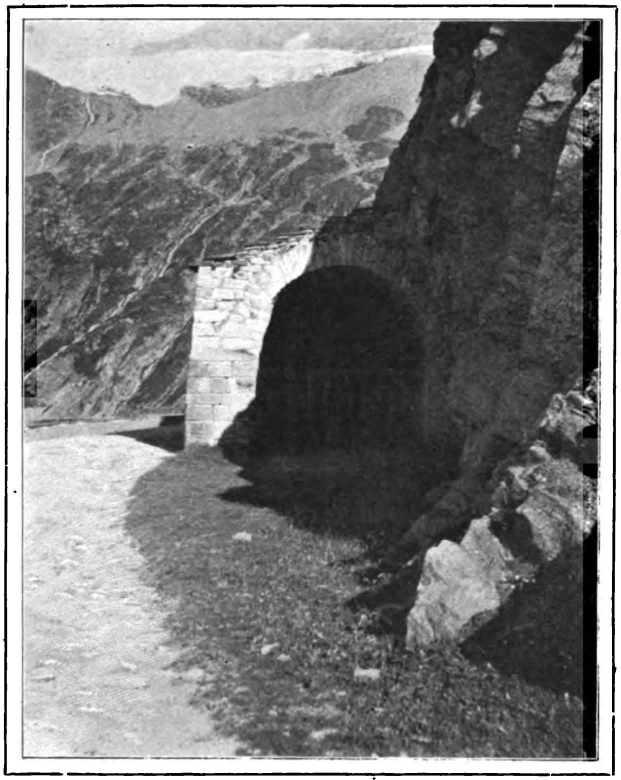
View down into Switzerland from the summit of the Simplon Pass. The course of the road is clearly seen on the right.

A window in the gallery permits the unique spectacle of a waterfall viewed from behind; and when the sun is on the water the effect is that of a quivering curtain composed of diamond facets, coruscating with all the colours of the rainbow. In winter the avalanches slide over the roofs of all three tunnels, which until early summer bear traces of the annual conflict between nature and human labour in the shape of accumulated masses of snow and ice.

About half a mile beyond the Kulm stands the New Hospice, founded by Napoleon for the reception of travellers, but not completed until 1825, when it became the property of the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard. The interior is not specially interesting, though there are some well executed portraits of the Emperor and deceased Fathers Superior. A branch kennel of the famous St. Bernard breed has been established, but there is not much work for the dogs. A little farther on, in a broad, open valley resembling a dried-up lake, stands the old Hospice, a high, square building, with a tower. It is now occupied by herdsmen. Tradition relates that the original hospice on this site was founded by a Count of Savoy. In 1235 it was taken over by the Knights Hospitallers, who managed it until it was suppressed in 1470. In 1653 the building was acquired by Kaspar Stockalper, who renovated and left it as it now is.

Exactly half-way is the village of Simplon, from which the pass takes its name. This hamlet is beautifully situated amid fertile upland pastures, and at the base of the Fletschhorn. After this the descent really commences, the road passing through a plethora of wild and majestic scenes, which it would be impossible to enumerate in this paper. Passing mention, however, must be made of the Ravine of Gondo, one of the grandest and wildest gorges in the Alps, flanked on either side by overhanging precipices of mica slate, 2000 feet in height. On the southern exit from the tortuous Gallery of Gondo the road crosses a slender bridge, spanning a lofty cleft, down which like "a downward smoke" thunders the Diveria until within a few feet of the buttress, its spray

sweeping over the track itself, and lashing the faces of passing travellers. Gondo, 29 miles from Brigue, is the Swiss Douane, and a little farther on a granite column marks the Italian frontier. The first Italian town is Iselle, soon after which the pass widens out, though the road continues along a terrace overhanging the boiling, foaming Diveria. Here a new world of verdure and cultivation greets the eye, in striking contrast to the kingdom of sparkling glacier, fractured rock, and roaring cataract, through which one has been passing. Finally the road crosses the Diveria for the last time by the noble Pont de Crevola, and descends steeply to the balmy plains of Lombardy, a land of trellised vines and luxuriant vegetation, bounded by an amphitheatre of wooded hills, studded with white church towers and innumerable villages.



Simplon Road.

A glacier gallery for a dangerous part of the road. In winter the track through the tunnel is used alone.

The importance of the Simplon Pass greatly revived when the new road was made, but it has diminished since the construction of the Mont Cenis and St. Gothard tunnels. During the summer months two diligences per day traverse the pass in either direction, starting from Brigue and Domo D'Ossola at 7 a.m. and midday; in the spring and autumn there is but one service each way; while in the depth of winter the post alone is conveyed by sleighs. The journey by these lumbering mail coaches averages ten hours, or a little longer since the tremendous landslip from the Fletschhorn of March 1901, that swept away a mile of the road just above the Simplon village, and inflicted damage which it will take many months to repair.

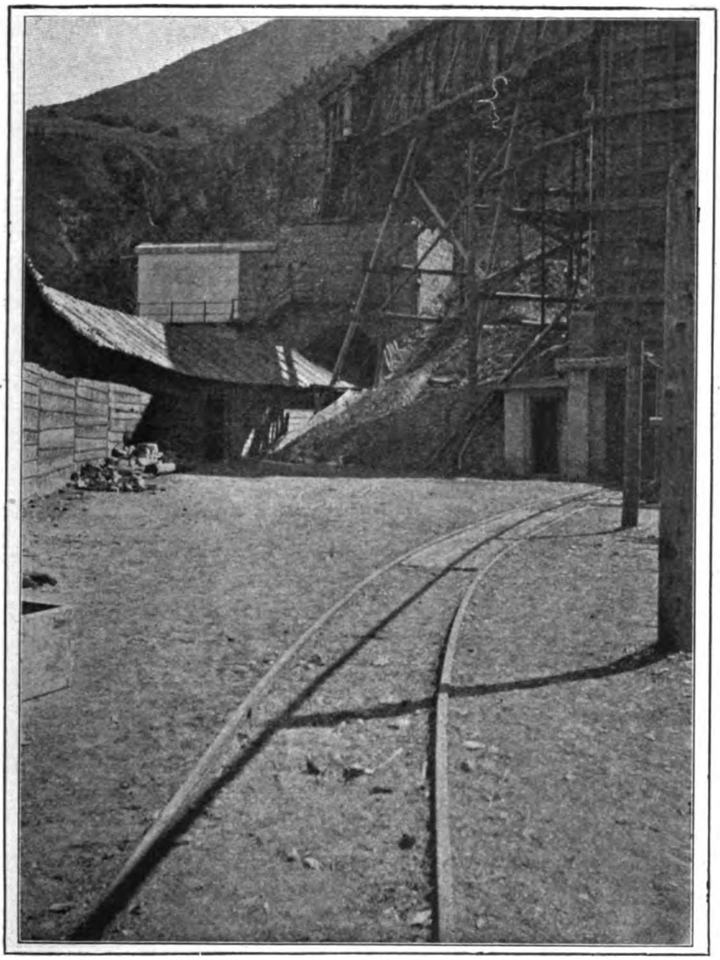
The project of a railway tunnel under the Simplon first occupied the attention of engineers nearly fifty years ago. It was, indeed, the first route projected for an Alpine tunnel; but since the machine-drill was not perfected until 1861, the scheme, after due consideration, was voted impracticable. In 1857 the first Alpine tunnel, under the Mont Cenis, was commenced, and when completed in 1870, at a cost of £2,600,000, the Simplon scheme was revived. However, the latter was again shelved, owing to the preference given to the St. Gothard route, where the second Alpine tunnel was commenced in 1872, and finished in 1881, at a cost of £2,270,000. In 1880 the third Alpine tunnel — the Arlberg, to connect the province of Vorarlberg with the rest of the Austrian Tyrol, and to make a more direct outlet for Austro-Hungarian products to Switzerland and France — was commenced, and opened in 1884, the cost being less than £1,400,000.

The length of these tunnels is as follows: Mont Cenis, 7¼ miles;* St.

* This is the length of straight gallery. With the approaches, the actual length of tunnel operated is very nearly eight miles.

Gothard, 9¼ miles; Arlberg, 6⅓ miles. Each accommodates a double track, the dimensions being as follows: Mont Cenis, 26 feet broad by from 19·68 feet to 18·68 feet in height; St. Gothard, 26 feet by 21⅓ feet; Arlberg, 26 feet by 19 feet.

Upon the successful termination of the Arlberg, in which, thanks to the improved drills, the average rate of the advance had been more than three times as much as at Mont Cenis and nearly twice that of the St. Gothard tunnel, the projectors of a Simplon tunnel petitioned the Swiss and Italian Governments. Ten years elapsed, however, before the scheme crystallised, and thirteen before the Convention between Italy and Switzerland was signed at Berne on November 25th, 1896, and the necessary subventions were guaranteed on both sides. Italy undertook to make the approach lines from Domo d'Ossola to Iselle, 11½ miles in length, but did not stipulate to grant any subvention, except an annuity of 3,000 francs per kilomètre for ninety-nine years, for the portion of the line in Italian territory. Switzerland, on the other hand, was to provide a subvention of 15,000,000 francs, of which 4,500,000 francs was to be found by the Confederation.



The Swiss entrances to the twin tunnels. Air-fan chamber on the left.

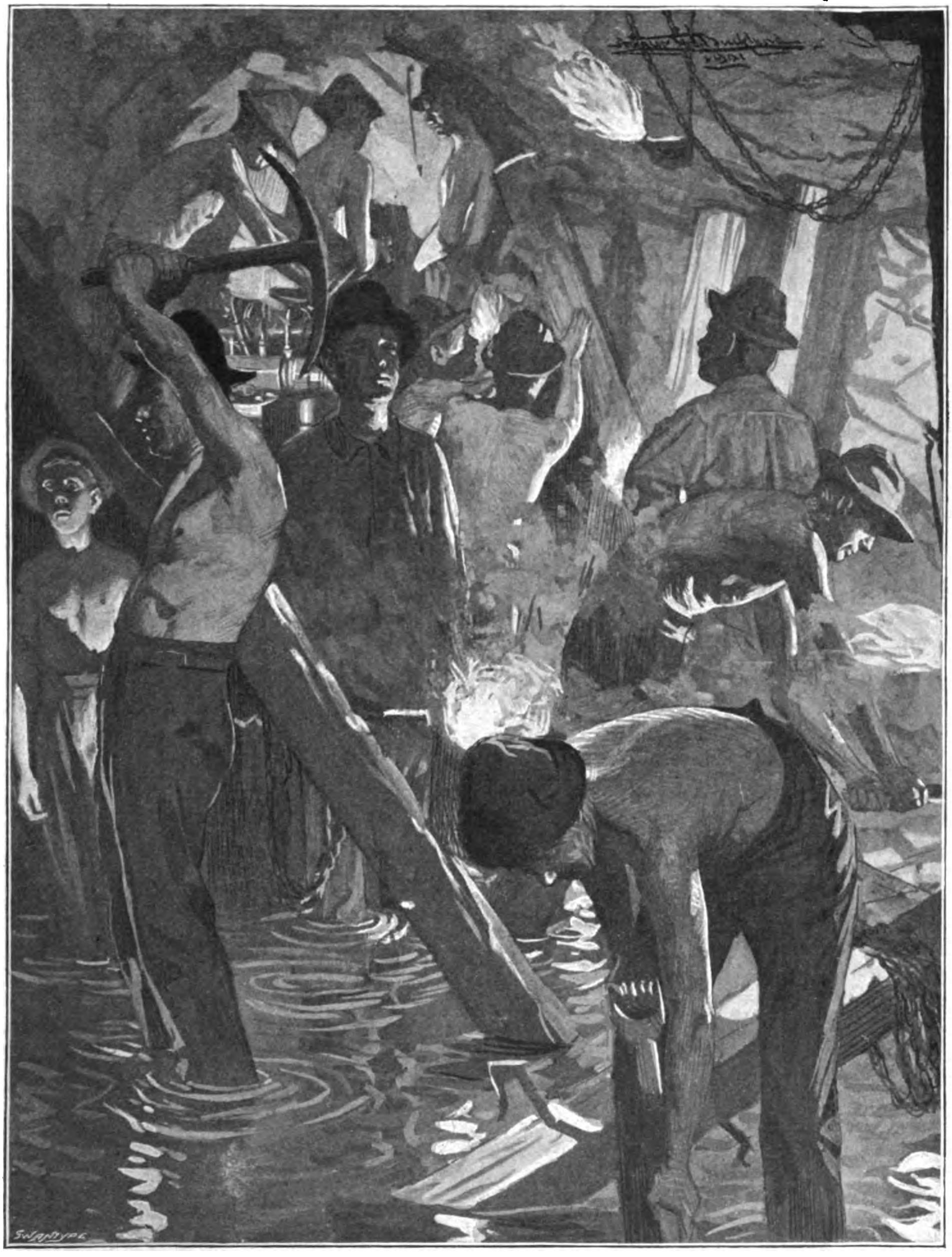
Now to explain the scheme itself. The route selected keeps to the north-east of the Pass road, and is practically in a straight line running due north and south between Brigue and Iselle. This means a tunnel 21,550 yards or 12¼ miles in length, which is three miles longer than the St. Gothard and, therefore, the

longest in the world. The authors of the project favoured this long route, which would mean making the perforation at a low altitude above sea-level, in preference to other schemes advocating a shorter tunnel at a higher altitude. It is obvious that a tunnel at a high altitude involves steep approaches, and the lesson taught by the three Alpine tunnels already constructed is that the cost of the haulage of trains up steep gradients nullifies the initial saving effected by making the perforation as short as possible. The Mont Cenis, the St. Gothard, and the Arlberg tunnels attain great heights, and their approaches are notorious for their severe gradients. For example, the Mont Cenis has a maximum altitude of 4248 feet above sea-level, and the gradient on the Italian side is 1 in 33 and that on the French side 1 in 40; the Arlberg climbs up to 4300 feet, and has bad banks at the eastern end, which seriously interfere with the ventilation of the tunnel as well, when the wind is in that quarter; while the St. Gothard reaches its summit at an altitude of 3788 feet, and its steep approaches on either side involved the construction of fifty short helical tunnels, with an aggregate length of 24 miles. The plan of the Simplon Tunnel, however, has provided that the track should not be taken to a greater altitude than 2310 feet above sea level; the Swiss entrance at Brigue being 2250 feet, and the Italian one at Iselle 2076 feet above sea level.

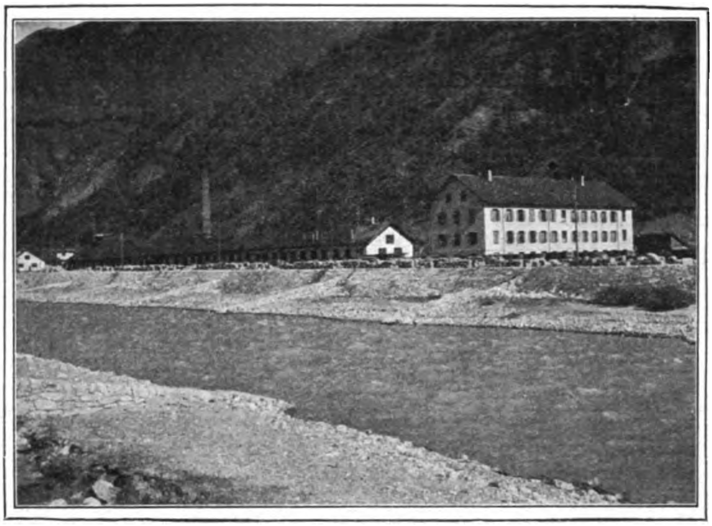
Commencing at the Brigue entrance, the tunnel ascends for a distance of 10,004 yards to the summit of 2310 feet, the ruling gradient being in consequence the extremely gentle one of 1 in 500. The track is then level for a distance of 546 yards, after which it descends for 11,030 yards to the Italian exit; therefore, on the latter section the ruling gradient is 1 in 141. Now, the altitude of the Swiss entrance is exactly the same as that of the rail-level at Brigue station, the present terminus of the Jura-Simplon system, distant 90¾ miles from Lausanne; hence, on this side of the Alps the extension of the line for a distance of two miles, unimpeded by hill or river, is an easy matter. On the Italian side, however, the difference in altitude between the entrance at Iselle and the present terminus of the Mediterranean Railway at Domo D'Ossola, 11½ miles distant, amounts to 1266 feet; and for two-thirds of the distance the new line has to follow the steep and narrow bed of the Diveria, and finally, when the valley becomes too steep for the grade, plunge into a short series of helical tunnels in order to fulfil the engineers' ideal that no gradient on the approaches must exceed 1 in 140. Therefore, on the Italian frontier the works outside are of a far more difficult and expensive character than they are on the Swiss.

In boring the tunnel itself a serious difficulty had to be taken into consideration: namely, the very high temperature—reckoned at 104° Fahr.—that might be expected in that part of the route which lies deepest under the mountain. How could such excessive temperature be reduced? and, again, how, when completed, could such a long tunnel be efficiently ventilated? To solve the two problems the authors of the project determined to adopt a new system of piercing. Instead of a double-track tunnel it was decided to construct twin single-track tunnels, the axis of each being 56 feet apart, connected one with another by transverse galleries at intervals of 220 yards. Each tunnel would therefore act as a ventilating shaft for the other. The twin perforations were to advance side by side; but to commence with, only one, that on the eastern side, was to be hewn out to its full dimensions for the accommodation of a single track; while until the traffic demanded a second track, Tunnel 2 was to be merely a ventilating gallery, but, at the same time, large enough to take a narrow-gauge track for transporting material.

The Convention was signed in November 1896, and tenders were invited for the construction of the whole colossal undertaking on the lines explained. The contract was taken up by Brandt, Brandau, and Company, of Hamburg, who offered to complete the first single-track tunnel, the parallel heading, and the approaches on either side, within 5½ years' time from that of their commencing the work, at a cost of £2,800,000. Their contract was accepted, and the cost apportioned as follows: Jura-Simplon Railway Company (the North-Western of Switzerland), £2,000,000; Swiss Government, by Cantonal subscription, £600,000; the Government of Italy, £40,000; Provinces of Genoa and Milan, £160,000.



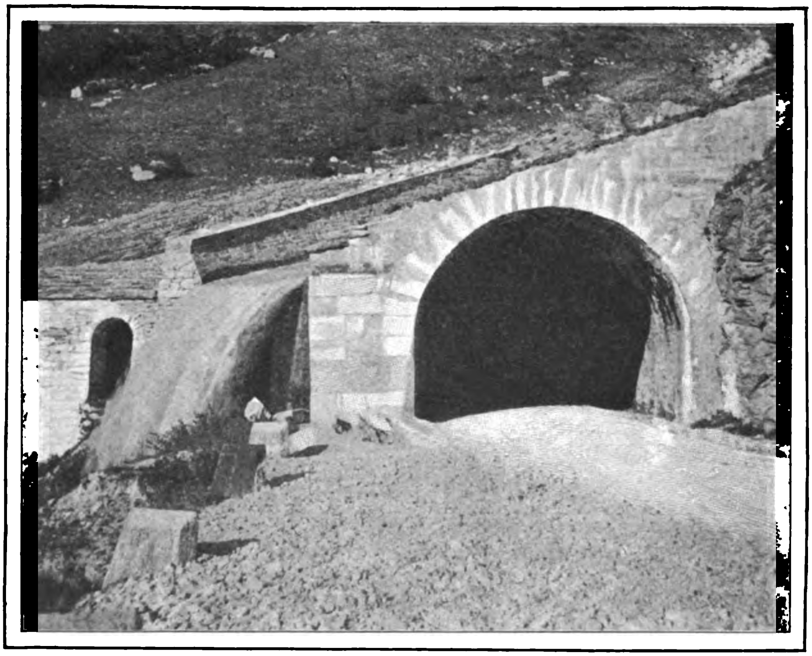
"A busy scene . . . hundreds of workmen, stripped to the waist, engaged with pick and crowbar, knee-deep in water from the workings."



The works at Brigue.

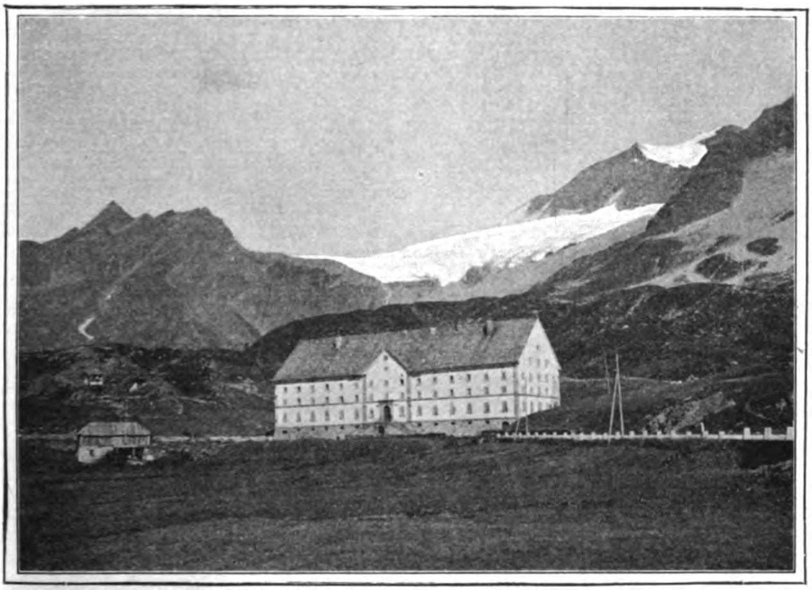
Work was commenced on August 15th, 1898, when the guide headings on both the Swiss and Italian side were struck. I have said that the tunnel will be practically straight throughout: there are, though, two short curves—viz., at the Brigue entrance the perforation bends to the south-west for a distance of 152 yards, the radius of the curve being 381·5 yards, while close to the Iselle exit there is a curve, with a radius of 437·6 yards, in a south-easterly direction, its length being 202·9 yards. Between the two the tunnel is perfectly straight for a distance of 11·9 miles.

It is no exaggeration to state that no great engineering undertaking had all its details as well thought out beforehand as



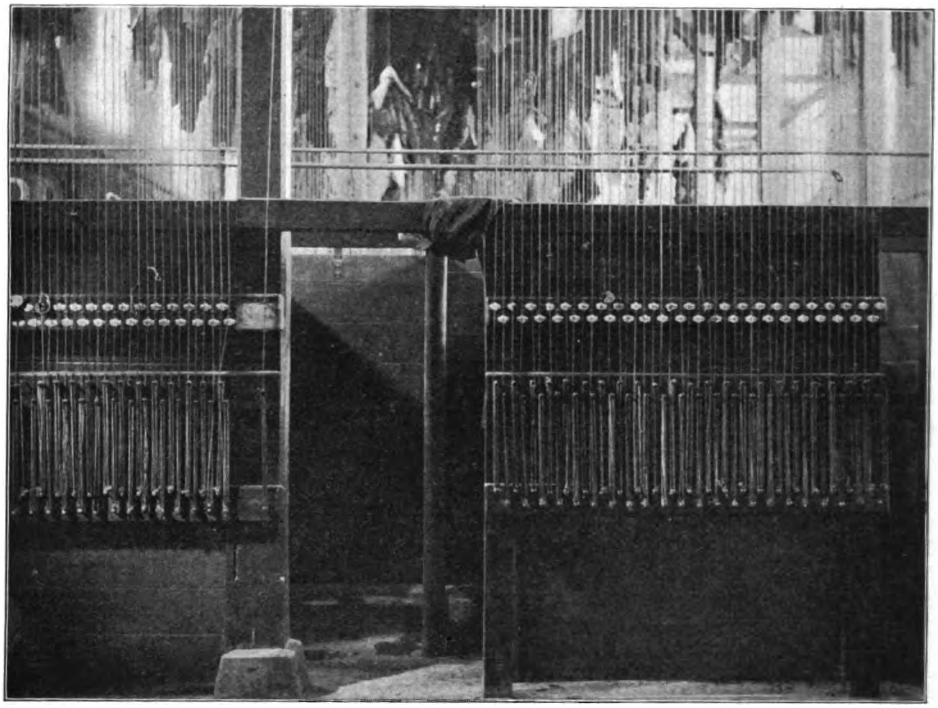
The Wasser Gallery, and the Kaltwasser Cascade, on the Simplon Road.

was the case with the Simplon. One of the principal subjects that engaged the attention of the projectors was the well-being of the workmen. It was determined that no such happy-go-lucky state of affairs as prevailed during the construction of the St. Gothard tunnel, and resulted in the sacrifice of 600 lives, should be permitted. I will describe the elaborate precautions taken as I saw them at Brigue. A long line of buildings, commencing fifty yards from the tunnel entrance, is entirely devoted to the needs of the navvies. Here one finds a large and lofty dressing-hall, divided into cubicles, and equipped with hot and cold water douches, baths, and lavatories. The shift about to commence work enter the hall. Each man has a number, corresponding with a numbered button on the partition. These buttons—there are hundreds of them—connect with lines suspended from the roof, each button and line forming a small hoist. The navvy manipulates his button, and a clean suit of tunnel clothes, consisting of trousers, blouse, and sombrero-shaped hat, descends. He changes into these, attaches his discarded garments to the line, and hoists them upwards, where they are both safe and out of the way. Outside the hall is the platform for the tunnel trains. It is roofed over and boarded in at the sides, the protection being continued until the track enters the mountain. Therefore, on emerging from the tunnel after a shift, the men are protected from the risks attending the sudden change from the heated atmosphere inside to the cool Alpine atmosphere outside. As soon as they alight from the train which has brought them out, the men are driven into the hall, warmed for their reception, where they are compelled to stay for half an hour. Here they change their wet and soiled tunnel clothes, which are taken away to be washed and dried before next using, and here they can refresh themselves with baths or douches to their hearts' content. Adjoining the hall is a canteen where they can get plain, well-cooked meals, and pure beer and wine, sold at nominal prices. For example, breakfast, dinner and supper are provided at a charge of elevenpence per day. Farther on, the upper story offers sleeping accommodation for those who prefer "living-in," the charge for a bed in a three-bed cubicle being twopence per night. Similar arrangements exist on the Italian side, at Iselle.



The new hospice founded by Napoleon.

The works at Brigue occupy, as may be seen from the accompanying photographs, a picturesque position on the south bank of the Rhone. To guard against the



The men's dressing-hall in the works.

spring floods inflicting injury upon the works, or washing away the low stone embankment, along which the railway is being extended from its present terminus, this swift-running glacier stream has been confined between groined walls. At this point the Rhone valley narrows into a gorge. To the south, overlooking the town of Brigue, is the wide opening of the gloomy Simplon Pass, the vista in this direction terminating with the barrier formed by Monte Leone; to the east is the Furka Pass and the Rhone Glacier; while to the north stands the Belalp, commanded by the Sparrhorn, with the Nesthorn on the left and the cone of the Eggishorn on the right.

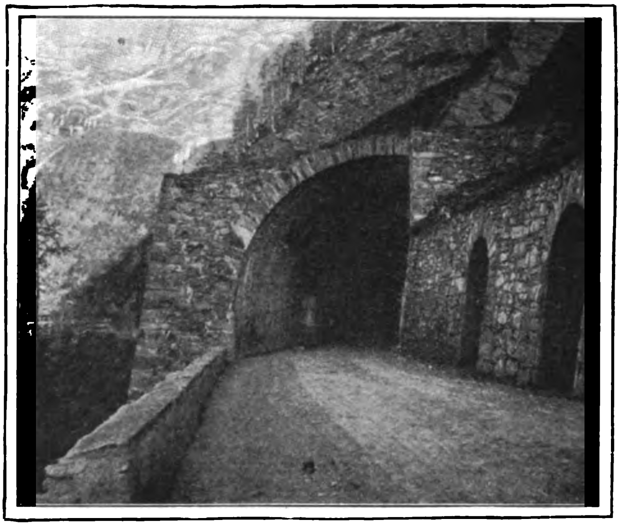
The entrances to the twin tunnels are situated two miles due east of Brigue station; and viewed from the suspension bridge across the Rhone at the latter, it would appear as though the perforation plunged into the heart of the Klenenhorn. As a matter of fact, however, it keeps to the right, in the direction of Monte Leone, under whose *massif* it passes on the eastern side; but at any rate this point of vantage gives one a better idea of the deep course pursued by the tunnel than is to be gained nearer the entrances, where the low cliff overlooking the south bank of the river shuts out the lofty chain of mountains above.

The works outside include the usual offices and engine-houses, and a well-appointed home-foundry. In the last-named, specimens of the Brandt hydraulic drill may be inspected. This drill is 3 inches in diameter, and bores holes 6 feet deep and 4 inches in diameter. It is furnished with a hydraulic washer, which directs a powerful jet of water to wash away the rubbish, and cools the temperature of the steel itself. The apparatus possesses the advantage of extreme portability, for only four men are required to work and carry it. The Ferroux drill, used in the St. Gothard tunnel, necessitated sixteen attendants and a cumbersome carriage. The Brandt drill can be worked coupled, parallel, or in series. The hydraulic power is obtained by gravity from the Rhone, the water being brought down from a point three miles higher up the valley in an inexpensive aqueduct of wood, concrete, and cement (*canal en béton de ciment armé, système Hennebique*), supported on piles. At the works, turbines of 2225 horse-power each generate, and transmit

through a hydraulic main, a pressure giving ten tons upon the cutting point of each drill. On the Italian side, power is derived from the Diveria in much the same fashion.

The illustration depicting the Swiss entrances shows that that of Tunnel 1 has its masonry work completed. The white-coloured edifice seen on the left is the chamber of the powerful air-fan, which supplies the galleries with 60,000 cubic feet of air per minute. This great volume of air is carried in pipes within the staging over the arch of Tunnel 1 to the entrance of Tunnel 2. The latter is, of course, blocked up. The dimensions of the profile of Tunnel 1 are as follows: height, 17·7 feet; width at base, 14·7 feet; width at widest point (6·5 feet above rail level), 16·2 feet. Tunnel 2 is at present only 10 feet in width by 8 feet in height; but, as has been explained, it will eventually attain the dimensions of Tunnel 1. The cross section of the latter varies according to the pressure and strata of the rock. Save for a short section in the centre, where rock of great hardness is encountered, both tunnels will be lined with masonry. A light railway line of one-mètre gauge is laid in each tunnel. In Tunnel 1, up to the point at which the profile has attained its full size, the locomotives employed are driven by steam; but beyond this point, whence the galleries grow lower and lower and narrower and narrower, the trucks are either hauled by horses or pushed by men. In that portion of Tunnel 2 which is open for traffic the locomotive power is compressed air, as in a heading only 8 feet in height steam would manifestly be out of the question. The compressed-air engines are queer-looking machines, with which a stack of air-cylinders takes the place of a boiler. It should be added that Tunnel 2, besides acting as the ventilating shaft, plays a general utility *rôle* to Tunnel 1 during the work of construction, for it contains the hydraulic main for the drills, the drains carrying off the water flowing from the workings to the quantity of 5000 gallons per minute, the telephone wires and the gas-pipes, by which busy centres are illuminated.

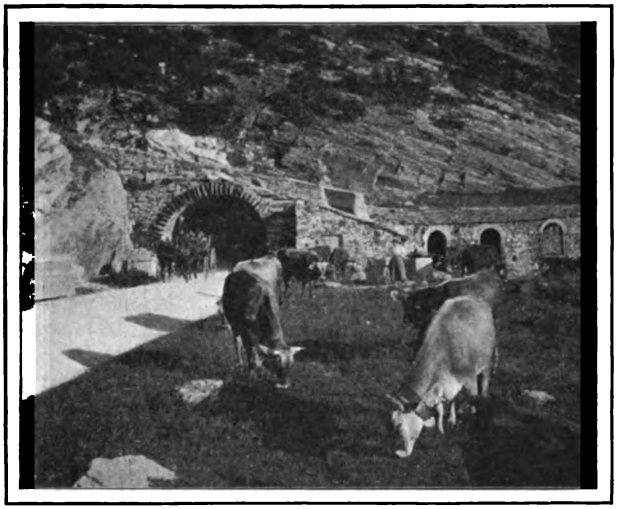
On the occasion of my journey into the tunnel on the Swiss side, in August last, I found Tunnel 1 fully hewn out and lined with masonry to a distance of 5 kilomètres or 3·1 miles. Immediately beyond this point a busy scene presented itself, hundreds of workmen, stripped to the waist, being engaged with pick and crowbar in dressing the profile. Here, too, one first felt the atmosphere to be growing uncomfortably warm, though a strong draught of air was flowing in through the transverse galleries; while to aid in the cooling task, glacier water, pumped in for the purpose, was being sprayed. It should be explained that up to the point where the work of excavation commences, the transverse galleries are closed. The drills were working some one thousand yards farther on, and the perforation was and is still being advanced through the hardest strata likely to be encountered—granite and gneiss—and on that section of the route which lies deepest under the mountain, namely, 7000 feet. No wonder, therefore, that with this huge



Junction of the winter gallery with the second of the glacier galleries.

superincumbent mass the temperature of the rock should attain 104° Fahrenheit. Nevertheless, at the very extremity of the galleries, the cooling achieved by the air-fan and water-spray combined must be described as excellent, for the temperature

is never higher than 90° Fahrenheit. Since the commencement the rate of progress per twenty-four hours made by the drills has averaged from 16 feet to 22



The Kaltwasser Cascade Tunnel,

feet—a result that has never before been approached in a similar undertaking. When ten holes have been bored, the cluster, termed an "attaque," is blasted by means of gelatine cartridges. The late Mr. Brandt, who, unfortunately, died when the work began to assume its more interesting phase, experimented with liquid-air cartridges; but these were abandoned owing to miss-fires, and accidental explosions from their coming into contact with the unguarded flares carried by the men. There can be but little doubt, however, that liquid air is the blasting agency of the future. Another ingenious apparatus devised by this gentleman is a compressed-air gun of 6½-inch calibre, 300 feet in length, and discharging a projectile consisting of 900 gallons of water. It is fired simultaneously with the cartridges (the latter by electricity), whereupon the great volume of water pulverises and sweeps away the débris.

The work on the Swiss side is farther advanced than on the Italian, for on the latter harder strata have been encountered. It was estimated that at the end of August last 11,000 yards out of a total distance of 21,550 yards had been pierced, but only about 4,000 yards stood to the credit of the Italian engineers. However, these figures mean that the great work is now more than half completed, and that the terms of the contract, which stipulate that the first single-track tunnel shall be open for traffic in April 1904, will be complied with. Delay renders the contractors liable to a fine of £200 per day; on the other hand, they can earn a bonus of the same amount for each day saved. The work inside is carried on practically unceasingly from one year's end to the other in three shifts of eight hours each. Sunday is not observed as a day of rest, though the authorities would prefer that it should be; and there are, in fact, only four or five days in the year, being high feast days, on which the Italian navvy consents to desist from his remunerative employment. Consequently, the head engineers are much pushed for time in which to verify the axis of the tunnel with their theodolites.

Lastly, before leaving the tunnel, I must add the following particulars. On the level section in the centre, Tunnel 1 will be widened out for a distance of 420 yards to allow of a double track for crossing trains; it will also be provided with man-holes every 100 mètres, with chambers for signalling apparatus every 1000 mètres, and with four large equidistant recesses for the storage of permanent-way materials.

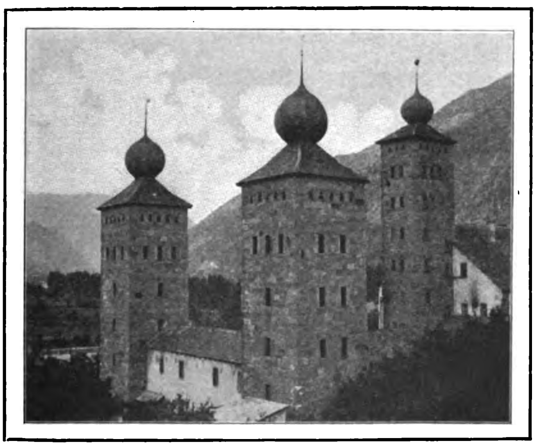
As might be expected, the great undertaking has caused what are practically new towns to spring up at either entrance. On the Swiss side the workmen have taken up their quarters in Naters, which is a pretty old-world suburb of Brigue, and situated on the northern bank of the Rhone. Naters they have transformed into an Italian town; walking through which one hears nothing but Italian spoken, while the shops, cafés, beer saloons, wine cabarets, and lodging-houses all bear Italian signs. The large tract of waste land between the town and the river has been selected as the site of the isolated fever hospitals and sanatorium. On the Italian side at Iselle the Simplon road is bordered on both sides for fully a mile with three-storied wooden edifices, which are mostly

restaurants or cabarets on the ground floor, and let as lodgings to the navvies and their families above. None of these temporary buildings, however, is too mean to be equipped with the electric light.

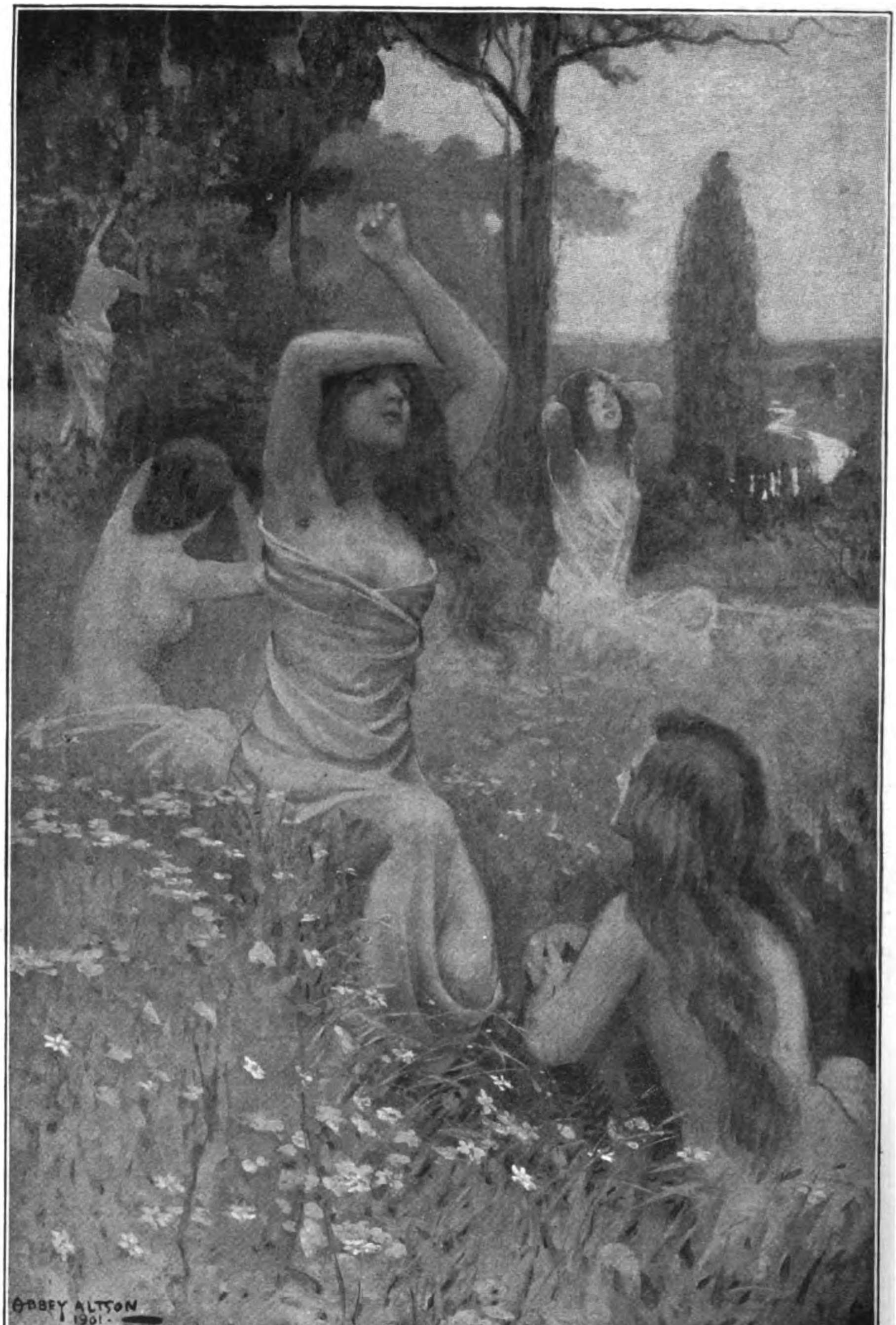
In conclusion, a few lines must be devoted to explaining the advantages likely to accrue from the construction of the fourth Alpine tunnel. First, as an international through route it will effect a considerable reduction of distance between Calais and Milan. What the saving in mileage and hours will be it is as yet impossible to conjecture—even approximately—for the Swiss railway system affected will undergo great alterations. The idea, however, is to supplement the tunnel with the construction of a new line of railway from the Lake of Thun through the heart of the Bernese Oberland, which would furnish the last link in the straight chain—Calais, Tergnier, Chalons, Chaumont, Belfort, Basle, Berne, Brigue, Domo D'Ossola, Novara, Milan, Piacenza, Parma, Bologna, Ancona, Brindisi—between the Straits of Dover and the Adriatic.

Secondly, since the conditions of level are much more favourable than in the Mont Cenis and the St. Gothard, there is every reason to expect that it will divert much of the international goods traffic from its rivals, and thus greatly benefit the Jura-Simplon system, the company which have staked most on its construction, at the expense of the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranée and St. Gothard associations. In fact, where all the French railways interested in Swiss traffics are concerned, the approaching completion of the Simplon undertaking is viewed with grave misgiving. It is alleged that the St. Gothard caused a yearly loss of 40,000,000 francs to these, and now an even more formidable competitor is forthcoming. However, the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranée system and the port of Marseilles will suffer most. Hitherto Marseilles has held almost a monopoly as regards cereals imported into Switzerland; by the construction of the Simplon tunnel Genoa will become a serious rival in this and other respects, and Genoa will be brought 75 miles nearer Lausanne than is Marseilles.

*** Since this paper was written an unfortunate rush of water has occurred on the Italian side, entirely stopping work. In August the drills had pierced their way through the hard gneiss, which was the cause of the hitherto slow rate of progress on the part of the Italian engineers; and then, entering a soft freestone, the rate of advance became accelerated to 27 feet per day. On the night of September 30th, however, water burst forth from the headings, and soon attained a volume of 130 gallons a second, transforming the twin tunnels into regular canals. At the time of writing it has not been found possible to stop this rush of water, nor even to discover its source. At first it was supposed that a mountain lake, situated at a considerable height above the tunnel, had been accidentally tapped; but it was found that the level of the lake had not been affected by the supposed drainage, as would have been the case had it really been the source of the trouble. Therefore the present supposition is that the water must come from a neighbouring torrent through some unknown channel, and, in order to test this hypothesis, quantities of colouring-matter have been thrown into the torrent so as to see if the colour of the water in the tunnel is affected. Should it be, the engineers express confidence that they will be able to overcome the difficulty by diverting the torrent from its bed.



Chateau Stockalper, Brigue.



BEFORE THE DAWN.



BEFORE THE DAWN.

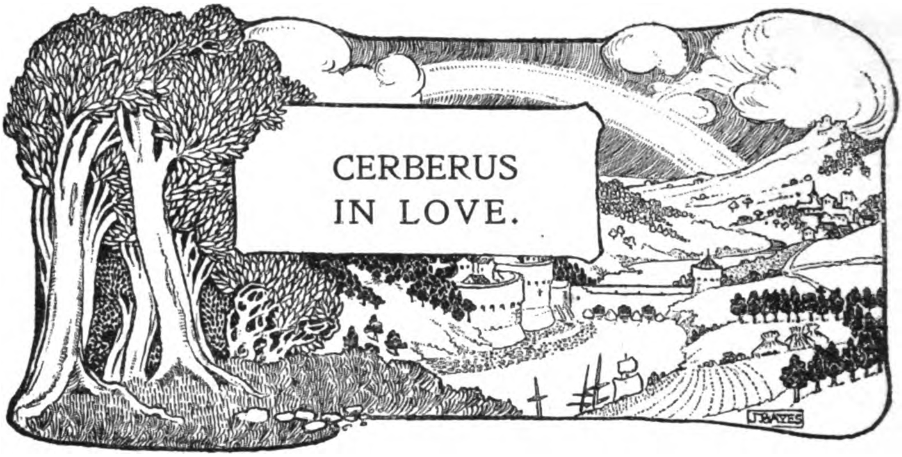
BEFORE the dawn, the woods awaken fair,
And life sings lightly from the silence, where
The solemn night has fled away forlorn :
Nature is full of hope, and unaware,
Before the dawn.

The mist hangs low to hide the coming morn,
And flowers open in the languid air ;
The way amid the trees is yet unworn,
Before the dawn.

The song of Life is sweet beyond compare ;
No golden sunlight shadows dark despair ;
The earth is scarce awake, shadow unborn ;
Only the tears of yesterday are there—
Before the dawn.

D. A. L.





BY COULSON KERNAHAN.

WHEN the friends of my youth and myself were all boys and girls together, a sister of mine, who would have made a fortune as a company promoter, formed a Classical and Mythological Syndicate upon new and original lines. The names of the various gods and goddesses were apportioned to the members of our own and one or two other families with whom we were intimate. The chief promoter dubbed herself Diana, possibly because she was afraid of cows. The *rôle* of Venus was appropriately conceded to a girl friend of hers with weak eyes and a tendency to premature baldness. The eldest sister of our family, being popularly supposed to be a beauty, was christened Helen of Troy, and her *fiancé* Paris. My recollection of Paris (who wore glasses) is that he was a better judge of butterflies, of which he was an enthusiastic collector, than of beauty; but as he sometimes allowed me the loan of his green baize bag-net, I considered him a decided improvement upon his namesake.

On account of my extreme youth I was not at first taken into the confidence of the Syndicate, and so did not join the Board until what I may call the preferential shares had been allotted. The *rôles* of Jupiter, Juno, Saturn, Venus, Diana, Mercury, Apollo, and Mars were already apportioned; and my proposal to take over and carry on the old-established business of either Pluto or Vulcan was scouted on the score of my juvenility. Not wishing to be left out in the cold, I suggested that in the character of Cupid no reasonable objection could be raised in regard to youth; and but for the attitude of Venus, who declined to acknowledge as her son a boy who, she libellously alleged, "never washed his neck," I might have been appointed to the vacant post. But Venus was obdurate, and put the facts against me so clearly, not to say coarsely, that most of the gods and goddesses present inclined—I could see—to my utter exclusion from the Olympian Fields. In my little world this would have been tantamount to social annihilation, so I begged that—failing any other—I might at least be allowed to fill the humble *rôle* of Cerberus. I reminded them that the Psalmist had said he would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than dwell in the tents of wickedness, and that personally I would rather be the gatekeeper of Hades than dwell in the outer dark beyond Olympus.

The assembled gods and goddesses were clearly staggered by my intimate acquaintance with Scripture; and the *rôle* of Cerberus, being one for which there was no competition, I was—despite the protests of Venus—awarded the vacant post. Two days afterwards the gods and goddesses gave a party; and there I met my fate, whose name—in Olympian circles—was Vesta. I had been in her company many times before, but for some unexplained reason (so swift and wonderful is the coming of love) the fact that she was dowered with beauty had never occurred to me. I do not remember that until that particular evening I had ever given two thoughts to her existence. But

that party sealed my fate. 'Tis true I bade her good-night coldly, and stalked frowning darkly from the room—for my haughty spirit chafed at the indignity of being "fetched," and by a red-cheeked nursery-maid. But the blood sang in my brain all the way home; and that night, and many a night after, I lay awake, brooding over the too-brief happiness of the party, and recalling this saying of hers and that answer of mine, and thinking regretfully of all the pretty things I might have said—and didn't. Even thus early in my life I had to learn that the rehearsals in which we do most justice to ourselves are those that take place, not before, but after the performance.

Even thus early, too, my untamed spirit mutinied against the petty restrictions of the Real. From dwelling upon what had been, I passed on to dream of what might be, and created for her and myself a new and romantic world in which to wander. Again and again I rescued her from a watery grave. Alone, and when the bravest spirits quailed and held back, I entered the burning building, at the topmost window of which (the little fool always fled to the topmost window, even when there was time to escape unharmed by the door) she stood, a white-robed, pitiful figure, stretching imploring arms, and wailing "Save me! oh, save me!" to the terror-stricken crowd below.

From stealthy-stepping burglars, masked, and with murder gleaming in their eyes, I rescued her—from mad dogs, goring bulls, and hordes of tomahawking Indians. Sometimes I did so at the cost of my own life, sometimes I passed unharmed through the ordeal, to be hailed a hero by enthusiastic thousands; and I remember that when overdone to the point of satiety by the applause of my fellow-countrymen and countrywomen, I varied the programme by bringing my brave deeds to the knowledge of the Queen. On such occasions Her Majesty would send for the youthful hero, that she might express before the Court, the Commander-in-Chief, and the young and pretty female members of the Royal Family, the sense of confidence with which the knowledge that she counted so brave a soul among her subjects inspired her.

More often, however, gloomier thoughts prevailed. I would plunge myself into exquisite melancholy by imagining that an overwhelming weight of circumstantial evidence had made me to appear guilty of an awful crime (murder for choice).

But the knowledge of my innocence, and the consciousness of Vesta's absolute faith and unwavering love, so sustained me throughout the terrible ordeal, that the dignity and manliness of my bearing had won the admiration even of those who most believed in my guilt. After sentence had been passed, I had stepped from the dock as proudly as if I had been a conqueror leaving the lists instead of a condemned man going to his doom. And then had come the crash, when all my world had tumbled about my ears; for in that awful moment I had learned that she in whom I trusted had forsaken me, and was now of the company of my accusers.

With a terrible calm I had met my fate, sending her the assurance of my love with my last breath. And too late she and the world had learnt that I was innocent; and for her, life had nothing more to offer than a vista of years of unavailing remorse, spent for the most part in long watches by my tomb.

Perhaps even thus early in my career the soul of the future new-century novelist was awakening, for even then I had a stern contempt for the conventional "wedding-bells and happy-ever-afterwards" ending to a love story. Or was it a premonition? The reader shall judge.

By going slightly out of the direct course it was possible on my way to school to pass the house where Vesta—or rather Vesta's father—resided. It was the kind of house one sees so frequently in dingy suburbs of London—a stuccoed, jerry-built abomination that ran as obtrusively to bay window as the City Alderman of certain comic papers (I have not yet met the type outside their pages) runs to paunch.

Along the sill of this bay window was a tiny railing, the purpose of which was presumably to keep flower-pots, which might be placed there, from falling off. This railing, Vesta's father (who I am persuaded was a vulgar creature) had lavishly gilded. By reminding one of a large-patterned watchchain, stretched across an expansive waistcoat, it still further emphasised the bay window's resemblance to a prominent portion of the anatomy of the City Alderman aforesaid.

I saw the house again only the other

day, and wondered whether outside England there existed another building so pretentious and so ugly. But to me in those days it was the Palace where dwelt the Fairy Princess—to me it was "all a wonder and a sheer delight." The days, as they came and went, held for me two supreme moments only—the moments in which I passed and repassed those happy walls on my way to and from school. If I had dared I would have passed and repassed a dozen times; but on the one occasion, when I intentionally dropped one of my class-books, that I might have a pretext for returning to look for it, Vesta's father (red-faced wretch!—even in those days I inclined to the belief that he was given to drink) saw me, and throwing up the window bawled rudely: "Now then, young Rissler! Skulking again! It's past nine now! You'd better hurry up, or you'll get the dust knocked out of your knickerbockers with a birch rod."

The odious upstart! To speak in that vulgar way, and in the presence of his daughter, who, I was sure, must be feeling his offensiveness keenly. I was so sorry for her that I was at first minded to stop and explain—of course with chilling hauteur—that I was merely returning in search of a book which I had dropped, and to give him to understand that the head-master was a gentleman (with emphasis), and he, at least, would not so far forget himself as to use offensive expressions in the presence of a lady. I was glad afterwards that I had contented myself by regarding him with a look of withering contempt, and had not lowered myself to his level by condescending to explain. Such creatures are incapable of understanding the feelings of finer natures, as was proved by the fact that, as I walked hastily away—lest I should be tempted to say things to *her* father which I should afterwards regret—I heard him slap his huge hand upon his knee at delight of his brandy-born wit, and exclaim: "See how I've made the young beggar scuttle! What I said tickled him up almost as badly as if it had been old Thing-me-bob's cane!"

After this disgusting exhibition I felt that it would not be dignified on my part to risk a repetition of such a scene by passing and repassing the house, and that I must find other means of bringing myself to Vesta's recollection.

Since the night of the party I had scarcely entered the school playground, and had sadly neglected not only my studies but the field sports to which I was devoted. But that morning, as I was moping in the playground, an idea occurred to me. In the corner, where stood the gymnasium, was a climbing-pole, from the summit of which one could see not only the Palace of Delight, but the hospitable bay window in which it was the Fairy Princess's custom to sit. Two steps, resembling a cross-bar, jutted out on each side of the pole, a foot or two from the top, where they had thoughtfully been set that the winded and weary climber might regain his breath and view the landscape o'er ere plunging slide-wise down the shining shaft. By throwing a leg over either step and sitting close-hugged to the pole it was possible to remain perched on that "bad eminence" for a considerable time; and thither I betook myself on every opportunity. I was the first in the playground in the morning, I was the last to leave it in the afternoon; and but for the fact that Vesta's father (who I was persuaded was a humbug and a hypocrite) religiously attended church, where by ricking my neck to look round a column I could get an occasional peep at her back hair—my Sundays would have been unendurable. Among my schoolfellows strange rumours were afloat to account for my eccentric behaviour—one of which was that I had murdered somebody, and was in hourly expectation of the arrival of the constable, the appearance of whom would be the signal for my flight. An embryo Sherlock Holmes gave it as his opinion that I had taken to pigeon-stealing, and had arranged a code of signals with an accomplice somewhere in the old town, so that whenever a valuable bird flew overhead in that direction my partner in crime might lure it into his traps by means of a peculiar whistle which, it was popularly supposed, no pigeon born of egg could resist. To this theory such colour was lent by the robbery one night of a neighbouring hen-roost, that the owner sent for me and threatened to give me in charge unless I made a full confession. It was not until I had explained that I had decided to take the first opportunity of running away to sea, and that my pole-climbing and pole-perching proclivities were the result of my anxiety to prepare myself for the duties I should have to perform on

"lookout" in the "crow's nest," that his suspicions were allayed.

I heard recently of a humorous fellow (I should like to shake him by the hand if only for the sake of the human heart of him) who wrote for his own epitaph the legend "He tried hard not to be a liar." Remembering the escapade of my school-days, I realise (and I hope the reader will realise) how easy it is for an imaginative boy to tell a lie.

But, the taunts and suspicions of my schoolmates notwithstanding, my steps, like the mariner's compass, turned ever to the pole, up which I would "shin" to sit and make calves' eyes at the form in the far-away window. Once, when no one was looking, I ventured to wave a handkerchief, and to my inexpressible delight the signal was returned.

> "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken;
> Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
> Silent upon a peak in Darien."

Could it be—was it possible—that my vigil was thus to be rewarded? Again I waved the handkerchief; and again came the answering signal. The days of chivalry are past; but never did fair lady of long ago wave a lily-white hand at a casement to a knight whose heart beat more merrily beneath his coat of mail than did mine beneath my blue serge Norfolk jacket. My passion was returned! She had marked Love's lonely sentry standing faithful at his post; and Love, the great Teacher, had taught her to read Love's countersign aright.

Henceforth I was more faithful than ever at my vigil, for again and again the signal was returned. What cared I now for the frowns of her haughty father, the baron! (I always pictured him to myself as a plundering baron of feudal days—but I believe his particular form of plunder was not unconnected with an agency for Life Assurance.) He might order his minions to close the portcullis in my face; he might imprison his fair daughter in the topmost turret of his frowning keep; but Love laughs at lock-smiths, and while he and his boon companions were carousing—not, I expect, in the hat-hung, umbrella-guarded hall, but in the more spacious if less mediæval dining-room—she and I were exchanging signals of deathless love across the sundering gulf (two back streets, a laundry-woman's "drying ground," and the site for a proposed Baptist chapel).

At last my faithfulness was rewarded. Since the night of the party my love had necessarily been a far-off worship—"the desire of the moth for the star, of the night for the morrow"—but there came a beatific morning when for one at least of Adam's race the primal curse was withdrawn, and flesh and blood walked again in Paradise. I was sent to her house one day with a letter for her sister. It was something to do with a concert, but as her sister was engaged at the moment, I was asked to come in and wait. As I entered the room—the room of the bay window—my heart fluttered up like a bird in my throat, for there, looking in the direction of the school, sat Vesta. Her face was turned away from me, but something there was in her attitude that seemed to speak of tender melancholy. Was it possible, could it be, that she was thinking of me, and was torturing herself by wondering whether my love had grown cold, that I should thus fail her at the accustomed time? For this was our trysting-hour, the hour when she and I held commune together across the aforesaid gulf. Perhaps in her dear eyes that lonely figure was invested with a gentle dignity, a tender pathos. My steadfastness at my post—even remembering that the circumstances were not conducive to inconstancy, and that any attempt at "flightiness" on my part might have had a painful termination—must surely awaken an answering chord in her breast; for what true woman could long remain untouched by such fidelity as mine?

It had been a happy time for her—all the way to the house. I had said and looked such things as must set her little heart fluttering with gladness—things which, when the dear spell was broken, and the very world felt empty because I was gone, she would repeat tenderly to herself as she sat looking out into the dreaming sunset. Never did lover bear himself more bravely in his true love's presence than I had borne myself in hers.

But as I stood there, fumbling with my cap, and wondering whether my hair was smooth, and wishing I had thought to take a peep at the mirror in the hat-stand as I passed, the things I had meant to say struck me suddenly as singularly unsuited for the occasion. If only by

stopping a runaway horse I could have saved the life of a beautiful Royal Princess within full view of the bay window, and then have staggered to Vesta's feet to die, I felt that I could, under such circumstances, have opened the conversation with an ease which at present I was far from feeling. To die in her presence would, comparatively speaking, be a happiness compared to standing in that august presence with ruffled hair (why, oh, why! had I not thought to look in the glass?), and I was every moment becoming more and more painfully conscious that my hair was not only not smooth, but disgracefully untidy.

And then, turning, she saw me, and spoke to me so sweetly that my confidence was somewhat restored; and I found myself explaining all about the letter, and not only thinking that I wasn't so sure about wishing to die, but actually wondering whether it would not be possible to revert to my first programme and say all the things I had planned.

"And where do you go to school?" she asked by-and-by.

I looked at her reproachfully. "Why, over there, of course. And oh, I say, Miss Hilda — Vesta! May I call you Vesta?—I'm Cerberus, you know."

"Well, of all the cheek!" she said: "you *are* a tip-topper! And at your age!"

I winced. The slang—though I do not approve of slang in the other sex—I could pardon; but the allusion to my age—though of course I was aware that she was five years my senior—was indelicate.

"So you go to old Ponderby's school—college he calls it, doesn't he?" she went on. "What fun! And of course you know all the boys. Then you can tell us who's the little fright who spends all his time on the monkey pole, and sometimes has the cheek to wave to us. It amuses us all awfully, pa especially. We look for him every morning, and sometimes when pa's in a good humour he waves back. Who *is* the little object? Do tell me."

And with dreadful calm, and in a voice that sounded to me like somebody else's, I answered, "Tompkins Major. He's going to sea, and as he's always getting into rows at school, he says he expects he'll get into rows on the training-ship. So he climbs up the monkey post to practise being "mast-headed.""

I'm afraid that the man whose wish it was that the legend "He tried hard not to be a liar" should be graved upon his tomb must have been a novelist. Lying comes easy to people of that sort, even when they're young.

* * * *

I played in the last cricket match of the season that year, after all, and should have captained the football team if I had stayed on at the school,—for I decided that, as far as I was concerned, monkey posts and mythology were "off." But Vesta's young brother came to the school next term, and told all the fellows that I was "gone on his sister." When I said he was a liar, and challenged him to fight, he wouldn't. So I landed him with his three coward blows, and then he had to. He made my nose bleed, but I gave him a black eye; and Vesta stopped me in the street next day and said I was "a cowardly little bully,"—which was mean, because her brother was older than I was and a good deal bigger. And when I put my tongue out at her, she told her father (that's the worst of girls—they're such sneaks!), and the old boy came round to my father and got me an awful hiding. But I paid her out, for I sent her a valentine with a picture of a pasty-faced girl with red hair, and I wrote "Wax Vestas" underneath it. Then her father came round to mine again, and there was another row. But when old Ponderby was tarring his chicken-house I sneaked the tar-pot and tarred the gold railing around the bay window of her father's house. And then they said at home that they thought I'd better go to a boarding-school.



The tug-of-war: Wasp v. Spider.

THE TRAP-DOOR SPIDER.

ITS HOMES, HAUNTS, AND ENEMIES.

BY R. I. POCOCK, F.Z.S.,

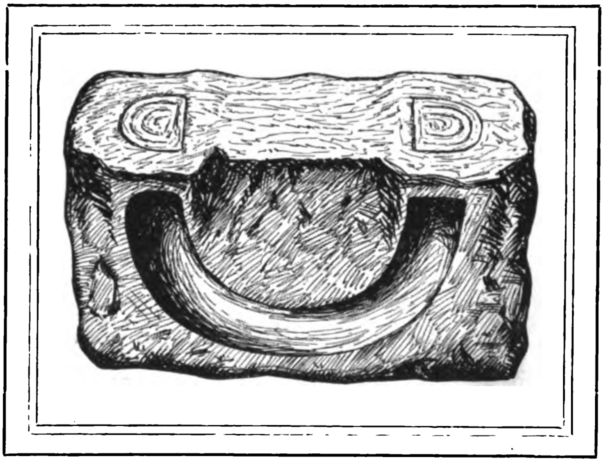
Zoological Department, Natural History Museum.

SPIDERS are proverbially clever creatures. Many are the stories that might be told of their courtship and mating; of the treatment of their young and the management of domestic affairs; of their ingenuity in capturing prey and their trickery in deceiving enemies; of this one that imitates a rose-bud and exhales a scent like jasmine to attract flower-loving insects; of another that sparkles with silver and ruby to resemble a raindrop glistening in the sunlight; of another that masks its identity by mimicking the colour and shape of a poisonous ant or of some spotted and nauseous beetle. Such spiders as these are the highly organised aristocrats of the class, with superb mental and physical gifts. But there is a family of older lineage, albeit of lower organisation, containing members comparatively clumsy in build and plebeian in appearance—a family doomed to extermination centuries back but for the attainment of certain special instincts and habits which have enabled it to hold its own with other competitors in life's struggle.

Just as some of the members of the higher group have anticipated man in the invention of the raft and fisherman's net, the diving-bell and flying-machine, so these, their lowly forerunners, have forestalled him not only in making doors to their homes, but doors that are furnished with a combination of hinge and spring, so that they swing shut of their own accord.

Trap-door nests these domiciles are commonly and appropriately termed, and the spiders that make them are known by the name that has been given to their homes. When simple and primitive in type, they consist of a burrow from two or three to twelve or more inches in depth, running obliquely or

vertically downwards from the surface of the ground, and lined throughout with silk to afford foothold to the spider and prevent the infall of loose pieces of earth. The door is built up of particles of soil or vegetable *débris*, with silk to take the place of mortar. It is hinged to one side of the burrow's mouth, and is either thin or thick according to the fancy of the builder.* If thin, it rests when closed upon the edge of the mouth; if thick, its margin is bevelled to fit like a cork into the orifice which is slightly expanded for its reception. In both cases its circumference exceeds by a little that of the bore of the burrow, so that it cannot be forced inwards by pressure acting from without. The hinge consists of a band of silk laid on in such a way that its elastic threads are put on the stretch when the door is opened wide; they hence exert a force tending always to keep it shut.



Section of block of earth showing burrow with back and front door.

The use of this contrivance, so elaborate and perfected in detail, is not at first sight very obvious; but a knowledge of the nature of the enemies with which the contrivers have to deal makes all as clear as noonday. The arch-enemies of spiders are wasps; not our common black-and-yellow summer pests, but certain far more active and formidable stingers—the mason-wasps, mud-daubers, tarantula-hawks, call them what you will, which wage unceasing, merciless warfare against spiders of all kinds, not excepting those hairy, bird-eating monsters, nearly as large as rats, which travellers bring home from the tropics.

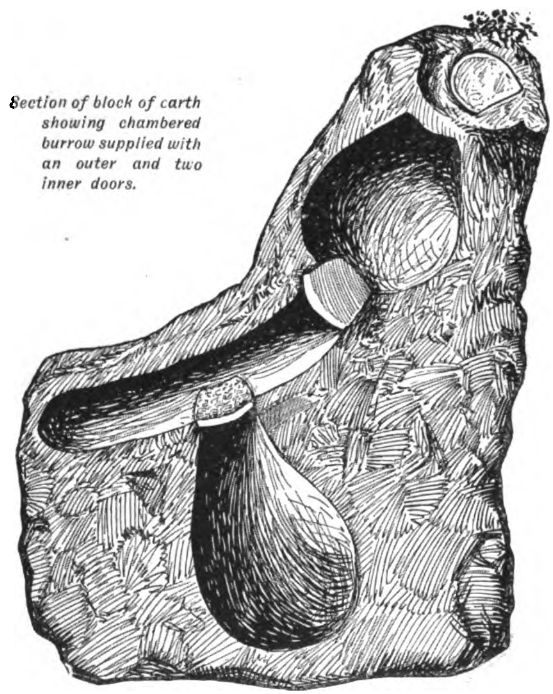
The full-grown mud-wasp feeds upon fruit or nectar, but the young thrives only on animal food; and since the father is a lazy, irresponsible fellow, without interest in nursery affairs, all the work of providing for the family falls upon the mother. When the time for egg-laying arrives, she goes a-hunting for spiders, flying in and out amongst the bushes and scouring every square inch of ground, every nook and corner, in her eager search. Most spiders she finds an easy prey. Many are so terrified at the mere sound of her buzz that they sink forthwith into a state bordering on catalepsy; some few show fight in a half-hearted manner; some trust to their heels and run for their lives. But what is their chance of escape, either by speed or resistance, from an enemy so swift of wing, so keen of sight, clad from head to tail in horny armour, and armed with a dagger-like sting and virulent poison? The immediate effect of this poison on the victim is a comatose state, which lasts for several days, and permits but a feeble twitching of the extremities to attest the persistence of life. In this condition, artificially preserved against decay, the spider is crammed into a hole in the ground or into a mud-cell specially prepared for the purpose. When the receptacle has been filled up in this manner, the mother wasp lays an egg amongst the carcases, then seals up the mouth of the living tomb. Here ends her interest in this particular egg, and aways she goes to dispose of the remainder in a similar fashion. In a day or two the baby-wasp hatches out as a footless, voracious maggot, which proceeds to devour the store of fresh and living but, let us hope, still insensible food provided for it; and, growing apace on the nutritious diet, lapses, when the supply is exhausted, into a quiescent chrysalis, to awake therefrom a full-grown wasp, ready in all its beauty and strength to follow instinctively the life that its parents have led.

* See tailpiece.

When it is remembered that there are many different kinds of these wasps in every locality; that each kind is represented by numerous females; that each female lays a large number of eggs, and sometimes two or three batches in a season; that at least one spider, if large, but usually a dozen or more, or even as many as forty, if small, are required for each egg; and lastly, that this state of things has been repeated season after season, and has persisted for thousands on thousands of years, it is certain that this tragic persecution has had a greater effect in moulding and developing the instincts and structure of spiders than any other factor in organic nature; and, coming to the particular case in hand, no one can doubt that it has been the guiding principle in perfecting those most perfect of all burrows—the so-called trap-door nests.

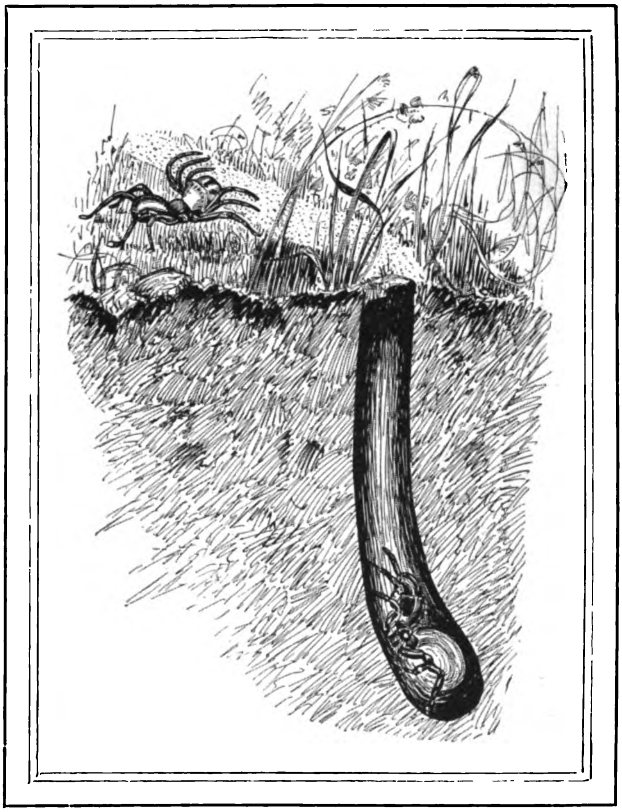
Not that wasps are the only enemies that make the lives of these spiders a burden. Insectivorous birds and toads and lizards no doubt work havoc amongst them; and scores of the young are annually destroyed by the armies of ants that abound in the warmer parts of the world. Besides which, all unfavourable conditions of inanimate nature, such as floods, drought, night frosts and the like, have to be combated. With all these hostile agencies at work, the spiders have a hard struggle to live; and that their mortality must be exceptionally high may be inferred from the immense numbers of young that are produced at a birth. I have counted over five hundred eggs in the cocoon of a West Indian species. Such fertility looks like sheer waste of energy and material. It is certain that only a small fraction of those born can ever live to grow up, otherwise every square inch of suitable soil in the world would long ago have been given over to the burrows of these animals. What, then, is the meaning of such fecundity? This:—for a certain time after the eggs are hatched, the mother keeps the little ones at home and guards them assiduously from harm. Their number soon begins to diminish. The stronger members of the family, whom Nature wishes to preserve, fall upon and devour the weaker, for whom she has neither liking nor pity, and whose sole function in being born is to supply nutriment to their more favoured brothers and sisters. But as the survivors increase in size, exigencies of space become imperative, and compel the mother to drive them forth to fight the battle of life alone. Still small and feeble, they are ill equipped for the task. Most of them begin wandering aimlessly about, and so fall victims to the legions of ever-watchful enemies. Others, in which the self-protective instincts are better developed, start digging their burrows, and those that successfully bury themselves before detection have some chance of survival.

Section of block of earth showing chambered burrow supplied with an outer and two inner doors.



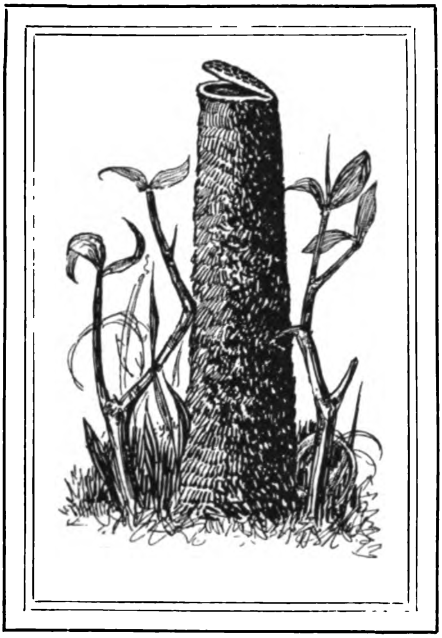
Indeed, it is probably only the few which set out with these instincts full blown that can ever hope to reach maturity. So careless is Nature for the individual as compared with the race, that she contentedly lets four hundred and ninety out of a batch of five hundred perish, if only ten of the fittest survive to perpetuate the stock and keep the instincts up to the level of excellence she requires.

Apart from the exclusion of enemies and the protection of the inmates from cold and damp, the main object of the door is the concealment of the whereabouts of the burrow. Hence the accuracy with which it is made to fit into the aperture, so as to lie, when closed, flush with the surface of the ground. Its outer side, moreover, is coloured to match the immediate surroundings. If the area around consists of bare brown earth, the door is left bare and brown; if moss grows close at hand, little sprigs of the plant are cut by the spider and grafted into the earthen door, where, taking root and remaining ever fresh and green, they blend harmoniously with the carpet of verdure covering the ground hard by, and render detection of the burrow well-nigh an impossibility. Very clever, you will say. So it is in a sense; but there is another side to the question, which shows that the spider acts in this matter rather as an unconscious machine than as a reasonable being. For example, there is a story—and a true story—told of a spider that had made her burrow in a patch of soil overgrown with moss, and had hidden the door by covering it with cuttings of the plant. By way of experiment, the observer tore up the moss for several inches round the burrow and at the same time removed the lid, leaving the aperture agape in the centre of a circle of brown earth. During the night the spider made a fresh door, but instead of leaving it bare to match the colour of the adjacent soil, she took the trouble to cross and recross the denuded patch of ground to fetch pieces of moss wherewith to cover her home, utterly unconscious of the fact that the result of her action was to draw attention to its whereabouts, because in the midst of the brown field the door stood out as an isolated tuft of green, and rendered her protective intention abortive! The truth is that the forefathers of this spider had for generations dug their burrows in moss-grown soil, and had learnt to hide them by sticking pieces of the vegetation on to the outerside of the doors; and this instinct had become so firmly implanted upon the race, that the spider in question was impelled to act as she did, although, owing to the artificial conditions to which she was



Burrow with female spider at the bottom and male seeking admission.

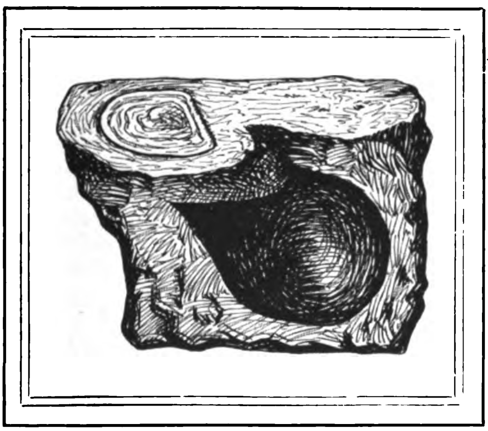
subjected, the result attained was exactly the opposite of that for which she was working. Dame Nature is by no means a model mother, for in the education of her numerous family she has made no provision against the capricious tricks of one of its youngest members — namely man—nor any allowance for his interference with the order of events she has planned.



Chimney-pot nest.

Wasps and ants hunt only by day; so at nightfall, when their enemies have struck work and retired to rest, the spiders begin to enjoy themselves, and, opening their doors, look out for passing insects. Should the night's sport prove unprofitable, hunger compels a continuance of the watch during the following day, despite the danger of detection. Cautiously taking her stand at the top of the burrow, the spider raises the lid ever so little, not enough to attract the attention of foes, but just enough to leave a narrow chink to peep through. When an insect approaches within reach she is out and upon it like a flash, and, dragging it back into the burrow, lets the door fall into place behind her—the consecutive acts of the tragedy following one another with such rapidity that barely one second of time elapses between the opening of the door and its closing upon the spider and her victim.

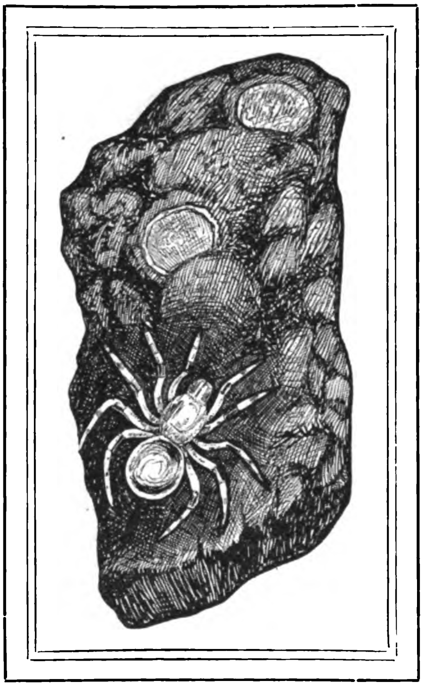
Implicit confidence is placed by the spider in her efforts to conceal the door, for unless pressed by hunger she spends the day in quiet repose at the bottom of the burrow. But the perseverance of wasps, when they really mean business, knows no end, and in spite of all the precautions that are taken many of the burrows are found by these insects. If sufficiently on the *qui vive* to reach the door before it is torn open, the spider seizes its underside with her front claws, sticks her back claws into the silk lining of the burrow, jams her knees and elbows against its walls and holds on for dear life. In the tug-of-war that ensues, the spider, with gravity operating in her favour, has the advantage, and the wasp must either bite the door to pieces or give up the attempt to force an entry. If she adopts the former course and is successful, or if at the outset she catches the tenant napping and enters unopposed, the spider's doom is sealed—sealed, that is to say, if she happens to belong to the category of species that dig a simple one-doored burrow.



Section of block of earth with one-doored burrow.

Many kinds, however, have advanced in their architectural instincts beyond this stage, and have hit upon one device or another to safeguard themselves against the dangers above indicated. One kind digs her burrow in the form of a crescent, and fits it with a back and front door, so that when one entrance is discovered and forced she can slip out at the other and

seek safety in flight or in concealment under any shelter that may be at hand. Another kind provides the burrow with a side passage mounting obliquely towards the surface of the ground. Others again build a second and inner door, which shuts off the upper from the lower half of the burrow and acts as a kind of false bottom beneath which the occupant can lie hid. Others have invented the still more ingenious method of combining the inner door with the side passage. In this case the door is suspended at the point where the extra gallery diverges, and is hinged in such a way that it swings freely to right and left, and can be used as required to block either the burrow itself or the aperture of the side branch. It is furnished, too, with a tag of silk, to make it fit the tighter, and to act as a handle for the spider to lay hold of. If compelled to fall back upon her second line of defence, the spider takes her stand beneath the inner door and exerts all her force to prevent it being pushed inwards. If the strength of the invader begins to prevail, she quietly retreats backwards into the side passage and pulls the door after her, while the wasp, passing it by, hurries down the burrow, only to be cheated in her expectation of finding the inmate at the bottom. If in the belief that the burrow is tenantless she then abandons her search, well and good; if, on the other hand, she perseveres in her quest and finds the back passage blocked by the inner door, the spider's last hope of salvation lies in the strength of this barricade and in her own power to hold it fast.



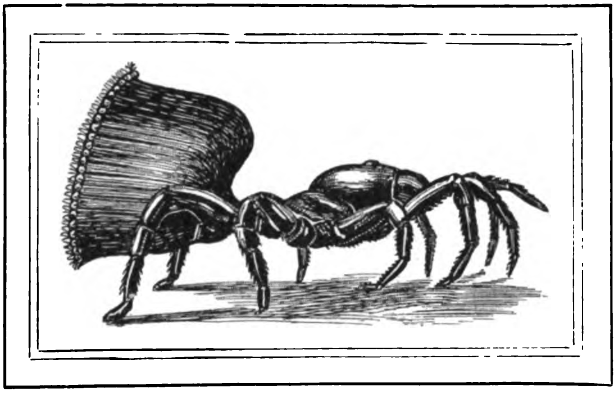
Piece of bark with two trap-door nests and spider.

More complicated even than this last is the burrow with three chambers —an outer, a middle and an inner— and three doors, as shown in a foregoing illustration. In spite of its complexity, however, there are two features connected with this burrow which attest, it seems, no little imperfection of instinct on the part of the digger. The first is the way in which the second door is made to open inwards, so that the spider is deprived of the advantage she would gain in attempting to hold it were it to open the other way; the second is the wholly unnecessary trouble she takes to coat the outer side of the innermost door with moss, just as if it were exposed on the surface of the ground, and thereby destroys its similarity to the rest of the wall of the middle chamber, with which, for protective purposes, it ought to harmonise in texture and appearance. Here again we have, it seems, an instance of the operations of an unthinking machine. Strict justice, however, compels the admission that too little is known of the life-history of this particular spider to warrant the assertion that there is madness in her methods; and until the requisite knowledge is forthcoming it is only fair to suspend judgment on the point and give her the benefit of the doubt.

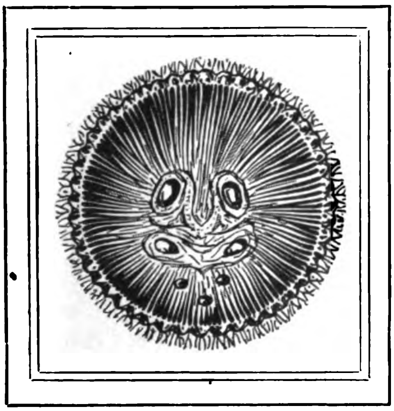
One fact, however, suggests itself very forcibly in connection with all these burrows. However complicated with side passages and extra doors they may be, no final means of escape is afforded when once the enemy has effected an entrance into the last chamber. Strange, is it not, that up to the present time no trap-door burrow is known in which the galleries communicate with each other and with the main corridor in such a manner that the spider can make a complete circuit of her burrow, and without retracing her steps get back to the place she started from? A burrow of this description, with

judiciously placed doors, would baffle the pursuit of the most persevering wasp in existence.

It must not be supposed that trap-door spiders are all of one kind and confined to one locality.* The family is a numerous one, and came into being so far back in the distant past that abundant time has been granted its members, despite their sedentary lives, to multiply and spread over all the warmer countries of the world; and being subjected, generation after generation, to the influence of the most varied conditions, settling down wherever suitable soil and plenty of food were to be had, some in the half-desert tracts of the northern Sahara and parts of Australia, others in the damp and sunless forests of tropical Africa and America, they have been gradually modified in structure and habits in response to their different surroundings.



Spider with cork-shaped body.



Back of cork-bodied Spider

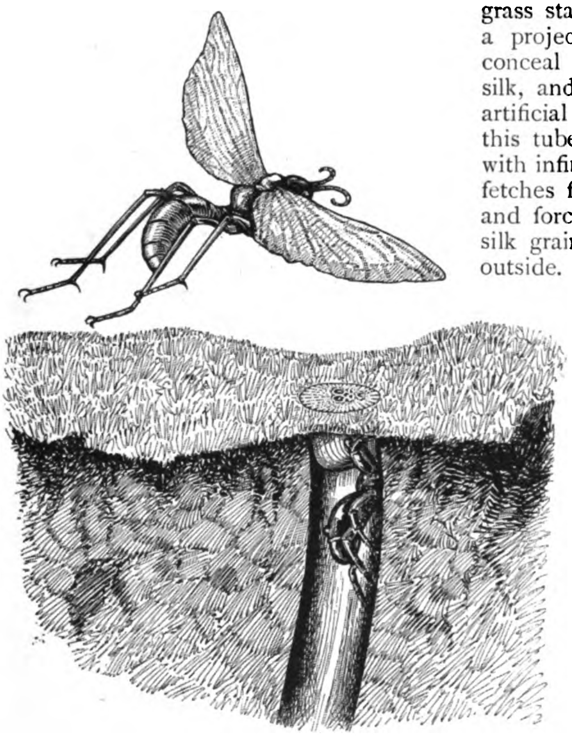
The chimney-pot nest with movable lid shown is one modification of the trapped burrows. The column, rising some four inches above the ground and supported by the stiff stalks of the plants growing in the arid soil of Algeria, where the spider dwells, is composed of silk stiffened with earth or fragments of leaves, and is continuous with the thick silken layer which carpets the underground part of the burrow. The purpose of this construction is to bring the orifice of the burrow to a level with the tops of the weeds, so as to facilitate the capture of any flying insects that alight thereon.

A still greater departure in habit is exemplified by certain species found in Cape Colony, Brazil and elsewhere, which have struck out a new line for themselves, and make their homes on the trunks of trees. They have abandoned for good the subterranean life affected by their next of kin, in favour of an arboreal existence in which food is equally plentiful and safety more assured from the enemies accustomed to hunt for them on the ground. The domicile consists of a simple tube spun upon the surface of the tree trunk, or in some natural crevice of the bark which may be enlarged or otherwise altered in shape to suit the spider's requirements. With its walls interwoven and strengthened with shreds of woody fibre, and every white thread overlaid with chips of bark or lichen, this tube assimilates so closely with the natural excrescences of the surface it rests on, that only a practised eye can detect it. To complete the deception, the lid is sometimes left bare, so that it stands out as a pale oval patch in exact imitation of the scar left by a freshly broken off twig.

Except for the loss of some digging teeth, which have been dispensed with as useless tools, these tree-dwellers have preserved unchanged the bodily structure

* Several species, making burrows of a simple and complicated kind, may be found in the Riviera by those who will take the trouble to look for them.

of the ground-dwellers. The same can scarcely be said of the grotesque representative of the burrowers depicted. The head and legs of this animal are perfectly normal in form, but the shape of the hinder part of the body has hardly a parallel in the animal world. Cylindrical, encased in a grooved and leathery skin, and cut square off behind to form a circular disk with a projecting, hairy edge, there can be but one explanation of its peculiarities. It is, in fact, a cork. When on the watch for prey, the spider waits, head out, at the mouth of her doorless burrow; but when danger threatens she reverses her position, plugs the aperture with her body, and presents to the enemy a circle of tough integument warranted to resist the sharpest teeth and stings.



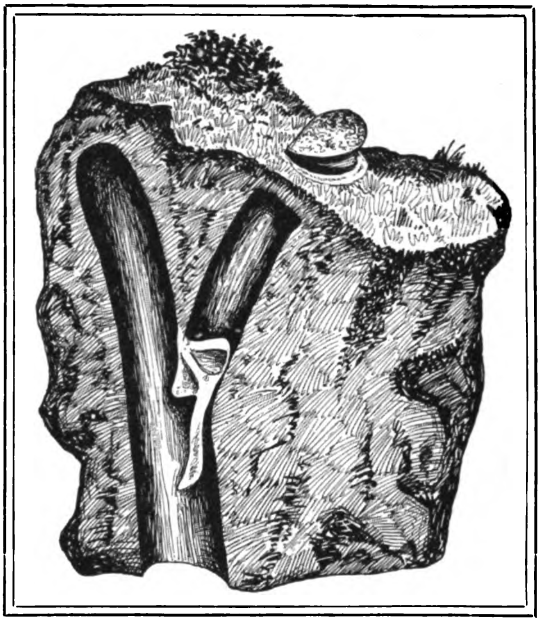
Cork-bodied spider blocking her burrow on the approach of the tarantula-hawk.

Genuine trap-door spiders thrive only in the sunny South. Nevertheless one offshoot of the family, constitutionally robust enough to withstand the trying winters of mid Europe and North America, has succeeded in maintaining a footing in England, and is now and again met with in various parts of this country. Though true to the digging instincts of its tribe, this purse-web spider makes no door to its burrow; being able to dispense with that means of protection by inventing an equally clever device for keeping out enemies—namely, the simple expedient of having no outlet to the burrow at all.

The silk lining of the burrow is carried some two or three inches above the surface of the ground in the form of a closed tube, which is supported against grass stalks or any handy object, such as a projecting stone or tree trunk. To conceal the whiteness and texture of its silk, and destroy, as far as possible, its artificial appearance, the spider covers this tube with a coating of sand, which with infinite labour and perseverance she fetches from the bottom of the burrow and forces through the interstices of the silk grain by grain, sticking it on to the outside. Hence, working from within, she is at no time during the operation exposed to danger from without. Indeed, having once taken up her abode in the burrow, the female spider —note the sex—never voluntarily leaves it for any reason whatsoever. Living thus, in a home without door or window, she is obliged in gaining a livelihood to pursue tactics quite different from those practised by the ordinary trap-door makers. And here comes in the use of the sanded tube that lies above ground. When an insect crawls over this or alights thereon, the spider, lurking in wait at the bottom of the burrow, feels the vibration that the contact produces, and, ascending to the surface, creeps stealthily and all unseen towards the spot where the insect rests unconscious of its threatened doom. Once at close quarters, with only a thin sheet of sanded silk between, the spider with a well-aimed stab thrusts her long fangs through the silk and transfixes her prey; then, tearing a hole in the wall of the tube, she drags the carcase through, and after carefully adjusting the edges of the tear and sticking them together with silk to obliterate all signs of the rent, she retires to the bottom of her

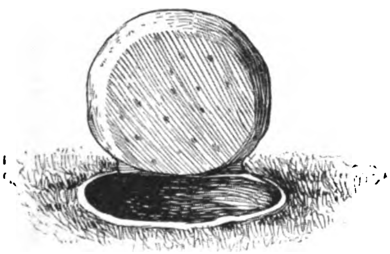
burrow to enjoy her meal in peace and security.

In the interests of safety the female is content to live thus immured, and lead a monotonous solitary life, remaining to the end of her days unmated. But to compensate for this indifference to matrimony on her part, Nature, ever with an eye to the maintenance of the species, has implanted in the male an instinctive aversion to celibacy. Ready to brave all dangers to escape dying a bachelor, he quits the burrow, the home of his youth, and sallies forth in search of a partner. If fate guides him to the burrow of a female already mated, he gives it a wide berth; for in virtue of some occult power which puts telepathy into the shade, he learns from one touch with his foot on the silk that he has been forestalled, and knows full well that his overtures will not only be coldly received, but will bring down upon him the wrath of the lady of the house—a veritable Amazon in size and strength, and an object to be feared and avoided in her ruffled moods.



Section of block of earth containing upper end of burrow with outer and inner door and side passage.

So capricious, indeed, and uncertain is the temper of the females, that even when the errant suitor has discovered the home of an eligible mate he conducts his courtship with fear and trembling. Pausing a moment to screw up his courage to the necessary pitch, he taps the wall of the tube, not by way of a polite apology for his intrusion, but merely as a precautionary measure to apprise the inmate of the nature and intentions of her visitor; for she recognises at once the difference between the footfall of a suitor and that of any other creature stepping upon the tube. If this preliminary advance be favourably received, he tears a hole in the wall, and, after rapping again to assure himself that all is well, disappears through the rent, in happy ignorance that the odds against his ever seeing daylight again are great in the extreme. If properly matched, the two may get on amicably enough for perhaps some months; and occasionally the male is allowed to escape from the burrow and go a-courting elsewhere. More often, however, he is devoured by the female when food fails with the on-coming winter; but since the nutriment she thus assimilates helps her to hold on until the return of spring, it may be truly said that even by his death he contributes to the birth of future generations.



The trap-door with lid raised to show its bevelled edge and claw-marks.



THE DREAM-LADY.

BY NETTA SYRETT.

Mr. George Alexander invited the Playgoers' Club to elect a Reading Committee, to whom plays should be submitted, the best modern English play to be chosen. Mr. Alexander undertook to produce the play at the St. James's Theatre, and Mr. Tree promised to act with him. In all four hundred plays were received. The successful competitor was Miss Netta Syrett, another of whose plays appears in the following pages.

SCENE: *The Garden of the King's Palace.*

Enter the KING, QUEEN, *Ladies of the Court, and Pages.*

KING (*testily, in loud aside to* QUEEN): Dismiss these people, my dear! Send them away! Get rid of them. What's the good of being a king, I should like to know, if one can't have a moment's peace from morning till night? Here I am, followed about incessantly by a crowd of bowing, scraping, grinning——

QUEEN (*rising hastily*): Ladies! My lords! You are permitted to leave us.

(*Exeunt Attendants, bowing.*)

(*Turning angrily to* KING) Really, my love! Have you *no* sense of your position? Do you want every one to know you weren't *born* a king? You show your feelings like any ordinary commoner, instead of remembering that a king *has* no feelings. (*Begins to cry.*)

KING (*in murmured aside*): Ah! the exclusive possession of a Queen, I see! Come, my dear, I implore you not to cry. It exasperates me! It always did, if you remember, in the good old days before I was a kin——

QUEEN: There you are again! Always harping on the same string. You take a pleasure in——

KING (*tearing his hair*): Oh, for heaven's sake, my love, be reasonable! Was ever a poor, inoffensive, mild-tempered man—I mean king—so worried. As though a fantastic, capricious, unreasonable daughter wasn't trial enough, his wife must needs whine and cry, and refuse to listen when he wants to tell her of an offer of marriage he has received for the unworthy girl! A really excellent offer! An offer which——

QUEEN (*excitedly*): What? What did you say? Why didn't you tell me so before? Who is he? Has he seen her? The dear child!—how delighted I am! But no wonder. With her beauty and her accomplishment——

KING (*drily*): And her ridiculous, nonsensical notions.

QUEEN (*again on verge of tears*): You never appreciated the child! You haven't the ordinary feelings of a father.

KING: A king, my love, if you remember, *has* no feelings.

QUEEN: That is so like you: taking up my lightest word. But why don't you go on? Who is Fiammetta's suitor?

KING (*complacently*): The Prince of Goldacres, my love.

QUEEN (*rapturously*): The Prince——

KING: Send for Fiammetta.

QUEEN (*clapping her hands, to Page who appears*): Go, tell the Princess we await her here. (*To* KING) The Prince of Goldacres? My love, what an honour! And we thought the Princess of Floramia had done well. Why, *she* has only twenty pages-in-waiting: Fiammetta can have forty at least, and jewelled trappings to her horses. Turquoise and gold would be charming. Or pearls, perhaps? And then——

KING (*grimly*): Not quite so fast, my love. There are difficulties. Your daughter has been very foolishly brought up. Her education was left to you, remember. Why, the girl scribbles poetry, I believe. *Anything* may be expected from a girl who scribbles poetry.

QUEEN: Nonsense! Hush: here she comes.

The PRINCESS *enters, followed by two pages. She kisses the hands of* KING *and* QUEEN. *Pages withdraw.*

KING (*in pompous tone*): Fiammetta, we have summoned you into our august presence to impart to you a matter of deep moment——

QUEEN (*interrupting*): Oh, my darling child! A suitor! Come and kiss your mother. (KING *leans back with shrug of despair.*) And can you guess who comes to woo? The Prince of Goldacres, my daughter! Oh, Fiammetta, what a happy, grateful girl you ought to be!—that he, so handsome, so rich, so powerful——

PRINCESS (*slowly*): Yes, he is handsome. I have seen his picture. Rich?

QUEEN: Beyond all dreams. Child, your coach shall be of gold! You shall have milk-white horses and trappings jewel-set. Pearls for your hair, and——

PRINCESS (*dreamily*): Gold and jewels—yes. But has he seen the Dream-lady?

KING: Has he seen—*what*?

PRINCESS: The Dream-lady. (*Turning to her mother reproachfully*) Have you forgotten, mother? Long ago I said the Prince I marry must have seen the Dream-lady.

QUEEN (*half aloud*): I thought that childish nonsense was outgrown!

KING (*choking with rage*): What! What is this? What does she mean? Heaven send me patience! Speak, girl! the Dream-lady? Who is this "Dream-lady"?

PRINCESS (*shaking her head*): Ah! I don't know. Sometimes she comes at dawn, just when the birds are waking. Sometimes I find her in the forest, standing waist-deep in fern under the branching trees. Sometimes for days I cannot find her, and then I am unhappy, for I cannot make my poems. (*While the* PRINCESS *is speaking, the* QUEEN, *who listens intently, is visibly moved.*) My poems never come without the Dream-lady!

KING: The girl is mad! (*Controlling himself with difficulty*) Tell me, daughter, does any one but you see this—this *Dream-lady*?

PRINCESS: Oh yes!

QUEEN (*gently*): Who, then, my daughter?

PRINCESS: My little brother Astorre, and my sister Amelotte.

KING: Baby children!

QUEEN: Who else?

PRINCESS: There was the minstrel who came the other evening to the palace gates. Before the servants drove him from the door I talked to him. He too had seen the Dream-lady.

KING: A tattered beggar!

PRINCESS: He sang more beautifully than words can tell.

KING (*still controlling his rage*): Go on. Who else?

PRINCESS: The other day, when I was riding through the city streets, a girl sat spinning at an open door, and as I passed she smiled. I stopped, and talked to her. She said the morrow was her wedding-day; and then she smiled again for happiness. She too had seen the Dream-lady. Then *all* the children, even in the dirtiest streets——

KING: Did ever a poor patient king and father listen to such stuff? The children in the streets! A beggarly musician! A woman at a cottage door! Oh! the girl is mad. Mad! (*Turning fiercely to* PRINCESS) Do you suppose *I* ever saw this Dream-lady?

PRINCESS (*decidedly*): Oh no!

KING: Or the Lord High Chancellor, or the Gold-Stick-in-Waiting, or the Ladies of the Bed-chamber, or—or *any* of the people of the Court?

PRINCESS: Oh no!

KING: Well, then, let me hear no more nonsense. The Prince arrives to-day. Receive him graciously, and in the name of common sense no talk of Dream-ladies and moonshine! (*He rises angrily and strides off grumbling.*) Whatever the princesses of the present age are coming to passes my poor wit! If I had my way, I'd lock them all up in enchanted towers, as they did in the good old days. And even then the Prince always came and let them out!

PRINCESS (*turning to her mother*): Mother! did *you* never see the Dream-lady?

QUEEN (*moved*): I—I don't know, my child. Perhaps. It is so long ago. But as you talked——

PRINCESS (*eagerly*): Oh, mother! When? When?

QUEEN (*wiping her eyes*): It is all dim and confused. But it was long ago. Your father was better-tempered then, and handsome. And I was young—as young as you.

PRINCESS (*clapping her hands*): Oh, then, mother, you will understand! Only the nicest people see the Dream-lady! That is why, unless the Prince——

QUEEN (*shaking her head*): Ah, yes, my daughter, but we must be wise. The Dream-lady brings neither gold nor land, and after all——

(*They go out, the* QUEEN *with her arm round the* PRINCESS, *who shakes her head as though unconvinced.*)

Enter the two royal children, ASTORRE *and* AMELOTTE, *followed by Attendants, who group themselves* L, *while the children run across grass* R.

AMELOTTE: Let us sit here, and finish the daisy chains. (*Dividing the flowers*). There's some for you, and some for me.

ASTORRE: We'll give this very long one to the Prince who came to day. Shall we?

AMELOTTE: Yes, and then——

ASTORRE (*delightedly*): The Dream-lady! Look!—the Dream-lady!

(*The children throw their daisies on the grass and run to meet the* DREAM-LADY, *who enters* L. *She is in white, and crowned with daisies. To the Attendants she is invisible.*)

AMELOTTE (*indignantly turning to Attendants, who do not move*): Nanina! Angelo! Stand up! Don't you see the Dream-lady?

(*The Attendants look round, nod, laugh, and turn again to their embroidery-frames. The children, puzzled, look from them to the* DREAM-LADY.)

PAGE: What does she mean?

NANINA: Oh, it's a game they play. They say a certain "Dream-lady" is with them. They are strange children, their heads stuffed full of fairy nonsense. Give me a skein of silk, Denise. Not that! The rosy one.

DREAM-LADY (*to children*): Never mind! They do not see me.

ASTORRE: Not see you? Why, you are *here*!

DREAM-LADY (*smiling*): But not for them.

AMELOTTE: Did they ever see you?

DREAM-LADY: Perhaps—long ago.

ASTORRE: When they were little girls?

DREAM-LADY (*laughing*): Yes, when they were little girls. What are you doing? Making daisy chains? Well, I will help you. (*She sits on the grass with the children and weaves the flowers.*)

AMELOTTE (*coaxingly*): Tell us a story!

ASTORRE: No; tell us where you've been to-day.

DREAM-LADY: Oh, to so many places! First, before dawn, I wandered through the meadows in the starlight, and saw the fairies dancing.

AMELOTTE: Did the queen dance? Show us how she danced.

DREAM-LADY: Well, you must help me, then, and be the little elves.

(*Music. The* DREAM-LADY *dances, and presently the children also dance round her.*)

DREAM-LADY (*laughing*): So! (*They stop and seat themselves again on the grass.*)

ASTORRE: And then where did you go?

DREAM-LADY: Then I went through the forest.

AMELOTTE: Oh! did you see my dolly? The other day I lost her in the forest.

DREAM-LADY (*mysteriously*): Yes, I saw her. But she's changed into a fairy.

THE CHILDREN: A fairy!

DREAM-LADY: I saw her driving into Fairy-land. She had a little coach made of a hazel-nut, and two brown dormice drew the coach.

AMELOTTE: What was she dressed in?

DREAM-LADY: A daisy had lent her its fringed petticoat, tipped with rosy pink.

ASTORRE: And on her head?

DREAM-LADY: She wore its crown of gold.

ASTORRE: And on her feet?

DREAM-LADY: Little silky shoes, made of its green leaves.

AMELOTTE (*clapping her hands*): And she has gone to Fairy-land? Will she come back again?

DREAM-LADY: Yes, because she heard you crying for her. But remember, she is turned into a daisy.

ASTORRE: How shall we know she is our dolly, then?

DREAM-LADY: Come here, and I will tell you.

(*The children lean against her, while she recites the following.*)

Down by the river, where green grows the grass,
Under the shining stars, fairy-folk pass,
Fairies from Dream-land come trooping that way,
And there, by the river, your dolly will stay.

Under the shining stars all the night long
The fairies come flocking with laughter and song,
Hastening to Fairy-land, ere break of day,
But there, in the green grass, your dolly will stay.

She is the whitest of all the white daisies,
Brightest of all is the gold crown she raises,
Rosiest pink is the frill to her gown—
When you have found her, children, kneel down.

Kneel down beside her, and tell her you know
That she is a fairy, and say she may go
Back to her Fairy-land happy and gay;
Kiss her and thank her, but don't make her stay.

(*The children sink to sleep.* DREAM-LADY *rises, and says last verse sadly.*)

Don't make her stay in this dull world of ours,
Let her go back to the undying flowers
Of that magic land of whose starlight and streams
Mortals catch but a glimpse—through the "Lady of Dreams."

(*The* DREAM-LADY *goes out, finger on lip, passing unseen before the group of Attendants, before whom she pauses a moment, listening to their talk.*)

NANINA (*turning*): See! they are asleep. Come, Princess! (*She rouses the children.*)

DENISE (*incredulously*): You *do* not think she will refuse the Prince's hand?

NANINA (*shrugging her shoulders*): Who knows? Her folly has no bounds.

DENISE: And such a Prince!

NANINA: Handsome!

DENISE: Young.

NANINA: Above all—rich.

DENISE: Ah yes! so rich. Life holds no gift so great as gold.

NANINA (*smiling*): What does our song say? (*Sings*:)

Life is a toy with which we play
A little while—a summer's day.
Since life's a toy howe'er it be,
None but a gilded toy for me!

Love is a toy whose colours die,
Fame but a bubble blown on high.
Since life's a toy howe'er it be,
None but a gilded toy for me!

(*The other Attendants take up the refrain, and the song ends in a burst of laughter.*)

ASTORRE (*rubbing his eyes*): Let us go and look for the "whitest of all the white daisies."

AMELOTTE: Has the Dream-lady gone?

NANINA (*sharply, as they go out*): Nonsense, Princess! There *is* no Dream-lady.

Enter the PRINCE OF GOLDACRES *with the* KING *and* QUEEN.

KING: Well, Prince, you have seen our daughter. How does your wooing prosper?

PRINCE (*shrugging his shoulders*): Sire,—indifferently. The Princess, indeed, is all my fancy painted. Beautiful, accomplished, gracious—she would prove a queen of whom I should be proud. Well, sire, I urged my suit—a suit not all unworthy, as I think. But when I laid my crown, my fortune, at her feet, she made but one reply. She talked about a certain Dream-lady——

QUEEN: Whom you have never seen?

PRINCE (*laughing*): Madam, I care to see no dream-ladies!

KING: The Prince prefers them flesh and blood, like a wise man.

PRINCE (*still laughing*): Sire, you are right. Bright eyes; the red wine in the cup; the rousing horn through all the forest glades,—these make the joy of life. Dreams, and dream-ladies, I'm content to leave to the world's dreamers.

KING: Well spoken, Prince! Wife, here is a son for us. Fiammetta must be brought to reason. (*Impatiently*) You see, my love, she must be brought to reason?

QUEEN (*with a start*): Oh yes! Yes, you are right. In time we are all brought to reason.

KING: This nonsense must be stopped, put an end to, settled once for all! This "Dream-lady" is becoming an intolerable nuisance! To prove the calmness of my temper, Prince, to prove the fair and reasonable view I always take of things, I caused inquiry to be made, and summoned all who babbled of this thing.

PRINCE (*smiling*): And the result?

KING: Oh, I have just dismissed a crowd of beggars, children, silly young maids, mooning poets, and the like.

PRINCE: All telling the same tale?

KING: No! not even that. They could not keep even the same foolish story. (*To* QUEEN) What was the madness that they talked, my love? I had not patience to hear half they said.

QUEEN: To the old crippled wife she came with poppies in her hand. The young bride saw her crowned with roses. As for the children——

KING: Ah! that reminds me. Our children, as I think, have heard the common talk. This must be stopped! I am a plain king: there's no nonsense about me. There shall be none about my court.

QUEEN: Here come the children.

(*Enter the little Prince and Princess, with* FIAMMETTA *and Attendants.* KING *and* QUEEN *seat themselves. Children kiss their hands. The* PRINCE *bows before* FIAMMETTA, *and they stand talking together.*)

KING (*pompously*): Now, my children: I am told you think a certain lady comes and talks with you——

AMELOTTE: She *does* come. She is the Dream-lady.

ASTORRE: She told us where to find our dolly, and we've found her! Only she's a daisy now.

AMELOTTE: No, by this time she's a fairy. We told her to go back to Fairy-land.

FIAMMETTA (*who with the* PRINCE *stands listening*): What did the Dream-lady say?

AMELOTTE (*looking at* ASTORRE): You begin.

ASTORRE:

Down by the river, where green grows the grass,
Under the shining stars, fairy-folk pass,
Fairies from Dream-land come trooping that way,
And there, by the river, your dolly will stay.

AMELOTTE:

Under the shining stars all the night long
The fairies come flocking with laughter and song,
Hastening to Fairy-land, ere break of day,
But there, in the green grass, your dolly will stay.

ASTORRE:

She is the whitest of all the white daisies,
Brightest of all is the gold crown she raises,
Rosiest pink is the frill to her gown—
When you have found her, children, kneel down.

AMELOTTE:

Kneel down beside her, and tell her you know
That she is a fairy, and say she may go
Back to her Fairy-land happy and gay;
Kiss her and thank her, but don't make her stay.

(*She hesitates*): There was some more —but I have forgotten.

ASTORRE: Yes, so have I.

KING (*looking at Attendants*): Who taught them this?

(*The Attendants make gesture of denial.*)

AMELOTTE: The *Dream-lady* said it!

KING: Fiddlesticks! What is this Dream-lady like?

AMELOTTE: She is very pretty.

ASTORRE: She has daisies in her hair.

FIAMMETTA: Daisies? No, not daisies. She is crowned with a laurel wreath.

KING (*in a loud voice to* PRINCE): There! Not the same tale, you see! (*To children*) Now, listen, children: I forbid this imbecility. There *is* no Dream-lady. *I* don't see her, and therefore

what I don't see, don't you presume to see! Play with your dolls and rocking horses and fal-lals like reasonable beings. And never let me have to speak of this again.

(*The children go out in tears.*)

AMELOTTE (*sobbing*): There *is* a Dream-lady!

ASTORRE (*sobbing*): Of course there's a Dream-lady.

KING: What! Do they presume to argue with me? Do the very babies set me at naught? Here am I, a thoroughly reasonable, patient, temperate man, defied! Defied in my own Court by a pack of women and children! (*rushing away* L.) It's monstrous! Abominable! (*To Attendants, who make as though they would follow*) Keep off, I say. I will not be followed about from morning till night! I——

QUEEN (*aside to* FIAMMETTA): So like your father! Before the Prince, too: the last person one would wish to guess he wasn't born a king. (*Glancing at* PRINCE, *who has walked away*) Be wise, my daughter. Dreams are useless. (*Exit.*)

PRINCE: What can I say to win you, fair Princess? Will you not leave this dreaming, and come out into the world with me? I will win kingdoms for your smile, and you shall be the fairest queen, and rule the broadest lands, of any lady on this earth. Is it nothing to you to wed with one brave in war, skilled in the chase, honoured and feared throughout his realm?

PRINCESS: Ah! but how little you understand! The prince I marry must be brave in war, skilled in the chase, honoured and feared indeed. But to such a prince may not the Dream-lady come?

PRINCE (*smiling*): What can I do, Princess, if she comes not to me?

PRINCESS (*sadly*): Nothing, I fear, but leave me. (*He makes gesture of dissent.*) Yes, leave me now a little while alone. The King, I think, goes hunting. Will you not join him?

PRINCE (*turning to look after her as she walks away*): She is the sweetest lady in the world. Would I could find some way to win her! (*Half laughing*) Since she persists in this mad fantasy, I'd even see the lady of her dreams—if it were possible.

(*The* PRINCESS *sits, takes out her tablets, and begins to write; then sighs, and shakes her head. The* DREAM-LADY *enters, crowned with a laurel wreath. She stands behind the* PRINCESS *and gently takes the tablets from her hand.*)

PRINCESS (*turning joyfully*): The Dream-lady! (*She bends and kisses her hand.*) Lady, I feared another day would pass without a sight of you. It is so long—such a long time since you have come to me.

DREAM-LADY (*smiling*): Have I been well remembered? Not since the day you saw the Prince's picture!

PRINCESS: No, I confess it. Since I saw him, my books, my poems, all my dreams of fame, seem to mean nothing to me any more.

DREAM-LADY: And you would be his wife?

PRINCESS (*shaking her head*): I am afraid he does not see the Dream-lady, and—I am afraid—— (*Imploringly*) Lady, will you not go to him?

DREAM-LADY: He would not see me. He must first believe that I exist.

PRINCESS (*anxiously*): Shall I persuade him?

DREAM-LADY (*smiling*): Who knows? Perhaps. (*She slowly takes the wreath of laurels from her head while she moves away.*)

PRINCESS: Why do you take the laurels from your hair?

DREAM-LADY: You will not need them now.

PRINCESS: Shall I not see you any more?

DREAM-LADY: If the Prince sees me—never any more.

PRINCESS (*distressed*): Lady, I cannot lose you!

DREAM-LADY: Not if you gain your heart's desire? Can you have that unpaid for? Is the price too costly?

PRINCESS (*slowly*): No. But if I do not gain my heart's desire?

DREAM-LADY: Yours is the woman's risk. (*Giving her a rose*) Farewell. I take with me the laurel crown, and leave the rose with you.

(*She goes, smiling. The* PRINCESS *looks regretfully after her, then suddenly kisses the rose.*)

Enter the PRINCE.

PRINCESS (*starting*): Prince! You have returned?

PRINCE: I did not go, Princess. The King is—indisposed.

PRINCESS: Ah! he is still angry, then? I am sorry, sir, that you have lost your sport.

PRINCE: And I, Princess, have blessed the King's annoyance, since it has brought me to you once again—before I say farewell.

PRINCESS (*falteringly*): Farewell?

PRINCE: Yes, for I cannot win you.

PRINCESS: But if the Dream-lady——

PRINCE (*sadly*): Princess, I fear I shall not see the Dream-lady. If she exists, it is to other, different folk she comes. To those two children in their innocence; to you, who are yourself a poem; to those, perhaps, who love as some men love.

PRINCESS: But do you not love me?

PRINCE: I am ashamed to think how I came here to woo you. My queen, I thought, must do me honour. She must have rank, and beauty, that my subjects may applaud my choice, and that I may be envied in my world. Of love, or of your happiness, Princess, I took no thought.

PRINCESS: And now?

PRINCE: And now, since I have seen you, watched you, talked with you, I find that I have never loved before. For your dear sake I could believe—even in this Dream-lady. Ah, Princess, I did not know that Love was such a mighty lord! (*He takes her hands, and while he speaks the* DREAM-LADY *appears, crowned with roses. He turns, sees her, and starts back.*) The Dream-lady! (*Falls on one knee and kisses her hand. The* DREAM-LADY, *smiling, disappears.*)

PRINCE (*turning to* PRINCESS, *and speaking as though dazed*): The Dream-lady! Then, Princess? (*kisses her*) . . . Was she not beautiful?

PRINCESS: How did she come to you?

PRINCE (*astonished*): Did you not see her—crowned with roses, red roses in her hand?

PRINCESS (*shaking her head*): I only saw your face, my Prince. The Dream-lady will come to me no more. But I am content. I have your love instead.

KING (*rushing in angrily, followed by* QUEEN): Oh, by all means send him away! Let him return. Let us lose all our chances! We must not thwart our daughters, nowadays!

PRINCE (*leading* PRINCESS *to* KING *and* QUEEN): Sire, the Princess has given me my happiness.

QUEEN (*glancing from the* PRINCE *to* FIAMMETTA): My dear child! (*Embraces her.*)

KING (*with sudden change of voice*): I am rejoiced to find our daughter has remembered filial duty. Come here, my child, and kiss our hand. Prince, I commend her to you. (*Aside*) And don't have any of her nonsense! (*Strutting up and down*) I *thought* our kingly state and dignity must awe her to submission! (*Looking round*) Where are our attendants? Never any one about when they are wanted (*rushes out* L.)

QUEEN (*aside to* FIAMMETTA): My daughter, you have chosen wisdom's path, believe me.

PRINCESS (*happily*): Ah, mother! but the Prince has seen the Dream-lady.

QUEEN (*incredulously*): The Prince, my child, is very much in love!

Enter KING, *followed by Attendants with children.*

KING: Ladies! My lords! Let me announce to you the betrothal of our daughter, the Princess, to our fair friend the Prince of Goldacres. We will lead on now towards the Council Room, where with solemnity I will announce this thrice-blessed event. (*To* QUEEN, *aside*) I think, my love, something in the way of a banquet this evening might not be out of place.

(*Attendants and Pages form two lines. Exeunt first* KING *and* QUEEN, *followed by* PRINCE *and* PRINCESS, *before whom the Attendants strew roses. Meanwhile the two children have crept away and hidden. In the midst of the bridal throng the* DREAM-LADY *enters, unobserved except by the children. When every one else has gone, they run to her.*)

ASTORRE: Here she is!

AMELOTTE: Our Dream-lady!

DREAM-LADY (*looking after the disappearing bridal train*): Ah! they may forget, but (*putting her arms round the Prince and Princess*) I shall always have the children!

AS OTHERS SEE US.

BRITISH STATESMEN THROUGH AMERICAN GLASSES.

[*The following article by an American Publicist, who for many years has given close attention to British politics, will be read with interest by the followers of both parties.*—Ed. P. M. M.]

THERE are two men in the public life of England who, widely unlike as they are in most things, have one rare quality in common. They both have charm. The word is one not often applicable to mere men, but to both Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour it is applicable. Both of them, of course, are very distinguished men of affairs and of politics, but I hope my readers will be content to forget that in political, or rather in party relations, they are far apart, and will like to take a personal view of each. Personally, they may be said to form a class by themselves.

Lord Rosebery.

The Several Lord Roseberys.

The world knows several Lord Roseberys, each of them interesting in his way, more than one of them remarkable, no one of them, nor all of them together, the real, complete man. The Foreign Minister whom the late Queen pronounced a "heaven-born" minister—he, surely, is a considerable figure. The Prime Minister—any prime minister except that Lord Goderich whom Disraeli described as a transient and embarrassed phantom—is a considerable figure. The leader of a party, or even of what remained of a once Liberal and once historical party, cannot but have a high political importance, even though the party has become a collection of dissevered and discordant groups, and though the leader has ceased to lead. There is a public to whom the Lord Rosebery who owns and breeds race-horses, who has won two Derbys, the Eclipse Stakes, and other momentous turf events, is greater than the great Foreign Minister. The Turf in England is almost a religion—it divides authority with the Church; and the important dates marking the times and seasons of the social world are half saints' days and half racing fixtures. If Lord



Lord Rosebery.

Rosebery did not race, and did not win races, the glamour which hangs about his name would be less. Glamour there is, as I will presently explain. A very different public thinks of him as the man of letters, the author of a Life of Pitt, which is a brief masterpiece of biography; and of a monograph on Napoleon, which is a critical inquiry into the sources of the St. Helena legend.

Then there is the great landowner and landlord—the Lord of Dalmeny and of Mentmore, the owner of the delightful Durdans and of a villa at Naples, the possessor of estates in Norfolk and of others beside Dalmeny in the Midlothians, including Rosebery, the property from which he takes his title. England is a country in which the great landlord, spite of all that has come and gone, spite of reform in politics and decay in agriculture, is still a kind of subordinate providence to his tenants, and to many beside his tenants.

The Lord Rosebery who married the heiress-daughter of the late Baron Meyer de Rothschild would have to be enrolled, independently of his landed possessions, among the millionaires of the kingdom. No one will say that a millionaire, if he have millions enough, is not a person of consequence in English or any other modern society. To be a director of banks and of railways, and to be of kin to the Rothschilds, is of itself a position; and that also is Lord Rosebery's. To be an ornament of society, a leader of society when he chooses, a giver of dinners and balls in a splendid London house, and to entertain angels and others in their country houses would seem, and does seem, to many a man and woman, a privilege to be envied.

There are others who would value his relations to royalty perhaps most highly of all; so many varieties are there of human nature and so many views of life. A rumour floated over here the other day that this Liberal statesman was to marry one of the King's daughters—a rumour which needed no denial to any one who knows the alphabet of political life in England. It was but a revival of an earlier story, equally absurd. It had for basis the fact that Lord Rosebery's relations with the Prince of Wales had long been intimate. Since George IV. made the term "King's friends" a term of obloquy, I will not apply it to Lord Rosebery. He is a friend to the King, not a "king's friend," and the King is a friend to him: they are both host and guest each to the other from time to time.

With all this we don't seem to get much nearer to the real Lord Rosebery. We see only sides of his character and phases of his life. If underneath there were not a very powerful, original, and attractive individuality, we may be sure that all these phases would not coincide in the same person. If we can discover the true nature of the man, he will explain all these things, though all these things do not explain him. No explanation will be complete. He said of Mr. Gladstone that his life would have to be written by a limited liability company. The devout Gladstonian in those days would have thought it profane to liken any other human being to the idol before whom he habitually burnt incense, which the idol, unlike idols of wood and stone, greedily drank in. But in truth, without pressing the comparison, Lord Rosebery has an intellectual versatility which manifests itself in ways by no means identical, yet not perhaps inferior to his former chief's in flexibility and variety. How is such a nature to be summed up, or an inventory of its qualities compiled? Let us make no such rash attempt, but be content with glimpses of some traits which light up the inner man and perhaps denote the whole man.

The Man behind the Leader.

The elements of charm, the component parts of genius—who can define them? No wonder Lord Rosebery, having both, is so often called a man of mystery. The mystery adds to the charm. Nobody can look on the face—familiar to the public by many photographs, and known by sight, perhaps, to more people than any other in the kingdom, except the King's—and think it an easy face to read. Behind the square, high, wide forehead, which overhangs thin, clear-cut features, who knows what is going on? If you listen to his talk, are you sure that it expresses his full mind? The eyes have a far-away look. The sphinx, as Emerson says, broods on the world. No man has a greater talent for speaking, and none a greater talent for silence. Both as party leader and orator it is his fault to see both sides, or all sides of a question too

clearly. The note of decision is therefore lacking, sometimes, in declarations or in manifestoes which ought to be final. Nothing ever cost a statesman dearer than the "predominant partner" phrase by which, in the House of Lords, he truly told Ireland that England had the deciding voice on all Irish questions. The withdrawal or explanation of the phrase a fortnight later shook public confidence. Men said, quite truly, he ought never to have used it or never to have withdrawn it. There is the key to his public character. He is a diplomatist rather than a national leader. He is adroit, ingenious, fertile in devices, baffled by no perplexity, misled by no adversary, capable of surprises, capable of a great policy. He thinks long and hard; he exhausts a subject. His resemblance to Mr. Gladstone lies there, and there it stops. Mr. Gladstone also saw all sides, but he chose one, and, having once made up his mind, remained inaccessible thenceforward to evidence and argument till, for a reason sufficient to him, he chose the other. Not till he thought himself in danger of defeat did he reopen a matter he had once closed; nor always then. But Lord Rosebery has spent part of his very brilliant political career in building forts on which he presently displays a flag of truce. His detachment of mind is a political defect. To recover the authority he has renounced he needs but to simplify his politics. Whenever he can resolve to present a plain issue plainly to the "plain people," in whom Lincoln saw the arbiters of his country's fate, Lord Rosebery will be joyfully accepted as the deliverer.

A Beautiful Private Life.

Meantime he will remain the most attaching and beautiful personage in private life. I borrow the word beautiful from Mr. Bright, who used it to describe the oratory of the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge. Lord Rosebery has a manner, a voice, an address, and an expression (when he drops the mask of bored indifference he sometimes wears), to which no other word than beautiful is adequate. Men (and women) find him sympathetic because of this true beauty of nature. Good manners are from the heart. Mentmore is a social magnet, not because of its art treasures and architectural or decorative splendours, but because of the welcome which awaits its guests. And Dalmeny House, standing in one of the loveliest of parks by the lovely shores of the Firth of Forth, with its rebuilt castle on the terrace crowded with books and relics, is known to half Scotland by the open-handed kindness of its owner, and by the open door.

Lord Rosebery, only the other day, took up what he well called the uncoveted post of disinterested and perhaps rather candid friend to his party and to the people of England. There is, said a critical weekly, but one person to whom such a position is possible—the King; and Lord Rosebery is not King. He is not; but when Mrs. Gladstone, in 1884, indicated her surprise at the greeting given him by an Edinburgh audience while her husband was on the platform, "What!" exclaimed a Scottish lady of high degree, "you didn't know that Rosebery is King of Scotland?"

Lord Rosebery's humour is one of the things that have made him and his oratory popular. It is humour of a kind so closely related to wit that one passes imperceptibly into the other, as do expressions on his face. No assembly is august enough to repress this spirit. Only the other day, upon a proposal in the House of Lords for an art commission to buy pictures for the nation, he gravely remarked that he could not think without a certain dismay of Lord Salisbury and his colleagues going through the Royal Academy, catalogue in hand, choosing out pictures to become the property of England. His public speeches sparkle with good things,—but most of these are in print; and now, are those not public to be repeated? His brief reply to the toast of the visitors at the luncheon given upon the opening of the Forth Bridge is not, I think, in any published collection. That bridge, one of the most useful and quite the most hideous structure in the world, starts from land which was his—part of the Dalmeny estate. "I know not," said Lord Rosebery, "why I am asked to respond to this toast, unless it be that I am the only man here who is *not* a visitor. The real visitor here is the bridge, and unhappily he has come to stay." The word unhappily sent, at first, a chill through the great company—some two hundred people—but presently the Prince of Wales laughed, and then

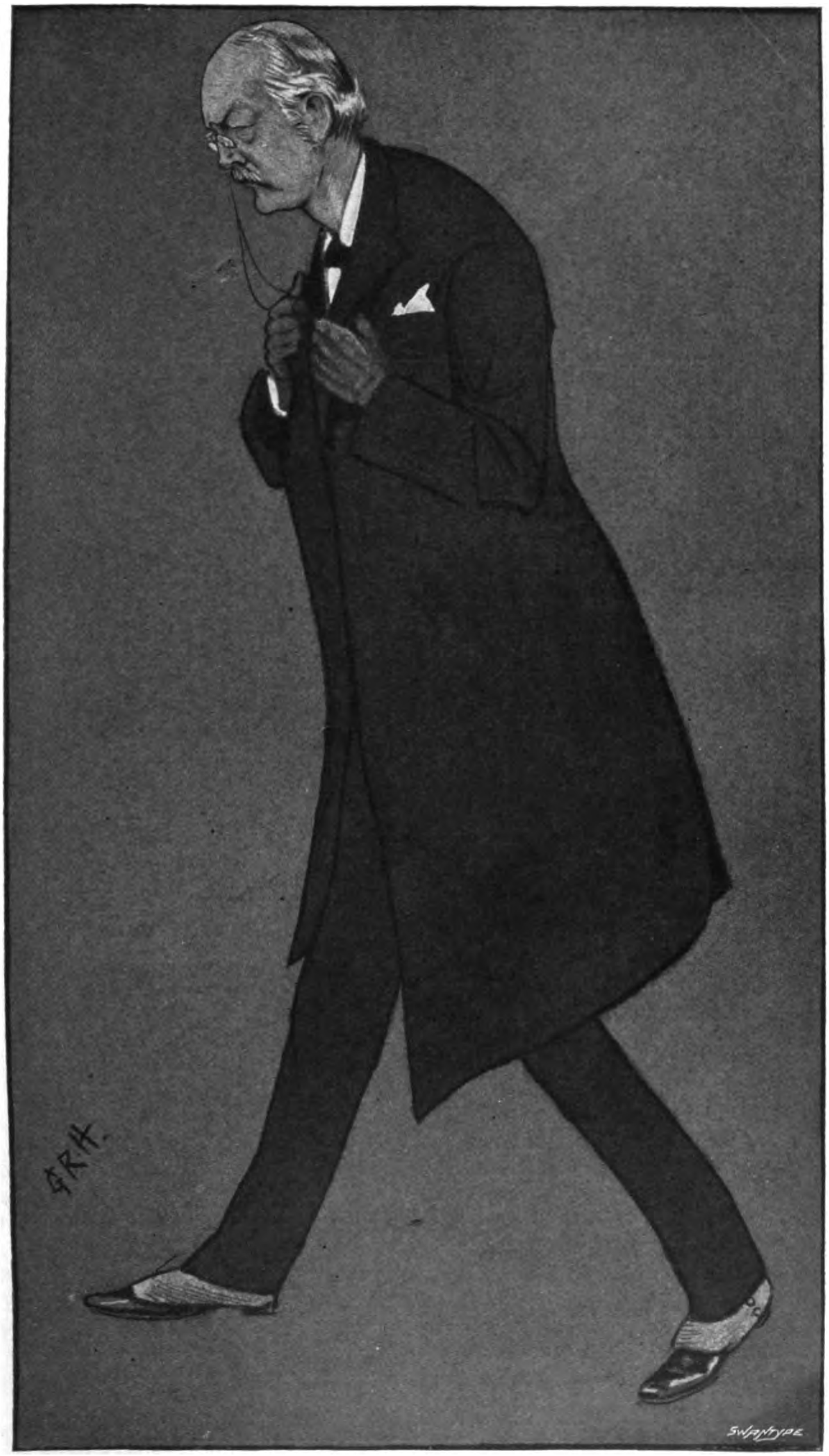
everybody else laughed. The loyalty of the Briton is above reproof. But the good Republican who thinks servility or subservience an inevitable incident of loyalty may be invited to consider, when he has occasion, the attitude of the best of the King's subjects to the King. A perfect demeanour and a perfect independence are quite consistent one with the other. It is true of many of the best, and of Lord Rosebery among others. The Radical would have you believe that a man's manner should be the same to all men. It is not, and cannot be. Even in New York it is not the same; nor will the degree of deference due to the ordinary citizen be sufficient for the car-conductor. Before him we all bow.

Rosebery's Cult for Napoleon.

Readers of the Napoleon monograph may or may not have guessed that Lord Rosebery has long had a *culte* for the great Emperor. The note of admiring impartiality pierces through these pages. At Dalmeny, at Bambougle Castle, and at the Durdans, may be seen very rich collections of portraits, miniatures, busts, manuscripts, and personal relics of Napoleon. The famous portrait by David hangs in the music-room of Dalmeny. I don't know whether it has been observed that there is a striking resemblance between the two men—a resemblance in the shape of the massive head, the chiselled features, the attitude—for in both the head seems a little to overweight the body—in the look of command, in the penetrating glance, in the stamp of intellectual *hauteur* impressed on both, not in equal degree, but in both making part of that authority of manner which in Napoleon overpassed what is permissible even to a ruler, and in Lord Rosebery shows that a position of ascendency is natural to him. Of course I draw no parallel; to Napoleon there is no parallel. But note that the greatest European since Napoleon, Prince Bismarck, singled out Lord Rosebery as one of the few Englishmen in whom he recognised a real talent for great affairs. I can think of but two others whom the Prince thus distinguished — Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, unless Lord Odo Russell, afterwards Lord Ampthill (long British Ambassador at Berlin), be a fourth. Not Mr. Gladstone, certainly, whom the Prince commonly called Professor Gladstone. Between Prince Bismarck and Lord Rosebery there was an intimacy amounting to friendship. The Englishman was a visitor at Friedrichsruh, at Schoenbrun, and at Varzin, and there are curious mementoes of these visits and of the friendship at the Durdans. The Prince could not but respect an English Minister who had made himself and his country respected abroad in a time so brief, and in succession to Mr. Gladstone, whose diplomacy was the scoff of Continental statesmen. Mr. Gladstone dominated the Foreign Office while Lord Granville was its tenant, and Lord Rosebery only accepted the post on condition that he was to have a free hand, as he did. Mr. Gladstone's recognition of his colleague's capacity was something sluggish, and never complete. His political obligations to the owner of Dalmeny were never fully acknowledged,—nor could they be; nor will it ever be known how much of the Midlothian success was Mr. Gladstone's and how much Lord Rosebery's. The younger man showed throughout, in this and other matters, an affectionate loyalty to the older. Whether the "Old Parliamentary Hand" was capable of much affection remains a question. He used to praise Lord Rosebery's library without reserve; and he could not deny to him a knowledge of English political and diplomatic history, extending over the last two centuries, wider and more exact than perhaps that of any other living Englishman. He has a much rarer accomplishment. He is an "Almanach de Gotha" in the flesh. The genealogies and kinships of the Continent are to him an open book—in their remoter and more intricate relations as well as in those with which every well-informed man on the Continent, though not in England, is expected to be familiar.

His Interest in America.

His interest in the United States is attested by the matchless full-length portrait of Washington, which has the end of the dining-room in Berkeley Square to itself, painted by Stuart for Lord Shelburne. That is but one evidence; many Americans know how he has shown his regard for them and for their country. Not that his sympathies



Mr. Arthur Balfour.

are cosmopolitan in the sense that Mr. Gladstone's were, of whom it was said, unfairly, that a true cosmopolitan should consider the interests even of his own country. If Lord Rosebery be not before all things an Englishman, it is because he is first of all a Scot. But the greater includes the less; Scotland is but an item in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and I should be disposed to say that her most brilliant and captivating son is before all things an Imperialist. It is the imperial note which rings clearest through all his recent speeches and manifestoes. There is no taint of diplomacy in his patriotism, any more than in his friendships. His loyalty to his friends is paralleled only by his loyalty to literature and to reading, with limitations. Poetry he does not read—a singular omission for an orator, since of oratory the imaginative part is commonly an indispensable part. But Lord Rosebery seems to charm a great audience by the same, or nearly the same, influences which are so potent in private life. He does lay a spell; there is a glamour about him; he can fascinate when he chooses. He can also be impatient when he chooses, having some of that abrupt irascibility which commonly goes with genius, and with the habit of giving orders and taking decisions binding upon others as well as upon himself. He treats his admiring lieges in Scotland, as they crowd about his carriage, with just that degree of disdain which endears him to them the more. In that he understands human nature, and not much more need be said of a man of whom that can be said. But I will add this, since there is a characteristic which, perhaps, needs emphasising, inasmuch as the public never dwells too long on the literature of a statesman. Montesquieu said he had never had a chagrin which an hour of reading had not dispelled. Lord Rosebery, I imagine, might say the same thing.

Arthur Balfour.

Arthur Balfour, the Urbane.

The Radical jester, desirous to be thought capable of wit, used to call Mr. Balfour the nephew of his uncle, not observing that the sneer at the nephew implied a tribute to the uncle, whom the Radical hated more bitterly than almost any other. Mr. Balfour in earlier days was almost as much a friend to Mr. Gladstone as to Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Gladstone to him. In the inner circle he used to be known as "Gladstone's pet boy." That was while the young Tory was a member of the *Fourth Party*, a party of free-lances and of thorns in the side of the Conservative Government. The other three were Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff (lately Her Majesty's Ambassador at Madrid), and Sir John Gorst (now a Prime Councillor and Minister of Education under the cumbrous title of Vice-President of Committee of Council on Education). At that time few party leaders took Mr. Balfour seriously, or believed he would ever take politics seriously. But a good deal has happened since those four young men used to sit below the gangway of the House and keep up a guerilla fire on the Front Bench. Mr. Balfour was known then, and is known now, as the idol of a certain company of men and women who leaped into immortality when they came to be known as the *Souls*. In the good sense of the word he was before all things a *dilettante*,—a lover, before all things, of letters and of the arts. But long before he became Leader of the House he had held many posts and grew conversant with affairs. None the less, on his first entrance upon the difficult duties of this post, in 1891, it pleased his opponents to speak of him as an amateur. For a year they derided him as a failure, and again when he was leader of the Opposition to Mr. Gladstone from 1892 to 1894. His return to power in 1895 disposed of all those cavils. The House has been better led, but never by a man whose intellectual gifts were more varied. He hates the drudgery. He comes in late and leaves early, and in the interval does not always take pains to hide his weariness of the whole business. Disraeli said that the secret of leading the House was to be always in your place and always attentive to the matter on hand. He acted upon that maxim, though one of the idlest of men by nature. Mr. Balfour does not. He relies upon his great moments. The Irish thought he was to be an easy victim. They found him more than their master in those arts of sarcasm and invective

which they practise most assiduously. Still more was he their master by virtue of his good temper, and of kindly indifference to their stings. It may well enough be that he has not wholly overcome his dislike of mere politics; but in his conducting of great affairs, or of a great debate, there is no sign of carelessness. Perhaps not since Mr. Gladstone has there been any one in the House who can so lift a discussion into the upper air. There is none whose attitude of mind is quite the same. Yet he has never forsaken those other subjects which are dear to him. He does not even shrink from the investigations of the Psychical Society. He has been known to say that there is nothing in politics comparable to them in interest.

Careless Ease and Crushing Power.

Mr. Choate made a remark, at the dinner given him before leaving New York to take up his post as Ambassador at the Court of St. James, which fits in very well here. "I have had," he said, "a very fair measure of success in life, but I count myself in nothing more fortunate than in possessing a happy temperament." Mr. Balfour might say precisely the same thing. Is anything more invaluable in public life? To a leader of the House of Commons, above all other men, it is invaluable. In few other posts is it so essential to suffer fools gladly. A fool in politics is, of course, one who is not wise enough to see that his opponent is wise. It has been said of an eminent ex-President that he regards those who differ from him as blasphemers. Not so Mr. Balfour. In the House, as in private life, he has urbanity. He has it not occasionally, but all the time, or almost all. To point a contrast, I may remark that it is thought to be wanting in Mr. Chamberlain, who has almost every other equipment for useful public service, but has not that.

"If you want to persuade," said an old Parliamentary hand (not Mr. Gladstone), "use Mr. Balfour's tone and method, and not Mr. Chamberlain's." Mr. Chamberlain convinces, perhaps—Mr. Balfour conciliates; and conciliation, like compromise, is of the essence of politics. I don't wish to dwell on the political side, but it is in this contentious sphere that Mr. Balfour's personal charm is of such singular efficacy. The House cannot be led by violent methods. Great leaders have sometimes employed them. Mr. Gladstone did, and Lord Randolph Churchill did, but only at moments. Mr. Balfour knows how to be firm, and to insist that the House shall do its work, but if he coerces, as a leader sometimes must, his tone is never arbitrary. One of the Irish irreconcilables said of him that they wanted to dislike him, and of course ought to dislike him, but could not. He angers them by the retort courteous, to which the countercheck quarrelsome is but an impotent defence. But Irish anger easily melts.

Sweetness and light, the phrase which Matthew Arnold borrowed from Swift and popularised, hackneyed though Arnold's disciples have made it, must do duty once more. There are no two words which better describe Mr. Balfour. That repose of manner and that amiability of countenance which go with them easily, mislead the unwary. They think him indolent; and they find, to their surprise, that no Leader has ever used more drastic measures for the expedition of Parliamentary business. If obstruction has reared its head this session higher than even in the days of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar, and hissed louder, it has been crushed more decisively. So in private life: any one who should infer from Mr. Balfour's easy manner that he would endure imposition would soon pay for his mistake. True, the stamp of reflection rather than of action is on his face, of which the features are not all energetic nor the expression that of command. The problems of life are more to him than the problems of politics. The world looks to him a pleasant place to live in, and he touches life on many sides. If he cares for art, he cares more for nature; the outdoor world is the largest world, where he breathes freest. Everybody knows that Mr. Balfour plays golf, plays it with enthusiasm—if not with that pre-eminent skill which marks the professional. Not everybody knows that he is a cyclist, and has lately taken to the motor car, which we more commonly call automobile. He may be seen in the thronged and difficult streets of London, if not grinding his own car, yet as a passenger; and when the newspapers call him a *chauffeur*, as one leading paper of London lately did, he thinks it an invasion of his privacy. In his automobile, as in the House, he

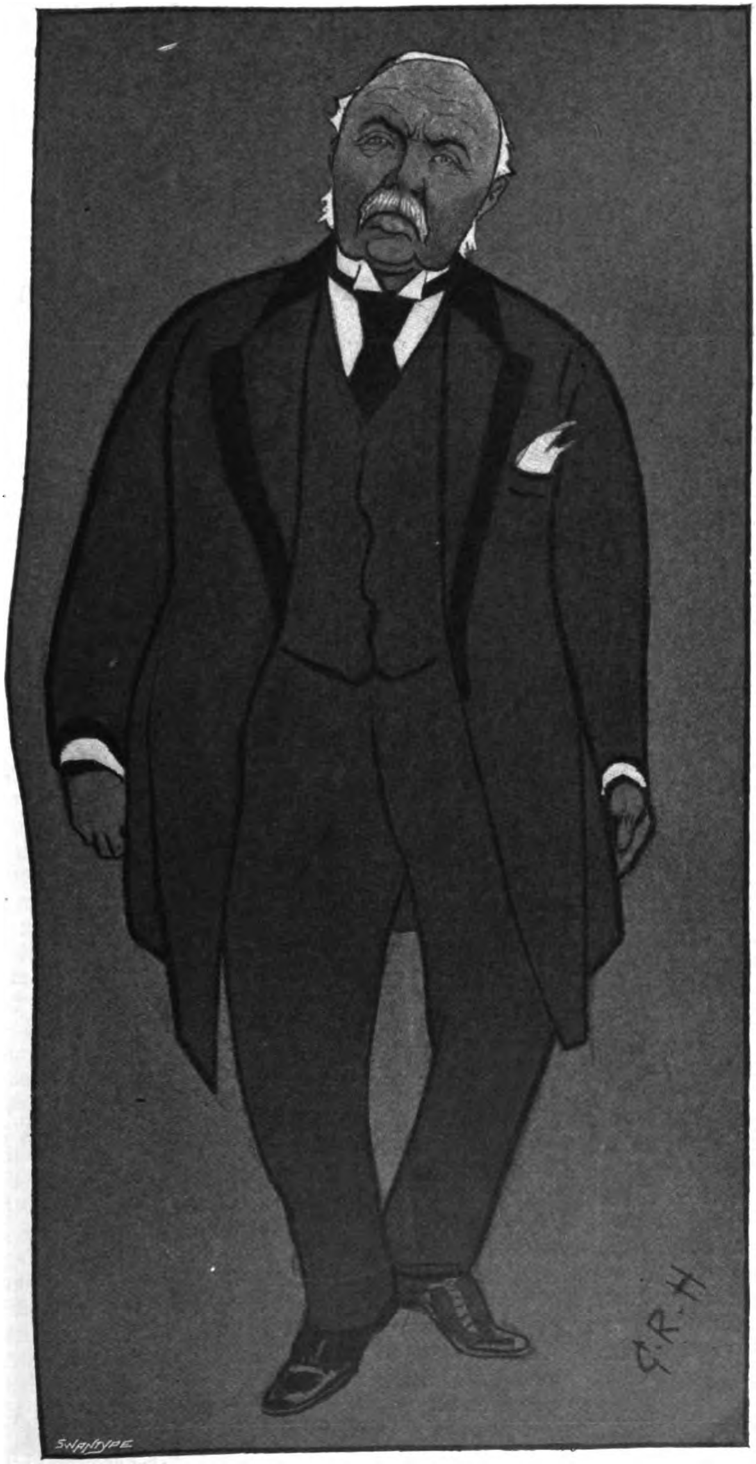
never doubts that things will come right, and they do. The Universe has never seemed to him the child of Chaos nor the creature of Chance. His book on "The Foundations of Belief" is the more or less philosophical expression of a devout nature. Huxley, whose competency in such matters is not to be disputed, thought it brought nothing new to the discussion; admitting, at the same time, that it was a fine piece of literature. An old story was revived or reapplied on its appearance. I believe it to be literally true that a very eminent London physician prescribed it to a patient on whom he had vainly tried other remedies for insomnia. And one of those women of genius, whose admiration for the writer knew hardly any other limit, admitted despairingly that she could not understand it after having read it thrice. But the man, and not the book, is what signifies. Mr. Balfour is not the first man in whom a careless grace of manner has been found consistent with inflexible determination, with inflexible courage, with settled purposes, and with a theory of life which includes both this and the next in his conviction of duty. His oratory has become, by much practice, admirable, and his use of it in debate is now that of the expert. But I doubt whether in conversation he is not more admirable still. There he is not inflexible, but flexible; he has the play of mind which Arnold thought his countrymen commonly lacked; he has ease and power at the same time. And he has that without which none of these gifts or traits would seem at their best—he has distinction.

British Cabinet Meeting on American Soil.

Mr. Balfour is one of the "Inner Cabinet," and the "Inner Cabinet," it may be worth noting, has become an indispensable part of the Cabinet system since the number of the Cabinet has been so largely increased. It used not to exceed twelve. It now consists of nineteen, and may probably again be reduced. There is no fixed limit; the Prime Minister for the time being determines the composition of the Cabinet. Mr. Gladstone's first Cabinet, in 1868, was of twelve; his last, in 1892, of seventeen. The present Inner Cabinet is supposed to include, beside Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Balfour, the Duke of Devonshire, and Lord Lansdowne. For different purposes different members may be called in. A British Cabinet Council held on American soil may be called unique, but it has occurred. The American Ambassador gave a dinner to ex-President Harrison as he passed through London two years ago, on his return from that ill-fated expedition to Paris as counsel for Venezuela—ill-fated, since nearly everything he and the Government of President Cleveland had contended for was overruled by that very arbitration tribunal which Mr. Cleveland had demanded so strenuously. There assembled at Mr. Choate's one of the most remarkable companies ever gathered beneath a single roof in London—"the most remarkable I ever saw," said one of the most distinguished of the guests. Among others were Lord Salisbury, Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Balfour, and Lord Wolseley, then Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, and as such often called in consultation on military questions. These four after dinner, and after many others had departed, stood in a group in the broad hall between the head of the stairs and the door of the drawing-room they had just quitted. So evidently were they conferring on high matters that every one else drew away, and the four were left standing by themselves. Presently they walked on to the music-room in the front of the house, and there remained. It was a Council of the Inner Cabinet; and the house of the American Ambassador is, of course, American soil.

"Prince Arthur" Ruined and Unaware.

"Prince Arthur" is the name bestowed on Mr. Balfour long ago—I know not by whom—Mr. Lucy, perhaps, who often uses it in his clever "Essence of Parliament" in *Punch*. "Why Prince Arthur?" queried a Liberal wrathfully, who obtained no answer. Certainly not for the same reason which led the irreverents to chaff Sir William Harcourt on his Plantagenet blood. I suppose it will not do to suggest here in America that a prince may wear a manner of delicate distinction, of refinement, and of a reserve which is from within; or that it may be a mark of distinction to be careless about applause, or about most kinds of public opinion. Mr. Choate, at the Tenniel dinner, gently reproached Mr. Balfour for not reading the newspapers, and his denial of that grave charge was not very emphatic.



"C.-B."

There might be worse offences. They say of him that he does not care for anecdote, and never tells one in conversation, which is an exaggerated account. If it be true in part, it may explain the other fact, that he is not the hero of many anecdotes. Such adventures as he has had are mostly in the world of thought, where his courage leads him far. His philosophy serves him well in private life. It is known in London that his Scottish estate was much enlarged by a purchase of agricultural land shortly before the time when agriculture in Great Britain ceased to return a business profit on the capital invested, and when rents, therefore, and the income of the landed classes fell; Mr. Balfour's comment on his own case was such as few other men would have made. "They tell me," he remarked, "that I am ruined; but if I am ruined, I should not have known it unless I had been told. I have everything in life I care for, exactly as I had before." In the same sense a great many people in England and Scotland have been ruined of late years. The loose use of language has as much to do with it as the decline in the price of wheat. The well-known treasures of art, including the four masterpieces of Burne-Jones, are still Mr. Balfour's, and Whittingehame opens its doors as hospitably as ever.

In both Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour there is one other note to which I will venture to ask the attention of a certain class of Americans. They both have simplicity: most Englishmen have. In all or almost all Englishmen of high place there is a complete absence of pretence or self-assertion, of a wish for stage effect, or of any feeling that it is necessary to announce to the rest of the world their own or their country's importance. They may be aware of both; and if they think about the matter at all, they are aware that other people are aware of them. They may assert it if challenged. When Guizot, after his fall from power, came to England, Lord Palmerston received him in a friendly way. Guizot, desiring to be civil, and enlarging upon the virtues of the English people, observed: "If I were not a Frenchman, I should like to be an Englishman." "And I," retorted Lord Palmerston, "if I were not an Englishman, should want to be." He expressed, with some roughness, the profound feeling of the Englishman for his own land and race. And it is, as I said, so profound that the world is supposed to take note of it without any patriotic oratory. The Englishman is, in private and in public, a man who takes things for granted.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

What I wish to say of Sir William Harcourt, Lord Rosebery's rival, or once rival, for the Liberal leadership, I must reserve. The two could not be comfortable together. So, instead of Sir William, a Parliamentarian of the first order, let me take Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who is of the second. He is, at any rate, the present nominal leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons. He may, perhaps, lead, but they do not follow; the sheep obey not the voice of the shepherd. It is partly the fault of the sheep and partly that of the shepherd. The name of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman comes but faintly along the cable, and seems dim, or almost ghostly, before it reaches American ears, if it does reach them. Yet he is a substantial Scotchman in the flesh; and whatever he may be as a leader, has a personal popularity which somehow survives all political mishaps. The House may laugh at him when he expounds the advantages of sitting on the fence, or performs the beautiful, impossible feat of getting down on both sides at once. He seems none the worse for that singular exploit in political gymnastics; his authority does not appear to be diminished; perhaps it would be hard to diminish what does not exist. He smiles as cheerfully as ever; his good-nature, sorely tried, which used to seem imperturbable, gives way now and then in the stress and storm of these novel circumstances. It was his habit in the days of Home Rule to put his political conscience in Mr. Gladstone's keeping. It was not a good training for the business of conscience-keeper to others. I cannot but remember—he will forgive me if I refer to it—Sir Henry's look of pained and perplexed astonishment when he was told, in those days when Home Rule still seemed to the sanguine Gladstonian a political possibility, that it could never be. "Never?" queried Sir Henry. "Never," was the answer; and the suggestion that there was a limit to the possibilities of Mr. Gladstone's political legerdemain had obviously for his follower

the interest of entire novelty. Let that pass as characteristic.

A Leader for Men who won't follow.

It was not then Sir Henry's way to think things out for himself. It is not now. As Minister of War he was much in the hands of the Permanent Clerks who bear sway in Pall Mall. Most War Ministers are; but Sir Henry was clever enough, or his friends were, to let it be understood that certain reforms in administration were his own work. Perhaps they were. His friends like best to think of him as the Scotch laird. In his own country, or at least in his own county, or perhaps section of a county, a Scotch laird seems a part of the universal scheme of things. So he does in Grosvenor Place, looking from the windows of a fine mansion over the King's private grounds in Buckingham Palace—a kindly gentleman when not too exasperated by mutinous subjects, or too mercilessly ridiculed by opponents.



Mr. Asquith.

He has real abilities which would be of use in some other post – nay, they are of use now, for it is of the essence of Liberal leadership at present that it should not lead, and probably no better incumbent could be found for such a position as that than the amiable opportunist whom his friends are wont to call, too familiarly, "C.-B."

Mr. Asquith.

MR. ASQUITH, THE ERECT.

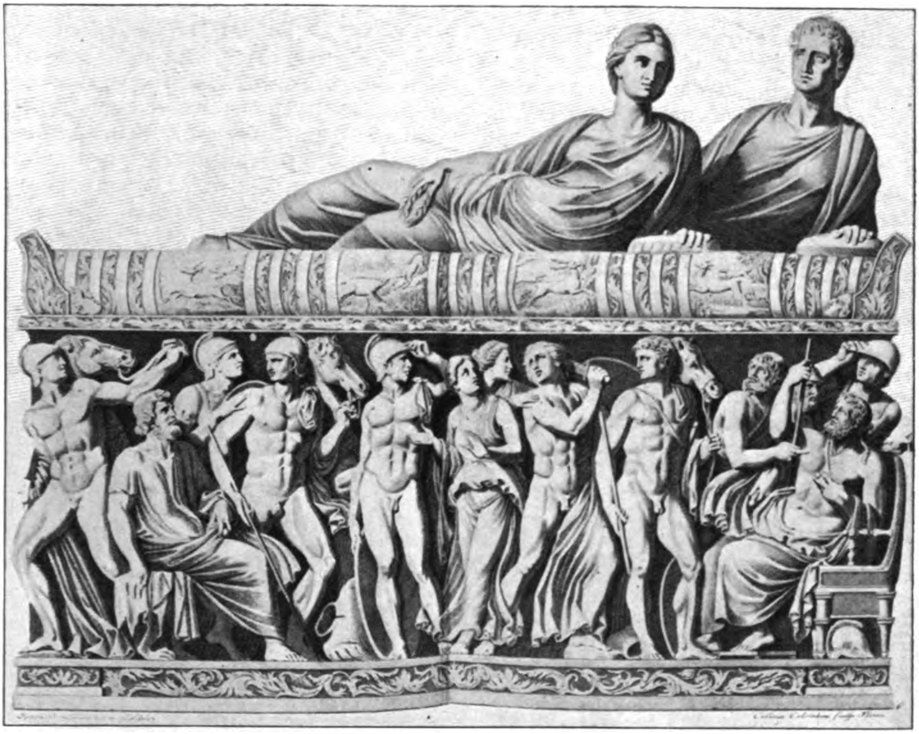
OF quite another type is another Liberal, whose name is often mentioned as that of a future Liberal chief, Mr. Asquith. He is, I believe, the only man whom Mr. Gladstone ever made Cabinet Minister without any preliminary departmental experience. Mr. Asquith stepped from the ranks into the Home Office. There is no more difficult post--none in which pitfalls for unwary feet are more numerous. But Mr. Gladstone had made no mistake. Mr. Asquith was never deficient in caution, nor yet in native shrewdness. Legal, if not departmental experience had fitted him for this new work. He has a trained intellect, and he is without the narrowness which made Burke say that the law is not apt to open or to liberalise the mind. His reputation in the House has been made mainly by set speeches—very strong, clear, convincing speeches—not of the debating order, which the House likes best. In the unhappy division which tormented the party he was on Lord Rosebery's side, and not on Sir William Harcourt's. He might, if he would, stand alone; he has that stiffness of fibre, intellectual and individual, which fits a man for standing alone. He naturally likes the erect position.

Much as Mr. Asquith has achieved at the Bar, and in the House, and on the platform, the exploit of his which most interested people was his marriage to Miss Margot Tennant—a young lady who for some years never failed to provide London society with topics of animated conversation. If American women have added much to the sparkle and originality of social life abroad, they have added little to the example this accomplished and brilliant woman set them. His marriage gave Mr. Asquith a new hold on this world, which he has kept. Grave, immersed in affairs, with the double burden of politics and law—each a jealous mistress—to bear, he nevertheless took his new place easily, and has filled it. No man ever questioned his uprightness, few audiences ever proved obdurate to his eloquence; and whenever the party to which he belongs in the House really wants to be led, they will be likely to ask Mr. Asquith to lead them. But it will be on condition that they are prepared to follow. There cannot well be two "C.-B.'s" in succession, and if there could it is quite certain that Mr. Asquith would not be one of them.

Sir Edward Grey.

ALL these men are young as youth is reckoned in English political life—all hovering about the fifties; though "C.-B." may be nearer the next decade. But there are men of rapidly growing distinction still in the early forties, or before them. Sir Edward Grey is one. No man of his years has won such a fame for sound judgment as well as for political and diplomatic capacity. If you meet him, you will see why. You will see, at any rate, a man who looks younger than he is — smooth-faced, clear-eyed, composed, with an air of polite expectation, as if desirous not to deliver his own opinion, but to hear yours. There is no suggestion of eagerness; he can endure life even if you do not deliver your opinion, and endure it equally well without delivering his to you. You get an impression of a man playing his appointed part — knowing that it is appointed; knowing his part, also,—playing the game for what it is worth, and always with a strict adherence to the rules. He looks out tranquilly upon the world; and it is because of this tranquillity that he is capable of seeing things as they are. The lenses of the eye are achromatic. He would judge an enemy as coolly as a friend; and to a friend, also, he is capable of criticism.

Foreign Minister certainly, Prime Minister perhaps—such is the forecast of Sir Edward Grey's friends, and of those, whether friends or not, who know his patient steadfastness of character and his singular aptitude for public business. He makes friends readily,—by which I mean that those who come to know him are predisposed to like him. He is sympathetic, even though the distance between him and you may not appreciably lessen. In all politics, in all life, in English as well as others, this balance of mind is rare. The man who has it may offend or alienate those other men whose standard of judgment is purely emotional. But it is not easy to conceive of Sir Edward Grey as offending or alienating those who meet him in private. Whether he attracts more sympathies than he bestows may be a question, but that he attracts them there is no question. And in any estimate of personal forces he has to be taken into account.



Front of the Sarcophagus in which the Vase was found.

THE STRANGE STORY OF THE PORTLAND VASE.

BY A. W. JARVIS.

AMONG the many priceless relics of Greece and Rome exhibited in the Gold Ornament Room of the British Museum, none surpasses in interest or beauty the world-famed Portland Vase. Quite a chance discovery led to the rescue of this magnificent specimen from the grave where, for hundreds of years, it had lain hidden and unknown. In the early part of the seventeenth century, some labourers, digging on a hillock in the neighbourhood of Rome, came across a large vault. Examination revealed a suite of three sepulchral chambers. In the largest one was found a finely sculptured sarcophagus. On opening it, this exquisite example of ancient art was disclosed to the eyes of the astonished workmen. The vase was full of ashes; but no inscription revealed whose were the remains deposited in the urn. Nor has the mystery which shrouds its origin ever been satisfactorily explained. Foggini conjectured that the mausoleum, which was presumably erected over the vault, was demolished during the incursions of the barbarians who devastated the country round Rome; and that the earth of which the mound appeared to consist—supposed by some to have been brought thither for the express purpose of covering the sepulchre—might have proceeded from the ruins of the mausoleum, mouldered to dust during the dark ages which immediately followed the final disruption of Imperial Rome.

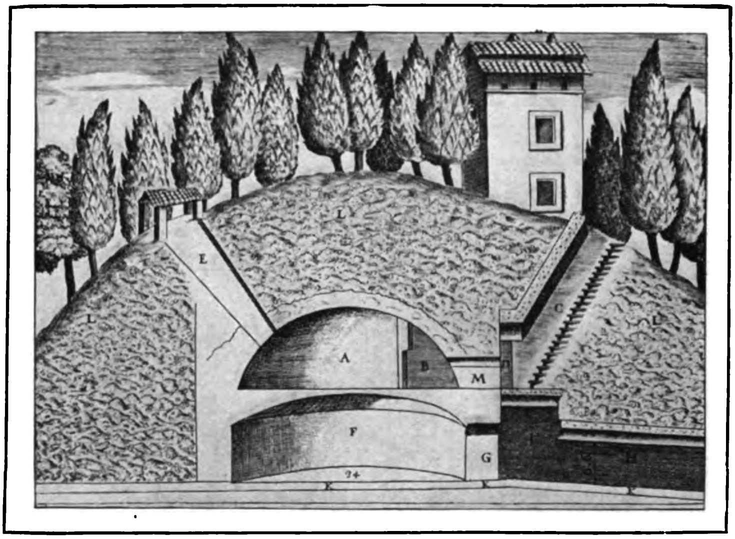
The sarcophagus—a cast of which is in our National Collection—was placed in the museum of the Capitol, where it still remains; and the vase was deposited in the library of the Barberini Palace at Rome. After remaining there for about a century, exciting universal admiration, it next passed into the hands of Byres, the antiquary, who sold it to Sir William Hamilton. A story is told that the repre-

sentative of the Barberini family, a Roman princess, was forced to part with the vase to pay the debts in which a love of card-playing had involved her. The circumstances reaching the ears of the Pope, he forbade the owner of the vase to take it out of Rome. Nevertheless this priceless work of art, favoured by its size, was successfully smuggled out of the city. Sir William subsequently disposed of it to the Duchess of Portland; but, at the lady's request, the deal was concluded with so much secrecy that it was not until after her death that the transaction became known, even to her own family.

Shortly after the death of the Duchess, in 1786, the vase, together with the rest of her magnificent collection of antiquities and objects of *vertu*, was sold under the hammer. According to Jewitt, the Duke of Portland and Josiah Wedgwood were equally anxious to possess this precious gem. Between them they ran the price up to about £1,000, when the Duke, learning Wedgwood's anxiety to purchase it was due to a desire to make a copy, offered to lend him the vase if he would not compete at the sale. This the famous potter agreed to, and the vase was accordingly knocked down to the Duke for £1,029. He at once handed it to Wedgwood, who for the next three years was hard at work experimenting with a view to its reproduction.

In 1810 the Duke deposited the vase in the British Museum, where it has always excited much attention and admiration. Unfortunately, among the visitors to the Museum in February 1845 was a certain William Lloyd, a scene-painter by profession. It appears this miscreant was just recovering from a drinking bout, which may explain his mad act. Suddenly, without any reason, picking up a stone object, he hurled it at the vase, and in a second the priceless work lay on the floor smashed to atoms. The fellow was at once given into custody; but, owing to a loosely drawn statute, the magistrate could only fine him £3—the value of the show-case, the vase not being the property of the Trustees. In default, Lloyd was committed to prison for two months with hard labour. A day or so after, some one anonymously sent the amount of the fine to the magistrate. He was therefore reluctantly compelled to order Lloyd's release. When the vase was restored, the bottom, with its mysterious figure in a Phrygian cap, was not replaced, and is now exhibited separately.

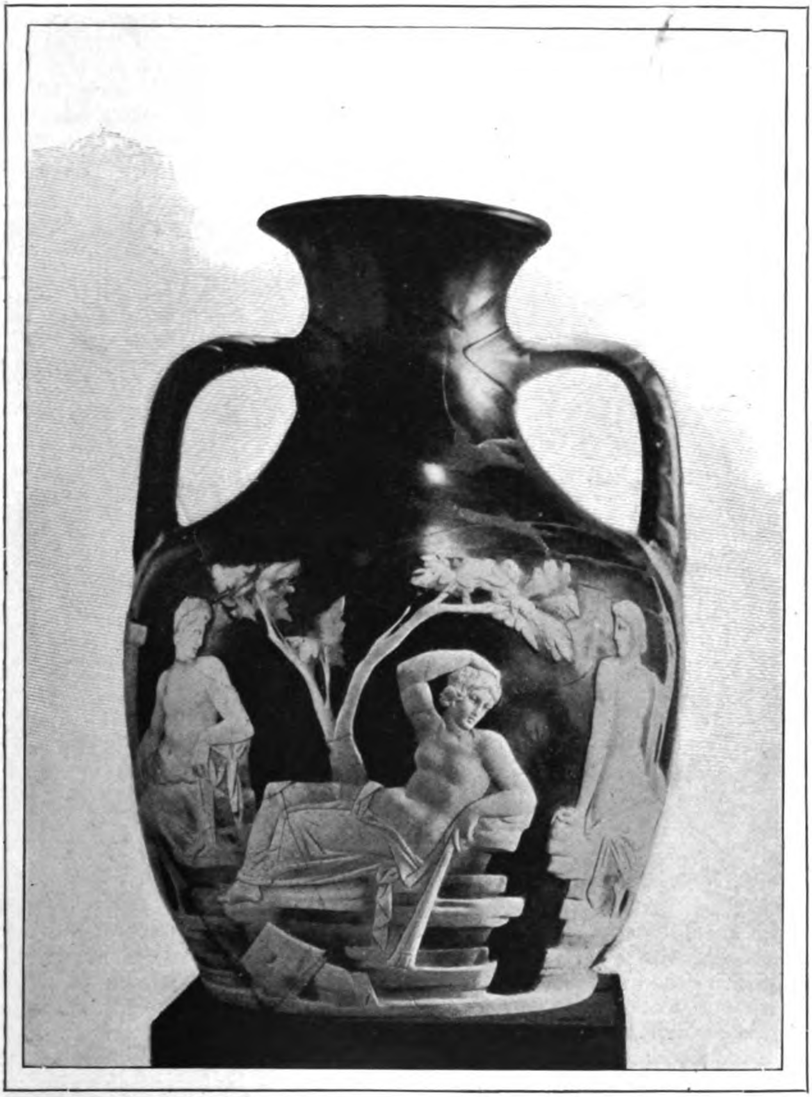
The sides of the sarcophagus are elaborately decorated with reliefs relating to the story of Achilles; and on the cover recline finely sculptured figures of a male and female. The head-dress of the woman indicates the period of the Severi (200 A.D.); and, from a supposed



The Sepulchral Chambers where the Portland Vase was found.

(From a rare Italian print in the British Museum.)

resemblance to his coins, the tomb was long believed to be that of Alexander Severus and his mother, Julia Mamæa, both of whom were killed during a revolt in Germany in the year 235 A.D. The style of the work on the vase, however, pictures were produced. As a matter of fact, the material of the vase was almost as great a puzzle as the story it depicts. For many years it was considered to be a precious stone. Thus, Breval refers to it as "the famous vase of chalcedony";

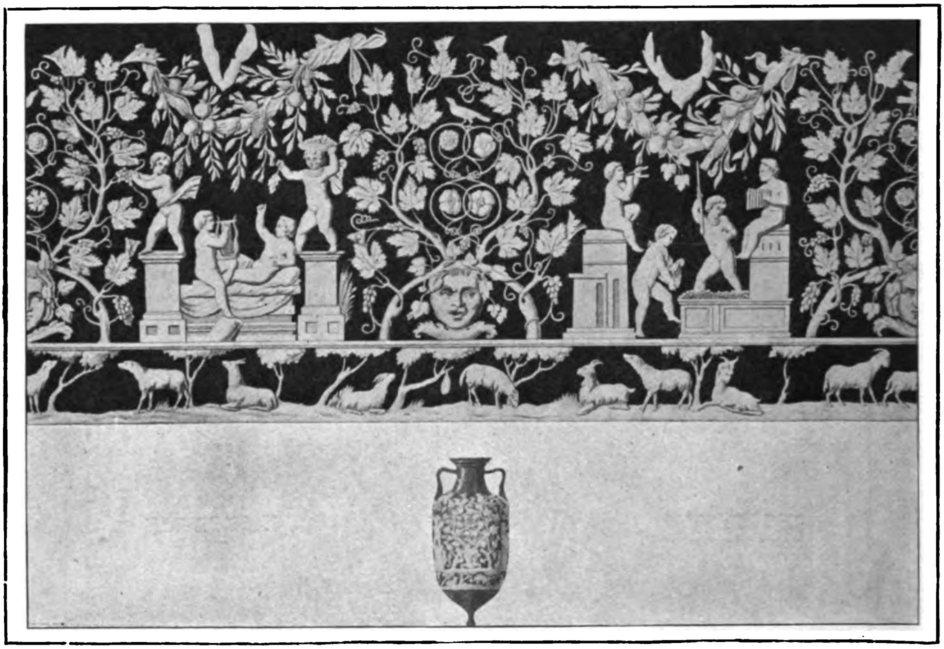


The Portland Vase.

shows it to be of earlier date. It has been assigned to the closing years of the Republic, or possibly to the first century of the Empire.

Before dealing with the subjects illustrated on the vase, it will be as well to explain how these exquisitely beautiful Misson called it an agate; Bartoli a sardonyx; while, among others, Caylus and Winckleman correctly decided that it was glass, as was proved by Wedgwood's subsequent examination. The blue body of the vase was first formed; and, while still red-hot, was coated over,

as far as the bas-reliefs were intended to reach, with the semi-opaque white glass. In this the figures were afterwards produced by cutting it down to the blue ground, in the manner of cameos. To the exquisite beauty of the sculpture, the artist was thus enabled to superadd the effect of light and shade. By cutting down the white to a greater or lesser thinness, so that the blue underneath became more or less visible through the semi-transparent white relief, he was able to give those gradations of shade which add so much beauty and delicacy to the and, like those in the Museum, have been carefully joined, and the missing portions made up: so that, in a sense, there are two Auldjo vases. But the only example worthy of comparison with the Portland Vase is the magnificent amphora in the Royal Museum at Naples. It was discovered in 1839, in a sepulchre in the Street of Tombs at Pompeii. As will be seen from our illustration, which is taken from Richardson's "Studies of Ornamental Design," this gem of antiquity is decorated with a most exquisite design of garlands and vines. Boys are gathering



The Amphora, Royal Museum at Naples.
(By C. J. Richardson, after Pietro Martorana.)

figures. In a letter to Sir William Hamilton, Wedgwood further remarks that, supposing artists could be found equal to the task and willing to devote half a lifetime to a single work, he did not think £5,000 for the execution of such a vase would be at all equal to the gains from their ordinary employment.

Examples of this kind are extremely rare, owing to the difficulty of working so brittle a material. The Museum is therefore singularly fortunate in possessing a second, though inferior, specimen. It is known as the Auldjo vase; and was found broken at Pompeii. Certain of the fragments are, we believe, in a private collection, the grapes, while others tread the wine-press, to the strains of music in which little feathered songsters join. Mr. F. Rathbone mentions another specimen, a vase known as the "Sacra Catino," which belongs to the city of Genoa. It was supposed to be formed from an emerald, and was traditionally connected with the Queen of Sheba. For centuries it was the pride of the city; and so highly was it valued that the Republic was able to borrow half a million ducats on it. It was seized by the army of the French Revolution, and carried to Paris. Here it was carefully examined, and pronounced to be coloured glass. At the Restoration the

allies returned it to Genoa, but in a broken state.

Turning our attention to the subject of the wonderful figures on the vase, we are confronted with a mystery which still remains unsolved. No one has yet been able to satisfactorily explain their meaning, though numerous ingenious conjectures have been made. Tezi, who believed the vase was originally made to receive the ashes of Alexander Severus, in common with other authorities, considered the relievos represented the birth and the death of Severus. The figure on the bottom, he suggested, was a philosopher enjoining silence and admonishing the spectator not to disturb that rest which the manes of the deceased persons were superstitiously believed to enjoy. Venuti was of opinion that the story presented was the Judgment of Paris. Foggini is in general agreement with Tezi, excepting that he considered the figure on the base to represent the Druid priestess who, while Severus was preparing for his expedition against the Britanni, forewarned him: *Go, but neither expect victory nor trust thy soldiers.* One writer suggests that the bas-reliefs illustrate the descent of Orpheus into Elysium to recover his beloved Eurydice; while Dr. Darwin, in his reading of the figures, favoured the Eleusinian mysteries. The Museum authorities incline to Winckle-mann's hypothesis, the nuptials of Thetis and Peleus; but they frankly admit that the interpretation of the subjects is doubtful. "That on the obverse, with a woman seated, approached by a lover led on by Cupid, is supposed to represent Thetis consenting to be the bride of Peleus in the presence of Poseidon. That on the reverse, with a sleeping figure and two others, is supposed to be Peleus watching his bride Thetis asleep, while Aphrodite presides over the scene." It is suggested that the bust on the bottom is that of Paris.



The bottom of the Portland Vase.

Probably no work of antiquity has been more copied than the Portland Vase; or, speaking generally, considering the many hideous "improved" reproductions, perhaps one should say burlesqued. The writer has three of these so-called "copies" in his possession. In one, the figures have been nicely draped! In the second, produced in a pale blue, equal attention has been paid to our friend Mrs. Grundy; and the masks are shifted, from the base, to the bow of the handles, which are also of an "improved" design. By manipulating the neck in the third "copy," and knocking off a handle, the artist has converted it into a gracefully shaped jug, made in a delicate heliotrope colour! As a matter of fact, the only copies worthy of the name—excepting the one made by Mr. Northwood—are those produced by Josiah Wedgwood in his famous jasper ware. So many difficulties and failures were experienced by the great potter in his arduous undertaking, that it was three and a half years before he succeeded with his first perfect copy. The number of replicas was originally to have been fifty, but it is doubtful whether even twenty were made. These were of various degrees of merit. Some of the best were finished by hand-work, and were sold at fifty guineas each. They now fetch very high prices. At the sale of the Martineau Collection a fine specimen realised £294, and another sold in the same year for £189. The modern copies, however, are of no particular value.

Mr. Northwood's facsimile, which was

exhibited at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, is the only one in glass. The vase, with its intense blue body and coating of white, was manufactured by Mr. Pargeter of Stourbridge. On this, for six hours a day, and sometimes longer, the artist cut and carved for three whole years. When it is remembered that the accidental breaking off of a tiny piece, no bigger than a pin's head, might spoil the whole work, one is lost in admiration at the skill and patience displayed. Shortly before it was finished, an accident almost wrecked the vase while in the artist's own hands. It cracked spontaneously, as glass sometimes will do, through unequal thickness and consequent unequal expansion and contraction at changes of temperature. Nevertheless this magnificent copy remains an exquisite work of art, and a monument to the skill and patience of the artist.



LADY GREENSLEEVES.

BY ERNEST RHYS.

"WHAT ails you now, my lady?
What ails you in the wood?"

"THERE are brown, beneath the green, leaves;
And they were once the green leaves;
And the brown is all my mood."

"WHAT makes you laugh, my lady?
What is it in the wood?"

"OH, a wind found out the brown leaves,
And the green waved to the brown leaves,
And I forgot my mood."

"WHAT makes you weep, my lady,
And sigh so in the wood?"

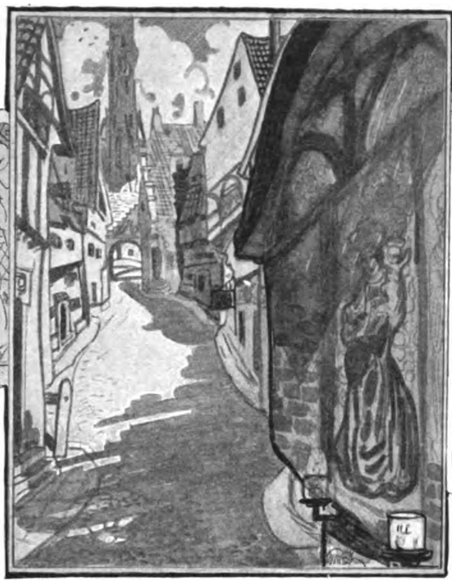
"OH, I saw how all the green leaves
Made obeisance to the brown leaves;
And the dead leaves understood."



BEMROSE.

A PANTOMIME BEAUTY.





ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THINGS.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY CHRISTIAN BURKE.

IT had been a most provoking day! Leonard rolled his curly head discontentedly on his pillows, and tried to think that he didn't mind at all that Mother had looked so gravely at him when she kissed him good-night. Nevertheless the fact remained, the day had been simply detestable, though he was quite at a loss to discover what had made everything go wrong! It was hot, and he was very wide awake, and in want of something to do, so it occurred to him to go over all that had happened and try to find out why it had been so criss-cross.

The darkness had not fallen yet, but a lovely calm July evening had followed on a close and oppressive afternoon. Through the open window of the long, low room Leonard could catch a gleam of the clear blue sky, with here and there a faint twinkle of stars. The scent of the roses came softly up from the garden below, and the green boughs of the old elm tapped gently now and then against the casement, as if to let him know that they at least were not asleep, whatever the flowers might be doing in the gathering dusk. The little crescent moon would soon be high enough to take a curious peep at him, and from the copse from time to time there came the sound of voices as the elder girls and boys rushed past in a final game of hide-and-seek, and apparently found it a cooling pastime!

Leonard propped himself up on one elbow, and looked and listened. Generally the familiar sights and sounds were as good as a lullaby to him, but to-night they only made him wrinkle up his small forehead with an expression of intense disapproval.

Was there ever anything so trying as to be sent off to bed so early on a night like this, when every one else was out of doors? Yet Nurse, cross creature, had bundled him off at the first opportunity, declaring he had been so naughty all day that she was sure he was ill, and ill people were best kept safe in bed! Moreover, she had remarked, as she tucked him up (after imploring him not to wake his little brother Basil, who was already asleep in his crib in the next room), that she hoped on the morrow he would manage to get out of bed on the *right* side instead of the wrong, as he had certainly contrived to do to-day!

The child lay and pondered long over this speech. What could she mean? It was out of the question that he had been cross—he was not going to allow that for a single moment—neither did he feel particularly ill. To be sure, his head *had* ached in the morning, but only when it was time to go to the schoolroom; and then it was Sum-day, which accounted for everything. It was part of his hard fate that it was always Sum-day when he had a headache. But Mother had excused him his lessons, and then he felt quite

well and lively, or at least he would have felt lively if everybody hadn't been so horrid to him.

However, one thing was clear: Nurse was talking nonsense when she said that getting out of bed on the wrong side had been the cause of his troubles. Why, when you came to think of it, there was only one side of his bed that you *could* get out of, and when a thing has only one side that must be a right one! The bed stood snugly in a recess, against the wall, and it fitted the recess—or the recess fitted it—so well that there was only the outer edge and a tiny space at the foot left; and even little Basil could not have squeezed himself out at the bottom, let alone the fact that there would be all the bother of wriggling down under the bed-clothes and probably stepping out on your head as a beginning. No—of one thing he was sure, if of nothing else—he could not possibly have got out on the wrong side.

Having settled this point triumphantly, Leonard began counting up his misfortunes. They had beset him from the very first moment when his little bare feet touched the floor. As soon as he began to dress himself he missed his stockings, and hunted for them high and low before he discovered them rolled up in a ball under the chest of drawers, where he must have thrown them, when he and Basil were playing at being pursued by wolves and tossing them out their provisions, the night before. But searching for them made him late, and his bread-and-milk was cold, and Nurse would only say that if he had been in time it would have been hot enough. As if one could come to breakfast without one's stockings! Then there was the schoolroom bell and his headache. Certainly he had not done any lessons, but it had been a very long morning. He was tired of his story-books, and when he tried to draw the lines would not come straight, and Nellie had said his sheep were more like caterpillars than anything else, and it was altogether disgusting.

What came next? Oh, he had got the bricks and built up the loveliest house; and just as he was putting the roof on the fifth story Basil came prancing up and tumbled it all down with his little fat hands. He gave him a tiny push out of the way, and the silly child began to cry, and Nurse exclaimed, "Well, you needn't be so cross to your little brother, Master Len!" when a sensible person would have seen that it was not that he was cross, but that Basil was a great baby—far more of a baby than he had ever been at four years old.

It was just the same after dinner. (There was rice-pudding, too: does any one ever like rice-pudding?) Rex and Hugh and Miles were all at home from the grammar school, and they had planned a delicious walk to the woods, as it was a half-holiday. Nellie and May, and even Alice and Nesta, the twins, were to go too, and of course Leonard wished to be of the party. But Mother said it was too far and too hot, and as he had a headache he must not go in the blazing sun, but must stay at home with Daisy, his little cousin, who was living with them to grow well and strong. Daisy had asked him to come and garden, but he hated gardening, and when the others had all gone he crept up to the garret to sulk—no, not to sulk, of course, but to think of his troubles. He stopped there till he felt too wretched, and when he came down he found that Uncle George had called to see which of the children would like to drive with him to town. He had taken Daisy, but Leonard was left behind.

"And I think she might have called me, cross little thing!" he had said: "she knew I was at home."

"But she did call you, Master Len," the under-nurse answered: "she ran up to the garret and knocked at the door, for I heard her myself."

So had Leonard, now he thought it over, but he had stuffed his fingers in his ears and shouted out that no one could come in, and so poor Daisy had had to go away.

Wasn't there something else? Oh! Father came home, and he went into the hall to see him, and Mother said he had a headache and couldn't do any lessons, and didn't seem like himself, and did Father think he had better see the doctor?

But Father laughed, and said, "Leonard likes headaches better than sums—we mustn't deprive him of them." So he went away, taking Mother with him, declaring she looked pale and must lie down; and she had just offered to tell him a story! It was just his luck.

That was nearly the end. No: the others had come home, and Daisy had a bright new shilling that Uncle had given

her; and Hugh and Miles had teased him, but Rex took his part and said "he wouldn't have the little beggar bothered!" It isn't very nice to be called a beggar, but then Rex is something like a brother! And Leonard yawned, and determined to be just like that to Basil—by-and-by.

The end of it was that Nurse had hurried him off to bed, and when Mother put her hand on his forehead, to see if it felt hot, he just wriggled away, and she looked at him "like that"—as if he was out of temper, though he wasn't: it was just that it had been a nasty, upside-down sort of a day. Still, it was dreadful to vex Mother—even the weeniest bit—and now, when he was cool and quiet, and beginning to be comfortably drowsy, Leonard was almost inclined to admit that he might have been, perhaps, a trifle put out. At the same time Nurse's explanation of matters was by no means pleasant or satisfactory.

The little boy had got thus far in his meditations, and was trying to get to the bottom of the mystery, but it was hard work, for every moment he felt more and more sleepy. The room looked shadowy and dim now, and the little silver moon was sailing across the sky like a fairy boat. He wished he could jump on board and sail away too, instead of tumbling about on hot pillows and worrying his small brains over the speeches of his elders. "*A wall at the head and another at the foot, and a wall on the left side, so of course it is quite impossible*," he sighed dreamily; when suddenly his foot happened to strike sharply against the said left-hand wall, and to his utter astonishment he found it yielded to his touch. It was very extraordinary, but it certainly moved—just as if it were only a curtain and not solid bricks and mortar. In some trepidation he put out the other foot, with the same result, except that now his feet seemed to have gone clean through the partition and to be projecting into space. It is not exactly a pleasing idea, however, to think of one's bare feet being poked into an unknown country, where for all one could tell there might be people to come and tickle them; so, being a brave little fellow and intensely curious, Leonard decided that the best thing he could do was to follow his feet. Wrapping a blanket round him, he mustered all his courage and gave a mighty spring, half expecting to be tumbled back on his bed with a bruise on his forehead. But no, the wall gave way before him, and with one bound he discovered that what was impossible had happened, and that he had really jumped out on *the wrong side of his bed!*

Leonard found himself in a narrow, winding lane, on the farther side of which was a sloping grassy bank. To the right was a tall, heavy-looking gate, and to the left a dusty path with a signpost bearing this singular inscription—"This is the road that does not lead to the Cemetery."

Looking about him with dazzled eyes, he was amazed to find that the grass on the bank was a bright blue, and the sky over his head a vivid apple-green, studded with pink stars, although it seemed broad daylight. Just close to him was a little stream, and as he watched it he saw that it was running slowly and lazily, not downhill, but up, while at some distance off a windmill was flapping its sails vigorously, though to the child the air felt stiflingly hot.

As he peered about, longing to know more of the strange kingdom in which he found himself, he suddenly observed, sitting on the bank exactly opposite to him, a large white squirrel, with an extremely bushy tail, which he was holding with one paw, while he dexterously combed away at it with a tortoiseshell comb with the other. He cocked up one ear, which appeared to be his way of taking off his hat, and nodded to Leonard familiarly as he observed—"Ah! I thought you would be round presently."

"Why?" asked the boy bluntly, too surprised to be polite.

"Why? Because I heard you talking to that Nurse of yours, and declaring that there wasn't a wrong side to your bed, so I felt certain you'd soon look in to see. Though, for the matter of that, you've really been here all day."

"I haven't," cried Leonard indignantly; "I've only just come. I never knew there was such a place until now."

"Nevertheless you have been here all day, as I remarked," returned the Squirrel calmly. "You stepped straight in as soon as you got up this morning, for I saw you myself. But don't put yourself out," he continued courteously, as he gave a final tug to his tail and released it so abruptly that it nearly went into Leonard's eyes—for he had come quite close to his strange companion. "Don't let that trouble you: you've only been in the suburbs, so to speak, and I'm not

surprised that you didn't know it. Many people don't, and yet they spend a good deal of time with us. However," he added, looking up with a critical glance into the little boy's face, "I don't think you'll ever get very far. You haven't a properly jaundiced eye!"

"Whatever is that?" asked Leonard, feeling vaguely crushed, as if something must be very wrong with him: "is it very important?"

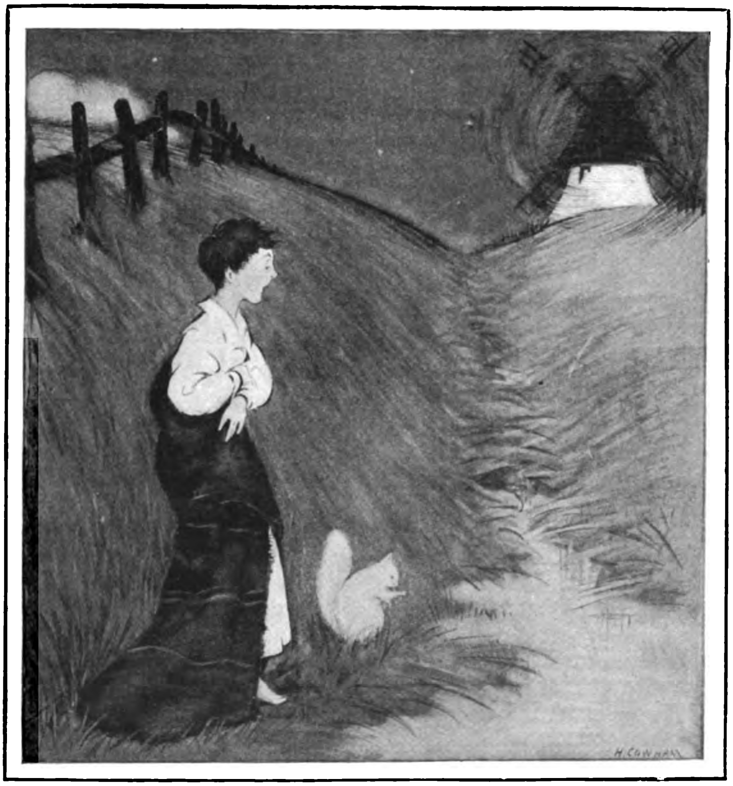
"Well, of course, it is important if you really *want* to see the wrong side of things. Now, I suppose," he continued questioningly, "you don't happen to notice a good bit of yellow about?"

Leonard glanced round, and as he looked he thought that he did see a faint tinge of yellow like a gauze veil over each thing as he gazed at it; but it vanished so quickly that he could hardly be sure that it was not a mere fancy.

"Just what I expected," said the Squirrel, when he confided the result of his observations to him. "You have had a passing touch, just a touch, of eye-jaundice, but you'll never have it enough to be able to go about here much."

"Oh, what a pity! Isn't that sad?" asked the child.

"Well, I don't know. That's as people think. I can't say I care much about Wrong-Side Country myself. I don't belong to these parts, you know. I only came to look after a relative of mine—a cat who had foolishly quarrelled with her milk and strayed in here. It was just what I expected: I found she had been caught and killed by a savage mouse. It is very melancholy, but she was always so imprudent, poor thing!" and the Squirrel wiped his eyes with his paw.



"*A little stream . . . running, not downhill, but up.*"

"How very funny!" cried Leonard: "where I come from the mice are ever so timid, and the cats catch *them*."

"Yes, but you are on the Wrong Side of Things now, you know, and everything goes by contraries."

By this time Leonard was beginning to feel rather weary with excitement, and he asked the Squirrel if he might sit down beside him on the bank.

"By all means," he answered civilly, "if it won't tire you too much!"

"Why, I *am* tired," said the child; "that's why I want to sit down and rest."

"Then of course you should stand as you are—that goes without saying. Dear, dear! why, you've forgotten what I told you already! In this country you must stand when you're tired, and sit down if you want to be busy. But perhaps, as you are a new-comer, you had better do

what you are used to. Our ways might not agree with you."

Leonard took advantage of this permission, and stretched himself out at full length beside the Squirrel.

"I see you've brought a sheet with you to keep the heat off. Quite right," observed his companion.

"It's not a sheet—it's a blanket," objected his little visitor, "and I brought it with me because I was cold."

"Oh dear, *dear!* You'll never do for this place. There's not the smallest chance of making a good citizen out of you. However, you are only talking to me, so it doesn't matter so much; but pray don't call a sheet a blanket when the sheep are about. They are very peppery, and can't bear to be contradicted. It's dangerous."

This was too much for Leonard, and he burst out laughing; but seeing the Squirrel looked vexed he stopped himself, for he would not have hurt his feelings for the world, and so he asked instead, "Why does that windmill go round at such a rate?"

"Because there is no wind," was the serene reply.

"But it ought to stand still, and never stir. Ours do."

"Goodness gracious! what a memory you have! How many more times am I to tell you that you're on the Wrong——"

"Oh yes, I remember. But really things are so funny here that I can't keep it in my head."

During a pause in the conversation Leonard ventured to put out his hand and touch the Squirrel's fur: it was deliciously fine and soft, and when he expressed his admiration for it its owner looked down at his tail with an air of great complacency and remarked:

"Our family has always been noted for the beauty of its skin; but you see I come of a very old stock: every one has not the same advantages. As a matter of fact I ought to be wearing the fur inwards—many of the animals do here—but as I came on business and not through any mischance of my own, I'm allowed to do as I please; and later on, when the sun is at its full, the nights are so chilly that one is glad to keep one's tail about one for warmth. My constitution is like yours, you see. I've been obliged to change the colour for the time being; one must pay *some* attention to the feelings of others, even on the Wrong Side of Things."

Here Leonard's attention was somewhat distracted from the Squirrel's remarks by the sight of an enormous wolf, who came slowly shambling up the road. He turned very pale, and sprang to his feet with an intention of taking flight.

"What's the matter?" asked his companion. "You don't mean to say you are frightened of a wolf? If it had been a sheep now, or a pig, or even one of those venomous rabbits, I shouldn't have wondered, but a wolf! well, you do astonish me. The mildest, silliest thing there is! Why, 'a sheep in wolf's clothing' is the commonest proverb here."

Somewhat reassured, Leonard sat down again, and the Wolf, stopping now and then to nibble the blue grass, went harmlessly by.

The Squirrel was evidently very fond of talking, and after a minute or two, during which he dexterously cracked nuts, he drew Leonard's attention to a bird that was sitting on a spray hard by.

"There's the lark," he said, as he munched a nut: "he only sings at night, and he is considered not to have such a bad sort of a voice; but the owls are the best singers we have."

The boy had ceased to be surprised at anything by this time, but before he could open his mouth to reply the Squirrel continued: "They are very busy down yonder," nodding his head in the direction of the Gate. "It's the funeral of the Sum that you wouldn't do to-day. He died of want of proper attention, and all the other figures are helping to bury him."

"But how can it be dead? I shall have to do it to-morrow," said Leonard ruefully, "and that will be just the same."

"Ah, but the Sum you do to-morrow isn't the Sum you ought to have done to-day," said the Squirrel, who went in for metaphysics.

"But it will be *just* the same," persisted his companion.

"It may be the same to you, but it isn't the same to the Sum. And pray don't call a gentleman 'It.' So distressing to the feelings of the relatives! Look, here they come."

Leonard looked, and sure enough through the opening gates there issued a motley crowd; and as the procession

drew near he perceived that it was all made up of figures strangely and fantastically dressed, and each with his proper number, or rather set of numbers, clearly discernible. In the midst they bore a huge slate, on which he could plainly read a long addition sum, marked "Exercise No. 34"; and underneath was written in large letters—"*He died for want of being worked out.*"

Leonard felt rather uncomfortable as he thought that he had been the cause of the Sum's untimely end, when his attention was attracted by a queer shadowy something that seemed to twist itself in and out among the crowd and jostle them about, to their intense disgust.

"Why, what is that?" he asked.

"Don't you know," said his friend, "that's the Push you gave your little brother this morning. He bolted in here directly you had done with him, and he has been worrying about ever since."

Leonard did not at all like this piece of information, and looked very much ashamed; but he said nothing at the moment, as the funeral procession was just passing by and turning into the road that did *not* lead to the Cemetery.

"Where does that go to?" he inquired.

"To the Cemetery," returned the Squirrel.

"Then why does the Sign-post say it doesn't?"

"How silly! What could it say? If it put up 'Way to the Cemetery,' you would know in a minute that it must lead to the Town, and what good would that be? Now, this makes it quite clear."

"Dear me! I forgot again. But, please, dear Squirrel, do tell me what you meant about that Push. It isn't alive, you know: how did it get in here?"

"As for its being alive, I can't say. It certainly looks very much like it. Why, there's that Frown you gave your little Cousin when you wouldn't play with her; it is round here somewhere. It's been quite light-headed ever since, and they will have to sit up with it all night. Don't you see, when anything wrong is done, it is bound to come to us. And when once it is set going it can't be stopped until it is undone again. It can only be undone by a curious process called 'being sorry' on the part of the person who started it off. There are some things that never get undone while the doers live in your world, and I don't know how that's settled; but I've heard it all does come right at last, if only the people are sorry enough. But it is not only things that stay here—it's people too. Why, there are some folk who spend half their ife here. They drop in for half an hour, just as you did, and then they come and stay for a day or two, and at last they can't keep themselves away. They go through those big gates there, and I suppose they see all the wonderful things to be seen; but for my part, if I must come, I always prefer to keep this side of the gates, and I advise you to do the same."

This was a very long speech for the Squirrel, and by the time he had done Leonard looked very grave, for it occurred to him that if this was the state of affairs he would presently discover all his doings of the day flourishing about in this strange land. He began to think of his Mother, and how grieved she had looked. Was the Pain he had given her wandering about here too? The tears came into his eyes and began to roll down his cheeks, for he was a loving little fellow, for all his faults, and he knew now that he must have been very cross, and must have sorely hurt the best and kindest of mothers.

"Dear! dear!! dear!!!" cried the Squirrel hastily: "this can't be allowed; they will never let you live here. I declare you're 'Being Sorry' already. I told you you would never get beyond the gates. They couldn't let you through with such a face as that, and the tears have washed away the little jaundice there was in your eyes. But for pity's sake stop crying, or you won't be able to find *It* before you go. And I must be going too, but I thought I would help you to look for it before I went. Only you *must Not* cry, or they'll turn us out."

With a mighty spring the Squirrel leapt lightly on to Leonard's shoulder, and began to wipe his eyes with his tail in great haste. This made the child laugh, and his friend appeared much relieved, as he said, "Now then, let's look for it at once."

"But what are we looking for?" inquired the boy, who was getting quite puzzled.

"For the Kiss you ought to have given your mother, of course. I saw you drop it this evening; it's sure to be somewhere

on the grass. We must be quick about it too: this kind of thing spoils if it is not used at once," and as he spoke the Squirrel hopped nimbly from side to side, peering between the scarlet daisy-tufts. Leonard searched eagerly as well, although, as he had never happened to see a Kiss lying about, he scarcely knew what he was looking for.

"I hope we shall come upon it soon," said his furry companion, "because it's high time I was going, and I should like you, and you can jump straight through. You may congratulate yourself in getting off so easily. By-the-bye, I've heard my grandfather say that an infallible recipe for keeping away from the Wrong Side of Things is always to get up when you are called in the morning! You might remember that."

As he spoke, the Squirrel gracefully held back with one paw the strange shadowy curtain through which Leonard had originally come.



"They bore a huge slate."

to see you safely back into your own country first. Why, look! there it is!" and in great excitement he pounced upon something that lay shining like a little star upon a soft piece of moss.

"It isn't hurt a bit," he continued. "How fortunate! they don't often keep so well if they happen to be lost in here. At the very least they change their colour. Now here it is: hold it tight in your hand and be sure you don't drop it, and give it to your mother the minute you get back, for fear you lose it again. Are you ready to go? See, I'll hold the wall back for

"Now, are you ready? Good-bye, good-bye! Perhaps some day I'll come and take you to see *my* country: that *is* something worth seeing. It won't be yet awhile, for I shall be very busy provisioning for the winter. Shake paws! and when I count three, you must jump."

Leonard affectionately clasped the soft paw extended to him. "Good-bye, dear Mr. Squirrel!" he cried. "Thank you so much for all you have told me. I'll never forget you, and, oh! I do hope I shall see you again."

"Mind you hold that Kiss tight.

Hark! There are the Figures coming back: they mustn't find you here. Now then: One! Two! Three! Jump!" shouted the Squirrel—and Leonard jumped.

He found, however, that getting home was not quite so easy a matter as leaving it had been. He seemed to be rushing through space, and the air was full of mocking voices; and then the great wall parted suddenly, and panting and fighting for breath Leonard fell down, down, until at last he landed once more among the pillows of his own little bed.

As he sat up and pushed the tangled hair out of his eyes, he saw his mother sitting beside him. The gas was burning brightly, and Nurse, as she came from the far end of the room, was saying, "He's been a little bit out of sorts all day, ma'am, and I expect he has had a nasty dream. But it is odd he should have shouted for you just as you were passing the door."

"Well, my darling, what is the matter? Have you been dreaming?" asked his mother fondly, as she took his hot hands in her own cool ones.

But for answer her little son flung his arms round her neck, struggling manfully not to cry, as he said, "Oh, Mother dear, I've been ever so cross all day, and I'm afraid I've been naughty, and I never gave you a kiss to-night; but I've got it here all safe—the Squirrel found it—and I *will* try to be a good boy and do my sums!"

Leonard's mother was too wise to ask any questions just then. She listened to his confession quite calmly, as if she was not a bit surprised; though in truth she must have been, not knowing what had been passing in the child's mind. She only returned the kisses he was lavishing upon her, as she said,—

"That's my brave boy. I think you were *rather* cross, do you know, and I am so glad you are able to own it. Father will be pleased to find that he has a little son who is not ashamed to acknowledge it when he has been in the wrong. Now you must try to go to sleep as fast as you can. It is nearly eleven o'clock, and every one else has gone to bed. See, here is Nurse with some milk and biscuits for you, and then you must turn over and shut your eyes, and to-morrow you can tell me all about it."

Leonard sat up and enjoyed his impromptu meal immensely, for his long journey had made him quite hungry.

"Don't you have any more dreams, Master Len," said Nurse, as she once more tucked him up and lowered the gas.

"I wasn't dreaming, Nurse. I've been . . . I went . . . at least I mean . . . *I got out of bed the Wrong Side*," said Leonard sleepily, as he rolled down again among his pillows.

"Bless the child! What will he say next? I don't think he is half awake yet," said Nurse, as she went softly out of the room; and Leonard fell into a deep dreamless sleep, and had no more adventures for that night.

The following day he told his mother his strange experiences, and she helped him to piece it together and to understand it, so that it became a real help to the boy; and many a time, just when things began "to go wrong" with him, the thought of his mysterious journey would recall him to himself, for he had no mind to get into Wrong-Side Land again.

But his mother and he could not quite agree about the matter. She evidently thought he had been dreaming, and Leonard was altogether sure that he had never been wider awake in his life than on that memorable night when he stepped through the wall and got out on the other side of his bed.

Daisy unquestioningly shared this opinion. The only thing that puzzled both the children was the wall—it was so hard and unyielding—so impervious to all their pushing and battering. Still, as Leonard justly observed, he was not always in the same frame of mind as he had been on that eventful night. The best plan would be to experiment upon it, just to see if it moved, some time when he was "very cross." Fortunately, this state of affairs has been so long delayed, that it is doubtful if he will ever be able to practically demonstrate the truth of this theory.

There is just one thing that the little boy still continues to deeply regret. Although he and Daisy are always on the look-out—at all unlikely times and in all unexpected places—at present their watchfulness has not been rewarded. Leonard hopes against hope, but up to the present time he has not caught the faintest glimpse of the bright, kind eyes, the aristocratic tail, and the graceful, nimble form of his friend the White Squirrel!



TYPHOON.

BY JOSEPH CONRAD.

CHAPTER I.

CAPTAIN MACWHIRR, of the steamer *Nan-Shan*, had a physiognomy that, in the order of material appearances, was the exact counterpart of his mind: it presented no marked characteristics of firmness or stupidity; it had no pronounced characteristics whatever; it was simply ordinary, irresponsive, and unruffled.

The only thing his aspect might have been said to suggest, at times, was bashfulness; because he would sit, in business offices ashore, sunburnt and smiling faintly, with downcast eyes. When he raised them, they were perceived to be direct in their glance and of blue colour. His hair was fair and extremely fine, clasping from temple to temple the bald dome of his skull in a clamp as of fluffy silk. The hair of his face, on the contrary, carroty and flaming, resembled a growth of copper wire clipped short to the line of the lip; while, no matter how close he shaved, fiery metallic gleams passed, when he moved his head, over the surface of his cheeks. He was rather below the medium height, a bit round-shouldered, and so sturdy of limb that his clothes always looked a shade too tight for his arms and legs. As if unable to grasp what is due to the difference of latitudes, he wore a brown bowler hat, a complete suit of a brownish hue, and clumsy black boots. These harbour togs gave to his thick figure an air of stiff and uncouth smartness. A thin silver watch-chain looped his waistcoat, and he never left his ship for the shore without clutching in his powerful, hairy fist an elegant umbrella of the very best quality, but generally unrolled. Young Jukes, the chief mate, attending his commander to the gangway, would sometimes venture to say, with the greatest gentleness, "Allow me, sir,"—and possessing himself of the umbrella deferentially, would elevate the ferule, shake the folds, twirl a neat furl in a jiffy, and hand it back; going through the performance with a face of such portentous gravity, that Mr. Solomon Rout, the chief engineer, smoking his morning cigar over the skylight, would turn away his head in order to hide a smile. "Oh! aye! The blessed gamp. . . . Thank 'ee, Jukes, thank 'ee," would mutter Captain MacWhirr heartily, without looking up.

Having just enough imagination to

carry him through each successive day, and no more, he was tranquilly sure of himself; and from the very same cause he was not in the least conceited. It is your imaginative superior who is touchy, overbearing, and difficult to please; but every ship Captain MacWhirr commanded was the floating abode of harmony and peace. It was, in truth, as impossible for him to take a flight of fancy as it would be for a watchmaker to put together a chronometer with nothing except a two-pound hammer and a whip-saw in the way of tools. Yet the uninteresting lives of men so entirely given to the actuality of the bare existence have their mysterious side. It was impossible in Captain MacWhirr's case, for instance, to understand what under heaven could have induced that perfectly satisfactory son of a petty grocer in Belfast to run away to sea. And yet he had done that very thing at the age of fifteen. It was enough, when you thought it over, to give you the idea of an immense, potent, and invisible hand thrust into the ant-heap of the earth, laying hold of shoulders, knocking heads together, and setting the unconscious faces of the multitude towards inconceivable goals and in undreamt-of directions.

His father never really forgave him for this undutiful stupidity. "We could have got on without him," he used to say later on, "but there's the business. And he an only son too!" His mother wept very much after his disappearance. As it had never occurred to him to leave word behind, he was mourned over for dead till, after eight months, his first letter arrived from Talcahuano. It was short, and contained the statement: "We had very fine weather on our passage out." But evidently, in the writer's mind, the only important intelligence was to the effect that his captain had, on the very day of writing, entered him regularly on the ship's articles as Ordinary Seaman. "Because I can do the work," he explained. The mother again wept copiously, while the remark, "Tom's an ass," expressed the emotions of the father. He was a corpulent man, with a gift for sly chaffing, which to the end of his life he exercised in his intercourse with his son, a little pityingly, as if upon a half-witted person.

MacWhirr's visits to his home were necessarily rare, and in the course of years he dispatched other letters to his parents, informing them of his successive promotions and of his movements upon the vast earth. In these missives could be found sentences like this: "The heat here is very great." Or: "On Christmas day at 4 p.m. we fell in with some icebergs." The old people ultimately became acquainted with a good many names of ships, and with the names of the skippers who commanded them—with the names of Scots and English shipowners—with the names of seas, oceans, straits, promontories—with outlandish names of lumber-ports, of rice-ports, of cotton-ports—with the names of islands—with the name of their son's young woman. She was called Lucy. It did not suggest itself to him to mention whether he thought the name pretty. And then they died.

The great day of MacWhirr's marriage came in due course, following shortly upon the great day when he got his first command.

All these events had taken place many years before the morning when, in the chart-room of the steamer *Nan-Shan*, he stood confronted by the fall of a barometer he had no reason to distrust. The fall—taking into account the excellence of the instrument, the time of the year, and the ship's position on the terrestrial globe—was of a nature ominously prophetic; but the red face of the man betrayed no sort of inward disturbance. Omens were as nothing to him, and he was unable to discover the message of a prophecy till the fulfilment had brought it home to his very door. "That's a fall, and no mistake," he thought. "There must be some uncommonly dirty weather knocking about."

The *Nan-Shan* was on her way from the southward to the treaty port of Fu-chau, with some cargo in her lower holds, and two hundred Chinese coolies returning to their village homes in the province of Fo-kien, after a few years of work in various tropical colonies. The morning was fine, the oily sea heaved without a sparkle, and there was a queer white misty patch in the sky like a halo of the sun. The fore-deck, packed with Chinamen, was full of sombre clothing, yellow faces, and pigtails, sprinkled over with a good many naked shoulders, for there was no wind, and the heat was close. The coolies lounged, talked, smoked, or stared over the rail; some, drawing water

over the side, sluiced each other; a few slept on hatches, while several small parties of six sat on their heels surrounding iron trays with plates of rice and tiny tea-cups; and every single Celestial of them was carrying with him all he had in the world—a wooden chest with a ringing lock and brass on the corners, containing the savings of his labours: some clothes of ceremony, sticks of incense, a little opium maybe, bits of nameless rubbish of conventional value, and a small hoard of silver dollars, toiled for in coal-lighters, won in gambling-houses or in petty trading, grubbed out of earth, sweated out in mines, on railway lines, in deadly jungle, under heavy burdens—amassed patiently, guarded with care, cherished fiercely.

A cross swell had set in from the direction of Formosa Channel about ten o'clock, without disturbing these passengers much, because the *Nan-Shan*, with her flat bottom, rolling chocks on bilges, and great breadth of beam, had the reputation of an exceptionally steady ship in a sea-way. Mr. Jukes, in moments of expansion on shore, would proclaim loudly that the "old girl was as good as she was pretty." It would never have occurred to Captain MacWhirr to express his favourable opinion so loud or in terms so fanciful.

She was a good ship, undoubtedly, and not old either. She had been built in Dumbarton less than three years before, to the order of a firm of merchants in Siam—Messrs. Sigg & Son. When she lay afloat, finished in every detail and ready to take up the work of her life, the builders contemplated her with pride.

"Sigg has asked us for a reliable skipper to take her out," remarked one of the partners; and the other, after reflecting for a while, said: "I think MacWhirr is ashore just at present." "Is he? Then wire him at once. He's the very man," declared the senior, without a moment's hesitation.

Next morning MacWhirr stood before them unperturbed, having travelled from London by the midnight express after a sudden but undemonstrative parting with his wife. She was the daughter of a superior couple who had seen better days.

"We had better be going together over the ship, Captain," said the senior partner; and the three men started to explore the perfections of the *Nan-Shan* from stem to stern, and from her keelson to the trucks of her two stumpy pole-masts.

Captain MacWhirr had begun by taking off his coat, which he hung on the end of a steam-windlass embodying all the latest improvements.

"My uncle wrote of you favourably by yesterday's mail to our good friends—Messrs. Sigg, you know—and doubtless they'll continue you out there in command," said the junior partner. "You'll be able to boast of being in charge of the handiest boat of her size on the coast of China, Captain," he added.

"Have you? Thank 'ee," mumbled vaguely MacWhirr, to whom the view of a distant eventuality could appeal no more than the beauty of a wide landscape to a purblind tourist; and his eyes happening at the moment to be at rest upon the lock of the cabin door, he walked up to it, full of purpose, and began to rattle the handle vigorously, while he observed, in his low, earnest voice, "You can't trust the workmen nowadays. A brand-new lock, and it won't act at all. Stuck fast. See? See?"

As soon as they found themselves alone in their office across the yard: "You praised that fellow up to Sigg. What is it you see in him?" asked the nephew, with faint contempt.

"I admit he has nothing of your fancy skipper about him, if that's what you mean," said the elder man curtly. "Is the foreman of the joiners on the *Nan-Shan* outside? . . . Come in, Bates. How is it that you let Tait's people put us off with a defective lock on the cabin door? The Captain could see directly he set eye on it. Have it replaced at once. The little straws, Bates . . . the little straws. . . ."

The lock was replaced accordingly, and a few days afterwards the *Nan-Shan* steamed out to the East, without MacWhirr having offered any further remark as to her fittings, or having been heard to utter a single word hinting at pride in his ship, gratitude for his appointment, or satisfaction at his prospects.

With a temperament neither loquacious nor taciturn, he found very little occasion to talk. There were matters of duty, of course — directions, orders, and so on; but the past being to his mind done with, and the future not there yet, the more general actualities of the day

required no comment—because facts can speak for themselves with overwhelming precision.

Old Mr. Sigg liked a man of few words, and one that "you could be sure would not try to improve upon his instructions." MacWhirr satisfying these requirements, was continued in command of the *Nan-Shan*, and applied himself to the careful navigation of his ship in the China seas. She had come out on a British register, but after some time Messrs. Sigg judged it expedient to transfer her to the Siamese flag.

At the news of the contemplated transfer Jukes grew restless, as if under a sense of personal affront. He went about grumbling to himself, and uttering short scornful laughs. "Fancy having a ridiculous Noah's Ark elephant in the ensign of one's ship," he said once at the engine-room door. "Dash me if I can stand it: I'll throw up the billet. Don't it make *you* sick, Mr. Rout?" The chief engineer only cleared his throat with the air of a man who knows the value of a good billet.

The first morning the new flag floated over the stern of the *Nan-Shan* Jukes stood looking at it bitterly from the bridge. He struggled with his feelings for a while, and then remarked, "Queer flag for a man to sail under, sir."

"What's the matter with the flag?" inquired Captain MacWhirr. "Seems all right to me." And he walked across to the end of the bridge to have a good look.

"Well, it looks queer to me," burst out Jukes, greatly exasperated, and flung off the bridge.

Captain MacWhirr was amazed at these manners. After a while he stepped quietly into the chart-room, and opened his International Signal Code-book at the plate where the flags of all the nations are correctly figured in gaudy rows. He ran his finger over them, and when he came to Siam he contemplated with great attention the red field and the white elephant. Nothing could be more simple; but to make sure he brought the book out on the bridge for the purpose of comparing the coloured drawing with the real thing at the flagstaff astern. When next Jukes, who was carrying on the duty that day with a sort of suppressed fierceness, happened on the bridge, his commander observed:

"There's nothing amiss with that flag."

"Isn't there?" mumbled Jukes, falling on his knees before a deck-locker and jerking therefrom viciously a spare lead-line.

"No. I looked up the book. Length twice the breadth and the elephant exactly in the middle. I thought the people ashore would know how to make the local flag. Stands to reason. You were wrong, Jukes. . . ."

"Well, sir," began Jukes, getting up excitedly, "all I can say——" He fumbled for the end of the coil of line with trembling hands.

"That's all right." Captain MacWhirr soothed him, sitting heavily on a little canvas folding-stool he greatly affected. "All you have to do is to take care they don't hoist the elephant upside-down before they get quite used to it."

Jukes flung the new lead-line over on the fore-deck with a loud "Here you are, bo'ss'en—don't forget to wet it thoroughly," and turned with immense resolution towards his commander; but Captain MacWhirr spread his elbows on the bridge-rail comfortably.

"Because it would be, I suppose, understood as a signal of distress," he went on. "What do you think? That elephant there, I take it, stands for something in the nature of the Union Jack in the flag. . . ."

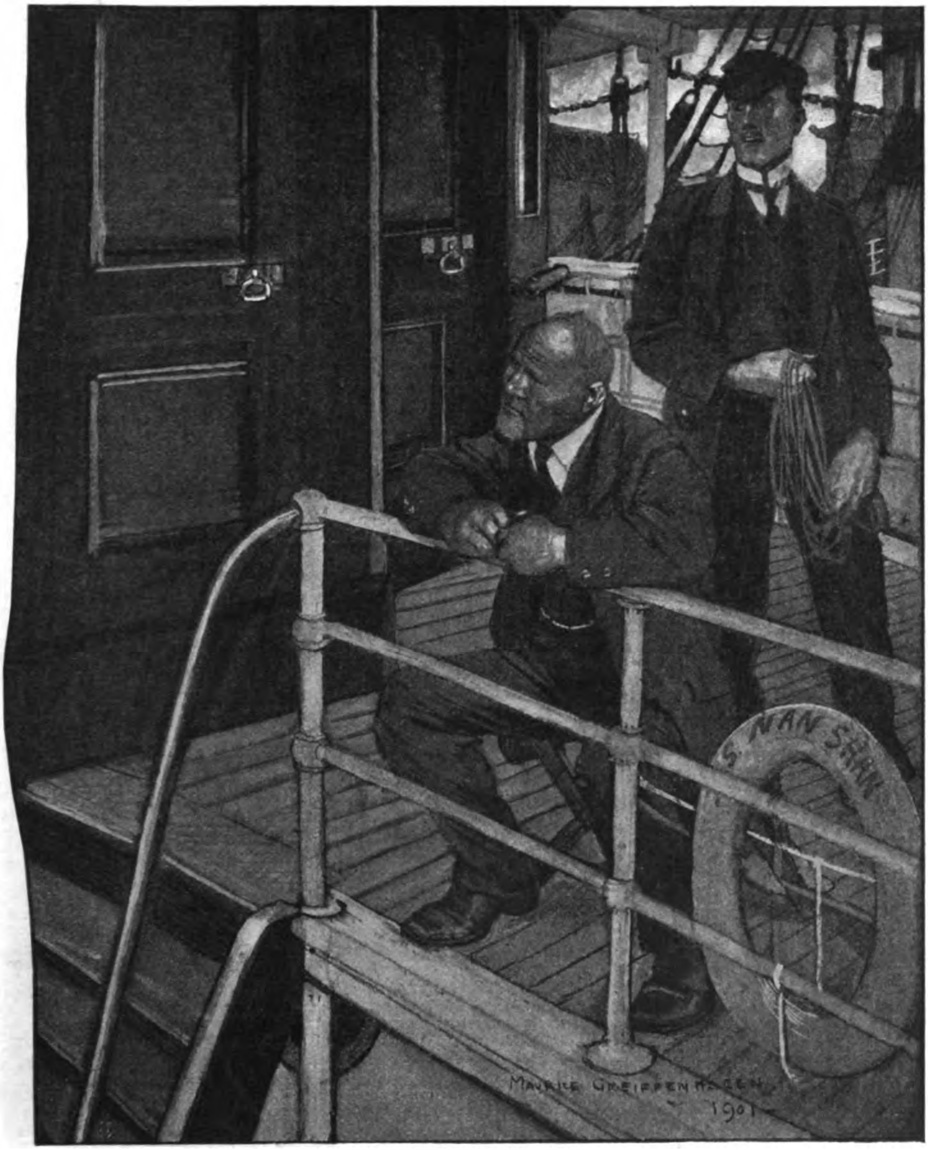
"Does it!" yelled Jukes, so that every head on the *Nan-Shan's* decks looked towards the bridge. Then he sighed, and with sudden resignation: "It would certainly be a dam' distressful sight," he said meekly.

Later in the day he accosted the chief engineer with a confidential "Here, let me tell you the old man's latest."

Mr. Solomon Rout (frequently alluded to as Long Sol, Old Sol, or Father Rout), from finding himself almost invariably the tallest man on board every ship he joined, had acquired the habit of a stooping, leisurely condescension. His hair was scant and sandy, his flat cheeks were pale, his bony wrists and long scholarly hands were pale too, as though he had lived all his life in the shade.

He smiled from on high at Jukes, and went on smoking and glancing about quietly, in the manner of a kind uncle lending an ear to the tale of an excited schoolboy. Then, greatly amused but impassive, he asked:

"And did you throw up the billet?"



"'All you have to do is to take care they don't hoist the elephant upside-down.'"

'No," cried Jukes, raising a weary, discouraged voice above the harsh buzz of the *Nan-Shan's* friction winches. All of them were hard at work, snatching slings of cargo, high up, to the end of long derricks, only, as it seemed, to let them rip down recklessly by the run. The cargo chains groaned in the gins, clinked on coamings, rattled over the side; and the whole ship quivered, with her long grey flanks smoking in wreaths of steam. "No," cried Jukes, "I didn't. What's the good? I might just as well fling my resignation at this bulkhead. I don't believe you can make a man like that understand anything. He simply knocks me over."

At that moment Captain MacWhirr, back from the shore, crossed the deck, umbrella in hand, escorted by a mournful, self-possessed Chinaman, walking behind in paper-soled silk shoes, and who also carried an umbrella.

The master of the *Nan-Shan*, speaking just audibly and gazing at his boots as his manner was, remarked that it would be necessary to call at Fu-chau this trip, and desired Mr. Rout to have steam up to-morrow afternoon at one o'clock sharp. He pushed back his hat to wipe his forehead, observing at the same time that he hated going ashore anyhow; while overtopping him Mr. Rout, without deigning a word, smoked austerely, nursing his right elbow in the palm of his left hand. Then Jukes was directed in the same subdued voice to keep the forward 'tween-deck clear of cargo. Two hundred coolies were going to be put down there. The Bun Hin Company were sending that lot home. Twenty-five bags of rice would be coming off in a sampan directly, for stores. All seven-years'-men they were, said Captain MacWhirr, with a camphor-wood chest to every man. The carpenter should be set to work nailing three-inch battens along the deck below, fore and aft, to keep these boxes from shifting in a sea-way. Jukes had better look to it at once. "D'ye hear, Jukes?" This Chinaman here was coming with the ship as far as Fu-chau,—a sort of interpreter he would be. Bun Hin's clerk he was, and wanted to have a look at the space. Jukes had better take him forward. "D'ye hear, Jukes?"

Jukes took care to punctuate these instructions in proper places with the obligatory "Yes, sir," ejaculated without enthusiasm. His brusque "Come along John: make look see" set the Chinaman in motion at his heels.

"Wanchee look see, all same look see can do," said Jukes, who having no talent for foreign languages mangled the very pidgin-English cruelly. He pointed at the open hatch. "Catchee number one piecie place to sleep in. Eh?"

He was gruff, as became his racial superiority, but not unfriendly. The Chinaman, gazing sad and speechless into the darkness of the hatchway, seemed to stand at the head of a yawning grave.

"No catchee rain down there—savee?" pointed out Jukes. "Suppose all 'ee same fine weather, one piecie coolie-man come topside," he pursued, warming up imaginatively. "Make so—Phooooo!" He expanded his chest and blew out his cheeks. "Savee, John? Breathe—fresh air. Good. Eh? Washee him piecie pants, chow-chow top-side—see, John?"

With his mouth and hands he made exuberant motions of eating rice and washing clothes; and the Chinaman, who concealed his distrust of this pantomime under a collected demeanour tinged by a gentle and refined melancholy, glanced out of his almond eyes from Jukes to the hatch and back again. "Velly good," he murmured, in a disconsolate undertone, and hastened smoothly along the decks, dodging obstacles in his course. He disappeared, ducking low under a sling of ten dirty gunny-bags full of some costly merchandise and exhaling a repulsive smell.

Captain MacWhirr meantime had gone on the bridge, and into the chart-room, where a letter, commenced two days before, awaited termination. These long letters began with the words, "My darling wife," and the steward, between the scrubbing of the floors and the dusting of chronometer-boxes, snatched at every opportunity to read them. They interested him much more than they possibly could the woman for whose eye they were intended; and this for the reason that they related in minute detail each successive trip of the *Nan-Shan*.

Her master, faithful to facts, which alone his consciousness reflected, would set them down with painstaking care upon many pages. The house in a northern suburb to which these pages were addressed had a bit of garden before the

bow-windows, a deep porch of good appearance, coloured glass with imitation lead frame in the front door. He paid five-and-forty pounds a year for it, and did not think the rent too high, because Mrs. MacWhirr (a pretentious person with a scraggy neck and a disdainful manner) was admittedly ladylike, and in the neighbourhood considered as "quite superior." The only secret of her life was her abject terror of the time when her husband would come home to stay for good. Under the same roof there dwelt also a daughter called Lydia and a son, Tom. These two were but slightly acquainted with their father. Mainly, they knew him as a rare but privileged visitor, who of an evening smoked his pipe in the dining-room and slept in the house. The lanky girl, upon the whole, was rather ashamed of him; the boy was frankly and utterly indifferent in a straightforward, delightful, unaffected way manly boys have.

And Captain MacWhirr wrote home from the coast of China twelve times every year, desiring queerly to be "remembered to the children," and subscribing himself "your loving husband," as calmly as if the words so long used by so many men were, apart from their shape, worn-out things, and of a faded meaning.

The China seas north and south are narrow seas. They are seas full of everyday, eloquent facts, such as islands, sandbanks, reefs, swift and changeable currents—tangled facts that nevertheless speak to a seaman in clear and definite language. Their speech appealed to Captain MacWhirr's sense of realities so forcibly that he had given up his state-room below and practically lived all his days on the bridge of his ship, often having his meals sent up, and sleeping at night in the chart-room. And he indited there his home letters. Each of them, without exception, contained the phrase, "The weather has been very fine this trip," or some other form of a statement to that effect. And this statement, too, in its wonderful persistence, was of the same perfect accuracy as all the others they contained.

Mr. Rout likewise wrote letters; only no one on board knew how chatty he could be pen in hand, because the chief engineer had enough imagination to keep his desk locked. His wife relished his style greatly. They were a childless couple, and Mrs. Rout, a big, high-bosomed, jolly woman of forty, shared with Mr. Rout's toothless and venerable mother a little cottage near Teddington. She would run over her correspondence, at breakfast, with lively eyes, and scream out interesting passages in a joyous voice at the deaf old lady, prefacing each extract by the warning shout, "Solomon says!" She had the trick of firing off Solomon's utterances also upon strangers, astonishing them easily by the unfamiliar text and the unexpectedly jocular vein of these quotations. On the day the new curate called for the first time at the cottage, she found occasion to remark, "As Solomon says: 'the engineers that go down to the sea in ships behold the wonders of sailor nature';" when a change in the visitor's countenance made her stop and stare.

"Solomon . . . Oh! . . . Mrs. Rout," stuttered the young man, startled, shocked, and red in the face, "I must say . . . I don't . . ."

"He's my husband," she announced in a great shout, throwing herself back in the chair. Perceiving the joke, she laughed immoderately with a handkerchief to her eyes, while he sat wearing a forced smile, and, from his inexperience of jolly women, fully persuaded that she must be deplorably insane. They were excellent friends afterwards; for, absolving her from irreverent intention, he came to think she was a very worthy person indeed; and he learned in time to receive without flinching other scraps of Solomon's wisdom.

"For my part," Solomon was reported by his wife to have said once, "give me the dullest ass for a skipper before a rogue. There is a way to take a fool; but a rogue is smart and slippery." This was an airy generalisation drawn from the particular case of Captain MacWhirr's honesty, which, in itself, had the heavy obviousness of a lump of clay. On the other hand, Mr. Jukes, unable to generalise, unmarried, and unengaged, was in the habit of opening his heart after another fashion to an old chum and former shipmate, actually serving as second officer on board an Atlantic liner.

First of all he would insist upon the advantages of the Eastern trade, hinting at its superiority to the Western ocean service. He extolled the sky, the seas, the ships, and the easy life of the Far

East. The *Nan-Shan*, he affirmed, was second to none as a sea-boat.

"We have no brass-bound uniforms, but then we are like brothers here," he wrote. "We all mess together and live like fighting-cocks. . . . All the chaps of the black-squad are as decent as they make that kind, and old Sol, the Chief, is a dry stick. We are good friends. As to our old man, you could not find a quieter skipper. Sometimes you would think he hadn't sense enough to see anything wrong. And yet it isn't that. Can't be. He has been in command for a good few years now. He doesn't do anything actually foolish, and gets his ship along all right without worrying anybody. I believe he hasn't brains enough to enjoy kicking up a row. I don't take advantage of him. I would scorn it. Outside the routine of duty he doesn't seem to understand more than half of what you tell him. We get a laugh out of this at times; but it is dull, too, to be with a man like this—in the long-run. Old Sol says he hasn't much conversation. Conversation! O Lord! He never talks. The other day I had been yarning under the bridge with one of the engineers, and he must have heard us. When I came up to take my watch, he steps out of the chart-room and has a good look all round, peeps over at the sidelights, glances at the compass, squints upwards at the stars. That's his regular performance. By-and-by he says: 'Was that you talking just now in the port alleyway?' 'Yes, sir.' 'With the third engineer?' 'Yes, sir.' He walks off to starboard, and sits under the dodger on a little campstool of his, and for half an hour perhaps he makes no sound, except that I heard him sneeze once. Then after a while I hear him getting up over there, and he strolls across to port, where I was. 'I can't understand what you can find to talk about,' says he. 'Two solid hours. I am not blaming you. I see people ashore at it all day long, and then in the evening they sit down and keep at it over the drinks. Must be saying the same things over and over again. I can't understand.'

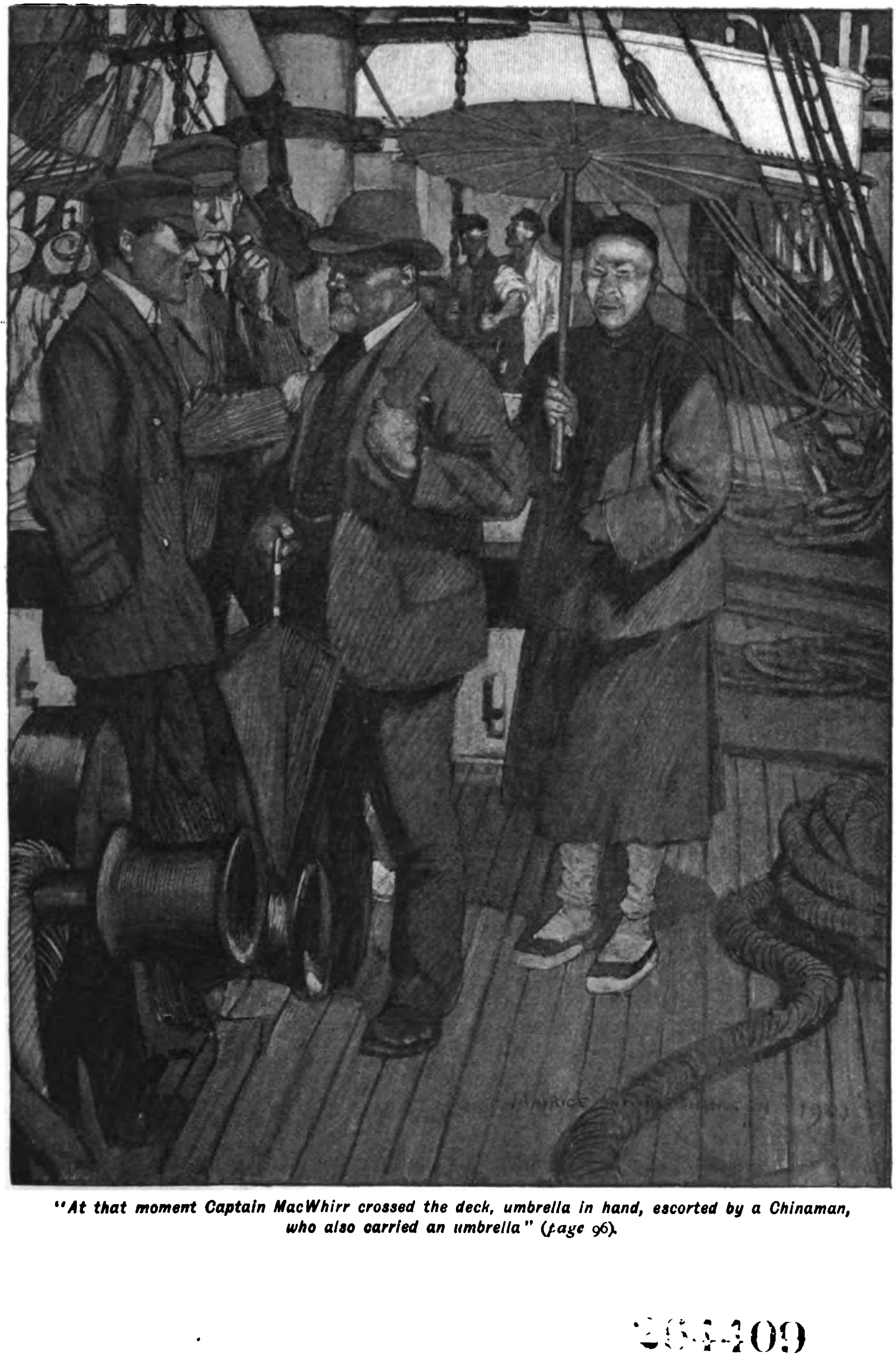
"Did you ever hear anything like that? And he was so patient about it. It made me quite sorry for him. But he is exasperating too sometimes. Of course one would not do anything to vex him even if it were worth while. But it isn't. He's so jolly dense that if you were to put your thumb to your nose and wave your fingers at him he would only wonder gravely to himself what got into you. He told me once quite simply that he found it very difficult to make out what made people always act so queerly. He's too dense to trouble about, and that's the truth."

Thus wrote Mr. Jukes to his chum in the Western ocean trade, out of the fulness of his heart and the liveliness of his fancy.

He had expressed his honest opinion. It was not worth while trying to impress a man like that. If the world had been full of such men, life would have probably appeared to Jukes an unentertaining and unprofitable business. He was not alone in his opinion. The sea itself, as if sharing Mr. Jukes' good-natured forbearance, had never put itself out to startle the silent man, who seldom looked up, and wandered innocently over the waters with the only visible purpose of getting food, raiment, and house-room for three people ashore. Dirty weather he had known, of course. He had been made wet, uncomfortable, tired in the usual way, felt at the time and presently forgotten. So that upon the whole he had been justified in reporting fine weather at home. But he had never been given a glimpse of immeasurable strength and of immoderate wrath, the wrath that passes exhausted but never appeased—the wrath and fury of the passionate sea. He knew it existed, as we know that crime and abominations exist; he had heard of it as a peaceable citizen in a town hears of battles, famines, and floods, and yet knows nothing of what these things mean,—though, indeed, he may have been mixed up in a street row, have gone without his dinner once, or been soaked to the skin in a shower. Captain MacWhirr sailed over the surface of the oceans as some men go skimming over the years of existence and sink at last into a placid grave, ignorant of life to the last, without ever having been made to see all it contains of perfidy, violence, and terror. There are on sea and land such men thus fortunate—or thus disdained by destiny or by the sea.

CHAPTER II.

OBSERVING the steady fall of the barometer, Captain MacWhirr thought, "There's some dirty weather knocking



"At that moment Captain MacWhirr crossed the deck, umbrella in hand, escorted by a Chinaman, who also carried an umbrella" (*page* 96).

about." This is precisely what he thought. He had had an experience of moderately dirty weather—the term dirty as applied to the weather implying only moderate discomfort to the seaman. Had he been informed by an indisputable authority that the end of the world was to be finally accomplished by a catastrophic disturbance of the atmosphere, he would have assimilated the information under the simple idea of dirty weather, and no other, because he had no experience of cataclysms, and belief does not necessarily imply comprehension. The wisdom of his country had pronounced by means of an Act of Parliament that before he could be considered as fit to take charge of a ship he should be able to answer certain simple questions on the subject of circular storms such as hurricanes, cyclones, typhoons; and apparently he had answered them, since he was now in command of the *Nan-Shan* in the China seas during the season of typhoons. But if he had answered he remembered nothing of it. He was, however, conscious of being made uncomfortable by the clammy heat. He came out on the bridge, and found no relief to this oppression. The air seemed thick. He gasped like a fish, and began to believe himself greatly out of sorts.

The *Nan-Shan* was ploughing a vanishing furrow upon the circle of the sea that had the surface and the shimmer of an undulating piece of grey silk. The sun, pale and without rays, poured down leaden heat in a strangely indecisive light, and the Chinamen were lying prostrate about the decks. Their bloodless, pinched, yellow faces were like the faces of bilious invalids. Captain MacWhirr noticed two of them especially, stretched out on their backs below the bridge. As soon as they had closed their eyes they seemed dead. Three others, however, were quarrelling barbarously away forward; and one big fellow, half naked, with herculean shoulders, was hanging limply over a winch; another, sitting on the deck, his knees up and his head drooping sideways in a girlish attitude, was plaiting his pigtail with infinite languor depicted in his whole person and in the very movement of his fingers. The smoke struggled with difficulty out of the funnel, and instead of streaming away spread out like an infernal sort of cloud, smelling of sulphur and raining soot all over the decks.

"What the devil are you doing there, Mr. Jukes?" asked Captain MacWhirr.

This unusual form of address, though mumbled rather than spoken, caused the body of Mr. Jukes to start as though it had been prodded under the fifth rib. He had had a low bench brought on the bridge, and sitting on it, with a length of rope curled about his feet and a piece of canvas stretched over his knees, was pushing a sail-needle vigorously. He looked up, and his surprise gave to his eyes an expression of innocence and candour.

"I am only roping some of that new set of bags we made last trip for whipping up coals," he remonstrated gently. "We shall want them for the next coaling, sir."

"What became of the others?"

"Why, worn out of course, sir."

Captain MacWhirr, after glaring down irresolutely at his chief mate, disclosed the gloomy and cynical conviction that more than half of them had been lost overboard, "if only the truth was known," and retired to the other end of the bridge. Jukes, exasperated by this unprovoked attack, broke the needle at the second stitch, and dropping his work got up and cursed the heat in a violent undertone.

The propeller thumped, the three Chinamen forward had given up squabbling very suddenly, and the one who had been plaiting his tail clasped his legs and stared dejectedly over his knees. The lurid sunshine cast faint and sickly shadows. The swell ran higher and swifter every moment, and the ship lurched heavily in the smooth, deep hollows of the sea.

"I wonder where that beastly swell comes from," said Jukes aloud, recovering himself after a stagger.

"North-east," grunted the literal MacWhirr, from his side of the bridge. "There's some dirty weather knocking about. Go and look at the glass."

When Jukes came out of the chart-room, the cast of his countenance had changed to thoughtfulness and concern. He caught hold of the bridge-rail and stared ahead.

The temperature in the engine-room had gone up to a hundred and seventeen degrees. Irritated voices were ascending through the skylight and through the fiddle of the stokehold in a harsh and

resonant uproar, mingled with angry clangs and scrapes of metal, as if men with limbs of iron and throats of bronze had been quarrelling down there. The second engineer was falling foul of the stokers for letting the steam go down. He was a man with arms like a blacksmith, and generally feared; but that afternoon the stokers were answering him back recklessly, and slammed the furnace doors with the fury of despair. Then the noise ceased suddenly, and the second engineer appeared, emerging out of the stokehold streaked with grime and soaking wet like a chimney-sweep coming out of a well. As soon as his head was clear of the fiddle he began to scold Jukes for not trimming properly the stokehold ventilators; and in answer Jukes made with his hands deprecatory soothing signs meaning: No wind—can't be helped—you can see for yourself. But the other wouldn't hear reason. His teeth flashed angrily in his dirty face. He didn't mind, he said, the trouble of punching their blanked heads down there, blank his soul, but did the condemned sailors think you could keep steam up in the God-forsaken boilers simply by knocking the blanked stokers about? No, by George! You had to get some draught too—may he be everlastingly blanked for a swab-headed deck-hand if you didn't! And the chief, too, rampaging before the steam-gauge and carrying on like a lunatic up and down the engine-room ever since noon. What did Jukes think he was stuck up there for, if he couldn't get one of his decayed, good-for-nothing deck-cripples to turn the ventilators to the wind?

The relations of the "engine-room" and the "deck" of the *Nan-Shan* were, as is known, of a brotherly nature; therefore Jukes leaned over and begged the other in a restrained tone not to make a disgusting ass of himself; the skipper was on the other side of the bridge. But the second declared mutinously that he didn't care a rap who was on the other side of the bridge, and Jukes, passing in a flash from lofty disapproval into a state of exaltation, invited him in unflattering terms to come up and twist the beastly things to please himself, and catch such wind as a donkey of his sort could find. The second rushed up to the fray. He flung himself at the port ventilator as though he meant to tear it out bodily and toss it overboard. All he did was to move the cowl round a few inches, with an enormous expenditure of force, and seemed spent in the effort. He leaned against the back of the wheel-house, and Jukes walked up to him.

"Oh, Heavens!" ejaculated the engineer in a feeble voice. He lifted his eyes to the sky, and then let his glassy stare descend to meet the horizon that, tilting up to an angle of forty degrees, seemed to hang on a slant for a while and settled down slowly. "Heavens! Phew! What's up, anyhow?"

Jukes, straddling his long legs like a pair of compasses, put on an air of superiority. "We're going to catch it this time," he said. "The barometer is tumbling down like anything, Harry. And you trying to kick up that silly row . . ."

It seemed as though the word "barometer" had revived the second engineer's mad animosity. Collecting afresh all his energies, he directed Jukes in a low and brutal tone to shove the unmentionable instrument down his gory throat. Who cared for his crimson barometer? It was the steam—the steam—that was going down; and what between the firemen going faint and the chief going silly, it was worse than a dog's life for him; he didn't care a tinker's curse how soon the whole show was blown out of the water. He seemed on the point of having a cry, but after regaining his breath he muttered darkly, "I'll faint them," and dashed off. He stopped upon the fiddle long enough to shake his fist at the unnatural daylight, and dropped into the dark hole with a whoop.

When Jukes turned, his eyes fell upon the rounded back and the big red ears of Captain MacWhirr, who had come across. He did not look at his chief officer, but said at once, "That's a very violent man, that second engineer."

"Jolly good second, anyhow," grunted Jukes. "They can't keep up steam," he added rapidly, and made a grab at the rail against the coming lurch.

Captain MacWhirr, unprepared, took a run and brought himself up with a jerk by an awning stanchion.

"A profane man," he said obstinately. "If this goes on, I'll have to get rid of him the first chance."

"It's the heat," said Jukes. "The weather's awful. It would make a saint swear. Even up here I feel exactly as

if I had my head tied up in a woollen blanket."

Captain MacWhirr looked up. "D'ye mean to say, Mr. Jukes, you ever had your head tied up in a blanket? What was that for?"

"It's a manner of speaking, sir," said Jukes stolidly.

"Some of you fellows do go on! What's that about saints swearing? I wish you wouldn't talk so wild. What sort of saint would that be that would swear? No more saint than yourself, I expect. And what a blanket's got to do with it—or the weather either . . . The heat does not make me swear—does it? It's filthy bad temper. That's what it is. And what's the good of you talking like this?"

Thus Captain MacWhirr expostulated against the use of images in speech, and at the end electrified Jukes by a contemptuous snort, followed by words of passion and resentment: "Damme! I'll fire him out of the ship if he don't look out."

And Jukes, incorrigible, thought: "Goodness me! Somebody's put a new inside to my old man. Here's temper, if you like. Of course it's the weather; what else? It would make an angel quarrelsome—let alone a saint."

All the Chinamen on deck appeared at their last gasp.

At its setting the sun had a diminished diameter and an expiring brown, rayless glow, as if millions of centuries elapsing since the morning had brought it near its end. A dense bank of cloud became visible to the northward; it had a sinister dark olive tint, and lay low and motionless upon the sea, resembling a solid obstacle in the path of the ship. She went floundering towards it like an exhausted creature driven to its death. The coppery twilight retired slowly, and the darkness brought out overhead a swarm of unsteady, big stars, that, as if blown upon, flickered exceedingly and seemed to hang very near the earth. At eight o'clock Jukes went into the chart-room to write up the ship's log.

He copied neatly out of the rough-book the number of miles, the course of the ship, and in the column for "wind" scrawled the word "calm" from top to bottom of the eight hours since noon. He was exasperated by the continuous, monotonous rolling of the ship. The heavy inkstand would slide away in a manner that suggested perverse intelligence in dodging the pen. Having written in the large space under the head of "Remarks" "Heat very oppressive," he stuck the end of the penholder in his teeth, pipe-fashion, and mopped his face carefully.

"Ship rolling heavily in a high cross-swell," he began again, and commented to himself, "Heavily is no word for it." Then he wrote: "Sunset threatening, with a low bank of clouds to N. and E. Sky clear overhead."

Sprawling over the table with arrested pen, he glanced out of the door, and in that frame of his vision he saw all the stars flying upwards between the teak-wood jambs on a black sky. The whole lot took flight together and disappeared, leaving only a blackness flecked with white flashes, for the sea was as black as the sky and speckled with foam afar. The stars that had flown to the roll came back on the return swing of the ship, rushing downwards in a swarming glitter, not of fiery points, but enlarged to tiny discs brilliant with a clear wet sheen.

He watched the flying big stars for a moment and then wrote: "8 p.m. Swell increasing. Ship labouring and taking water on her decks. Battened down the coolies for the night. Barometer still falling." He paused, and thought to himself, "Perhaps nothing whatever'll come of it." And then he closed resolutely his entries: "Every appearance of a typhoon coming on."

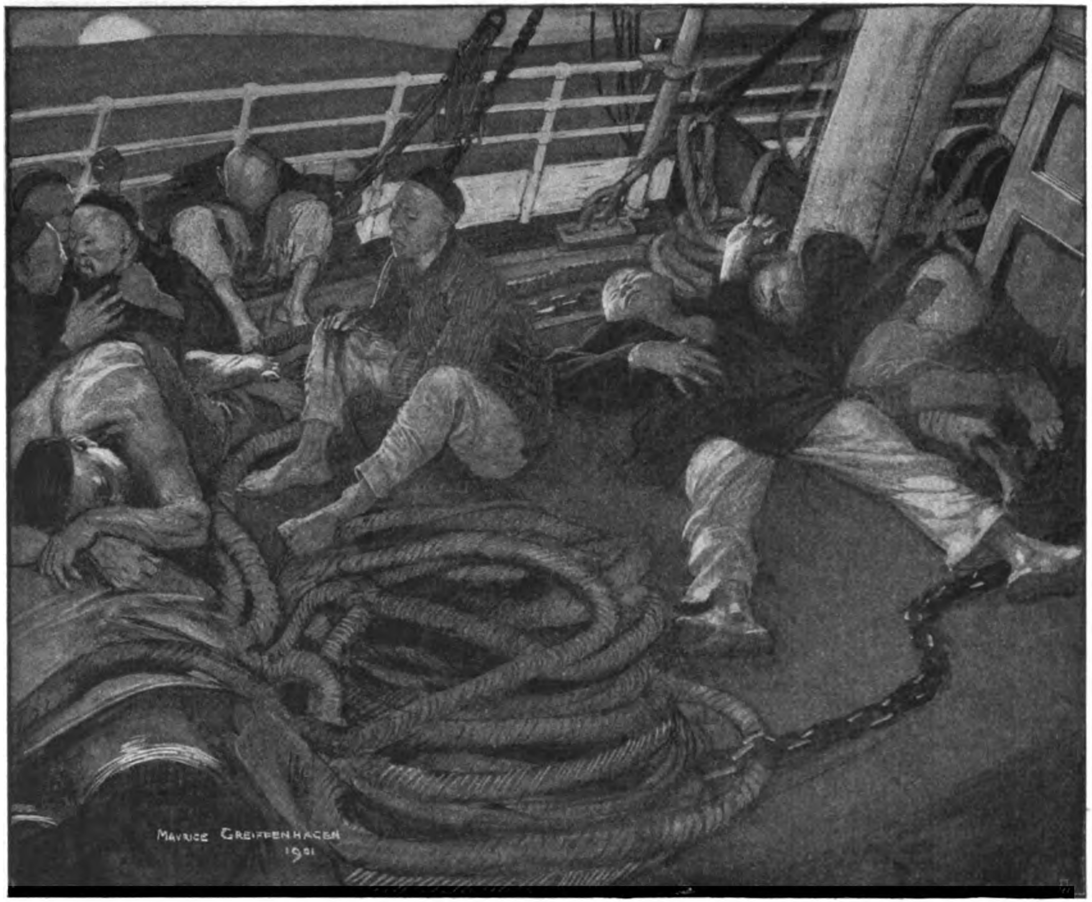
On going out he had to stand aside, and Captain MacWhirr strode over the doorstep without saying a word or making a sign.

"Shut the door, Mr. Jukes, will you?" he cried from within.

Jukes turned back to do so, muttering ironically: "Afraid to catch cold, I suppose." It was his watch below, but he yearned for communion with his kind; and he remarked cheerily to the second mate: "Doesn't look so bad, after all—does it?"

The second mate was marching to and fro on the bridge, tripping down with small steps one moment, and the next climbing with difficulty the shifting slope of the deck. At the sound of Jukes' voice he stood still, facing forward, but made no answer.

"Hallo! That's a heavy one," said



"The sun, pale and without rays, poured down a leaden heat, and the Chinamen were lying prostrate about the decks" (page 100)

Jukes, swaying to meet the long roll till his lowered hand touched the planks. This time the second mate made in his throat a noise of an unfriendly nature.

He was an oldish, shabby little fellow, with bad teeth and no hair on his face. He had been shipped in a hurry in Shanghai, that trip when the second officer brought from home had delayed the ship three hours in port by contriving (in some manner Captain MacWhirr could never understand) to fall overboard into an empty coal-lighter lying alongside, and had to be sent ashore to the hospital with concussion of the brain and a broken limb or two.

Jukes was not discouraged by the unsympathetic sound. "The Chinamen must be having a lovely time of it down there," he said. "It's lucky for them the old girl has the easiest roll of any ship I've ever been in. There now! This one wasn't so bad."

"You wait," snarled the second mate.

With his sharp nose, red at the tip, and his thin pinched lips, he always looked as though he were raging inwardly; and he was concise in his speech to the point of rudeness. All his time off duty he spent in his cabin with the door shut, keeping so still in there that he was supposed to fall asleep as soon as he had disappeared; but the man who came in to wake him for his watch on deck would invariably find him with his eyes wide open, flat on his back in the bunk, and glaring irritably from a soiled pillow. He never wrote any letters, did not seem to hope for news from anywhere; and though he had been heard once to mention West Hartlepool, it was with extreme bitterness and only in connection with the extortionate charges of a boarding-house. He was one of those men who are picked up at need in the ports of the world. They are competent enough, appear hopelessly hard up, show no evidence of any sort of vice, and carry about them all the signs of manifest failure. They come aboard on an emergency, care for no ship afloat, live in their own atmosphere of casual connection amongst their shipmates who know nothing of them, and make up their minds to leave at inconvenient times. They clear out with no words of leave-taking in some God-forsaken port other men would fear to be stranded in, and go ashore in company of a shabby sea-chest, corded like a treasure-box, and with an air of shaking the ship's dust off their feet.

"You wait," he repeated, balanced in great swings with his back to Jukes, motionless and implacable.

"Do you mean to say we are going to catch it hot?" asked Jukes with boyish interest.

"Say? . . . I say nothing. You don't catch me," snapped the little second mate, with a mixture of pride, scorn, and cunning, as if Jukes' question had been a trap cleverly detected. "Oh no! None of you here shall make a fool of me if I know it," he mumbled to himself.

Jukes reflected rapidly that this second mate was a mean little beast, and in his heart he wished poor Jack Allen had never smashed himself up in the coal-lighter. The far-off blackness ahead of the ship was like another night seen through the starry night of the earth—the starless night of the immensities beyond the created universe, revealed in its appalling stillness through a low fissure in the glittering sphere of which the earth is the kernel.

"Whatever there might be about," said Jukes, "we are steaming straight into it."

"*You've* said it," caught up the second mate, always with his back to Jukes. "You've said it, mind—not I."

"Oh, go to Jericho!" said Jukes frankly; and the other emitted a triumphant little chuckle.

"You've said it," he repeated.

"And what of that?"

"I've known some real good men get into trouble with their skippers for saying a dam' sight less," answered the second mate feverishly. "Oh no! You don't catch me."

"You seem deucedly anxious not to give yourself away," said Jukes, completely soured by such absurdity. "I wouldn't be afraid to say what I think."

"Aye, to me! That's no great trick. I am nobody, and well I know it."

The ship, after a pause of comparative steadiness, started upon a series of rolls one worse than the other, and for a time Jukes, preserving his equilibrium, was too busy to open his mouth. As soon as the violent swinging had quieted down somewhat, he said: "This is a bit too much of a good thing. Whether anything is coming or not I think she ought to be put head on to that swell. The old man

is just gone in to lie down. Hang me if I don't speak to him."

But when he opened the door of the chart-room he saw his captain reading a book. Captain MacWhirr was not lying down: he was standing up with one hand grasping the edge of the bookshelf and the other holding open before his face a thick volume. The lamp wriggled in the gimbals, the loosened books toppled from side to side on the shelf, the long barometer swung in jerky circles, the table altered its slant every moment. In the midst of all this stir and movement Captain MacWhirr, holding on, showed his eyes above the upper edge, and asked, "What's the matter?"

"Swell getting worse, sir."

"Noticed that in here," muttered Captain MacWhirr. "Anything wrong?"

Jukes, inwardly disconcerted by the seriousness of the eyes looking at him over the top of the book, produced an embarrassed grin.

"Rolling like old boots," he said sheepishly.

"Aye! Very heavy — very heavy. What do you want?"

At this Jukes lost his footing and began to flounder.

"I was thinking of our passengers," he said, in the manner of a man clutching at a straw.

"Passengers?" wondered the Captain gravely. "What passengers?"

"Why, the Chinamen, sir," explained Jukes, very sick of this conversation.

"The Chinamen! Why don't you speak plainly? Couldn't tell what you meant. Never heard a lot of coolies spoken of as passengers before. Passengers, indeed! What's come to you?"

Captain MacWhirr, closing the book on his forefinger, lowered his arm and looked completely mystified. "Why are you thinking of the Chinamen, Mr. Jukes?" he inquired.

Jukes took a plunge, like a man driven to it. "She's rolling her decks full of water, sir. Thought you might put her head on perhaps—for a while. Till this goes down a bit—very soon, I dare say. Head to the eastward. I never knew a ship roll like this."

He held on in the doorway, and Captain MacWhirr, feeling his grip on the shelf inadequate, made up his mind to let go in a hurry, and fell heavily on the couch.

"Head to the eastward?" he said, struggling to sit up. "That's more than four points off her course."

"Yes, sir. Fifty degrees . . . Would just bring her head far enough round to meet this . . . ."

Captain MacWhirr was now sitting up. He had not dropped the book, and he had not lost his place.

"To the eastward?" he repeated, with dawning astonishment. "To the . . . . Where do you think we are bound to? You want me to haul a full-powered steamship four points off her course to make the Chinamen comfortable! Now, I've heard more than enough of mad things done in the world—but this . . . If I didn't know you, Jukes, I would think you were in liquor. Steer four points off . . . And what afterwards? Steer four points over the other way, I suppose, to make the course good. What put it into your head that I would start to tack a steamer as if she were a sailing-ship?"

"Jolly good thing she isn't," threw in Jukes, with bitter readiness. "She would have rolled every blessed stick out of her this afternoon."

"Aye! And you just would have had to stand and see them go," said Captain MacWhirr, showing a certain animation. "It's a dead calm, isn't it?"

"It is, sir. But there's something out of the common coming, for sure."

"Maybe. I suppose you have a notion I should be getting out of the way of that dirt," said Captain MacWhirr, speaking with the utmost simplicity of manner and tone, and fixing the oilcloth on the floor with a heavy stare. Thus he noticed neither Jukes' discomfiture nor the mixture of vexation and astonished respect on his face.

"Now, here's this book," he continued with deliberation, slapping his thigh with the closed volume. "I've been reading the chapter on the storms there."

This was true. He had been reading the chapter on the storms. When he had entered the chart-room, it was with no intention of taking the book down. Some influence in the air—the same influence, probably, that caused the steward to bring without orders the Captain's sea-boots and oilskin coat up to the chart-room—had as it were guided his hand to the shelf; and without taking the time to sit down he had waded with a conscious effort into the terminology of the subject.

He lost himself amongst advancing semicircles, left- and right-hand quadrants, the curves of the tracks, the probable bearing of the centre, the shifts of wind and the readings of barometer. He tried to bring all these things into a definite relation to himself, and ended by becoming contemptuously angry with such a lot of words and with so much advice, all shore head-work and supposition, without a glimmer of certitude.

"It's the damnedest thing, Jukes," he said. "If a fellow was to believe all that's in there, he would be running most of his time all over the sea trying to get behind the weather."

Again he slapped his leg with the book; and Jukes opened his mouth, but said nothing.

"Running to get behind the weather! Do you understand that, Mr. Jukes? It's the maddest thing!" ejaculated Captain MacWhirr, with pauses, gazing at the floor profoundly. "You would think an old woman had been writing this. It passes me. If that thing means anything useful, then it means that I should at once alter the course away, away to the devil somewhere, and come booming down on Fu-chau from the northward at the tail of this dirty weather that's supposed to be knocking about in our way. From the north! Do you understand, Mr. Jukes? Three hundred extra miles to the distance, and a pretty coal bill to show. I couldn't bring myself to do that if every word in there was gospel truth, Mr. Jukes. Don't you expect me. . . ."

And Jukes, silent, marvelled at this display of feeling and loquacity.

"But the truth is that you don't know if the fellow is right anyhow. How can you tell what a gale is made of till you get it? He isn't aboard here, is he? Very well. Here he says that the centre of them things bears eight points off the wind; but we haven't got any wind, for all the barometer falling. Where's his centre now?"

"We will get the wind presently," mumbled Jukes.

"Let it come, then," said Captain MacWhirr, with dignified indignation. "It's only to let you see, Mr. Jukes, that you don't find everything in books. All these rules for dodging breezes and circumventing the winds of heaven, Mr. Jukes, seem to me the maddest thing, when you come to look at it sensibly."

He looked up, saw Jukes gazing at him dubiously, and tried to illustrate his meaning.

"About as queer as your extraordinary notion of dodging the ship head to sea, for I don't know how long, to make the Chinamen comfortable; while all we've got to do is to take them to Fu-chau, being timed to get there before noon on Friday. If the weather delays me—very well. There's your log-book to talk straight about the weather. But suppose I went swinging off my course and came in two days late, and they asked me: 'Where have you been all that time, Captain?' What could I say to that? 'Went around to dodge the bad weather,' I would say. 'It must 've been dam' bad,' they would say. 'Don't know,' I would have to say; 'I've dodged clear of it.' See that, Jukes? I have been thinking it all out this afternoon."

He looked up again in his unseeing, unimaginative way. No one had ever heard him say so much at one time. Jukes, with his arms open in the doorway, was like a man invited to confront a miracle. Unbounded wonder was the intellectual meaning of his eye, while incredulity was seated in his whole countenance.

"A gale is a gale, Mr. Jukes," resumed the captain, "and a full-powered steamship has got to face it. There's just so much dirty weather knocking about the world, and the proper thing is to go through it with none of what old Captain Wilson of the *Melita* calls 'storm strategy.' The other day ashore I heard him hold forth about it to a lot of shipmasters who came in and sat at a table next to mine. It seemed to me the greatest nonsense. He was telling them how he—out-manœuvred, I think he said, a terrific gale, so that it never came nearer than fifty miles to him. A neat piece of head-work he called it. How he knew there was a terrific gale fifty miles off beats me altogether. It was like listening to a crazy man. I would have thought Captain Wilson was old enough to know better."

Captain MacWhirr ceased for a moment, then said, "It's your watch below, Mr. Jukes?"

Jukes came to himself with a start. "Yes, sir."

"Leave orders to call me at the slightest change," said the Captain. He

reached up to put the book away, and tucked his legs upon the couch. "Shut the door so that it don't fly open, will you? I can't stand a door banging. They've put a lot of rubbishy locks into this ship, I must say."

Captain MacWhirr closed his eyes.

He did so to rest himself. He was tired, and he experienced that state of mental vacuity which comes at the end of an exhaustive discussion that had liberated some belief matured in the course of meditative years. He had indeed been making his confession of faith, had he only known it; and its effect was to make Jukes, on the other side of the door, stand scratching his head for a good while.

Captain MacWhirr opened his eyes.

He thought he must have been asleep. What was that loud noise? Wind? Why had he not been called? The lamp wriggled in its gimbals, the barometer swung in circles, the table altered its slant every moment; a pair of limp sea-boots with collapsed long tops went sliding past the couch. He put out his hand instantly, and captured one.

Jukes' face appeared in a crack of the door: only his face, very red, with staring eyes. The flame of the lamp leaped, a piece of paper flew up, a rush of air enveloped Captain MacWhirr. Beginning to draw on the boot, he directed an expectant gaze at Jukes' swollen, excited features.

"Came on like this," shouted Jukes, "five minutes ago . . . all of a sudden."

The head disappeared with a bang, and a heavy splash and patter of drops swept past the closed door as if a pailful of melted lead had been flung against the house. A whistling could be heard now upon the deep vibrating noise outside. The stuffy chart-room seemed as full of draughts as a shed. Captain MacWhirr collared the other sea-boot on its violent passage along the floor. He was not flustered, but he could not find at once the opening for inserting his foot. The shoes he had flung off were scurrying from end to end of the cabin, gambolling playfully over each other like puppies. As soon as he stood up he kicked at them viciously, but without effect.

He threw himself into the attitude of a lounging fencer, to reach after his oil-skin coat; and afterwards he staggered all over the confined space while he jerked himself into it. Very grave, straddling his legs far apart, and stretching his neck, he started to tie deliberately the strings of his sou'-wester under his chin, with thick fingers that trembled slightly. He went through all the movements of a woman putting on her bonnet before a glass, with a strained, listening attention, as though he had expected every moment to hear the sound of his name, shouted in the confused clamour that had suddenly beset his ship. Its increase filled his ears while he was getting ready to go out and confront whatever it might mean. It was tumultuous and very loud—made up of the rush of the wind, the crashes of the sea, with that prolonged deep vibration of the air, like the roll of an immense and remote drum beating the charge of the gale.

He stood for a moment in the light of the lamp, thick, clumsy, shapeless in his panoply of combat, vigilant and red-faced.

"There's a lot of weight in this," he muttered.

As soon as he attempted to open the door the wind caught it. Clinging to the handle, he was dragged out over the door-step, and at once found himself engaged with the wind in a sort of personal scuffle whose object was the shutting of that door. At the last moment a tongue of air scurried in and licked out the flame of the lamp.

Ahead of the ship he perceived a great darkness lying upon a multitude of white flashes; on the starboard beam a few amazing stars drooped, dim and fitful, above an immense waste of broken seas, as if seen through a mad drift of smoke.

On the bridge a knot of men, indistinct and toiling, were making great efforts in the light of the wheelhouse windows that shone mistily on their heads and backs. Suddenly darkness closed upon one pane, then on another. The voices of the lost group reached him after the manner of men's voices in a gale, in shreds and fragments of forlorn shouting snatched past the ear. All at once Jukes appeared at his side, yelling, with his head down.

"Watch—put in—wheelhouse shutters—glass—afraid—blow in."

Jukes heard his commander upbraiding.

"This — come — anything—warning—call me."

He tried to explain, with the uproar pressing on his lips.

"Light air—remained—bridge—sudden

—north-east—could turn—thought—you —sure—hear."

They had gained the shelter of the weather-cloth, and could converse with raised voices, as people quarrel.

"I got the hands along to cover up all the ventilators. Good job I had remained on deck. I didn't think you would be asleep, and so . . . What did you say, sir? What?"

"Nothing," cried Captain MacWhirr. "I said—all right."

"By all the powers! We've got it this time," observed Jukes in a howl.

"You haven't altered her course?" inquired Captain MacWhirr, straining his voice.

"No, sir. Certainly not. Wind came out right ahead. And here comes the head sea."

A plunge of the ship ended in a shock as if she had landed her forefoot upon something solid. After a moment of stillness a lofty flight of sprays drove hard with the wind upon their faces.

"Keep her at it as long as we can," shouted Captain MacWhirr.

Before Jukes had squeezed the salt water out of his eyes all the stars had disappeared.

(To be continued.)

SONNET: TWILIGHT.

HILL, tower, and tree have now a golden crest;
Bright rose-tipt clouds of even softly stray
Across the darkening sky, then fade away,
As dies the sunlight in the crimson west.
Now shines the evening star! All earth is drest
In quietness as in a garb of grey.
Sweet hour of twilight, thou of all the day
Art surely dedicate to Love and Rest!
Youth's golden years pass on beyond recall;
By Time's wide wing Hope's blue is overcast,
And restless wills from wayward struggling cease.
Then come the twilight years, the best of all!
Rose-tipt with radiance from the glowing Past,
And sacred unto Memory and Peace.

H. A. G.



REAL CONVERSATIONS.

RECORDED BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

CONVERSATION VIII.—WITH MR. SPENSER WILKINSON.

SCENE: *Mr. Wilkinson's Study at Chelsea.*
TIME: *A winter's afternoon, between 2 and 3. Lamps lighted everywhere.*

Mr. Wilkinson. You have found your way, then, through the fog?

W. A. Yes. Fortunately, I have a pretty fair sense of locality, and having once got the bearings of a place in my head,

I do not ask to see
The distant scene: one step enough for me.

Mr. Wilkinson. You ought to be a politician—nay, a Minister. Newman's lines have apparently been the watch-word of British statesmanship for several generations.

W. A. That brings me straight to what I want to ask you. I know your ideal statesman: the man who has learned all the lessons history has to teach; the man who views the whole world as a gigantic chess-board, calculates his game many moves ahead, sees clearly all the possible moves of his adversaries, and knows how he will counter them—in short, the new and improved Bismarck for whom you sigh. Well, I want to know whether, in these days of fog and faction, you see him looming anywhere on the horizon?

Mr. Wilkinson. I see from the tone of your question that you are infected with the good old British prejudice in favour of the amateur—at any rate in statesmanship. Oh, don't protest! I know that attitude of mind very well, and I know what is to be said for it. On the whole, we have done far from badly in the past by our pet method of muddling through. I am not myself exempt from the national instinct which tells us that because a thing seems reasonable it is probably wrong. At the same time, I cannot help thinking that both induction and deduction, both history and common sense, point to the simple conclusion that a statesman, like a shoemaker, is all the better for knowing his business—for knowing the material with which he has to deal, the form he wants to impress upon it, and the surest and most effectual methods of doing so.

W. A. But you do not answer my question.

Mr. Wilkinson. I want first, if possible, to place you at my point of view—to show you that I am not idly clamouring for a "strong man" as a sort of miraculous nostrum for all the ills of the body politic. Far from it! The individual "strong man," in the Carlylean sense, is often a delusion and a snare. The strongest of men must die, and he cannot bequeath his strength to his successors. The system of which he was the one possible keystone crumbles to ruin, and after Oliver Cromwell you have first Richard and then the Restoration. No, what I want—what I work for—is a unified conception of the national life, which shall beget a race of strong men, of far-seeing

leaders and capable administrators, wise in council, prompt and resolute in action.

W. A. You think we lack such a conception, then?

Mr. Wilkinson. I know we do. Of patriotism, in the sense of a blind, instinctive chauvinism, we have enough and to spare. But we have not, as a people, any clear realisation of the world at large and England's place and function in it. We do not, as a people, realise our duty to the State, nor the State's relation to the other political organisms among which its lot is cast on this little planet. What is the human race? Is it a multitude of individuals?

W. A. Well, Siamese twins excepted, I have always imagined so.

Mr. Wilkinson. It is nothing of the sort. It is a multitude of communities. "Man is a political animal." The human race is known only in the form of crowds of men always having intercourse and friction with one another. A man, before he is a human being in general, is an Englishman, a Frenchman, a German, a Turk, or what not.

W. A. Ah, you agree with the poet, that

> Every boy and every gal
> That's born into the world alive
> Is either a little Liberal
> Or else a little Conservative.

Mr. Wilkinson. I agree with Plato and with Aristotle that the civilising instrument is the community, the State, the medium in which we all live. The essential condition of the existence of the State is that it should be able to keep its place in the competition which necessarily arises between expanding organisms in a limited space. Therefore the first function of a Government is self-defence; and this process is continuously carried on: in an ordinary way by diplomacy; at exceptional crises, by war.

W. A. But does not everybody, except the Anarchists, recognise all this?

Mr. Wilkinson. No; during the middle years of the nineteenth century—say from 1830 to 1880—England practically forgot the fact. Whatever party happened to be in power, the dominant ideas of that period were the ideas of the Manchester Liberalism, which, by the way, was my own starting-point. That Liberalism took practically no notice of pressure from without, but regarded the country as shut off from the rest of the world by a ring-fence, and thought of nothing but the organisation and development of the community within the magic circle. As it happened, the pressure on the ring-fence was, for a time, very slight. The end of the Napoleonic Wars had left us unassailable. We had the power of doing what we liked in any corner of the earth that touched the sea; we engaged in no wars that seriously mattered to us; anything that could threaten our national existence seemed infinitely remote. But the years between 1870 and 1880 changed all that, and shattered, or ought to have shattered, the illusions of our Utopia. Germany, which had been divided, became united, and she and other nations began to want to move about in the world. They naturally came in contact with us in every corner, and brought home to us the fact that we hadn't a private hemisphere of our own. We found that the sea could by no stretch of metaphor be made to serve as a ring-fence, but was, in fact, a high-road open to all—the medium of intercourse, and therefore also of friction, between different communities. It became a necessity — the indispensable condition even of our internal development—that our external organisation, so to speak, should be as complete and efficient as that of any of our neighbours. But this can never be, so long as the ring-fence superstition survives in the national mind.

W. A. And you think it does?

Mr. Wilkinson. Think! I am sure of it. Don't we see it on every hand?—in the notion that England can afford to neglect the simplest precautions for her safety; can afford to go on working by rule of thumb where other nations work by scientific method; can afford to leave to amateurs the functions which other nations entrust only to highly skilled experts. I am the last to deny, mind you, that England has many advantages, in her situation, in her traditions, in her national character. But these advantages will be our ruin if they delude us into the belief that we may be slack where others are strenuous, that we may be somnolent where others are wide awake.

W. A. Well, now, look here—let us go to the root of the matter, and inquire, point by point, how you would build up an efficient England, with that enlightened conception of the national life which you regard—rightly, I am sure—as the

beginning of political wisdom. At the root of the matter I presume we shall find education. What is your educational programme?

Mr. Wilkinson. That is a large question. Suppose we narrow it by confining our attention to, roughly speaking, the public school boy—the boy who is likely to go into the army, the navy, the civil service, one of the professions, or to become a merchant, a manufacturer, a captain of industry.

W. A. Agreed. What do you say, then, to our public school system?

Mr. Wilkinson. It has certainly its good points. It proceeds upon the excellent idea that "manners maketh the man," and the further excellent idea that games help to lay a sound basis of character. But one thing our public schools do not inculcate, and that is the love of knowledge for its own sake—the most important element in intellectual, as distinct from moral, education.

W. A. "Knowledge for its own sake"—is that quite what you mean? Shouldn't you rather say that they lead a boy to regard knowledge as an ornamental adjunct to life—at most as a key to unlock certain examination doors, and then to be thrown away—not as an indispensable condition of efficiency? They present knowledge as an instrument of culture rather than as a source of power.

Mr. Wilkinson. Put it in that way if you like. At any rate, our public school system tends to keep a boy wholly out of touch with actuality. It gives him no practical knowledge of the world around him, with its physical, moral, and political phenomena. It crams certain pigeon-holes in his mind, leaves others entirely vacant, and makes no attempt to give his acquirements, such as they are, any bearing upon his duties as a citizen of his country or of the world. Even in impressing upon him the notion (often valuable in itself) of "good form," we lay too much stress on "Thou shalt not" and not enough on "Thou shalt." It is by what he does, not by what he leaves undone, that a man becomes great—not by avoiding errors, but by doing great things. We give a boy no help towards forming a vital idea of his purpose in life; yet such an idea is the best possible bracing and steadying influence. As a matter of historical fact, the conception of duty springs entirely from a man's relation to the community in which he lives.

W. A. In short, according to you, duty is sublimated *esprit de corps*. But is not *esprit de corps* exactly what is acquired at a good English public school?

Mr. Wilkinson. Yes, but not the realisation that the full development of our intellectual, as well as of our physical, faculties is part of the larger *esprit de corps* which we call patriotism.

W. A. What changes should you advocate, then, in the actual educational curriculum?

Mr. Wilkinson. If you come to think of it, is it not strange how little our ideal of education has moved with the time? How immense have been the results of the past century of labour in the field of knowledge, which is the field of existence! The modern man of the best type has a grasp of the universe, of the globe, of the human race, its development, its history, its place in nature, that no one could possibly possess a hundred years ago. Now, that grasp ought to be specially characteristic of those who direct the national education, and their object ought to be to impart it to every person in proportion to the number of years that he is to remain at school. We are talking of boys who are likely to remain at school till they are nineteen, and perhaps after that to go to college. In the case of these boys, I should postpone by one or two years the beginning of Latin, should place much earlier the beginning of the natural sciences, and should largely increase the amount of pure mathematics taught in the early stages.

W. A. Would you apply the mathematical drill to all boys, irrespective of their intended path in life?

Mr. Wilkinson. To all boys. Latin should be begun, as I say, comparatively late, and taught by the most modern methods. In this way it would not occupy the wholly disproportionate time now devoted to it. Greek I would teach only to boys who are going in for an advanced literary education. The ordinary smattering of Greek is of very little use. History, now so much neglected, should be much more prominent. But, above all things, knowledge should not be forced upon boys in isolated fragments, whose irrelevance and apparent uselessness they resent. One thing should

lead to another; the inter-relation of the various branches should be made clear, as well as the relation of the whole to the purpose of life. And school education should not be conceived as a sort of conventional preliminary to the serious business of life which, in the normal course of things, should cease and be forgotten the moment the young man goes forth into the world. It should be regarded as only the initial stage of the process of mental development which should go on through adolescence and maturity. No man is really educated who has not learnt at least as much between twenty and forty as he did between ten and twenty.

W. A. From what I can see of public school methods, I gather that our pedagogues have never heard of the science of pedagogy, or at any rate are resolute not to admit its existence.

Mr. Wilkinson. There you have it! What is the matter with us is that we do not believe in the organisation of knowledge and intelligence. Yet that is precisely what we want.

W. A. Apply that principle, now, to the question of defence. Supposing we had a rational system of education, how would it affect the army?

Mr. Wilkinson. The army itself ought to be a great educational institution, in which the officers are the teachers. That is the ideal; but the practice does not sufficiently correspond to it. We have a great many zealous, devoted officers; but in too many instances they are hampered not merely by the old tradition which ignored their function as teachers, but by the inadequacy of their own previous general education. In too many cases, our officers cannot teach because they will not learn. They have not had that thorough secondary education which qualifies them to sit down to a subject, or even to a single book, and really master it. They find the literature of their profession tedious because they have not had the mental training which should enable them to grasp and assimilate it—so they prefer to read novels.

W. A. A distinguished general the other day recommended historical novels as a sound basis for a military education.

Mr. Wilkinson. Yes, and what came of that principle? Colenso and Spion Kop!

W. A. Would you put a boy who was intended for the army through the course of study you sketched a few minutes ago?

Mr. Wilkinson. Yes, minus the Latin. I should insist instead on very high French and German, not only for practical purposes, but because it is in these languages that an officer can get at the literature of his profession. But as regards professional training for the army, I should be disposed to set up two standards: a good general education for all, but a very first-class education for officers who are to take leading positions—staff officers and cavalry officers. One of our great troubles is our cavalry. Rank for rank, a cavalry officer requires far more knowledge than an infantry officer. He requires greater intelligence, greater quickness. He should be specially taught strategy and tactics. But what we find in our army is that only rich men can go into the cavalry—men of whom I hear from those who see more of them than I do that they will not work or take their profession seriously. A Minister who was in earnest in his effort to give us an efficient army would change all that. He would say, "I will double the pay of the cavalry officer, but I must have double work out of him."

W. A. Might not reform begin at the other end—in the reduction of the obligatory expenses?

Mr. Wilkinson. Something can be done in that way, too. But if you want to make men work, you must be prepared to pay them.

W. A. Is not our army already the most expensive in the world?

Mr. Wilkinson. That is partly a necessity of our political situation, but partly, too, the result of our habit of economising at the wrong points. But there is one thing, my dear Archer, that people do not realise, and that is, not only that efficient defence must be paid for, but that it is supremely worth paying for. People do not realise how much of their prosperity, their own moral character and backbone, is due to the tradition of belonging to a great nation. For a beaten nation, the whole conditions of life would be changed; and a beaten nation we shall be if our "patriotism" consists in assuming that an Englishman requires to do and to sacrifice less for his country than any other man in Europe.

If England is to help us, we must help England. Any one who ventures to hint that we are neither invincible nor invulnerable must be prepared to find himself denounced as an alarmist; but speaking as one who has devoted the best years of his life to the study of these questions, I can assure you that as matters stand at present—with our navy scattered all over the world, and with no adequate or properly organised army for home defence—we are well within the range of a great national disaster. Napoleon failed in his designed invasion because the British fleets, splendidly efficient after ten years of war practice, were handled by men who thoroughly understood the conditions of naval strategy; while the French navy, ruined during the Revolution before the war began, had never during the war the opportunity to provide itself with a similar training, either for officers or men. The French navy was handicapped by these conditions. But to-day foreign navies are not handicapped in that way, and their head people have made far more systematic studies of strategy and tactics than have our own. With a large part of our navy at the ends of the earth, it is conceivable that our home-guard fleet might be held up long enough to enable an enemy to land 100,000 men in this country. The operation, if attempted at all, would be done so suddenly and so quickly that there is a fair chance of such an invading force being stronger than anything that, in the first few days, could be got together to attack it.

W. A. But would not the British fleet, reassembling, cut off the invader's retreat?

Mr. Wilkinson. It is not so easy as you think to concentrate a fleet which is dispersed in widely separated squadrons. It is quite on the cards that our fleet might be taken piecemeal and beaten, squadron by squadron. But even admitting that we regain and keep possession of the sea, it is a question whether an enemy, once landed in any force, might not, if he won a great decisive battle, be able to dictate his own terms. For a prolonged resistance, after the loss of a first great battle, a large area is necessary. England is so small that a decisive defeat might very probably cripple us altogether. Could the people of this country make head for any length of time against the terrors, despairs, and miseries caused by the presence of a victorious hostile army? Upon my word, I don't know.

W. A. Then what is to be done to prevent this interesting question from being answered by experiment? What can place us above the danger of invasion?

Mr. Wilkinson. Two things: a more judicious distribution of our fleet (which should also be considerably strengthened), and a total reorganisation of our home army.

W. A. By what means? Conscription?

Mr. Wilkinson. Well, one would naturally like to work the army without conscription; though, let me tell you, conscription would be by no means an unmixed evil. Our people are too undisciplined. They require to have the national idea brought home to them—the idea that every man is a member of a community to which he owes everything, even to the giving up of his property and of life itself. Compel every man to do his share of the nation's work, and the result will be that every man will see his relation to the State in a truer light. Then, too, conscription would solve one of the great difficulties of national defence — the difficulty of getting sufficient men for the navy.

W. A. But surely the two services could not be placed on the same footing with regard to conscription, the apprenticeship for the navy being so much longer and more arduous than for the army.

Mr. Wilkinson. Nevertheless you would probably find that a considerable proportion of men would prefer naval to military service—a sufficient proportion to keep the navy well up to fighting strength. Then of course there would have to be a carefully devised list of exemptions from service; and, just as in Germany, the man who could show a good standard of secondary education would get off with a shorter military training. I assure you, many worse things might befall the country than the introduction of compulsory military service.

W. A. Still, you think it might be possible to make ourselves reasonably secure without conscription? By what means?

Mr. Wilkinson. Why, by such a reorganisation of the volunteer force as would make it really a fighting instrument.

W. A. And how would you set about

that? Would you alter the conditions to which a man submits himself on enlisting?

Mr. Wilkinson. Not much. I would, of course, increase the ludicrously small number of annual drills by which a man (after his recruit's year) can make himself "efficient"; I would make yearly attendance in camps compulsory; and I would insist on a higher standard of musketry. Every man should do a great deal more firing with ball cartridge, and little or none with blank—a most demoralising practice. But it is in organisation and in the training of officers that the chief alterations would have to be made.

W. A. My own small experience as a volunteer has led me sometimes to wonder whether a certain sprinkling of professional officers, over and above the existing adjutants, might not do a good deal to raise the standard of the force.

Mr. Wilkinson. Yes; but how would you effect this "sprinkling"?

W. A. Oh, don't ask *me*, the most blundering private that ever wrestled with a Slade-Wallace equipment.

Mr. Wilkinson. Well, this is what *I* would do: I would organise the force in small brigades of not more than four battalions each. Every battalion should have its volunteer commanding-officer; but over each brigade I should place a professional brigadier, senior to all the battalion commanders; and he should have a professional brigade-major under him. Then I would not attach an adjutant to each battalion (these gentlemen, under the present system, have not nearly enough to do), but would allot two adjutants to each brigade. It would then be the brigadier's business to educate the officers of his brigade. As for the volunteer company-officers, I should insist on getting a great deal more head-work out of them.

W. A. Do you think it is possible for your barrister, or civil servant, or stockbroker to give enough time to military work to make himself a really efficient officer?

Mr. Wilkinson. Perfectly possible. In many cases he need not give much more time than he does at present. Suppose he devotes two evenings a week to the corps: a great part of that time is at present taken up in mechanical repetitions of elementary things with which he is perfectly familiar. If one of these evenings was devoted to study under a first-rate instructor, the volunteer officer would learn a great deal in the course of the year. Then I should insist upon his going through two or three special courses of instruction of a month or six weeks each; and on his proving that he had duly profited by them, I would pay him liberally for the time thus employed. Furthermore, I would provide him with a thoroughly good text-book of the art of war, and insist on his studying it. Even for the private soldier (regular or volunteer) I would have very much simplified text-books, written in good English, readable, and interesting. We proceed far too much on the general assumption that the British soldier cannot read or write. I would go on the opposite assumption, and would take care that it should be justified.

W. A. Do you attach weight to the current theories that science will presently put an end to war by making it a process of universal massacre?

Mr. Wilkinson. As far as war is concerned, the one great effect of the progress of science is to make more and more overwhelming the advantage possessed by the more intelligent and better organised nation.

W. A. So far, so good. But these reforms will not make themselves. If they are to be compassed at all, they must be engineered by experts at the head of the various departments of Government. In speaking of education, we touched only on the public schools—a small, though of course veiy important, part of the whole educational problem. What chance is there, do you think, that that problem will ever be tackled, in a large and far-seeing spirit, by the most accomplished expert that the country can produce? What chance is there that we shall ever have a master of military science, in place of a bewildered amateur, at the head of the War Office? What chance is there that we shall ever have a man of high political genius, vision, and faculty at the head of the Government?

Mr. Wilkinson. You are asking me, in brief, whether I consider our English tradition of democracy compatible with the requirements of national defence, in the largest sense of the words?

W. A. Yes, that is about what I want to get at.

Mr. Wilkinson. Well, I think my answer would be that I see no reason why

the traditions of our democracy should not adapt themselves, with no very great strain, to the needs of efficient government. The amateur in office is no essential part of our system. It was never a good plan, but it was far less disastrous a hundred years ago, or even fifty years ago, than it is to-day. The great advance of knowledge in that time, and the enormously increased complexity of technical detail, has rendered absolutely necessary a great specialisation of function. Go through the old *Victory* at Portsmouth and compare her, simply as a machine, with a modern line-of-battle ship. You may take that as a type of the increased complexity of the problems with which the head of a department has nowadays to grapple. Some day it must be manifest to every one that the ability to make telling party speeches does not necessarily qualify a man to organise a modern army or to keep a modern navy up to the requisite pitch of efficiency. Some day—if only it be not too late!

W. A. Then you do not think this system can be defended on the ground that the Minister is only the ornamental head of his department and its mouthpiece in Parliament, while the real work is done by the permanent officials?

Mr. Wilkinson. If that system had no other defects, it would be sufficiently condemned by the partition of responsibility which it involves.

W. A. Admitting, then, that the amateur in office is no inseparable part of our system, but only a survival from a time when he was comparatively innocuous, to whom do you look for a reform of this outgrown system?

Mr. Wilkinson. Ah, there we come back to the question of the "strong man."

W. A. Let me put it in this way: what have you to say to the doctrine of that other Sage of Chelsea whom you mentioned before, that democracy always tends to place at the head of affairs the weak man, the windbag, the painted lath, instead of the strong man, the man of real metal?

Mr. Wilkinson. To that I say that I don't believe it. I believe that men have a strong natural gift for detecting a true leader, and an equally strong tendency to follow him when once they have found him. The "mandate" theory of democracy, which would make a nominal leader in reality the mere tool of a majority, seems to me absurd. I hold it to be the function of a leader really to lead, in accordance with his own insight, his own wisdom. But on the other hand I think that the people of this country have a very fair instinct for discerning, at a given moment, the best available man to whom to entrust their destinies. For the choosing of a Prime Minister the rough *plébiscite* of a general election is no bad device.

W. A. Then you trust that it—or when—the "strong man" presents himself, the democracy will rally to him?

Mr. Wilkinson. I don't doubt that it will; and I think he will have a splendid opportunity before him. The country is profoundly dissatisfied with itself. There is no other country where criticism is so severe. The public mind is full of a good, healthy discontent, and it should need no unattainable genius to turn that dissatisfaction to practical effect, and to reorganise the departments of Government in such a way as to bring the best intellect and skill of the nation to bear on the different problems involved. Of course, to do this he would have to look for most of his men outside the ordinary political gangs. One thing he would almost certainly do would be to reduce the size of the Cabinet, and thus increase at once the power and the responsibility of each member. But I need not go into all these details. Of one thing I am sure—that if the country saw a man really in earnest as to the necessity for introducing a high standard of efficiency into all branches of the public service, it would rise to him and support him, vigorously and enthusiastically.

W. A. Do you see the "strong man" looming anywhere on the horizon?

Mr. Wilkinson. A few years ago, when I published a book called "The Great Alternative," I sent a copy of it to a certain eminent statesman, whom I won't name, with this inscription on the fly-leaf: "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" And—he sent me a polite acknowledgment through his secretary.

W. A. Then I assume that you are looking for another?

Mr. Wilkinson. That doesn't follow. Perhaps I am—perhaps not.

W. A. Well, if you are going to be so oracular as all that, I may as well sally forth into the fog again. [*Exit.*



WHY BE A LADY?

BY
MÉNIE MURIEL DOWIE.

IT is the advertisements in current weekly journals, chiefly journals of a religious order, that set me asking this question. Any one interested in the conditions under which women labour rises from a perusal of these papers with his head in a whirl. Only two facts emerge with immediate clarity; they are these: gentlehood is a drug in the market; gentlehood, though the least saleable, is yet the most prized of its possessor's endowments. If "useful helps," "lady-servants," those who are "gentlewomen,"* read these columns as I have done, they should see that their great drawback, commercially speaking, is their gentlehood; yet to defend and possess it, see them by hapless scores practically dying in the last ditch. No, not to possess it; let me strive for exact expression—to secure its acknowledgment—that is what they die in the last ditch for. Why? one wonders. Let us inquire.

Before everything, it appears, the gentlewoman puts her "home"—a home is what she wants, and she will sacrifice anything to secure it.

Upon investigation, the word "home" has five significances; with which of these precisely does my lady advertiser employ it? There is home, an institution; home in the sense "home of her own"—that is, the home a girl marries to; home, the place in which one eats, sleeps, and changes one's clothes; home, the place in which one was born and brought up—"my old home," which for some sad reason she has lost, which has gone from her. Those are four senses in which the word "home" may be employed, and the only sense in which she might be employing it is sense three, but she is not employing it in that sense. She would not consider that such a place is necessarily one's home, good or bad. She would not be satisfied with home—a place in which to eat and sleep (her bed made, her dinner cooked for her, by some woman not gifted—or cursed—with gentlehood), and an audience to prattle to at evening-time about the regretted days when she "lived at home." No, home in the mind of this lady is not comprised in a mere roof-tree and a platter; after all, everybody sleeps somewhere every night and eats somehow and somewhere every day; but my advertiser knows some subtle difference between that and "home." She uses the word in its fifth, its finest and fullest,

* Throughout these pages the words "lady" and "gentlewoman" will be used in what I believe to be now their generally accepted sense. I so use them, not because this commends itself to me, but because I find them so used in the advertisement columns; therefore I can but conclude that they are thus current in the labour market. By a quaint chance, there is at my elbow as I write one of sturdy William Cobbett's works, and I read: "Every merchant, every master-manufacturer, every dealer, if at all rich, is an *esquire*; squires' sons must be *gentlemen* and squires' wives and daughters *ladies*." This was in 1830 or so, and the grand old democrat was horrified at what was "a ridiculous misapplication of words," and worse. If he had lived to read my religious paper's advertisement columns! Well, we have lost sight of the true significance of these terms, there is no doubt; and we have invented the term "bounder"—a fine commentary!

sense. Does she reflect that the persons having *this* home, in all its charm, seclusion, warmth of mutual consideration, fine atmosphere of a thousand interests and associations, have no desire to admit to it some saddened claimant of its joys, some envious and pitiful admirer of its comforts? No, she does not realise that she is asking for a tangible rarity which is never given away, which can only by slow accident be acquired.

From her lonely standpoint she sees some happy group of beings, standing shoulder to shoulder in mutual support and defence against the rigours of a callous society, issuing forth to dip in the world's work, pleasure, or suffering—each equally dear—but returning ever to the shelter they have built about them, to which each has added some touch, each contributed some beauty. They are of different ages, these people; they have various interests and outlets; but in all they attempt and all they do they take off from that glorious spring-board of common security—toleration, affection, and interest—which is comprised in the word "home."

It is in such a spot that she longs to gain a corner, a foothold, a small stake. She sinks every other matter in that one hopeless quest. The Useful Help, Nursery Governess, Companion, or Lady Servant—they are at one in this desire. Whichever it be, she offers her musicalness, her capacity for parish work, her loyal church-womanship, her accustomed-to-childrenness, her attainments as cyclist and reader, even her needlework, her "would travel," her knowledge of cooking, sometimes—"in return for a home."

There are reams of such advertisements every week—that is, there are endless ill-to-be-spared three-and-sixpences and a corresponding number of patient sighs and disappointments, because the simple, untrained thousands of these poor souls never realise that they are asking for the impossible, the gift of gifts, the thing men slave and strive and wear out heart and brain for; the thing beautiful women and clever women and brilliant women sell their charms for, that they suffer unspeakable humiliations to retain; the thing that will always be an illusory dream to more than one-third of the world's millions—a home.

Believe it if you can, in one column, under my eye at this moment, I have six advertisements beginning "No salary," "In return for a home," and—how tentative and pathetic this last—"Small salary (or waived)." She tries—with what a desperate courage!—to extort that pittance which will keep her in cotton gloves, which will free her from the indignity (she feels it an indignity) of the worn-out clothing of some niggard relative; she makes a timorous assault upon the world's hard heart—or a timorous appeal, if you prefer, to its vaunted generosity—her pen anxiously hovering between the paper and the inkpot; shall she or shall she not? Well, after all, if you don't ask for something, you can't expect to get anything, so she will. But, again, that small salary may just prevent some nice family, with a corner in a home to give away, from replying to her—so no, she will not. Or, yes—put it, and then say that she is prepared to do without it! "Small salary (or waived)." After all, she has so little to offer! Her gentlehood, perhaps her middle-age; these are the main things—in other words, her refined incapacity to do the things people will pay to have done. There goes her hoarded three-and-sixpence, and the following days bring in that harvest of her sighs, her disappointments.

She never reads the advertisement columns where domestic servants offer themselves, or she would know that no servant has ever been known to advertise for a home. This is extremely significant. A servant offers her labour in certain definite fields for certain definite sums; and to her, sleeping and eating for a year or two in the situation she secures, it becomes home—home, meaning the place where one lives. Yet the servant has her mysterious and sacred understanding of the term, too—for she seldom *speaks* of a situation as her "home." "Do you know Brighton?" you ask the servant. "Oh yes, I lived there in a family for eight years." Or, "Yes, I was in service there till I came to Mrs. Brown's."

Home, to the servant, is that tiny house she is to share with her young man some day—or never, as the case may be. Till that day the servant bravely casts herself into the big world, is cheerfully homeless, and spends her holidays at "mother's." All the time, notice that shy but proud reservation in connection with the word "home."

It is believed—I have seen it argued—

that my lady advertiser does not read the servant advertisements, or seek the servant's excellent berth and wages, because she won't or can't do anything menial. Take "can't" first. Will anybody tell me that a woman lives who is incapable of doing the work of a housemaid? It *cannot* be seriously contended. Numbers of women can't cook, could not wait, could not sew, dress-make, do hair, do lamps, do silver; but the woman who could not make a bed, sweep a floor, dust a dressing-table, cannot be produced. No doubt she would do it all badly. But then some servants do it very badly, yet they get places quite easily. I take housemaiding as the least skilled domestic labour, and I say every woman, with the right amount of limbs and her eyesight, could be a housemaid —of sorts—to-morrow. That, to my mind, disposes of "can't," and there remains to investigate "won't."

"Won't" is more serious. My lady, then, would not like to live in kitchen or servants' hall, would not like to say "Yes, m'm" to some other lady, would not like to "do grates" (grates are such an interesting and powerful barrier: they take five minutes a-piece every day and an old pair of gloves; but the people who won't do grates, servants among them, if lined up three deep, would reach from London to Dover). Well, but that argument does not serve us, for there *are* numbers of lady servants, lady cooks, lady generals even. So ladies will be servants, will even do grates, it seems? Yes, on one condition.

Before we look at that condition we must, for the sake of clearness, take notice that a sub-division has appeared in the group of advertisers: on the one hand we have (*a*) those who could (so I claim) be housemaids and won't; those who demand before everything a home, which can only be offered while they retain that fiction of equality between the dependent and the independent—for it is a fiction, dear ladies!—and (*b*) those who can be servants and will. At first sight our sympathy flows out to group *b*. They have apparently recognised that the retention of equality between dependent and independent is a fiction, and they have thrown it overboard. They have sunk that matter of "a home"; they are armed with the courage of the servant who, for a "meantime" which she hopes to make brief, is prepared to be without a home. Not only can they do housework, but they know that "a quarter of an hour for every pound it weighs" roasts the joint, that a pinch of soda in the water keeps greens green; in other words, they have mastered the mysteries of "plain" cooking! They are going out to work. Brave little women. Shall we applaud them? First let us investigate the *condition* on which they go forth. They will live in the servants' hall or kitchen; they will, I am credibly informed, say "Yes, madam" to other ladies—on one condition: that you *call* them ladies. Gentlehood again! Precious, precious distinction.

Return for a moment to the real housemaid; glance at the prizes in her profession in the servants' column of my paper. Here:

AS first of five, town and country; Churchwoman; four years in last situation; tall, 35; wages £30–£35.

That's one of the prizes. To obtain it you must have a thorough knowledge of the routine of a big house, excellent manners and address, and the ability to make four young women do the work.

Why should not my lady aspire to that and pocket her £35 a year? Her food would be excellent; she would have her well-arranged leisure, healthy and pleasant life in town and country, a separate bedroom, be sure, and an early cup of tea; £35 in her pocket, of which she could save £25; tips of half a sovereign all to herself; but she would not be *called* a lady, so she prefers to answer this:

LADY SERVANT.—Quiet country place, no washing or children; must be early riser, good cook, economical manager; some assistance in kitchen in morning; wages £15.

That is, on the face of it, no prize! "Economical manager": "a cold-meat place," as the servants say. No early tea for the early riser unless she gets it herself, stumbling about beside the scullery gas-ring in the dark winter mornings. Gas-ring? Nonsense; "quiet country place"—there is no gas-ring; she must do her flues and light the stove before she gets that cup of tea—if she *does* get it. For "economical managers" in quiet country places regard "early tea' as sinful. Ah, but then she is to be

called a lady. You always come back to that—the gentlehood. With £15 a year in her carefully mended pocket, and all the work of a small house (I find "assistance in kitchen in morning" ambiguous to a degree; does it mean a good, strapping girl to scrub? Not a bit of it; it means the mistress trotting in to measure out the rice for the pudding), what time has she to enjoy the comforts of gentlehood? Believe me, the housemaid who is first of five with her £35 a year has *far* more chance in this direction. What does this subtle privilege connote? It is not the material comforts enjoyed by gentlehood that my lady wants. We have seen that. She, who can be housemaid, who knows a housemaid's work, and will do it, does not ask the leisure, neat clothing, good quarters, change of scene, and spare cash which my "first of five" will secure. That post has two drawbacks: (1) that she would not, in the advertisement, be called a lady; (2) that she would have to put up with the society of other servants. Well, for my part, I'd sooner have the society of servants than no society at all, which is to be the fate of my lady in the £15 a year situation, with all the work of a small house to do. Yes, I would. You have to choose, not between society of servants and society of equals, but between society of servants and no society at all—that is, no human intercourse. If you approach humanity in a timid, shrinking spirit, first demanding "refinement," and somewhat mistrustful of flesh and blood—and I fear this *is* rather the spirit in which my lady regards it—why, then you are no doubt best with £15 a year in a drab little kitchen; your ear at least will not be afflicted by the unrestrained voices of young persons who refer to the elegant and remote mistress of the establishment as "the old girl." No, stick to the drab kitchen, your own beige-coloured reflections about the constituents of the steam-pudding, and listen to the colourless jump of the mincing knife as you reduce the cold shoulder of mutton to a tasteless hash.

I'm not with you. I should strike boldly for the highest salary and the most comfortable situation, on the principle—so very sound just here—that the more money the more independence. If I were you, I should accept the tips and the beer-money and the rest of it, not straining at gnats with a lady-like cough, but boldly gulping the entire cloud of ephemera along with the camel. It would not hurt you to talk to the butler.

But no; the lady servant will live the life and do the work of a servant if you *call* her a lady, and if she has not to mix with servants. Cheerfully (at least, I hope she does it cheerfully—one should always do one's paying with a good grace) she puts down £20 as the price of her exemption from the society of servants, and pockets the balance of that £35 she might have earned as "first of five" housemaids. Since she cannot have the society of equals (as though this were so invariably congenial!) she will have none. Away! *En wagon!* for the quiet place in the country where there are no children and no washing.

And she is *not* bartering her gentlehood in return for a home; positively, to my mind, that is a more sensible exchange than hers.

This pride (it must be pride; at any rate, that is a convenient term) manifests itself so oddly. She does not say to herself, "I'm a woman of gentle birth, breeding, and training; I've had a lady's education; if I can't be a cleverer housemaid, cook, nurse, whatever it is, than these other people, and so earn better wages, what is the use of dear father having been a retired naval officer, or doctor, or vicar of Slocum-Podger for twenty-five years, and of dear mother's first cousin being knighted for his services to Government in India? I've good blood in my veins; my people mayn't have made money, but they've always been honourable men and women; lots of them have served the Queen. I'm going to be the very best cook, or housemaid, or nurse that ever was, and have the best wages for it and the most comfortable situation."

But they *never* say that—at least, it seems they don't.

Though it baffles, it yet interests me. It is a big thing, deeply felt by many, hotly preyed on by others, this passion to retain the title, if not the ease, the *agréments*, of a lady.

We will return to the columns of my paper. Hotly preyed on, I say. Listen to this:

WANTED, Gentlewoman, to pay small sum weekly and *teach girl* of eight French, music, drawing——

I break off, in order to urge that this be read a second time, and slowly. Three accomplishments: French, drawing, and music. *And she is to pay for teaching them!* Now, why? Here you are; because there is "Bright bedroom; happy home; bracing lovely country."

I should exhaust the fount of exclamation marks if I attempted to express my astonishment at this horrible and barefaced attempt. Please note the beginning; it is altogether a *most* subtle advertisement, but the beginning is the worst of all. It was framed by a very clever woman, and one with a profound and no doubt cynical appreciation of the weaknesses of the class she is addressing. For what does she want? She wants a governess. Some one to teach "French, drawing, music"; *i.e.* a governess. Then why does she not say so? Because she would have to offer that governess £25 a year. If it were a nursery governess, she could offer (like the next advertisement appearing below) £16 a year. But for a girl of eight you can't talk of a nursery governess; and a governess would want—well, you can hardly put it at less than £25. But she isn't going to pay £25. Far from it; she is going to *be* paid. She really has a spare bedroom and wants a paying guest; why should not that paying guest teach her little girl of eight? Why not, indeed? So she makes play with those two baits to which I have given so much attention—"Wanted, a *gentlewoman*" (the word "gentlewoman" pleases my poor ladies much more than the word "lady"; it causes them to make their sacrifice the larger. They will give much to be called lady; more to be called gentlewoman!); "happy home." A gaudy fly to throw upon the troubled waters of life for starving spinsterhood to rise to, is it not, to be called a gentlewoman and have a happy home? Isn't it worth teaching your three accomplishments for? Isn't it worth more—much more; isn't it worth paying a small weekly sum for, as well?

Ah, my poor ladies! All the refinement—you cling so, I am aware, to the idea of refinement—is in the advertisement, here. No advertiser so unscrupulous can have much of it in that "happy home" she offers. Even the innocent country (lovely and bracing as well) is dragged in to trick out the shabbiness of the "deal" proposed. Why not "excellent old-fashioned garden"? We should have had that, I feel sure, only it would have carried the advertisement beyond the limit of the sum fixed. Besides, this operator is too clever to overdo the thing. She has said quite enough, with her "gentlewoman" and her "home" and her archi-clever suggestion, contained in the "small weekly payment" phrase, of *leaving that gentlewoman her independence*, and I do not doubt she had her fifty, her hundred and fifty, replies.

I will not pause over the dozens of advertisements I see of ladies who wish to be companions, "with small salary." They offer themselves in legions; they are "cheerful," "thoroughly domesticated," "willing to undertake light household duties," "bright," "musical," "good readers," have a knowledge of housekeeping and accounts; are not afraid of secretarial, nay, of "literary" work. These last are the people with the sprawly "J" pen hand-writings, whose knowledge of punctuation begins and ends with a dash, sometimes even a double dash. They are all ladies, yet none of them can even punctuate; they spell "separate" with an "e" in the middle, and come to early grief in "disappointment." "Febuary" is a month in their calendar, "Teusday" a day in their week.

A horrid air of failure, of crushedness, of appealing tameness, dwells in their advertisements. This it is that shocks me. Oh, let them not be meek—publicly meek. Meekness may conceivably be becoming in persons who *have* inherited the earth, but it makes one sick and choke with tears in persons who have not inherited so much as would fill a flowerpot, or, what would be of more use, the £70 a year which would keep them out of this advertisement column in my religious paper.

For I envisage, and would pray them to envisage, the gentlehood blight or boon in a totally different spirit. I confine myself now to such of them as could not possibly enter the domestic servant rank; such of them, that is, as, having been in the world for thirty odd years, having thus consumed some eleven thousand dinners, teas, and breakfasts, and put themselves to bed eleven thousand times, have atrophied to such a point of refined ineptitude that they could not cook the least of those dinners or prepare a single

one of those beds. It will be observed that I do not blame them for not being able to become teachers—particularly not of the youngest young. I take it as admitted by all thinking persons that to have had an education yourself is no guarantee that you can pass it on to others; that, in fact, teaching, besides being an undoubted gift, demands also a highly specialised training. No, of course, they could not be teachers, be type-writers, be secretaries, be shop-girls Shop-girls have to begin young—much younger than my poor ladies, who at eighteen are still hopeful of marriage and the mazy future which is vaguely built about the nebulous figure of a man. And shop-girls have to have a very special kind of hair, which will frizz into a suitable bush; without it you can hardly imagine them slamming the boxes of "Imitation Val." on to the counter and exchanging spiteful amenities freaked freely with endearing terms. My ladies have never had this hair, and at thirty display a polite but mousy plait or twist—and they are too old to learn to be shop-girls.

It must be stated frankly, in order that we may honestly and successfully seek our remedy for such a state of things: they can do nothing—nothing at all. They are only "ladies."

It is here I would still bid them be hopeful—at least, in the advertisement. Assume that their gentlehood is genuine and actual, and that they persistently regard it as an asset. There is more in the thing than they suppose. But they must get it into the right focus.

Suppose a woman who dislikes both walking and cycling, knows nothing of parish labour, has a rooted aversion to meddling with the poor, is useless at macramé or other fancy-work, constitutionally inimical to bazaars and jumble-sales, over-conscious of abysmal defects of character to push the moral betterment of independent Britons, and who only likes old ladies when they are very sweet and dear—suppose myself, for example. I would undertake to secure a salary of not less than £60 a year to-morrow by a perfectly simple means, and working under those hallowed initials, "A.B."

It shall be as companion; or, if I go into the domestic arena as housemaid, I only undertake to be offered £30. I choose these two positions because they demand no special qualifications save that one should be a healthy and normal human being, having speech, hearing, and the use of one's limbs.

A prolonged study of advertisements; some knowledge of human nature, such as may be gleaned up and down the world; a small understanding of the mind of employers, lead me to this confident assertion.

"As Companion.—Scottish gentlewoman desires post in county family; salary £65; age 30. A.B., etc."

That seems simple? It is, on the contrary, most subtle and *rusé*. I will explain. Take the adjective Scottish (English or Irish would do as well), but observe what "style" is secured with the adjective, what distinction it gives. Why "county family"? Because I immediately attract any rich tradesman who has taken a mansion in the country, does not stick at money, and have a vague feeling that he would like a gentlewoman to show him how to live in it, while the real county family, who would suit my purpose equally well, does not, naturally, object to its correct designation.

Well, then, I add no qualifications; that is most important. A woman cannot—or should not—be expected to describe herself as "bright," "cheerful," etc. Hired brightness has a terrible ring about it, and is no doubt only more terrible in the fact than in the suggestion. Besides, it seems too eager. A nervous toadying desire to please is the last thing one should desire to convey. I take the qualifications for granted; I do not explain, expatiate, or seek to convince. That gives great *cachet* to the advertisement. Then, the bold statement of the salary. Only ill-bred, self-conscious persons make mysteries about money, when they are being hired; the dignified openness of this statement appeals to the real county families, which know that no woman, living in their house, could dress on less, and the electro-plate families like it because it sounds expensive. They would enjoy the piquancy of paying their lady companion only £10 a year less than their butler. No mention of references in the advertisement—*most* important. The Scottish gentlewoman takes that as a matter of course—all decent people have references. If I mentioned them at all, it would be to put "references exchanged,"

but that would "head off" the electro people, so it is better not, as the electro people would, on the whole, be the more amusing.

As a housemaid, I need hardly pause to describe the advertisement. If there is anything one should confidently expect of a lady, it is that her ideal of cleanliness, order, and particularity should be a high one. Also that she should have the gift of causing people to work without friction. Therefore, knowing how things should look, knowing what will cause them to look so, in the way of cleaning materials, and knowing the routine and life of a large house, I enjoy the happy confidence that I could command £30 a year to-morrow as housemaid.

Let me now seek to range some of the conclusions reached by this brief but, I may claim, earnest investigation of the market of ladies' unskilled, and partially skilled, labour.

I have not concealed that I think my advertisers foolish in the way they go about things, and I have shown that my ideas and theirs on the subject of gentle-hood are not one; but I am not without sympathy. True, I should seek to obtain a large salary—on the ground that in money lies independence for lonely, self-supporting women, and in money only. It would be by *calling* myself a servant, not a useful help or any other spurious and timid term. If I worked as a servant, I would work with servants where, in the meantime, the best wages can be secured; this because I dislike loneliness, am fond of humanity, and think I might even be amused and cheered by the observation of it in the servants' hall. And I feel almost certain I should prefer to work as a servant among servants to being a companion. (A servant with £30 a year is better off than a lady with £60.) Having shown how, if I did use gentle-hood as a vendable commodity, by my advertisement for the situation of companion, I would go to work, I will now confess that in my own person I could never consent so to regard it. That advertisement is intended as a model only for those ladies who will not join me in the following conclusion—a very serious conclusion, this time.

Gentlehood is not a vendable commodity. The more I look at it as an article of barter, the less I like it. It is, in my opinion, a horrible offence against good taste, from whatever point of view you consider it. We have seen that it is a drug in the market, that it exposes those who handle it to degrading advances—witness the advertisement for "French, drawing, music" to a little girl of eight and the "small weekly payment." But I go further than all this, ladies; it should never be in the market, never be "quoted," at all.

After writing a whole article about it, I am driven to the apparently inconsistent admission that gentlehood should not be mentioned, should *never be talked about.* Certainly, it should disappear from the columns of my religious and all other papers. The simple fact that it flaunts there shows me what a pitifully false conception of it must be abroad.

To be *called* a lady, to *call* yourself a lady—this is all wrong, horribly, jarringly wrong.

There is said to be some difficulty in deciding "nowadays" (it is a new difficulty belonging only to our times) on what *is* a lady, on what *is* a gentlewoman. Without attempting, near the end of an article, to answer this question, I would suggest that, for the purposes of the labour market, only those persons are ladies whose whole manner and bearing are impressed by this impalpable patent. That is, if it is *there*, this gentlehood, it makes itself *felt*. Not, indeed, in such matters as not wearing a cap, *not* doing this, *not* doing that. Curious that any one should seek to establish her claim to it by an enumeration of the things she will not do. But this, in the labour market, has been, too, the general usage. I suggest that this usage be given up. It is invidious; it takes effect, so I think, in quite an inverse sense to that intended; it is, I hold, unworthy of a lady.

Nowhere is it more marked than in relation to hospital nurses, and my rather wide experience of this army of workers has left me with the ascertained knowledge that the women who approach me with a string of "won't do's" are never ladies. They are persons with no claim to the title whatsoever, whose feverish and unrelaxing efforts to establish at every turn the difference between themselves and domestic servants reveal incontestably the fact that they are poachers upon this preserve of gentlehood.

No lady finds it necessary to prove, by

the non-carrying of trays and the non-emptying of basins, or other preferred media, that she *is* a lady.

Even here, honesty impels me to a qualification; for even amongst ladies of assured position—those who have seen nothing but prosperity and sunshine—I have found a singularly muddled outlook which leaves them in doubt as to whether they can or cannot do this or that. They do not seem to enjoy completely the confident belief that a lady can do anything and everything that has to be done.

I once met a friend carrying home, slung cleverly upon a parasol, a card-board dress-box. I *was* a little shocked. Not at her carrying it, but at her finding it necessary to stop me and explain *why* she was carrying it. I had never given the matter a thought. It could not have occurred to me to wonder why she was not in a cab; if I had paused over the matter for a second, I should have concluded that, of course, there was some reason, since people do not act without reasons. But I went on my way a little jarred, because she had felt it necessary then and there to *explain*.

An intimate friend supplies me with two instances of this slight confusion, in the minds of women who are gentle-women, as to what one "can" do.

One time, when her good nurse was suddenly called to a sick mother, the question arose, Who should take her baby out? She thought the under-nurse too young and slight of build to conduct the mail-cart. She dressed plainly, and taking her too, to relieve her if she should get tired of the unaccustomed wheeling, made her way to the Green Park, where the child was taken every day, it being more open and higher than St. James's Park. He demanded to see the guard mounted at the Palace, and they thus met a few passing friends. These one and all seemed amazed, and chaffed her according to their temper. One or two commended her "pluck." But a worse case also befell her.

Her cook was ill with pneumonia, and, returning from a party one night, the maid, watching by, told her that there was an insufficient supply of milk in the house to last the night. The doctor had ordered nothing but milk. Some must be got. She surveyed the neighbouring houses—all lights were out. Five-and-twenty past twelve—public-houses would be still open. The pretty, blue-eyed, smiling parlour-maid must not be sent. In two minutes she left the house in a morning-gown, a jug in her hand, and plunged into the public bar of "The Ship" not far off, out of which certain patrons were rolling sedately.

"Could you be so kind as to let me have a pint of milk? I find there is very little in the house, and I need it for an invalid," said she.

Sodden silence in the smoky atmosphere.

"I'll see, madam, if we have some."

The jug was passed over. In a moment the barman returned with it, and she thanked him, paid, and went home.

This incident my friend mentioned casually next morning to another friend: the reception it met with decided her to be silent regarding it in future. Her heroism was applauded as if she'd saved a baby from an attic in a fire! In vain my friend assured this conventional woman she had expended no "courage" in the matter; that it had cost her only the momentary tremor of intruding where she was not expected in that bar. She could only see it as an instance of amazing nerve. She "could never" have done it. She wouldn't have been afraid, exactly, but—oh no, she could *never* have done it. Then she suddenly went into fits.

"What if you had been *seen* going into your own house at half-past twelve at night with a quart jug in your hand! Oh, oh, oh!"

"And what if I had?"

"Oh, don't you see?"

"I suppose I do, and I think it's too silly for words! Either you would have had me leave my poor servant without the thing ordered for her and essential to her, or expose my pretty parlour-maid or goosey little housemaid to an assault in the street, and all this to avoid a possible returning neighbour concluding that I was in the habit of 'fetching the beer.'"

I am wholly with my little friend in the matter. No courage, pluck, and the rest were required to take out her own baby or fetch milk from a public-house (which, as she said, a more thoughtful woman would have ordered in before she went to her party). But a *simple view* of things is required. Women are not good at seeing *the essential* in life. They should constantly practise themselves in discriminating between the

essential, the things that matter, and the non-essential, or the things that do not matter.

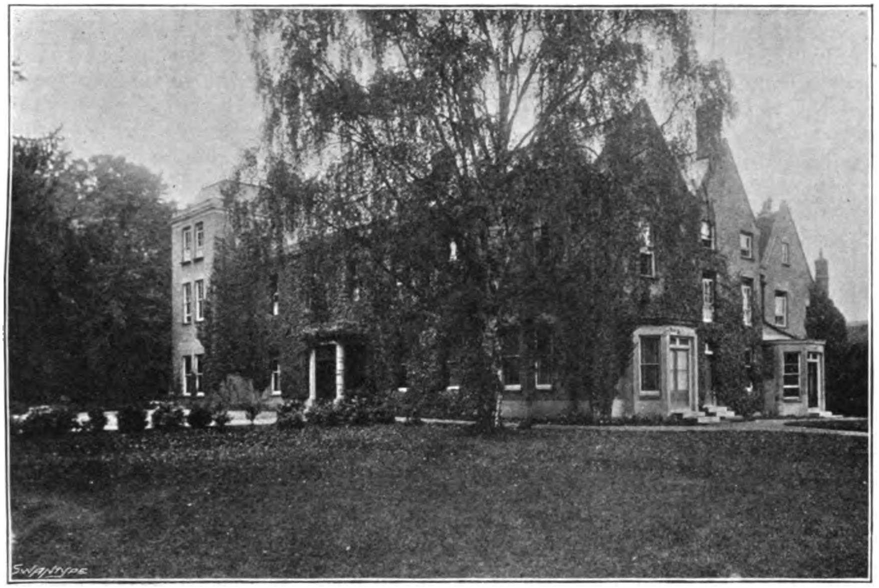
Do you remember the scene in *The Master Builder* where the wife *wants* and feels she *ought* to go out and prevent her husband ascending the tower, but, some ladies being announced, she thinks that she *cannot* leave them alone in the drawing-room, because they will think it so odd or so rude or something? She goes to the visitors. Her husband goes up the tower and falls—as she thought he would—and breaks his neck. That is a fine instance of the confusion that exists in some women's minds between the essential and the non-essential. In a cook, cooking is essential; in a nurse, nursing. Lady or not lady, let them agree to stand or fall, in the labour market, by the merit of their work.

For all practical purposes, this rule seems to be a safe one: that woman is a lady—cook, typist, artist, or companion—whom everybody feels to be a lady. The thing—that fine elusive element that lies subtly, as a fragrance, in character, conduct, presentment, and complete personality—if it *is* there, cannot be concealed. What cannot be concealed is in no danger of being ignored.

And to its possessor it is an advantage because a protection. This is felt by the woman quite alone in the world, and she must not be blamed for an almost farcical circumspection of conduct which may lead to puerile and petty concessions to vulgar opinion. It is foolish of the well-placed, non-working lady to be shy of carrying a parcel. It is not foolish or not so foolish in my advertiser alone—alone in lodgings. According to her trifling actions, she is either, in her landlady's view, "*quite* the lady," or "not what I should 'ardly call a lady." We must make excuses for her then if she takes steps, and not always wise or clever steps, to retain about her shoulders, like some cloak that once was very warm, this thin, fast-melting cover of the *neiges d'antan*.

A cover, an advantage, a protection, I have said so; to a woman facing the world alone, gentlehood may be this. But the whole point lies here: it is so only to the woman who carries it unself-consciously; to whom its subtle, delicate aura is so native as to be for ever unexpressed, uncanvassed, uncatalogued—how shall I say?—inherent. When she begins to talk about it, to fight for it, to advertise it, and to make play with it as a commercial asset, much if not most of its power is lost.





Bigods.

A RURAL SCHOOL.

MY EXPERIMENT IN TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

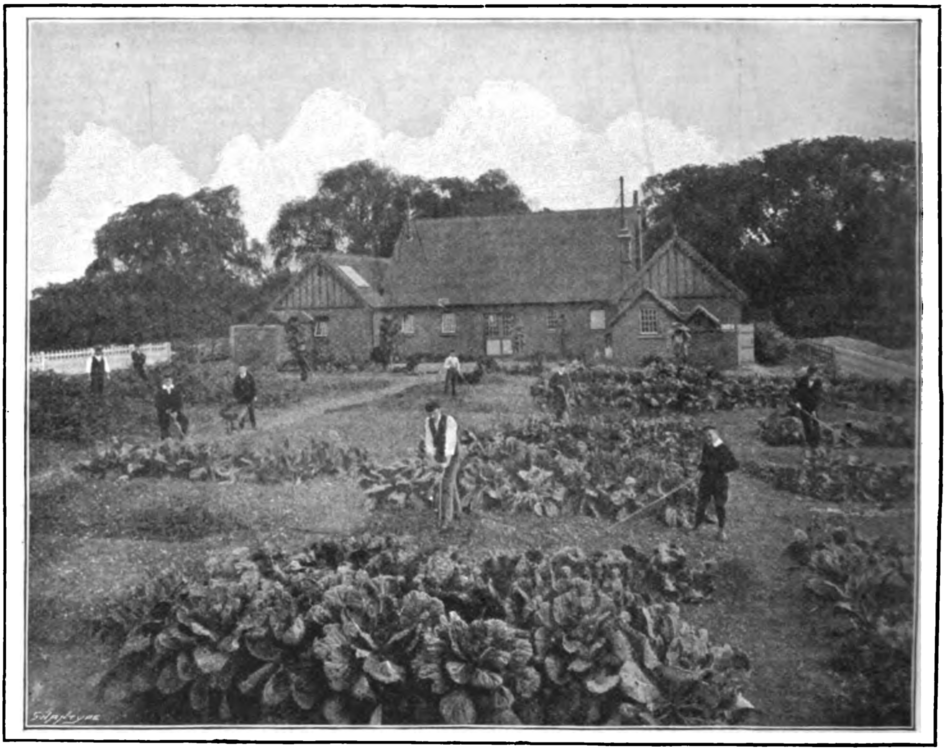
BY THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

WE hear a great deal at present of the need for an improved system of education in the rural districts; and our educational experts, from the Duke of Devonshire to the village schoolmaster, agree in deploring the lack of that scientific and technical instruction that is so necessary in these days of agricultural depression. If our country districts are not to become depopulated, some great effort must be made to grapple with the problem of rural education. The Government is apparently waiting for public opinion to develop on this question before putting their hand to the plough. They may wait a long time; and since the State will not move the individual must, in hope of leavening the apathy of rulers and people alike.

But it is not my object to write an article on education, and I will content myself with this explanation of the general considerations that led me to establish my school of science at Dunmow. Education has always been my absorbing interest, and I have for many years wanted to make an experiment which might stem the torrent of emigration into the towns. I chose Dunmow for the scene of my experiment because my own property is in that part of Essex, and also because I had a house and land at my disposal which seemed admirably suited for the undertaking. Moreover, East Anglia—and Essex especially—is in the greatest need of a better system of rural education. It was to supplement the ordinary elementary education, which, in this country district especially, is such a wretchedly poor equipment for life's battle, that Bigods Hall was founded.

Now let me plunge straight into a description of the work which is carried on in this busy little hive of education. Those who are interested in coincidences will find a peculiar appropriateness in the choice of Bigods, since it is the site

of one of the old monasteries which were indeed the forerunners of our present technical schools. There the good monks not only tilled the land, but taught the art of husbandry to those about them. It is this art that is again taught at Bigods to-day. But this is not all that is taught. We have advanced since the days of the monks; indeed, we have taken great strides since the time of our fathers. Technical education, in as far as it means the learning of a trade and nothing else, is no longer sufficient. It must have a scientific basis: that is, the brain and the eye must be trained as well as the hand.

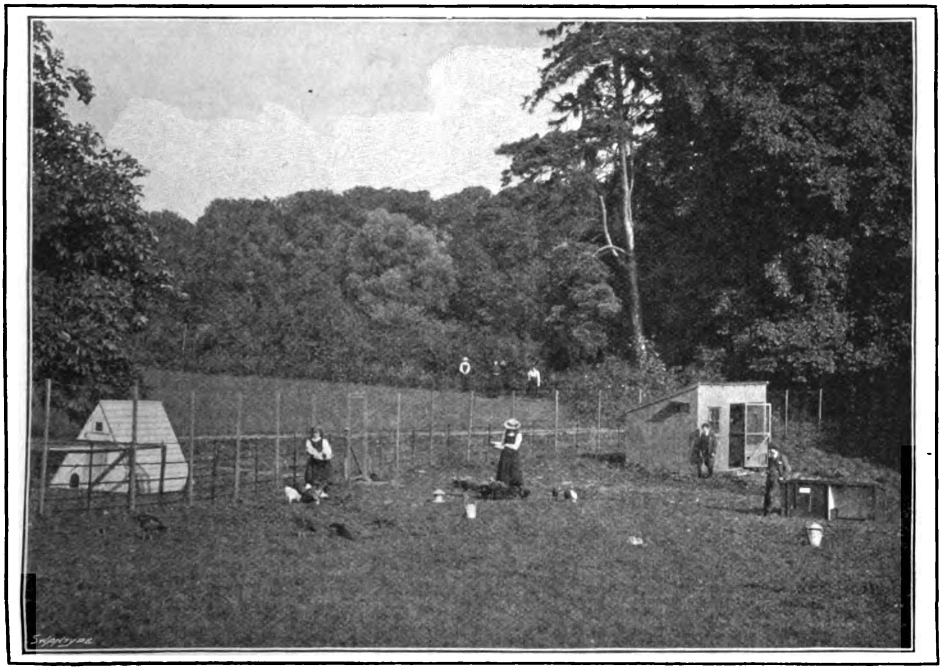


The Horticultural Plots.

In saying all this I do not for a moment claim that there is anything exceptional in the education given at Bigods. Except for the circumstance that it is in the country and not in a town, and that the curriculum in its advanced stages has been given an agricultural bias, the school does not differ materially from any other school of science. But this is a point on which I would lay great stress. Why should a town child have all the advantages in the way of technical schools? Why should the parents of a country child be compelled in nine cases out of ten to send it to a town school, if they wish to carry its education to a higher stage? This is one of the main causes that is leading to the depletion of all the most promising children from our villages. They are attracted to the town schools by the scholarships given to the technical schools, and are thus unfitted for country life. Bigods, in meeting the want of the country, may thus claim distinction by its position as a school of science in a remote corner of Essex. There are, as far as I know, no such schools in East Anglia, and it was and is my ambition to make Bigods into a kind of practical object-lesson for rural educators throughout the country. The school, by the facilities that it offers for boarders, does not meet the requirements of Dunmow alone, but of all Essex. The rapid increase of its pupils is a proof of awakened interest in this kind of

education. It does not only open its doors to boys, but also to girls, for I personally am strongly in favour of mixed schools. Before I touch on this point, however, I would like to give some idea of the life of the boys and girls, who now number over seventy, some forty being boarders. The day pupils, I may add, are entirely children from the neighbouring town of Dunmow and surrounding districts. Some from a distance walk several miles every day to get to the school—others cycle, or come on ponies, or drive over in the farm-trap. The boarders are to a large extent children of agriculturists. A few come from towns, and have been sent with the express intention of having them educated among rural surroundings, so as to implant a love of country life in them when young. It was contemplated, among the original ideas which prompted the foundation of the school, that the repopulation of rural districts might be assisted by attracting the children of town people towards country pursuits, and such pupils are therefore received at Bigods provided accommodation can be found for them.

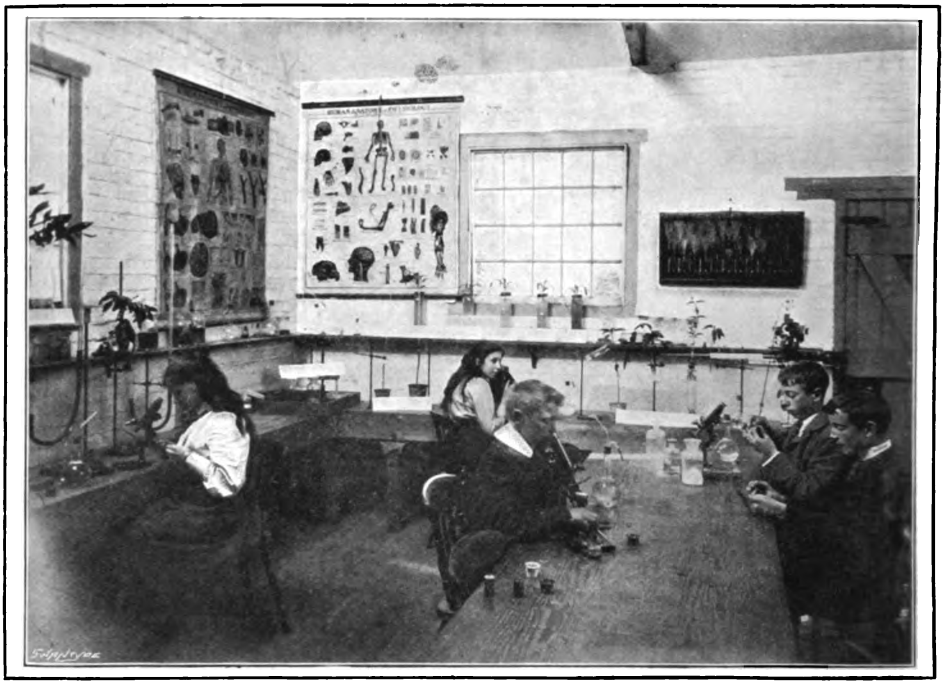
We began with twenty-three pupils when the school started, in 1897, so that we have not done badly. No pupil is admitted under twelve years of age, and for the first two years of the course the education is adapted to any career that may be in store for the child on leaving school. This elementary course embraces mathematics, English literature, history and grammar, French, drawing, chemistry, physics, gardening, and botany. Some fifteen hours a week are devoted to science, and the science subjects are not taught in the old-fashioned way, by means of blackboards and books only, but by practical work in the laboratories and fields. Each boy has his own garden-plot, where he is taught to grow vegetables, while the girls cultivate flowers, both being taught the principles of pruning and budding. The boys are also taught how to work in wood, while the girls learn cooking, needlework, and household management. Under this scheme the girls also learn practical science, and they do quite as well as the boys in the simpler experimental work of the laboratories. In the collection and classification of flowers, and in the study of botany, the girls beat the boys.



The Poultry-run.

I have said that the first two years are

mainly devoted to giving an effective general education, and a child who leaves at the end of this time will have received a better equipment for life than was at all possible under the old cut-and-dried methods. But the elementary course is also intended to be the foundation for a higher course, by training the mind of the child to be perceptive and observant. The child is thus prepared for studies which have a more direct scientific application to the career of the agriculturist. The pupil is now brought into closer grip with the sciences bearing upon agriculture, such as mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, etc., with the object of giving a sound preparatory training for the career of the farmer, the stock-breeder, and the horticulturist. There is no farm attached to the school, but frequent visits are made to neighbouring farms, where the practical study of farming is made with the aid of a competent lecturer. This would not be sufficient in itself, and a small field has therefore been purchased, which is divided into experimental plots for gardening and farm work. Thus the boy steps out of the laboratory, where he has been learning general principles, on to the field, where he sees the laws at work into the mysteries of which he has made practical investigation. The boys delight in the miniature farm and garden on the side of the hill, for here they may gain knowledge at first hand of the workings of Nature. They find a never-ending interest in the changing rotation of crops and in the hundred-and-odd experiments which are made on the soil and seed. Some slight explanation of this side of their work may interest my readers, and I will promise to avoid any tedious details.



The Biological Laboratory.

The field is divided into three parts.

Section I. consists of some seventy plots, each about one square rod in area. These are devoted to the culture of various agricultural grasses, clovers, and forage crops, of which about sixty varieties are grown. There is keen competition among the boys as to who shall produce the best harvest.

Section II. is about a quarter of an acre in extent, and is divided into five parts, on which are grown wheat, oats, barley, rye, beans, mangolds, potatoes, and swedes. The soil of these miniature cornfields and root crops is subjected to various treatments in order to teach the boys practical lessons.

Section III. is laid out as a miniature farm, and is divided into four divisions, to demonstrate the principle of rotation in crops.

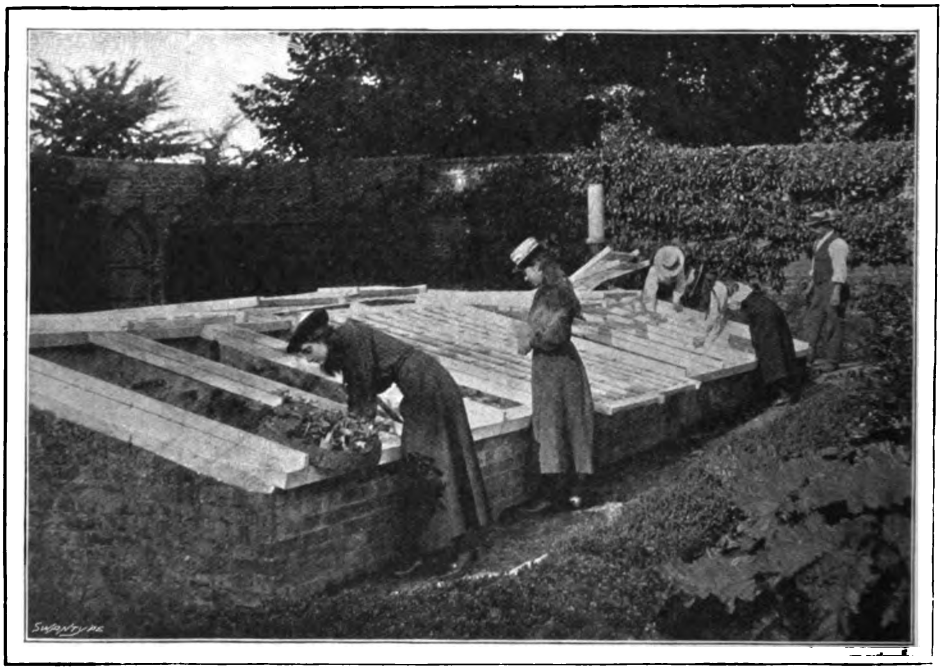
But my readers will be asking what happens to the girls who go in for the advanced course? They do not, of course, follow the boys in all this practical work. At the same time they pursue their botanical, physiological, and chemical studies to a large extent side by side with the boys. The dairy is their special sphere of work, and here they learn how to make really good butter and cheese. The dairy is equipped with the most modern machinery in the shape of cream-separators, end-over-end churns, butter-workers, and milk-testing appliances, all of which the girls learn to understand and to use. They also learn the business side of dairying—the packing and marketing of their produce, also the keeping of accounts. In addition the girls spend a good deal of time in the flower gardens, with the idea of teaching them to become practical horticulturists. This year they have made an almost complete collection of the wild flora in the district. Then there are the poultry-runs and the bee-hives to keep the girls as well as the boys busy. Each pupil, as far as possible, undertakes the complete management of the poultry, and there is the keenest excitement as to who can produce the greatest number of eggs and chicks. The management of incubators is also taught; and as these require great care and attention, they are not only of practical use, but also of educational advantage. This is in addition to the domestic side of the girls' work, comprising the keeping of accounts, the cutting out of dresses, the repair of household linen, and in fact everything that could be of use to a housewife.

In the coming year a fresh branch of technical work is to be added to the boys' studies. They will now be taught to work in metal, and will thus add to their first year's work of carpentering a further amount of practice in the engineering workshop, which is fitted with a screw-cutting lathe, drilling-machine, and all the other necessary



The Dairy—Churning and Butter-making.

tools. The object of this course is to give a practical knowledge of welding, riveting, fitting, and soldering in metal. Such knowledge is of great importance to the farmer, who has often to mend a broken plough, a damaged bolt, or some injury to his machinery. A farmer must cut his expenses as low as possible, and he will save a considerable sum in the year if he has some knowledge of the means employed in repairing machinery.



The Old Walled Kitchen Garden. Storing tender plants.

I think that I have now described very fully the life at Bigods. Before I conclude I should like to say a few words on that most important point in my scheme—the mixed character of the school.

Schools of boys and girls are quite common in America, and are being tried with success in Germany and Switzerland. I hope that they will grow in favour in this country, because I am convinced that the presence of the girls in the class-room tends to soften the rough edges of the boys' natures, and to give them an instinctive leaning to courtesy and chivalry. In this way the whole tone of the school is elevated. The girls, I think, benefit equally on their side. One of the chief sources of trouble in a woman's life seems to me to be her misunderstanding of men. A girl who has been brought up with a number of brothers is generally more companionable and sensible than one who has been educated alone with other girls. She is more at home with men, and knows how to manage them better, which is really very important. She is the friend and companion of her husband, and not only his best and most expensive toy. It is the same with a boy who has lived with a number of sisters. Unless he is spoilt by over-attention, he ought to make a more chivalrous and considerate man. In fact, not the least good of my little venture will, I hope, be the making of better wives and husbands and happier homes.

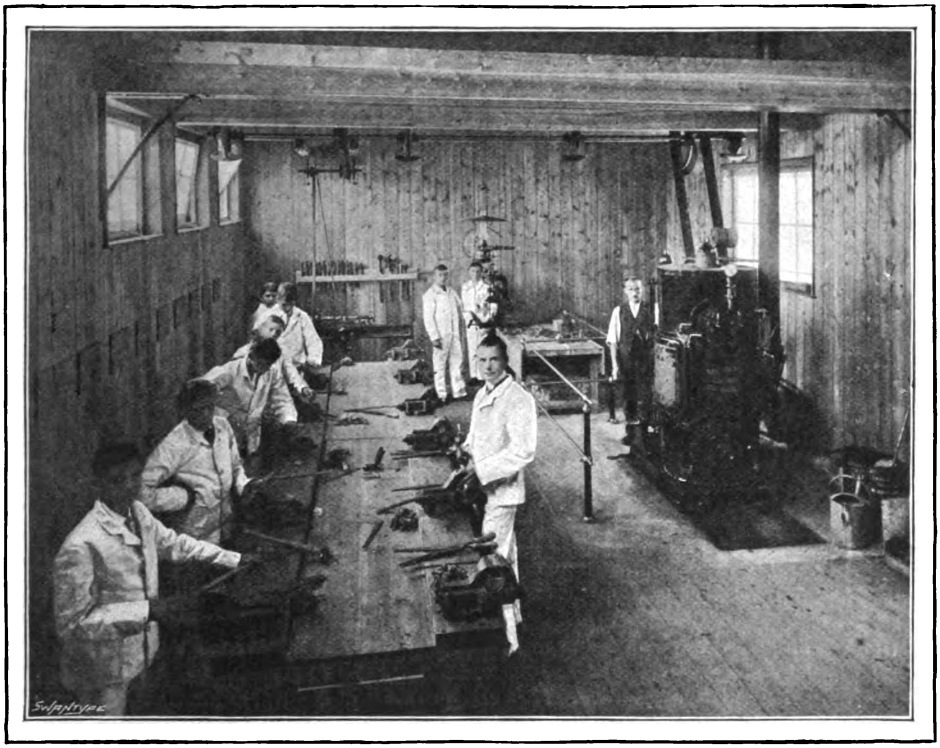
But I have not forgotten that even more important than the company of boys is the companionship of a good and sympathetic woman at this critical period of a girl's life. It is for this reason that I have chosen with great care a house-mother (who has since become the Principal's wife), to take care of the girls out of school hours. Many are the happy hours spent during the long winter evenings at Dunmow in reading, dancing, needle-work, singing, and games, in which last both boys and girls join. I have also

remembered the old adage about all work and no play, and the boys have their football and cricket grounds, while the girls have their tennis and croquet, and I hope they will soon have their hockey as well as their calisthenics.

It is too early yet to speak with any certainty of the effect of Bigods on the future career of its pupils, but I have no doubt in my own mind that it will be the beginning of many successful and happy lives; and I trust that my venture will be an incentive to others to try the same experiment, and that it may end in rousing our sleepy Government properly to organise rural education.

The school is managed by a local committee, which comprises several members of the Essex County Council Technical Instruction Committee, as well as the writer of this article. The services of an educational adviser have also been rendered by Professor Meldola, F.R.S., since the inauguration of the school; and the selection and appointment of the teaching staff is virtually in the hands of this committee of management. The qualifications of the Principal, Mr. S. S. Hennesey, having been approved of by this local committee, and by the Essex Technical Instruction Committee, the details of administration, including the selection of the teaching staff, are vested in him, subject to approval by the local committee, which meets periodically to receive his report.

The remuneration of the Principal and staff practically resolves itself into the question of maintenance funds. These are derived from three sources: (1) a grant towards teaching expenses made by the Essex County Council; (2) the grants earned from the Board of Education by virtue of our curriculum being recognised as that of a School of Science; and (3) the fees paid by pupils. Beyond these we have no source of regular income; and deficiencies — necessarily incurred during our inauguration period—have been met by private benefactors. It will be seen, therefore, that the teaching staff is selected by the Principal, who is in



The Workshop.



The smaller children at work.

his turn responsible to the committee of management, and that the maintenance of this staff is carried on from the revenues derived from the sources indicated.

One word more. It may be of interest to some of my readers to know the fees charged at Bigods. The school is, of course, for the children of people of small means, who would otherwise be unable to afford education of such a kind. The greater number of the children come from the smaller farms around, but for those who cannot afford the six guineas a year for the day course, or the thirty guineas a year for board and tuition, there are some thirty scholarships ranging from £3 upwards.



THE ROUND TABLE.

BOOKS TO READ.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

RECENT literature continues to bear traces of that increased seriousness which is the first necessity for the restoration of the joy of life. We have even had a revival of that most serious of all human historical functions, the art of prophecy. Distinguished men have once more taken up the work of Mr. Bellamy, and painted a new heaven and earth with pen and ink.

One of the books of this kind, most worthy of being seriously read, and seriously disagreed with, is Mr. H. G. Wells's *Anticipations* (Chapman & Hall). In these articles he gives an extremely dexterous and suggestive version of what he thinks to be the future of our civilisation, the system on which it will be conducted, and the types and classes in which, according to his estimate, the power of society will in all probability abide. He maintains, with a great deal of plausibility and truth, that we are more and more moving away from the scheme of government as administered by our present governing classes, and that the control of the future will almost certainly be in the hands of a scientific and serious class of what may be called middle-class mechanics. Their motto will be the word "efficiency." It is all extremely neat and satisfying; but for some mysterious reason it does not satisfy me, as indeed none of the numerous forecasts of the world's future have ever done. I am not interested in how efficient the world is going to be. I am interested in what it is going to be efficient to perform. And all these forecasts of our future earthly state have always seemed to me to be under one great primary curse and error. They all represent the future condition of mankind as a state. The condition of mankind never has been, and probably never will be, a state. It has always been a change, and, to the people engaged in it, an exciting change.

It is solemnly said that this is a transition period; but the whole history of humanity has been one continual transition period. The great and delightful thing about human existence is that it has been engaged from the beginning of time in one everlasting crisis. Humanity went to bed every night expecting to wake up and find itself divine. The whole of history is the vigil of a festival. This is, I think, the essential error which gives that strange air of unreality, even of a kind of spectral horror, to all the Utopias which are now written about the ultimate condition of men. Men a thousand years hence may have the institutions of Mr. H. G. Wells, or the institutions of Mr. Bellamy, or the institutions of Mr. William Morris. But whatever their institutions are, the essential point is that they will not live by those institutions or in those institutions; they will live in some direct and practical excitement about the approaching appearance of the kingdom of God. Man will not rest in the Eden of William Morris any more than he rested in the Eden of the Book of Genesis. The simple pagan villages of "News from Nowhere" will be convulsed by the rumour that a man has arisen who claims to unite earth and heaven. The vast and automatic cities of Mr. Bellamy will be shaken, like Tyre and Babylon, to their foundations by a voice crying in the wilderness. Mechanics and business men who will run so successfully the perfect society of Mr. H. G. Wells may at any moment be made to look as black and mean as a mob of ants by the appearance of a martyr or an artist. There will be no "state" of humanity in the future. It will be, as we are, excited about something that it cannot understand. What we want to know about men in the future—supposing that we want to know an thing, which is, I think, more than doubtful—is not how

they will manage their police or their tramcars, but what they will be excited about. Their police and tramcars will be as uninteresting to them as ours are to us. What we want to know is what will make the darkness a hint to them and the dawn a prophecy. For to the collective spirit of humanity, as to the mightier spirit behind it, there is nothing but an everlasting present; a thousand years are as yesterday in its sight, and as a watch in the night.

Mr. H. G. Wells has, indeed, almost every intellectual faculty for the estimate of the tendency of society; but he has a deep and not easily definable deficiency which is well exhibited in the fact that he can contemplate apparently with contentment the idea that society will be dominated eventually by a race of sombre and technical experts—a race, as it were, of glorified gasfitters, without gaiety, without art, without faith. The best chance of analysing this deficiency lies in studying Mr. Wells's novels, and it so happens that a typical novel comes within our scope. He continues in *The First Men in the Moon* (George Newnes) his great series of the thousand romances that lie secreted in "The Origin of Species." Mr. H. G. Wells is, of course, a profoundly interesting and representative man of this age. The conception at the back of his mind appears to be essentially the same as that of Swift. Swift, in "Gulliver's Travels," sought to show how, by merely altering the standards and proportions of life, by conceiving a hypothetical man forty feet high, and another hypothetical man five inches high, you could make the whole position of humanity ridiculous, and confound all the principles of heaven and earth. "Gulliver's Travels" is, indeed, the great Bible of scepticism, and worthy to be the greatest literary work of the most polished and most futile of centuries. Mr. Wells achieves this same conception—the conception of the confusion of standards—but not by means of Swift's big men and little men, which were merely abstract figures, like the figures of a geometrical diagram. He attains this confusion of standards by means of the whole roaring and bewildering vision of the universe as seen by science. His world is indeed a kind of opium-dream.

The First Men in the Moon is an account written with astonishing animation and lucidity of a visit to our satellite conducted by purely scientific methods. In dealing with the inhabitants of the moon, Mr. Wells exhibits in a very clear way the difference that I have mentioned between the old sceptical and satiric romance and the new. Such writers as Lucian or Rabelais or Swift would have used the moon as a mere convenience, an empty house among the planets in which to put the angels or elfins of some human allegory, a mere silver mirror in which would have been glassed, under monstrous shapes and disguises, all that was passing upon the earth. Mr. Wells's satiric method is the new one; it inaugurates almost a new method, which might be called biological satire. He represents the moon creatures as being more or less what he conjectures that such creatures would, by the laws of nature, have become. They are beings like walking toadstools or horribly magnified animalcula; beings with heads like huge bubbles, which grow bigger as they think; beings who divide among themselves the senses and the powers of man, who have one specialist to see and another specialist to hear, and another specialist to count. The weakness of the book is that of nearly all Mr. H. G. Wells's books, and it arises out of his sceptical attitude. As a human story it is lifeless. The men who conduct the expedition are as distant, as monstrous, and as cold as the wan populace of the moon. A curious cold light of indifference, a curious cold air of contentment and unconcern, lies upon the whole wild narrative. We read of the blood-curdling idea of a man left behind on the moon, but we do not read it with any of the basic and primeval human emotions with which we should read of our brother, born of our own kindly race, whirling in space at the mercy of the blind tournament of the spheres. We do not care what becomes of the man; we feel that he and the moon monsters are both about as basically heartless and dreary as each other. This is a real misfortune, or punishment of the sceptical attitude, for you cannot write a romance or a story of adventure without human interest. The common modern notion that a romance is simply a string of brute incidents, fights, voyages, and discoveries, is an error which is responsible for cartloads of bad imitations of Dumas and Scott. A set of adventures is nothing unless we have first gained a working and approximate human interest in the adventurer. He may be stabbed by his

rival, or betrayed by his lady-love, or drowned in a storm, or killed in a man-trap, and we shall do nothing but call the watch together and thank God we are rid of a bore. *The First Men in the Moon* fails, in spite of a wealth of world-wide fancy and gigantesque logic, for lack of that one feeling which one of the older and more humane romances would have made us feel—the feeling of man returning after his nightmare of space and finding this common earth glowing all round him like a fire-lit room.

In connection with this serious discussion about the possibilities of alternative commonwealths and alternative civilisations, I may notice one very remarkable and exceptionally able book, which has recently appeared in a very small and unpretentious form—*The Letters of John Chinaman* (R. Brimley Johnson). It fitly finds a place in this discussion, because, however remote and alien may be Mr. H. G. Wells's conception of future generations, however grotesque and even loathsome may be his vision of the commonwealths of another planet, the actual people of the great empire of China are to us more ghostly than the unborn generations and more wild than the men in the moon. *The Letters of John Chinaman* constitute an astonishingly spirited and remarkably able protest on behalf of the idea that Chinese civilisation is, morally, intellectually, and materially, immeasurably superior to our own. To take up the fantastic and almost fabulous position that the ancient Chinese emperors were right in regarding Europeans as barbarians and sky-breakers, that in meddling with China we are meddling, like so many Goths and Vandals, with a system that we cannot understand or value—to adopt such a position as this, and then defend it with the most unimpeachable modern logic, the largest modern liberality, and the fullest allowance for all modern facts and discoveries—this is indeed a task for a bold and brilliant man, a task that is not so much a task as an heroic adventure. Yet the author makes out his case, not, indeed, sufficiently to make us believe that it is the unadulterated truth or the whole truth, but quite enough to make us feel that he has come upon a vast hoard of truth which has been almost entirely hidden and neglected. For example, he urges one point in favour of the Chinese against the Western civilisation which struck me as decidedly forcible. The Chinese civilisation, he points out, is a moral civilisation—that is to say, it does organise all power, all property, and all life in accordance with certain ethical ideas, right or wrong, which were taught by Confucius. Their civilisation is, in short, Confucian; but our civilisation is not Christian. Christianity remains the one really inspiring ideal which can induce us to soften and beautify the mechanical action of our society. But that mechanical action itself is not Christian; it is the very reverse of Christian. The deduction made by John Chinaman is simply that China has moulded human life to its ideal, and that Christendom has failed to do so. This is almost certainly an exaggerative and fallacious way of putting it. The Oriental nature finds one of its first pleasures in being passive and orderly, but chivalry and adventure are necessary to the Western nature, and these necessitate a certain degree of spontaneity, and even of disorder. But though the arguments of John Chinaman furnish to the liberal mind no reason for despising the civilisation of Europe, they do furnish an excellent set of reasons for abandoning the brutal and babyish habit of despising the civilisation of China. John Chinaman exaggerates, no doubt, but exaggeration is often a very good proof of honesty. The test of a truth is that it is a thing that may be safely exaggerated. Try to exaggerate a falsehood, and every one will see what a monster you have set up.

Works on the philosophy and romance of history have been common in many quarters lately. Mr. Andrew Lang is as delightful as usual in his *Mystery of Mary Stuart* (Longmans), but it certainly required a lively writer, a writer with the noble frivolity of Mr. Lang, to render pleasant and entertaining the dankest, darkest, and most thoroughly ghoulish corner of history, the Scotch Court in the time of Mary. In that Court we have the Renaissance at its very worst—the most melancholy of all human movements. It was no longer a matter of brutal men animated more or less by large ideas, as in the Middle Ages, but of brutal men animated by nothing but their own exquisite and undiluted brutality. And it is very strange that Scotchmen should have taken such a fancy to defending Mary Queen of Scots, for she was in

every respect the antithesis of the Scotch character. Generations of the most wholesome nation on the earth have wasted their time in defending one spiteful, sensual, degenerate French vixen. It was she who injected into the kingly blood of Stuart that poison of cunning and uncleanness which clung to it ever after like a curse. The Stuarts after her were graceful and clever and capable of inspiring devotion; but humanity made all kind of haste to get the taste of them out of its mouth.

One of the most important and interesting books that have appeared recently is, of course, Mr. Barry O'Brien's *Life of Lord Russell of Killowen* (Smith, Elder). It required an Irishman to write the Life of so very Irish a figure, because a great deal of what constituted the great lawyer in Russell of Killowen was Celtic in the highest degree. It is certainly a strange idea which supposes the lawyer by nature and necessity to be cold. All the greatest and most emotional Irishmen, such as Daniel O'Connell and Isaac Butt, have been lawyers. The cant notion runs that the lawyer is a man with no sympathies, who can in consequence take any side of any question. It is forgotten that it is also possible for him to be a man of so many sympathies that he can take any side of any question. This was certainly the case with Russell, the last of the great line of Irish advocates. Mr. Barry O'Brien tells us many things about him which give food for thought about this singular intellectual type. In a world, for example, where "intellectual" is always taken as meaning "literary," it is significant to read that for all practical purposes Russell of Killowen never opened a book. If a member of what we commonly regard as the intellectual classes had met Russell of Killowen in private life, he would probably have thought him a very ordinary man of the world, whose conversation was compounded of that of a trainer, a tipster, a card-player, and a *bon vivant*. But if that intellectual gentleman had been suddenly pitted against Russell in a struggle for a nation's destiny or a man's life, he would soon have discovered whereabouts on the field were the big guns of the intellect. Among a thousand other values the life of a man like Lord Russell is valuable if it reminds us of this—of how shallow, upon the whole, are the pretensions of the cultivated class to represent the intellect of the nation.

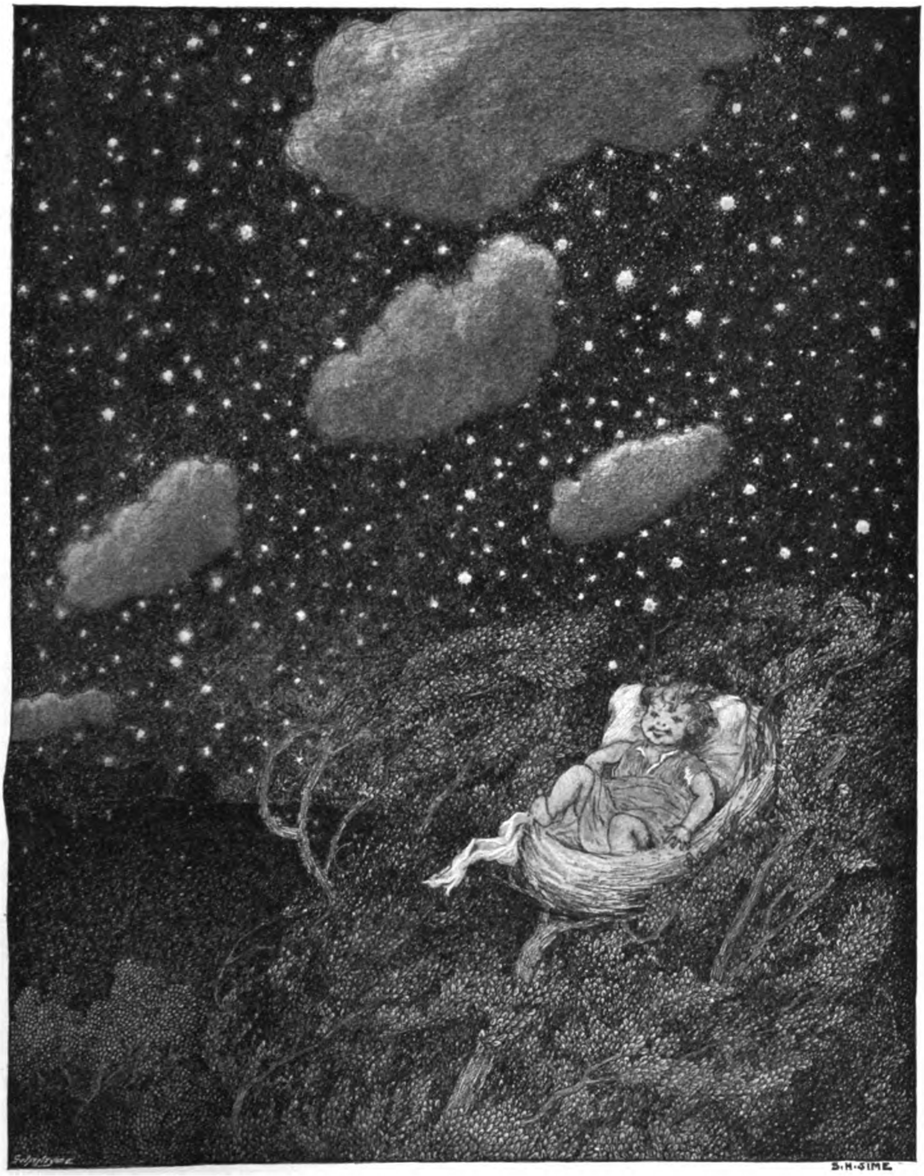
The Conversations of James Northcote with James Ward, edited by Ernest Fletcher (Methuen), is a very charming collection of the best thing in the world, really intellectual gossip. James Northcote belonged to an old school, and his conversation has much of the flavour of Dr. Johnson's. Like Johnson, he belonged to a period of a kind of genial and companionable scepticism—a period in which ideas were broken up and in solution, and in which, consequently, good conversation on art, morals, and philosophy was more than usually possible.

It is remarkable that of all the interesting books of the last month hardly any have been novels. Fiction is indeed only represented by two very distinguished men, and even these are not altogether at their best. The first novel is Mr. Stanley Weyman's *Count Hannibal* (Smith, Elder), in which he takes us as usual to the French Court in the seventeenth century, which would appear, from an accumulation of romantic testimony, to have been the most sanguinary and disorderly place that the world ever saw. The second is *Love like a Gipsy* (Constable), by that turbid and extravagant but extraordinarily able and promising novelist, Mr. Bernard Capes.

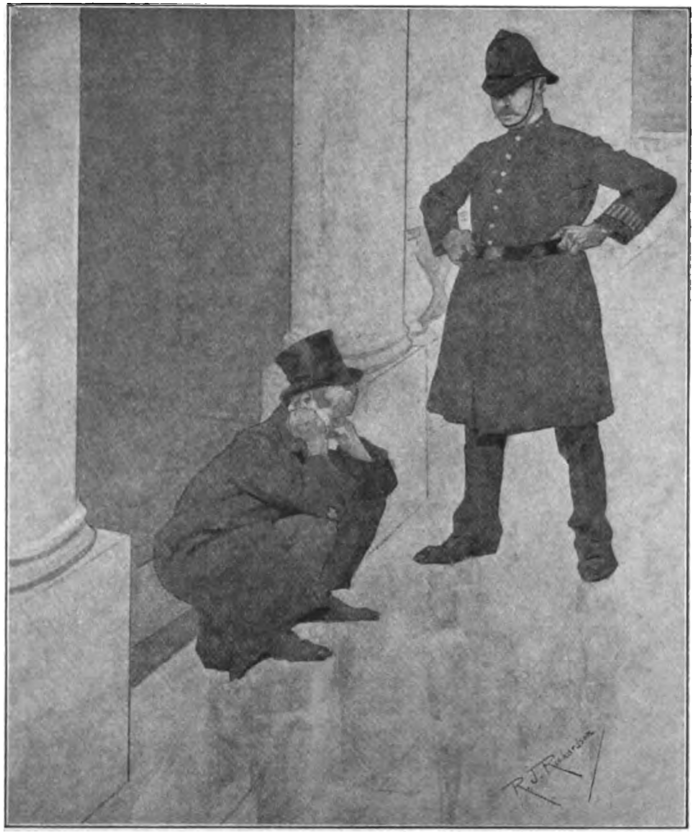
On the side of light philosophy and *obiter dicta*, however, there has been a greater wealth of production than we have space to notice. Prominent among these examples may be noted Mr. Stephen Gwynn, who is as delightful as ever in *The Old Knowledge* (Macmillan), and Mr. Leslie Stephen's edition of *The Letters of John Richard Green* (Elliot Stock). Most prominent of all, in all probability, stands the new *Miscellanies* (Macmillan) of Mr. Augustine Birrell, one of the wisest and most serious men of the age, who is, like almost all people who try to be honestly serious, commonly regarded as funny. In the new book, however, there can be little doubt about the gravity of the voice, speaking in a grave time: "The longer I live the more convinced I am that the only two things that really count in national existence, are a succession of writers of genius and the proud memories of great, noble, and honourable deeds." In a time when there is a kind of panic of cynicism, when men hasten to assign a mean or material origin to everything they mention, these are indeed courageous and admirable words.

NURSERY PICTURES.

BY S. H. SIME.



HUSH-A-BYE, Baby ! on the tree-top ;
When the wind blows the cradle will rock :
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down will come Baby, cradle and all.



The Days that are no more.

Scene: Doorstep in Mayfair.

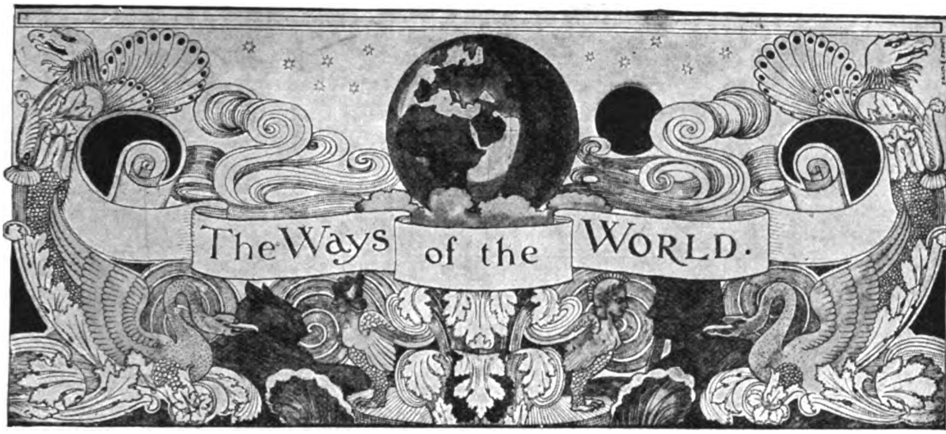
Policeman: "I suppose I ought to move him on, but, poor beggar! 'e used to live there!"



What the Fox heard.

"And you will always love me, even when I am old and ugly?"

"But you never can grow any older or any uglier in my eyes, darling!"



THE NAMING OF STREETS.

BY MAX BEERBOHM.

"THE Rebuilding of London" proceeds ruthlessly apace. The humble old houses that dare not scrape the sky are being duly punished for their timidity. Down they come, and in their place are shot up new tenements, quick and high as rockets. And the little old streets, so narrow and exclusive, so shy and crooked—we are making an example of them, too. We lose our way in them, do we?—we whose time is money. Our omnibuses can't trundle through them, can't they? Very well, then. Down with them! We have no use for them. This is the age of "noble arteries."

"The rebuilding of London" is a source of much pride and pleasure to most of London's citizens, especially to them who are county councillors, builders, contractors, navvies, glaziers, decorators, and so forth. There is but a tiny residue of persons who do not swell and sparkle. And of these glum bystanders at the carnival I am one. Our aloofness is mainly irrational, I suppose. It is due mainly to temperamental Toryism. We say "The old is better." This we say to ourselves, every one of us feeling himself thereby justified in his attitude. But we are quite aware that such a postulate would not be accepted by the majority. For the majority, then, let us make some show of ratiocination. Let us argue that, forasmuch as London is an historic city, with many phases and periods behind her, and forasmuch as many of these phases and periods are enshrined in the aspect of her buildings, the constant rasure of these buildings is a disservice to the historian not less than to the mere sentimentalist, and that it will, moreover, (this is a more telling argument) filch from Englishmen the pleasant power of crowing over Americans, and from Americans the unpleasant necessity of balancing their pity for our present with envy of our past. After all, our past is our *point d'appui*. Our present is merely a bad imitation of what the Americans can do much better. Ignoring as mere scurrility this criticism of London's present, but touched by my appeal to his pride in its history, the average citizen will reply, reasonably enough, to this effect: "By all means let us have architectural evidence of our epochs —Caroline, Georgian, Victorian, what you will. But why should the Edwardian be ruled out? London is packed full of architecture already. Only by rasing much of its present architecture can we find room for commemorating duly the glorious epoch which we have just entered. To this reply there are two rejoinders: (1) let special suburbs be founded for Edwardian buildings; (2) there are no really Edwardian buildings, and there won't be any. Long before the close of the Victorian Era our architects had ceased to be creative. They could not express in their work the spirit of their time. They could but evolve a medley of old styles, some foreign, some native, all inappropriate. Take the case of Mayfair. Mayfair has for some years been in a state of transition. The old Mayfair, grim and sombre, with its air of selfish privacy and *hauteur* and leisure, its plain bricked façades, so disdainful of show—was it not

redolent of the century in which it came to being? Its wide pavements and narrow roads between—could not one see in them the time when by day gentlemen and ladies went out afoot, needing no vehicle to whisk them to a destination, and walked to and fro amply, needing elbow-room for their dignity and their finery, and by night were borne in chairs, singly? And those queer little places of worship, those stucco chapels, with their very secular little columns, their ample pews, and their negligible altars over which one saw the Lion and the Unicorn fighting, as who should say, for the Cross—did they not breathe all the inimitable Erastianism of their period? *In qua te quæro proseucha*, my Lady Powderbox? Alas! every one of your tabernacles is dust now—dust turned to mud by the tears of the ghost of the Rev. Charles Honeyman, and by my own tears. . . . I have strayed again into sentiment. Back to the point! The point is that the new houses and streets in Mayfair mean nothing. Let me show you Mount Street. Let me show you that airy stretch of sham antiquity, and defy you to say that it symbolises, how remotely soever, the spirit of its time. Mount Street is typical of the new Mayfair. And the new Mayfair is typical of the new London. In the height of these new houses, in the width of these new roads, the future students will find, doubtless, something characteristic of this pressing and bustling age. But from the style of the houses he will learn nothing at all. The style might mean anything, and means, therefore, nothing. Original architecture is a lost art in England; and an art that is once lost is never found again. The Edwardian Era cannot be commemorated in its architecture. Erection of new buildings robs us of the past and gives us in exchange nothing of the present. Consequently, the excuse put by me into the gaping mouth of the average Londoner cannot be accepted. I had no idea that my case was such a good one. Having now vindicated on grounds of patriotic utility that which I took to be a mere sentimental prejudice, I may be pardoned for dragging "beauty" into the question. The new buildings are not only uninteresting through lack of temporal and local significance; they are also hideous. With all his learned eclecticism, the new architect seems unable to evolve a fake that shall be pleasing to the eye. Not at all pleasing is a mad hotch-potch of early Victorian hospital, Jacobean manor-house, Venetian palace, and bride-cake in Gunter's best manner. Yet that, apparently, is the modern English architect's pet ideal. Even when he confines himself to one manner, the result (even if it be in itself decent) is made horrible by vicinity to the work of a rival who has been dabbling in some other manner. Every street in London is being converted into a battlefield of styles, all shrieking at one another, all murdering one another. The tumult may be exciting, especially to the architects, but it is not beautiful. It is not good to live in. I, at any rate, do not like it.

HOWEVER, I am no propagandist. I am not sanguine enough to suppose that I could do anything to stop either the adulteration or the demolition of old streets. I do not wish to infect the public with my own misgivings. On the contrary, my motive for this essay is to inoculate the public with my own placid indifference in a matter which seems to have been causing them much painful anxiety. I care not at all what names be given to new streets. For the new street which is to connect Holborn with the Strand, "Broadway" seems to me as good as any other. But to the public, if one may judge from letters to the newspapers, this name does not appeal at all. It is too American. There is not enough of England, Home, and Beauty about it. How can an English street whose name is derived from New York have any native character? How, moreover, can a street that has an ugly name ever suggest anything but ugliness? Further, why should we miss the chance of commemorating some great Englishman—ancient or modern, King Alfred or General Buller—by conferring on this new street his illustrious name? Now, let me soothe these querists by showing that a name cannot (in the long-run) make any shadow of difference in our sentiment for the street that bears it, for that our sentiment is solely according to the character of the street itself; and, further, that a street does nothing at all to keep green the memory of one whose name is given to it.

FOR a street one name is as good as another. To prove this proposition, let us proceed by analogy of the names borne by human beings. Surnames and Christian names may both be divided into two classes: (1) those which, being identical with words in the dictionary, connote some definite thing; (2) those which, connoting nothing, may or may not suggest something by their sound. Instances of Christian names in the first class are *Rose*, *Faith*; of surnames, *Lavender*, *Badger*; of Christian names in the second class, *Celia*, *Mary*; of surnames, *Jones*, *Vavasour*. Let us consider the surnames in the first class. You will say, off-hand, that *Lavender* sounds pretty, and that *Badger* sounds ugly. Very well. Now, suppose that Christian names connoting unpleasant things were sometimes conferred at baptisms. Imagine two sisters named *Nettle* and *Envy*. Off-hand, you will say that these names sound ugly, whilst *Rose* and *Faith* sound pretty. Yet, believe me, there is not, in point of actual sound, one pin to choose either between *Badger* and *Lavender*, or between *Rose* and *Nettle*, or between *Faith* and *Envy*. There is no such thing as a singly euphonious or a singly cacophonous name. There is no word which, by itself, sounds ill or well. In combination names or words may be made to sound ill or well. A sentence can be musical or unmusical. But in detachment words are no more preferable one to another in their sound than are single notes of music. What you take to be beauty or ugliness of sound is indeed nothing but beauty or ugliness of meaning. You are pleased by the sound of such words as *gondola*, *vestments*, *chancel*, *ermine*, *manor-house*. They seem to be fraught with a subtle onomatopœia, severally suggesting by their sounds the grace or sanctity or solid comfort of the things which they connote. You murmur them luxuriously, dreamily. Prepare for a slight shock. *Scrofula*, *investments*, *cancer*, *vermin*, *warehouse*. Horrible words, are they not? But say *gondola—scrofula*, *vestments—investments*, and so on; and then lay your hand on your heart, and declare that the words in the first list are in mere sound nicer than the words in the second. Of course, they are not. If gondola were a disease, and if a scrofula were a beautiful boat peculiar to a beautiful city, the effect of each word would be exactly the reverse of what it is. This rule may be applied to all the other words in the two lists. And these lists might, of course, be extended to infinity. The appropriately beautiful or ugly sound of any word is an illusion wrought on us by what the word connotes. *Beauty* sounds as ugly as *ugliness* sounds beautiful. Neither of them has by itself any quality in sound.

IT follows, then, that the Christian names and surnames in my first class sound beautiful or ugly according to what they connote. The sound of those in the second class depends on the extent to which it *suggests* any known word more than another. Of course, there might be a name hideous in itself. There might, for example, be a Mr. Griggsbiggmiggs. But there is not. And the fact that I, after prolonged study of a Postal Directory, have been obliged to use my imagination as factory for a name that connotes nothing and is ugly in itself may be taken as proof that such names do not exist actually. You cannot stump me by citing Mr. Matthew Arnold's citation of the words "Ragg is in custody," and his comment that "there was no Ragg by the Ilyssus." "Ragg" has not an ugly sound in itself. Mr. Arnold was jarred merely by its suggestion of something ugly, a *rag*, and by the bald brutality of the police-court reporter in withholding the prefix "Miss" from a poor girl who had got into trouble. If "Ragg" had been brought to his notice as the name of some illustrious old family, Mr. Arnold would never have dragged in the Ilyssus. The name would have had for him a savour of quaint distinction. The suggestion of a *rag* would never have struck him. For it is a fact that whatever thing may be connoted or suggested by a name is utterly overshadowed by the name's bearer (unless, as in the case of poor "Ragg," there is seen to be some connection between the bearer and the thing implied by the name) Roughly, it may be said that all names connote their bearers, and them only.

TO have a "beautiful" name is no advantage. To have an "ugly" name is no drawback. I am aware that this is a heresy. In a famous passage Bulwer Lytton propounded through one of his characters a theory

that "it is not only the effect that the sound of a name has on others which is to be thoughtfully considered; the effect that his name produces on the man himself is perhaps still more important. Some names stimulate and encourage the owner, others deject and paralyse him."

Bulwer himself, I doubt not, believed that there was something in this theory. It is natural that a novelist should. He is always at great pains to select for his every puppet a name that suggests to himself the character which he has ordained for that puppet. In real life a baby gets its surname by blind heredity, its other names by the blind whim of its parents, who know not at all what sort of a person it will eventually become. And yet, when these babies grow up, their names seem every whit as appropriate as do the names of the romantic puppets. "Obviously," thinks the novelist, "these human beings must 'grow to' their names; or else, we must be viewing them in the light of their names." And the quite ordinary people, who do not write novels, incline to his conjectures. How else can they explain the fact that every name seems to fit its bearer so exactly, to sum him or her up in a flash? The true explanation, missed by them, is that a name derives its whole quality from its bearer, even as does a word from its meaning. Take "Buller" as an instance. Sir Redvers, *ταυρηδὸν ὑποβλέψας*, is thought to be peculiarly well fitted with that name. Yet if it belonged not to him, but to (say) some gentle and thoughtful ecclesiastic, it would seem quite as inevitable. "Gore" is quite as taurine as "Buller," and yet does it not seem to us the right name for the author of "Lux Mundi"? In connection with him, who is struck by its taurinity? What hint of ovinity would there be for us if Sir Redvers' surname had happened to be that of him who wrote the "Essays of Elia"? Conversely, "Charles Buller" seems to us now an impossible *nom de vie* for Elia; yet it would have done just as well, really. Even "Redvers Buller" would have done just as well. "Walter Pater" means for us—how perfectly!—the author of "Marius the Epicurean," whilst the author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" is summed up for us, not less absolutely, in "Walter Besant." And yet, if the surnames of these two opposite Walters had been changed at birth, what difference would have been made? "Walter Besant" would have signified a prose-style sensuous in its severity, an exquisitely patient scholarship, an exquisitely sympathetic way of criticism. "Walter Pater" would have signified no style, but an unslakable thirst for information, and a bustling human sympathy, and power of carrying things through. Or take two names often found in conjunction—Johnson and Boswell. Had the dear great oracle been named Boswell, and had the sitter-at-his-feet been named Johnson, would the two names seem to us less appropriate than they do? Should we have suffered any greater loss than if Salmon were Gluckstein, and Gluckstein Salmon? Finally, take a case in which the same name was borne by two very different characters. What name could seem more descriptive of the late Archbishop of Westminster than "Manning"? It seems the very epitome of saintly astuteness. But for "Cardinal" substitute "Mrs." as its prefix, and, presto! it is equally descriptive of that dreadful medio-Victorian murderess who in the dock of the Old Bailey wore a black satin gown, and thereby created against black satin a prejudice which has but lately died. In itself black satin is a beautiful thing. Yet for many years, by force of association, it was accounted loathsome. Conversely, one knows that many quite hideous fashions in costume have been set by beautiful or socially distinguished women. Such instances of the subtle power of association will make clear to you how very easily a name (being neither beautiful nor hideous in itself) can be made hideous or beautiful by its bearer—how inevitably it becomes for us a symbol of its bearer's most salient qualities or defects, be they physical, moral, or intellectual.

STREETS are not less characteristic than human beings. "Look!" cried a friend of mine, whom lately I found studying a map of London, "isn't it appalling? All these streets—thousands of them—in this tiny compass! Think of the miles and miles of drab monotony this map contains!" I pointed out to him (it is a thinker's penalty to be always pointing things out to people) that his words were nonsense. I told him that the streets on this map were no more

monotonous than the rivers on the map of England. Just as there were no two rivers alike, every one of them having its own speed, its own windings, depths, and shallows, its own way with the reeds and grasses, so had every street its own claim to an especial nymph, forasmuch as no two streets had exactly the same proportions, the same habitual traffic, the same type of shops or houses, the same inhabitants. In some cases, of course, the difference between the "atmosphere" of two streets is a subtle difference. But it is always there, not less apparent to any one who searches for it than the difference between (say) Hill Street and Pont Street, High Street Kensington and High Street Notting Hill, Fleet Street and the Strand. I have here purposely opposed to each other streets that have obvious points of likeness. But what a yawning gulf of difference is between each couple! Hill Street, with its staid distinction, and Pont Street, with its eager, pushful "smartness," its *air de petit parvenu*, its obvious delight in having been "taken up"; High Street Notting Hill, down-at-heels and unashamed, with a placid smile on its broad, ugly face, and High Street Kensington, with its traces of former beauty, and its air of neatness and self-respect, as befits one who in her day has been caressed by royalty; Fleet Street, that seething channel of business, and the Strand, that swollen river of business, on whose surface float so many aimless and unsightly objects. In every one of these thoroughfares my mood and my manner are differently affected. In Hill Street, instinctively, I walk very slowly—sometimes, even with a slight limp, as one recovering from an accident in the hunting-field. I feel very well-bred there, and, though not clever, very proud, and quick to resent any familiarity from those whom elsewhere I should regard as my equals. In Pont Street my demeanour is not so calm and measured. I feel less sure of myself, and adopt a slight swagger. In High Street, Kensington, I find myself dapper and respectable, with a slight leaning to the fine arts. In High Street, Notting Hill, I become frankly common. Fleet Street fills me with a conviction that if I don't make haste I shall be jeopardising the national welfare. The Strand utterly unmans me, leaving me with only two sensations: (1) a regret that I should have made such a mess of my life; (2) a craving for alcohol. These are but a few instances. If I had time, I could show you that every street known to me in London has a definite effect on me, and that no two streets have exactly the same effect. For the most part, these effects differ in kind according only to the different districts and their different modes of life; but they differ in detail according to such specific little differences as exist between cognate streets like Bruton Street and Curzon Street, Doughty Street and Great Russell Street. Every one of my readers, doubtless, realises that he, too, is thus affected by the character of streets. And I doubt not that for him, as for me, the mere sound or sight of a street's name conjures up the sensation he feels when he passes through that street. For him, probably, the name of every street has hitherto seemed to be also its exact, inevitable symbol, a perfect suggestion of its character. He has believed that the grand or beautiful streets have grand or beautiful names, the mean or ugly streets mean or ugly names. Let me assure him that this is a delusion. The name of a street, as of a human being, derives its whole quality from its bearer.

"OXFORD STREET" sounds harsh and ugly. "Manchester Street" sounds rather nice. Yet "Oxford" sounds beautiful, and "Manchester" sounds odious. "Oxford" turns our thoughts to that "adorable dreamer, whispering from her spires the last enchantments of the Middle Age." An uproarious monster, belching from its factory-chimneys the latest exhalations of Hell — that is the image evoked by "Manchester." But neither in "Manchester Street" is there for us any hint of that monster, nor in "Oxford Street" of that dreamer. The names have become part and parcel of the streets. You see, then, that it matters not whether the name given to a new street be one which in itself suggests beauty, or one which suggests ugliness. In point of fact, it is generally the most pitiable little holes and corners that bear the most ambitiously beautiful names. To any one who has studied London, such a title as "Paradise Court" conjures up a dark, fetid alley, with untidy fat women

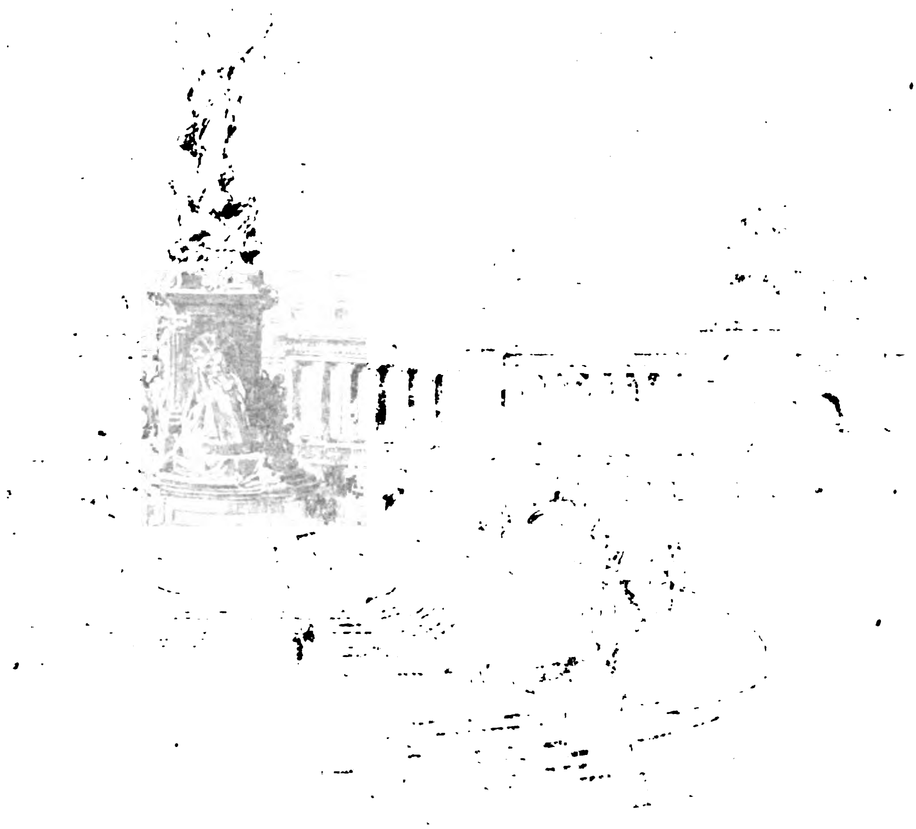


Little Binks (in an audible whisper):—"Do I look quite right, old man?"

gossiping in it, untidy thin women quarrelling across it, a host of haggard and shapeless children sprawling in its mud, and one or two drunken men propped against its walls. Thus, were there an official nomenclator of streets, he might be tempted to reject such names as in themselves signify anything beautiful. But his main principle would be to bestow whatever name first occurred to him, in order that he might save time for thinking about something that really mattered.

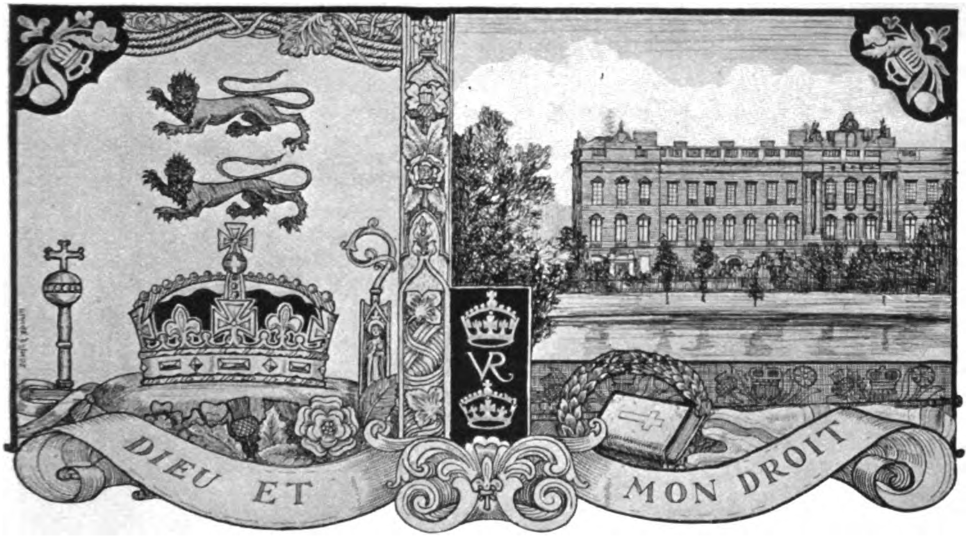
"BROADWAY," then, let the new street be called, without more ado. If the street, when it is opened, be reminiscent of New York's Broadway, our patriots must blame the street and themselves: the name by itself could no more suggest New York than can "Oxford Street" suggest Oxford, or the "Cromwell Road" Cromwell.

THE name of Cromwell reminds me that I must fulfil the second part of my promise: show the futility of trying to commemorate a hero by making a street his namesake. By implication I have done this already. But, for the benefit of the less nimble among my readers, let me be explicit. Who, passing through the Cromwell Road, ever thinks of Cromwell, except by accident? What journalist ever thinks of Wellington in Wellington Street? In Marlborough Street, what policeman remembers Marlborough? In St. James's Street, has any one ever fancied he saw the ghost of a pilgrim wrapped in a cloak, leaning on a staff? Other ghosts are there in plenty. The phantom chariot of Lord Petersham dashes down the slope nightily. Mr. Ball Hughes appears nightily in the bow-window of White's. At cock-crow Charles James Fox still emerges from Brooks's. Such men as these were indigenous to the street. Nothing will ever lay their ghosts there. But the ghost of St. James—what should it do in that galley? . . . Of all the streets that have been named after famous men, I know but one whose namesake is suggested by it. In Regent Street you do sometimes think of the Regent; and that is not because the street is named after him, but because it was conceived by him, and was designed and built under his auspices, and is redolent of his character and his time. When a national hero is to be commemorated by a street, he must be allowed to design the street himself. The mere plastering-up of his name is no mnemonic.



THE MEMORIAL, WITH STATUE OF THE LATE QUEEN BY MR. BIRCH.

Frontispiece.



THE GREAT QUEEN'S MONUMENT.

BY FREDERICK WEDMORE.

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDLEY FITTON.

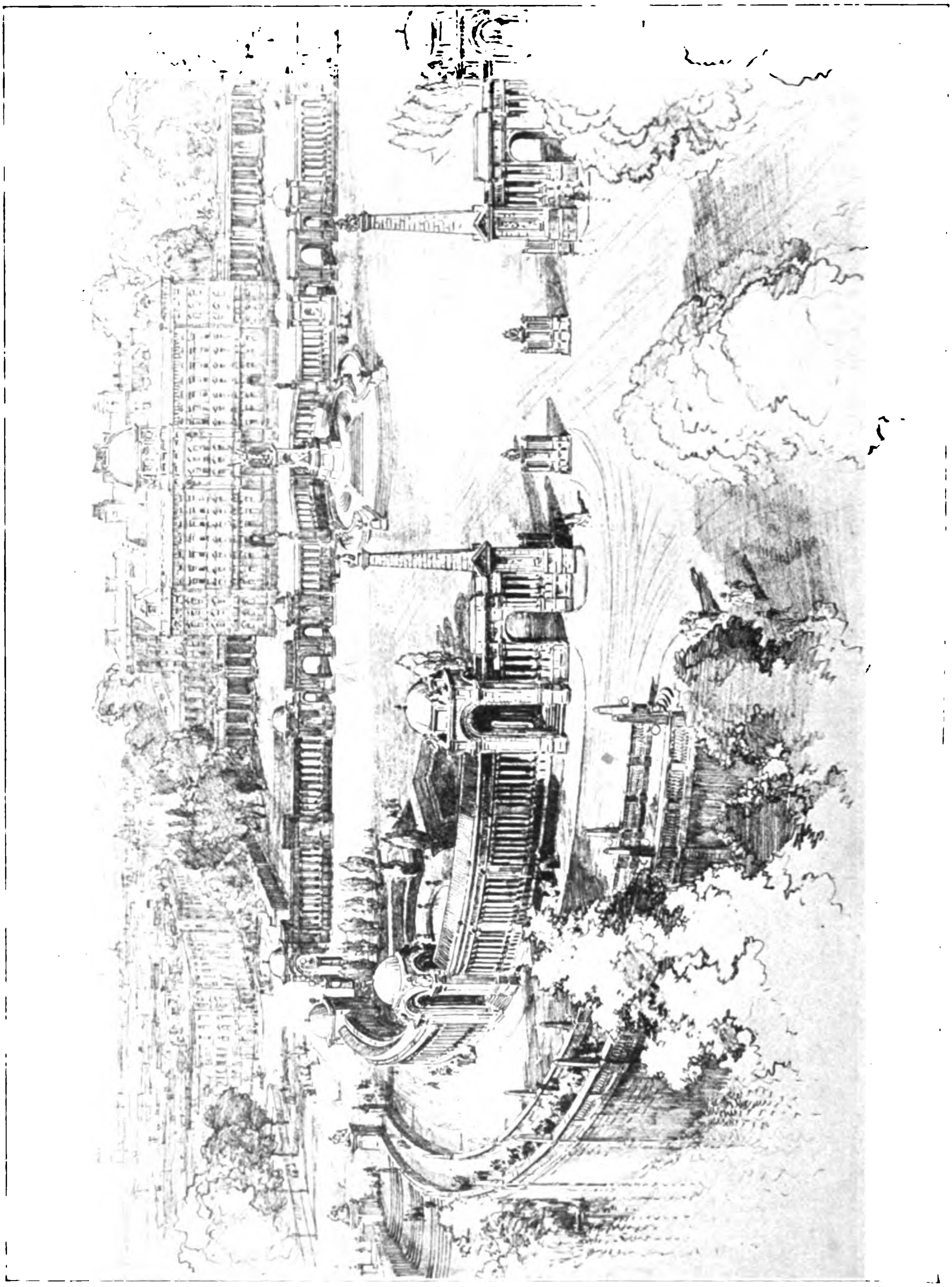
"THE great Queen,"—for so, and so alone, a loyal subject should ever speak of her. To those sensitive to language, "the late Queen" is a phrase dreadfully near implying that the Sovereign two generations knew and honoured has become of relatively small importance. The great Queen—"great" quite as certainly as Alfred or Elizabeth. "The great Queen," only.

And now, the great Queen's monument.

The first thought that arose, I must suppose, in the minds of English people, when the thing was bruited, was that she wanted none, and could not properly be given it; because of the memory of her, after her sixty years of most incomparable service—of duty to the uttermost fulfilled, and grace bestowed, and an example that has bettered humanity—that after that, the memory of her joined the poet's scanty store, and scanty list, of quite imperishable things—"or, onyx, émail," the poet says: "gold, onyx, and enamel," and the great Queen's memory.

Then came the second thought,—a People's gratitude must find material expression. The Queen was charitable, pitiful to all; so many said that the best of monuments would be a great Charity. But the Charity, in a charitable land, a philanthropic, a considerate age, would be one of many: not long would the world be likely to associate it with sufficient closeness with the lady it had been sought to commemorate.

A work of Art, then! And it must be a masterpiece. And to half the national mind, I fear—grateful but prosaic, to whom the secret of artistic matters has not been revealed—it seemed a possible thing to commission a masterpiece: to ensure, by mere expenditure of money, the presence of genius—as if the visitations of genius were to be bargained for, and terms made, upon which ability and talent would undertake to become genius, and the work of art be perfect and exquisite. Quite in that spirit the most well-intentioned, *borné* people wrote gravely to the newspaper. Prosaic artists joined in the cry. Now, at last, was the opportunity: if money flowed in freely, genius would certainly be there. As if the visitations of genius and the pouring forth of money had even the very slightest relation one to the other! As if money had never been poured out before, and a performance of mediocrity alone assured! As if sometimes, when money had not been poured out at all, genius had not accomplished its task,—the perfect lyric been vouchsafed, perhaps, where the commissioned Ode



A bird's-eye view of the statue and memorial.

strutted pompous and empty, and, where marble had been dead and inexpressive, the humble clay had responded, as it were, to a divine impulse!

It would have been inconceivable, however, that a Commission, a Committee, drawn on the whole from the right sources—including representatives of taste and practical work and administrative wisdom—should have taken the view that because the money might be forthcoming there was any certainty about the genius. The Committee took no such view. It was determined that there should be raised in London—in the neighbourhood most of all associated with the Sovereign's presence, and with functions of exceptional state—a monument ornamental in any case (that at least could be secured) and at the same time useful: an immense memorial which should be of public utility—which should be an improvement to the Town. Wisely planned and solidly wrought—vast and noble if that might be, but at all events dignified—a scheme of harmony, and not an assemblage of compromises, a chance muddle—that monument would remind the folk of other lands and of late epochs of one whom her country gave itself the sad relief, allowed itself, even in its sorrow, the proud pleasure, of honouring. That, I take it, was the spirit in which all worked, who worked with a will, that to designer, artist, artificer, scope should be duly given, and the message of England's — and Greater England's — affection passed on to a remote age.

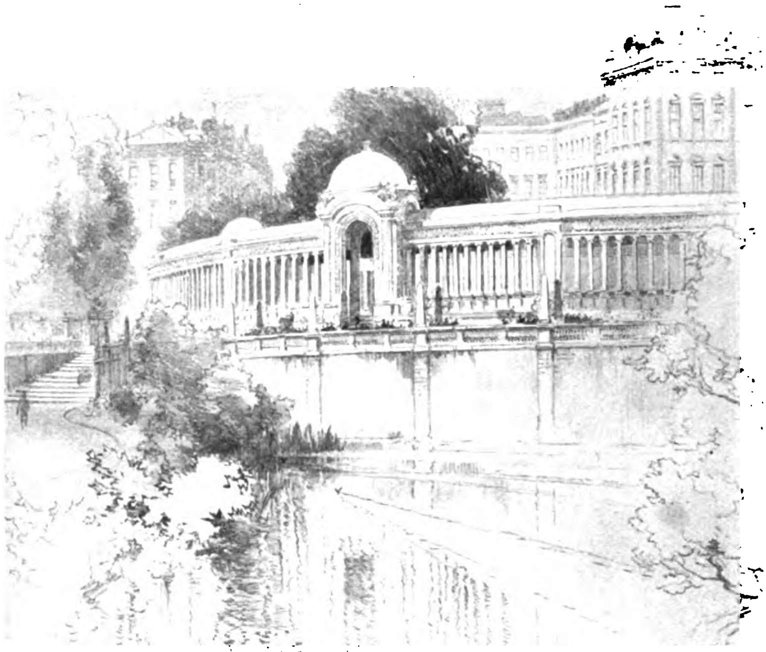
Five representative architects — not wholesale builders, nor preparers of pretty "elevations," but men generally, at least, of approved capacity to look at their work broadly, to consider situation and purpose rather than personal display—five architects, more or less representative, were invited to compete. If five only were to be invited, little fault is to be found with the list, though some of us would have included Mr. Norman Shaw, for the flexibility and charm of his talent, and some of us Mr. Reginald Blomfield, not only for his sympathy with the Classic Renaissance, but for his known understanding of the difficult problem of how best to treat great spaces in connection with architectural design. These artists were not included, however; and now the five artists who were included have competed, and the choice amongst these five has been made. It would have been thoroughly lamentable had I been obliged to add, that in the opinion of many competent judges, outside the Committee, its choice had fallen not upon the right man. This disappointment—unlikely, but yet possible—has been spared us. And the country, which, even in its loyalty, remembering past failures, had held back in some degree—had tempered with discretion, at least, its zeal to give material form to the expression of a long reverence and a deep affection—may now fearlessly and rightly quicken its pace, take no half-measures, and by unstinted outlay ensure that the end—the very end—does indeed crown the work.

The Fates have been kind. The work of genius, as I pointed out at the beginning, could not be commanded; but several schemes of high artistic merit have appeared, and the best of them—or that which seems at least, to me, the best of them, as far as I can judge from my amateur or layman survey of models and drawings exposed in St. James's Palace—the best of them, for the intended purpose, is to be carried out. The central monument itself, with the statue of the Queen for principal feature, was entrusted, it was understood, pretty promptly, to Mr. Thomas Brock. The general design selected, for the architectural treatment of the immense space, is that of Mr. Aston Webb.

And—before we go on to any, even the most superficial, consideration of the five big schemes, each one of which has been elaborated, thought over, weighed, and appraised, we may be sure, by the serious artist who made it—our natural thought is to ask first a question as to Mr. Brock's statue. "How has it pleased Mr. Brock to represent the great Queen?" I do not mean in what posture. The posture is the sitting posture, happily—a posture of quiet majesty. But I mean, In what circumstance of her life? and, more particularly, At what stage of her long career?

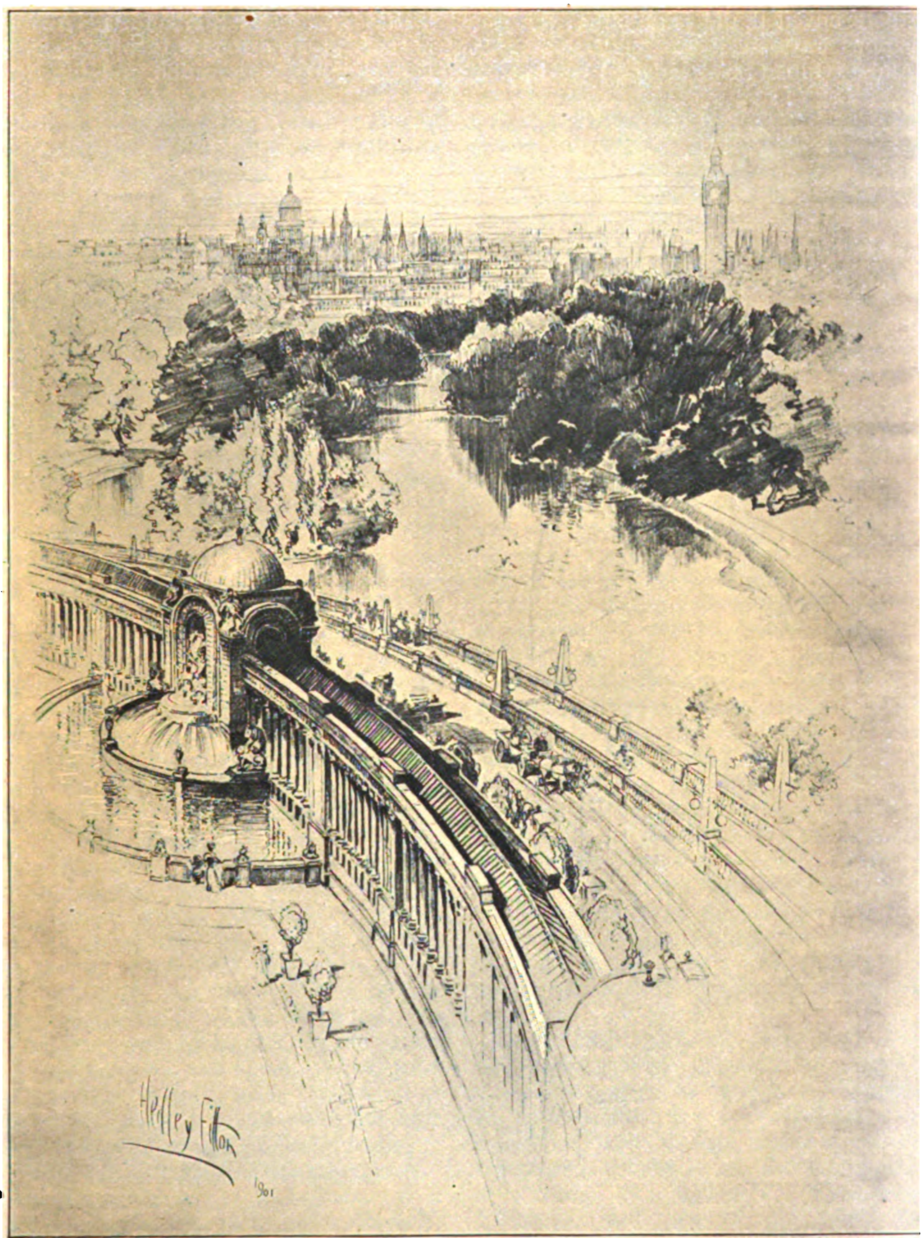
I remember being present when, in Kensington Gardens, the Queen, not so many years ago, drove up amongst the crowd—her carriage stopped before a shrouded figure on a pedestal—and, after a few words of ceremony, followed by a few words of congratulation, and gracious smiles and recognitions distributed to

right and left, the Majesty of England pulled a string, I think—she would have touched a bell nowadays—and there stood unveiled the fair statue which in various ways, as it was understood, Mr. Alfred Gilbert had advised upon, but day. I remember the great lady turning a little in her carriage seat—smiling approval—yet bringing to bear upon the matter an observation and a judgment not at all accustomed to rely upon the judgment and observation and the ready



View from the lake in the Park.

which her daughter had wrought. Yes: it was Princess Louise's statue, in execution and idea. And filial affection had no doubt satisfied itself in picturing what the aspect of the Queen had been when her years were not more numerous than those of the artist who, in young womanhood, had done the thing that was unveiled that verdict of others. The Queen looked kindly critical. So it was like that, was it? She had been like that—or might have been like that—thirty years, or forty years, ago: in another generation; in a remote Past. It seemed to carry her back, in memory, to her early days. The lady, earnest and reflective



View from Buckingham Palace showing the alterations in the Lake.

even then, but of comparatively little experience. Young, fresh, and smooth—for so the marble showed her. And with that aspect of herself she was confronted—and it pleasantly amused her—now, in that later day between which and the early one there had stretched what a record of overwhelming trouble and of inspiriting joy, and what an unending volume of well-performed duty!

It was very interesting. And the Princess Louise was right—if one may humbly say so—in chronicling the Youth, and leaving to others the Age. Besides, Kensington was the Queen's birthplace; and with it her later days had had little to do. With Mr. Brock, and with a National Memorial, in evidence and honour of all her virtues and triumphs—that was a different affair. So it was justly considered. And, notwithstanding here and there an affectionate, well-meaning, but quite misplaced protest, that we who were profoundly attached to her, wanted the Queen in her youth—notwithstanding here and there a mistaken voice, raised with that appeal—there is not the least doubt we wanted, more than any record of Youth, a record of the gathered years and weighted meditations and crowning wisdom of the great Queen. It is that, Mr. Brock will give us.

Passing to a matter of detail, in which again he is essentially right, his statue of the Queen herself, upon the monumental fabric, is put in the true place. It is not at the top, as in one at least of the big schemes in the architectural competition, it was suggested it should be. It is not high up. In Mr. Brock's group, a symbolical figure—not the Queen at all, but the emblem of her glory trumpeted to all the winds—crowns the edifice; and, at no great height above the people who will pass, the Queen, amongst her people, as of old, sits—as she sat and moved of old—with her face of homely wisdom and profound feeling.

And now, in regard to the schemes.

It was difficult for a layman, in a visit not too long, to grasp, accurately, not only the general effect, but the artistic qualities of the different plans that were prepared. I speak but as I can—I do not attempt to dogmatise; and, to boot, I am glad to be able to report that I saw nothing whatever, anywhere, that I felt an inclination to strongly condemn. But of course these things are relative: there is proportion and degree in goodness; and I repeat that Mr. Aston Webb's scheme and Mr. Brock's great central monument—they are wedded together, as they should be, in the final model—seem happily satisfactory, and do promise to endow us with a noble, memorable addition to the architectural glories of our London Town. That is good; but more than that is good: it is a relief and a delight to feel assured that nobly worthy of the great Queen herself, will be the great Queen's monument.

The competitors—everyone recollects—were three Englishmen, a Scotchman, and an Irishman. Sir Thomas Drew, President of the Royal Hibernian Academy, represented "the sister Isle"; Dr. Anderson—for so he is styled—represented Scotland; and from England there were Aston Webb, who has done important, admirable work in London; T. G. Jackson, whom one associates in chief with the great new buildings of Oxford—especially with "the Schools"; and Ernest George, a lover and practitioner of the picturesque, who received, a score of years ago, it may be, very exaggerated praise from Mr. Ruskin. His name, I confess, was the only name on the list whose presence was in any way a surprise to me. Let me hasten to add that an inspection of his plans persuaded me with promptitude that his inclusion had been justified. If I can for a moment conceive of anything so ridiculous as that I should have been concerned in the choice, I should, under that circumstance, have felt bound to place Mr. Ernest George's scheme as only second, or at worst third, amongst the five. He produced a design which had features of exceeding charm.

The first plan I examined—or ignorantly peered into—at St. James's Palace, happened to be Dr. Anderson's. I approached it remembering well something that he had done to adorn Edinboro'—remembering the Campanile of "Free St. George's," the New Infirmary, and one of the Clubs in Prince's Street. But, whatever may have been the excellence of Anderson's general scheme for London, I felt immediately that his central monument was wanting in beauty of form, and that yet greater essential, beauty of proportion. The central monument, which was set out for us clearly by a model—what was

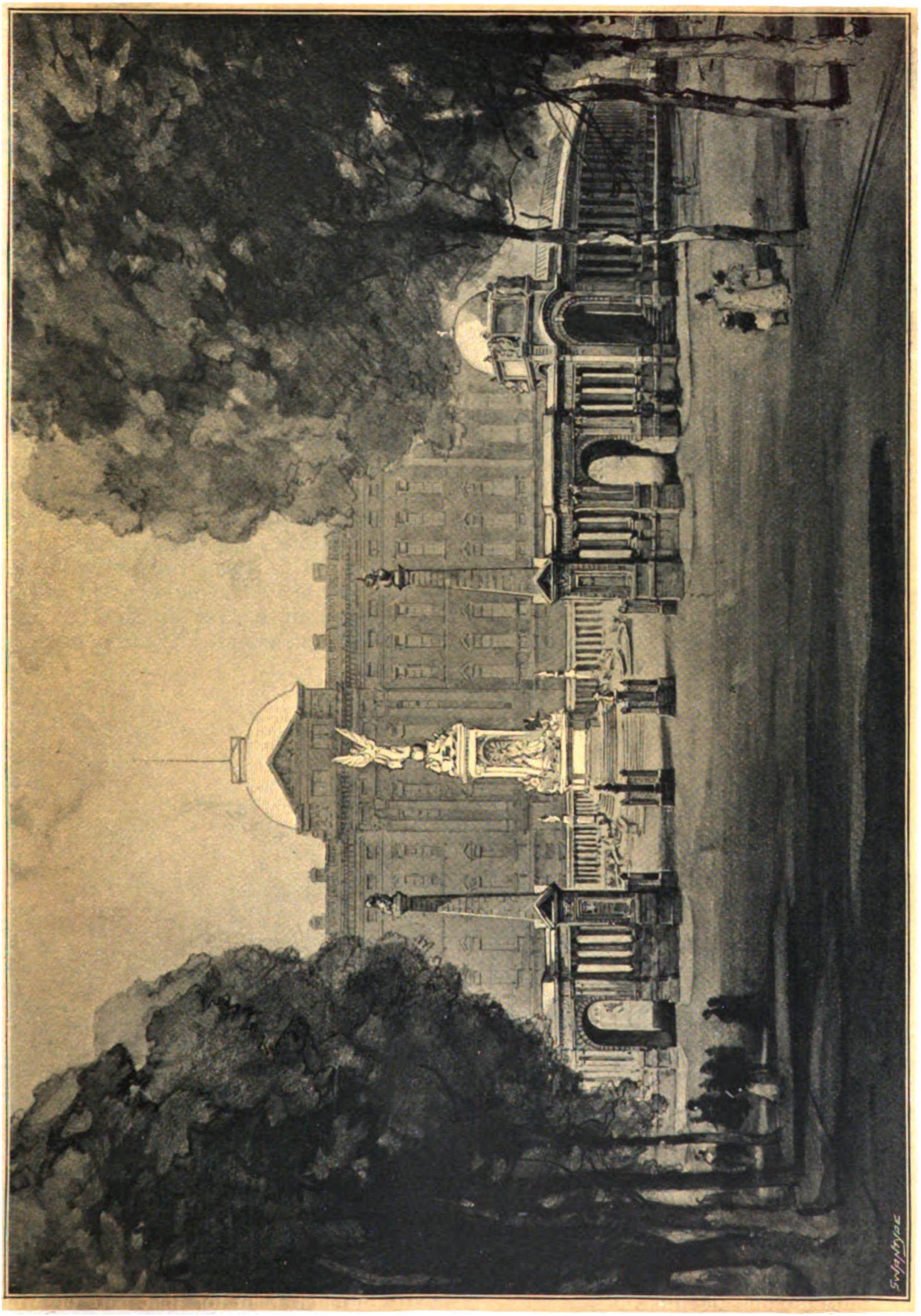
to be marble, what was to be bronze—had charming details about it: the wreaths that linked together the groups of the Colonies, not to speak of the outlying statues, some of which seemed full of grace; and then there was a pleasant sentiment that had depicted the Lion and the Queen together—their attitudes symbolical of the perfect trust that came, and that stayed, between the great but ever so human Sovereign and her world-spread People. But the structure of this central thing—the block that was to be opposite Buckingham Palace—as a whole, was lumpy. And the figure of the Queen, standing on high, would have been lost too much. No: notwithstanding good points about the project, we should have to go further—we *might* fare worse, but we must take our chance, at all events.

I went on to Sir Thomas Drew's preparations. How had this distinguished Irish architect conceived of the matter? Sir Thomas had a word to say to make us ready for his scheme. His word commended itself much to me. "The front of Buckingham Palace," he set forth, "built in 1842, cannot be said to be a fitting background for the great memorial." Therefore, he would recast the façade, though "without change of fenestration or internal arrangement." And there, before us, was his "elevation," with, amongst other alterations, a pavilion block at each end of the Palace, to cast shadow, to give variety; and, all along, raised upon a "coursed or rusticated basement," there should be a "Corinthian Order." Exceedingly well it looked—all this proposal. It was conceived happily; it was ingeniously worked out. But Sir Thomas, as it appeared to one, had concentrated himself so much on this part of the business, that his skill was less apparent elsewhere. To the particular objections urged to Dr. Anderson's scheme, his might not have been open; but it had grave deficiencies of its own, at least, and perhaps no special beauty. Starting with a project ably and tastefully thought out —and which many people, I am assured, would gladly have seen adopted—it went on not so well. It went on so as to justify us in seeing what proposals lay beyond and outside this one.

I have stayed at Oxford—twice, it happens—within full view of Mr. Jackson's building for the "Schools." I began by fearing that it was rather restless. I became reconciled. It somehow "grew upon" me—though I was never entranced. After all, it did amalgamate. In his project for the Queen's memorial—complex though the memorial's character had need to be—there was about it, for all that, a simpler, quieter dignity. At the east end—over against Spring Gardens—was a gate or archway of extreme severity —a very fine thing indeed—the great form and the austere treatment of the stone relieved happily by a certain luxury in the iron gates themselves; an "ordered" luxury—visibly ordered, I mean, for in all artistic luxury there is, of course, order, but in some it is not so obvious as it is in others: those wonderful *grilles* at Nancy, for instance: Jean Lamour's, that connect the various buildings of Héré—free revelry, they seem to be, at first sight: riot and playfulness; but they are artist's work, and "ordered" also. But—returning to Mr. Jackson's plans, and to the central and main part of them—this, though in character refined and reticent, seemed just a little prim. With its lines so rectangular and measured, I could not feel that it lent itself to the idea of vastness. There are large country houses with which one could fancy that Mr. Jackson's arrangement of his space and architectural features could be well in accord. But, in the heart of a great capital, with all the movement of modern life, the plans—that part of them, I mean —looked a little cramped: perhaps just a little Academic.

Then came Mr. Ernest George's scheme. Well, I am not going even to hint at the details of it. But it had what Mr. Jackson's had not—it had freedom of fancy. It had elegance, lightness to boot. Rather a surprise to me, indeed, was its elegant symmetry, and there was admirable dignity and breadth about the arches in Spring Gardens. Really we should not have done ill at all—at least, in many respects—had it been chosen. But it was right not to choose it. For even better is the scheme of Mr. Aston Webb, and especially the scheme since he has modified it, to meet, and be more completely in accord with, the requirements of Mr. Brock's statue.

In the first plan for that part of Mr. Aston Webb's scheme which provides for the ornamental barrier against the front of Buckingham Palace, there was, as I



Buckingham Palace and the Memorial from the Mall.

understand it, a greater use of *grille* work than in the revised version. *Grille* work can be so exceedingly effective in lightening and varying a lengthy structure or group of structures—witness again those far too little known triumphs of it at Nancy, due to the exuberant yet sagacious fancy of Jean Lamour—that one was inclined to welcome, in Mr. Aston Webb's plan, its large employment, and to be timid of the effect of any change. Yet the change itself is a good one. The greater appearance of solidity and volume which is obtained by the increased employment of stone has somehow been obtained without sacrifice of elegance, without a suggestion of undue heaviness. I do not know—I do not remember—whether this particular change was suggested in any way by the thought of due provision for Mr. Brock's part of the undertaking; but, at least, another change was, and I am now referring to the admirable bend, the studied curve, just at the central point of the long line of arcade—shall one say?—that stretches, or is to stretch, in front of the Palace, near to where the railings now are; but of course much farther to the north, and farther to the south too, than *they* stretch. It is a welcome relief, completing that beauty of proportion which is—as, I think, has been implied already—one of the charms of the design selected. Proportion, breadth, unity: these are high virtues in any work of Art; rare always, and rare especially where the work is, of necessity, complicated and intricate, as this is.

The great point now is that the scheme be carried out in its entirety—that, not to-day indeed, nor to-morrow, but in some Future not very remote, there shall stretch a great and stately avenue from Buckingham Palace to Trafalgar Square itself—statues and supporting arches down the long Processional Road; the greater arch at the far end; and all in recognition, and in reverent memory, of the Sovereign benefactress England knew. Competing artists have done their best to elaborate their plans of dignified beauty. One such plan—the best, I think, by common consent—has been chosen. And now that all is wisely ordered, no son of England should allow himself to be behindhand in making fitting contribution to the attainment of a worthy end.

WRECK.

BY THE LATE RODEN NOEL.

THE wind is roaring in the pine to-night,
The demons howling in the chine to-night,
A terrible unrest is mine to-night,
Wild surges leap the boulder.

There's wreck on the roaring reef below,
And wreck in a heart of grief below,
Love's bark, whose flight was very brief, lies low,
Night's wild whirled gulfs enfold her.



THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE

MARIE ANTOINETTE

BY MME. VIGÉE LEBRUN, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES

Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ld

S. COHN & SON:

or,

"ANGLICISATION."

BY I. ZANGWILL.

"English, all English, that's my dream!"—CECIL RHODES.

I.

EVEN in his provincial days Solomon Cohen had distinguished himself by his Anglican mispronunciation of Hebrew and his insistence on a minister who spoke English and looked like a Christian clergyman; and he had set a precedent in the congregation by docking the "e" of his patronymic. There are many ways of concealing from the Briton your shame in being related through a pedigree of three thousand years to Aaron, the High Priest of Israel, and Cohn is one of the simplest and most effective. Once, taken to task by a pietist, Solomon defended himself by the quibble that Hebrew has no vowels. But even this would not account for the whittling away of his "Solomon." "S. Cohn" was the insignium over his clothing establishment. Not that he was anxious to deny his Jewishness—was not the shop closed on Saturdays?—he was merely anxious not to obtrude it. "When we are in England, we are in England," he would say, with his Talmudic sing-song.

S. Cohn was indeed a personage in the town, and his name had been printed on voting papers, and, what is more, he had at last become a Town Councillor. Really the citizens liked his staunch adherence to his ancient faith, evidenced so tangibly by his Sabbath shutters: even the rival clothiers bore him goodwill, not suspecting that S. Cohn's Saturday losses were more than counterbalanced by the general impression that a man who sacrificed business to religion would deal more fairly by you than his fellows. And his person, too, had the rotundity which the ratepayer demands.

But twin with his Town-Councillor's pride was his pride in being Gabbai (Treasurer) of the little Synagogue tucked away in a back street: in which for four generations prayer had ebbed and flowed as regularly as the tides of the sea, with whose careless rovers the worshippers did such lucrative business. The Synagogue, not the Sea, was the poetry of these eager traffickers: here they wore phylacteries and waved palm-branches and did other picturesque things, which in their utter ignorance of Catholic or other ritual they deemed unintelligible to the heathen and a barrier from mankind. Very imposing was Solomon Cohn in his official pew under the Reading Platform, for there is nothing which so enhances a man's dignity in the Synagogue as the consideration of his Christian townsmen. That is one of the earliest stages of Anglicisation.

II.

Mrs. Cohn was a pale image of Mr. Cohn, seeing things through his gold spectacles, and walking humbly in the shadow of his greatness. She had dutifully borne him many children, and sat on the ground for such as died. Her figure refused the Jewess's tradition of opulency, and remained slender as though repressed. Her work was manifold and unceasing, for besides her domestic and shop-womanly duties she was necessarily a philanthropist, fettered with Jewish chari-

ties as the Gabbai's wife, tangled with Christian charities as the consort of the Town Councillor. In speech she was literally his echo, catching up his mistakes, indeed admonished by him of her slips in speaking the Councillor's English. He had had the start of her by five years, for she had been brought from Poland to marry him, through the good offices of a friend of hers who saw in her little dowry the nucleus of a thriving shop in a thriving port.

And from this initial inferiority she never recovered—five milestones behind on the road of Anglicisation! It was enough to keep down a more assertive personality than poor Hannah's. The mere danger of slipping back unconsciously to the banned Yiddish put a curb upon her tongue. Her large dark eyes had a doglike look, and they were set pathetically in a sallow face that suggested ill-health, yet immense staying-power.

That S. Cohn was a bit of a bully can scarcely be denied. It is difficult to combine the offices of Gabbai and Town Councillor without a self-satisfaction that may easily degenerate into dissatisfaction with others. Least endurable was S. Cohn in his religious rigidity, and he could never understand that pietistic exercises in which he found pleasure did not inevitably produce ecstasy in his son and heir. And when Simon was discovered reading the "Pirates of Pecheli," dexterously concealed in his prayer-book, the boy received a strapping that made his mother wince. Simon's breakfast lay only at the end of a long volume of prayers; and, having ascertained by careful experiment the minimum of time his father would accept for the gabbling of these empty Oriental sounds, he had fallen back on penny numbers to while away the hungry minutes. The quartering and burning of these tales in an avenging fireplace was not the least of the reasons why the whipped youth wept, and it needed several pieces of cake, maternally smuggled into his maw while the father's back was turned, to choke his sobs.

III.

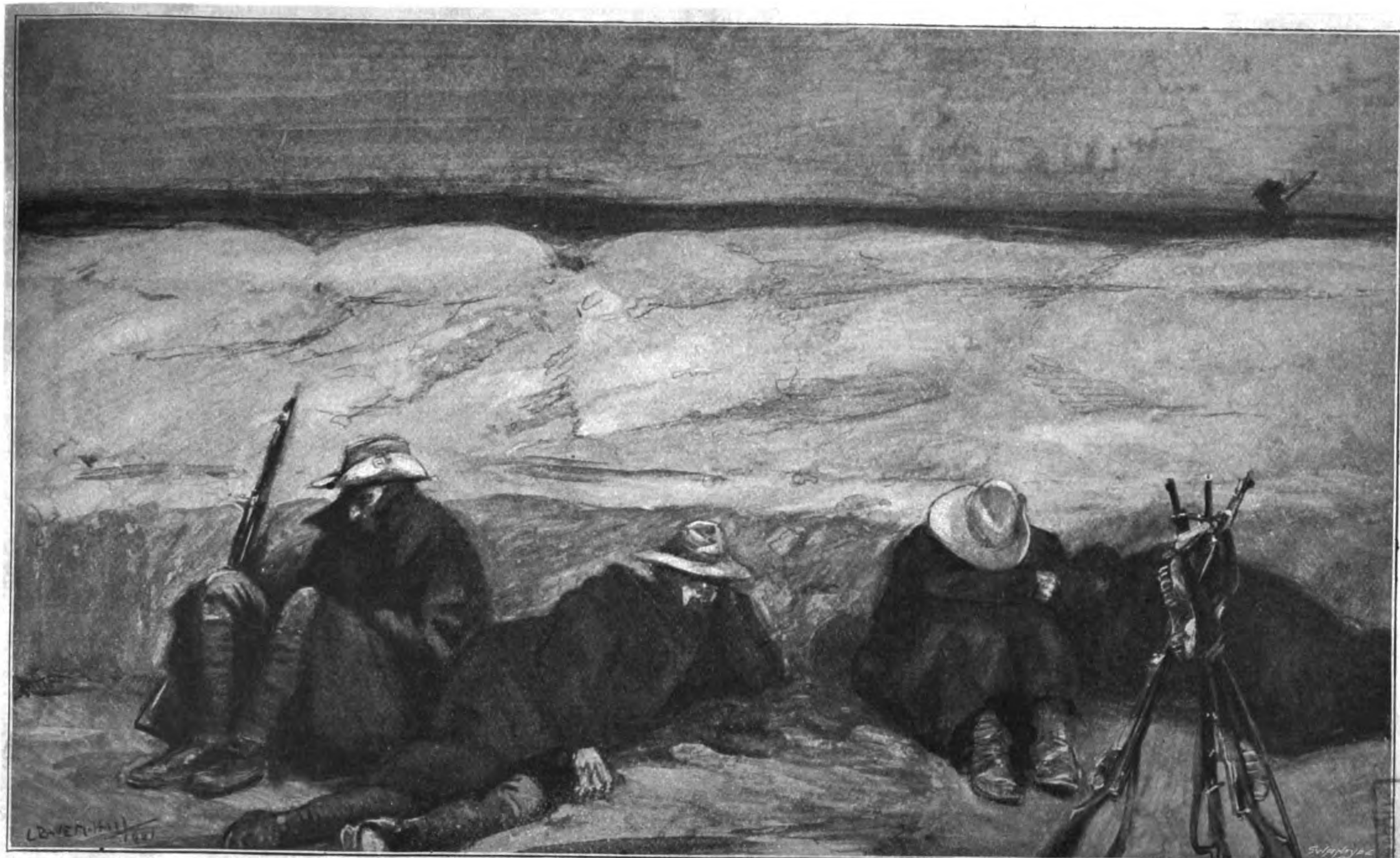
With the daughters—and there were three before the son and heir—there was less of religious friction, since women have not the pious privileges and burdens of the sterner sex. When the eldest, Deborah, was married, her husband received, by way of compensation, the goodwill of the seaport business, while S. Cohn migrated to the Metropolis, in the ambition of making "S. Cohn's trouserings" a household word. He did indeed achieve considerable fame in the Holloway Road.

Gradually he came to live away from his business, and in the most fashionable street of Highbury. But he was never to recover his exalted posts. The parish had older inhabitants, the local synagogue richer members. The cry for Anglicisation was common property. From pioneer, S. Cohn found himself out-moded. The minister, indeed, was only too English—and especially his wife. One would almost have thought from their deportment that they considered themselves the superiors instead of the slaves of the congregation. S. Cohn had been accustomed to a series of clergymen, who must needs be taught painfully to parrot "Our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales and all the Royal Family,"—the indispensable atom of English in the service—so that he, the expert, had held his breath while they groped and stumbled along the precipitous pass. Now the whilom Gabbai and Town Councillor found himself almost patronised—as a poor provincial—by this mincing, genteel, clerical couple. He retorted by animadverting upon the preacher's heterodoxy.

An urban unconcern met the profound views so often impressed on Simon with a strap. "We are not in Poland now," said the preacher, shrugging his shoulders.

"In Poland!" S. Cohn's blood boiled. To be twitted with Poland, after decades of Anglicisation. He, who employed a host of Anglo-Saxon clerks, counter-jumpers and packers! "And where did your father come from?" he retorted hotly.

He had almost a mind to change his synagogue, but there was no other within such easy walking distance—an important Sabbatic consideration—and besides, the others were reported to be even worse. Dread rumours came of a younger generation that craved almost openly for organs in the synagogue, and women's voices in the choir, nay, of even more flagitious spirits—devotional dynamitards—whose dream was a service all English, that could be understood instead of chanted! Dark mutterings against the ancient



"Sleeping in sodden trenches, sometimes without blankets." (See page 164.)

Rabbis were in the very air of these wealthier quarters of London.

"O shameless ignorance of the new age," S. Cohn was wont to complain, "that does not know the limits of Anglicisation!"

IV.

That Simon should enter his father's business was as inevitable as that the business should prosper in spite of Simon.

His career had been settled ere his father became aware that Highbury aspired even to law and medicine, and the idea that Simon's education was finished was not lightly to be dislodged. Simon's education consisted of the knowledge conveyed in seaport schools for the sons of tradesmen, while a long course of Penny Dreadfuls had given him a peculiar and extensive acquaintance with the ways of the world. Carefully curtained away in a secret compartment, lay his elementary Hebrew lore. It did not enter into his conception of the perfect Englishman. Ah, how he rejoiced in this wider horizon of London, so thickly starred with music-halls, billiard-rooms, and restaurants! "We are emancipated now," was his cry: "we have too much intellect"; and he swallowed the forbidden oyster in a fine spiritual glow, which somehow or other would not extend to bacon. That stuck more in his throat, and so was only taken in self-defence, to avoid the suspicions of a convivial company.

As he sat at his father's side in the synagogue—a demure Son of the Covenant—this young Englishman lurked beneath his praying-shawl, even as beneath his prayer-book had lurked the "Pirates of Pecheli."

In this hidden life Mrs. S. Cohn was not an aider or abettor, except in so far as frequent gifts from her own pocket-money might be considered the equivalent of the surreptitious cake of childhood. She would have shared in her husband's horror had she seen Simon banqueting on unrighteousness, and her apoplexy would have been original, not derivative. For her, indeed, London had proved narrowing rather than widening. She became part of a parish instead of part of a town, and of a Ghetto in a parish at that! The vast background of London was practically a mirage—the London suburb was farther from London than the provincial town. No longer did the currents of civic life tingle through her; she sank entirely to family affairs, excluded even from the Ladies' Committee. Her lord's life, too, shrank, though his business extended—the which, uneasily suspected, did but increase his irritability. He had now the pomp and pose of his late offices minus any visible reason: a Sir Oracle without a shrine, an abdomen without authority.

Even the two new sons-in-law his ability to clothe them had soon procured in London, listened impatiently, once they had safely passed under the Canopy and were ensconced in plush parlours of their own. Home and shop became his only realm, and his autocratic tendencies grew the stronger by compression. He read "the largest circulation," and his wife became an echo of its opinions. These opinions, never nebulous, became sharp as illuminated sky-signs when the Boer war began.

"The impertinent rascals!" cried S. Cohn furiously. "They have invaded our territory."

"Is it possible?" ejaculated Mrs. Cohn. "This comes of our kindness to them after Majuba!"

V.

A darkness began to overhang the destinies of Britain. Three defeats in one week!

"It is humiliating," said S. Cohn, clenching his fist.

"It makes a miserable Christmas," said Mrs. Cohn gloomily. Although her spouse still set his face against the Christmas pudding which had invaded so many Anglo-Jewish homes, the festival entered far more vividly into his consciousness than the Jewish holidays, which produced no impression on the life of the streets.

The darkness grew denser. Young men began to enlist for the front: the City formed a new regiment of Imperial Volunteers. S. Cohn gave his foreign houses large orders for khaki trouserings. He sent out several parcels of clothing to the seat of war, and had the same duly recorded in his favourite newspaper. Gradually he became aware that the military fever of which he read in its columns was infecting his clothing emporium—that his own counter-jumpers were in heats of adventurous resolve.

The military microbes must have lain thick in the khaki they handled. At any rate S. Cohn, always quick to catch the contagion of the correct thing, announced that he would present a bonus to all who went out to fight for their country, that he would keep their places open for their return. The Saturday this patriotic offer was recorded in his newspaper—"On inquiry at S. Cohn's, the great Clothing Purveyor of the Holloway Road, our representative was informed that no less than five of the young men were taking advantage of their employer's enthusiasm for England and the Empire, etc., etc.,"—the already puffed-up Solomon had the honour of being called to read in the Law, and first as befitted the Sons of Aaron. It was a man restored almost to his provincial pride who recited the ancient Benediction: "Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, who hast chosen us from among all peoples and given to us His law."

But there was a drop of vinegar in the cup.

"And why wasn't Simon in synagogue " he inquired of his wife, as she came down the gallery stairs to meet her lord in the lobby, where the congregants loitered to chat.

"Do I know?" murmured Mrs. Cohn, flushing beneath her veil.

"When I left the house he said he was coming on."

"He didn't know you were to be 'called up.'"

"It isn't that," he grumbled. "Think of the beautiful war-sermon he missed. In these dark days we should be thinking of our country, not of our pleasures." And he drew her angrily without, where the brigntly dressed worshippers, lingeringly exchanging eulogiums on the "Rule Britannia" sermon, made an Oriental splotch of colour on the wintry pavement.

VI.

At lunch the reprobate appeared, looking downcast.

"Where have you been?" thundered S. Cohn, who, never growing older, imagined Simon likewise stationary.

"I went out for a walk—it was a fine morning."

"And where did you go?"

"Oh, don't bother."

"But I shall bother. Where did you go?"

He grew sullen. "It doesn't matter—they won't have me."

"Who won't have you?"

"The War Office."

"Thank God!" broke from Mrs. Cohn.

"Eh?" Mr. Cohn looked blankly from one to the other.

"It is nothing,—he went to see the enlisting and all that. Your soup is getting cold."

But S. Cohn had taken off his gold spectacles and was polishing them with his serviette—always a sign of a stormy meal.

"It seems to me something has been going on behind my back," he said, looking from mother to son.

"Well, I didn't want to annoy you with Simon's madcap ideas," Hannah murmured. "But it's all over now, thank God!"

"Oh, he'd better know," said Simon sulkily,—"especially as I am not going to be choked off. It's all stuff what the doctor says. I'm as strong as a horse. And what's more, I'm one of the few applicants who can ride one."

"Hannah, will you explain to me what this *Meshuggas* (madness) is?" cried S. Cohn, lapsing into a non-Anglicism.

"I've got to go to the front, just like other young men!"

"What!" shrieked S. Cohn. "Enlist! You that I brought up as a gentleman!"

"It's gentlemen that's going—the City Imperial Volunteers!"

"The volunteers! But that's my own clerks."

"No, there are gentlemen among them. Read your paper."

"But not rich Jews."

"Oh, yes. I saw several chaps from Bayswater."

"We Jews of this favoured country," put in Hannah eagerly, "grateful to the noble people who have given us every right, every liberty, must——"

S. Cohn was taken aback by this half-unconscious quotation from the war-sermon of the morning. "Yes, we must subscribe and all that," he interrupted.

"We must fight," said Simon.

"You fight!" His father laughed half hysterically. "Why, you'd shoot yourself with your own gun!" He had not been so upset since the day the minister had disregarded his erudition.

"Oh, would I, though!" And Simon pursed his lips and nodded meaningly.

"As sure as to-day is the Holy Sabbath. And you'd be stuck on your own bayonet, like an obstinate pig."

Simon got up and left the table and the room.

Hannah kept back her tears before the servant. "There!" she said. "And now he's turned sulky and won't eat."

"Didn't I say an obstinate pig? He's always been like that from a baby. But his stomach always surrenders." He resumed his meal with a wronged air, keeping his spectacles on the table, for frequent nervous polishing.

Of a sudden the door reopened and a soldier presented himself—gun on shoulder. For a moment S. Cohn, devoid of his glasses, stared without recognition. Wild hereditary tremours ran through him, born of the Russian persecution, and he had a vague nightmare sense of the *Chappers*, the Jewish man-gatherers who collected the tribute of young Jews for the Little Father. But as Simon began to loom through the red fog, "A gun on the Sabbath!" he cried. It was as if the bullet had gone through all his conceptions of life and of Simon.

Hannah snatched at the side-issue. "I read in Josephus—Simon's prize for Hebrew, you know—that the Jews fought against the Romans on Sabbath."

"Yes, but they fought for themselves—for our Holy Temple."

"But it's for ourselves now," said Simon. "Didn't you always say we are English?"

S. Cohn opened his mouth in angry retort. Then he discovered he had no retort, only anger. And this made him angrier, and his mouth remained open, quite terrifyingly for poor Mrs. Cohn.

"What is the use of arguing with him?" she said imploringly. "The War Office has been sensible enough to refuse him."

"We shall see," said Simon. 'I am going to peg away at 'em again, and if I don't get into the Mounted Infantry, I'm a Dutchman—and of the Boer variety."

He seemed any kind of man save a Jew to the puzzled father. "Hannah, you must have known of this—these clothes," S. Cohn spluttered.

"They don't cost anything," she murmured. "The child amuses himself. He will never really be called out."

"If he is, I'll stop his supplies."

"Oh," said Simon airily, "the Government will attend to that."

"Indeed!" And S. Cohn's face grew black. "But remember—you may go, but you shall never come back."

"Oh, Solomon! How can you utter such an awful omen?"

Simon laughed. "Don't bother, mother. He's bound to take me back. Isn't it in the papers that he promised?"

S. Cohn went from black to green.

VII.

Simon got his way. The authorities reconsidered their decision. But the father would not reconsider his. Ignorant of his boy's graceless existence, he fumed at the first fine thing in the boy's life. 'Tis a wise father that knows his own child.

Mere emulation of his Christian comrades, and the fun of the thing, had long ago induced the lad to add volunteering to his other dissipations. But, once in it, the love of arms seized him, and when the call for serious fighters came, some new passion that surprised even himself leapt to his breast—the first call upon an idealism, choked, rather than fed, by a misunderstood Judaism. Anglicisation had done its work: from his schooldays he had felt himself a descendant, not of Judas Maccabæus, but of Nelson and Wellington; and now that his brethren were being mowed down by a kopje-guarded foe, his whole soul rose in venomous sympathy. And, mixed with this genuine instinct of devotion to the great cause of country, were stirrings of anticipated adventure, flamboyant visions of charges, forlorn hopes, picked-up shells, redoubts stormed; heritages of the "Pirates of Pecheli," and all the military romances that his prayer-book had masked.

He looked every inch an Anglo-Saxon, in his khaki uniform and his great slouch hat, with his bayonet and his bandolier.

The night before he sailed for South Africa, there was a service in St. Paul's Cathedral, for which each volunteer had two tickets. Simon sent his to his father. "The Lord Mayor will attend in state. I daresay you'll like to see the show," he wrote flippantly.

"He'll become a Christian next," said S. Cohn, tearing the cards in twain.

Later, Mrs. Cohn pieced them together. It was the last chance of seeing her boy.

VIII.

Unfortunately it was a Friday night, when S. Cohn, the Emporium closed, was wont to absorb the Sabbath peace. He would sit, after high tea, of which cold fried fish was the prime ingredient, dozing over the Jewish weekly. He still approved platonically of its bellicose sentiments. This January night, the Sabbath arriving early in the afternoon, he was snoring before seven, and Mrs. Cohn slipped out, risking his wrath. Her religion forced her to make the long journey on foot; but, hurrying, she arrived at St. Paul's before the doors were opened. And throughout the long walk was a morbid sense of a wasted ticket. She almost stopped at a friend's house to offer the exciting spectacle, but dread of a religious rebuff carried her past. With Christians she was not intimate enough to invite companionship. Besides, would not everybody ask why her husband was absent?

She inquired for the door mentioned on her ticket, and soon found herself one of a crowd of parents on the steps. A very genteel crowd, she noted with pleasure. Her boy would be in good company. The scraps of conversation she caught dealt with a world of alien things—how little she was anglicised, she thought, after all those years! And when she was borne forward into the Cathedral, her heart beat with a sense of dim, remote glories. To have lived so long in London and never to have entered here! She was awed and soothed by the solemn vistas, the perspectives of pillars and arches, the great nave, the white robes of the choir vaguely stirring a sense of angels, the overarching dome, defined by a fiery rim but otherwise suggesting dim, skiey space.

Suddenly she realised that she was sitting among the men. But it did not seem to matter. The building kept one's thoughts religious. Around the waiting congregation, the human sea outside the Cathedral rumoured, and whenever the door was opened to admit some dignitary the roar of cheering was heard like a salvo saluting his entry. The Lord Mayor and the Aldermen passed along the aisle, preceded by mace-bearers; and mingled with this dazzle of gilded grandeur and robes, was a regretful memory of the days when, as a town councillor's consort, she had at least touched the hem of this unknown historic English life. The skirl of bagpipes shrilled from without—that exotic, half-barbarous sound now coming intimately into her life. And then, a little later, the wild cheers swept into the Cathedral like a furious wind, and the thrill of the marching soldiers passed into the air, and the congregation jumped up on the chairs and craned towards the right aisle to stare at the khaki couples. How she looked for Simon!

The Volunteers filed on, filed on—beardless youths mostly, a few with a touch of thought in the face, many with the honest nullity of the clerk and the shopman, some with the prizefighter's jaw, but every face set and serious. Ah! at last there was her Simon—manlier, handsomer than them all! But he did not see her: he marched on stiffly, he was already sucked up into this strange life. Her heart grew heavy. But it lightened again when the organ pealed out. The newspapers the next day found fault with the plain music, with the responses all in monotone, but to her it was divine. Only the words of the opening hymn, which she read in the "Form of Prayer," discomforted her:

"Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy Strength and Christ thy Right."

But the bulk of the liturgy surprised her, so strangely like was it to the Jewish. The ninety-first Psalm! Did they then pray the Jewish prayers in Christian churches? "For He shall give His angels charge over thee: to keep thee in all thy ways." Ah, how she prayed that for Simon!

As the ecclesiastical voice droned on, unintelligibly, inaudibly, in echoing, vaulted space, she studied the hymns and verses, with their insistent Old Testament savour, culminating in the farewell blessing:

"The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon you and give you Peace."

How often she had heard it in Hebrew from the Priests as they blessed the other tribes! Her husband himself had chanted it, with uplifted palms and curiously grouped fingers. But never before had she felt its beauty: she had never even understood its words till she read

the English of them in the gilt-edged prayer-book that marked rising wealth. Surely there had been some monstrous mistake in conceiving the two creeds as at daggers drawn, and though she only pretended to kneel with the others, she felt her knees sinking in surrender to the larger life around her.

As the Volunteers filed out and the cheers came in, she wormed her way nearer to the aisle, scrambling even over backs of chairs in the general mellay. This time Simon saw her. He stretched out his martial arm and blew her a kiss. O delicious tears, full of heartbreak and exaltation! This was their farewell.

She passed out into the roaring crowd, with a fantastic dream-sense of a night-sky and a great stone building, dark with age and solemnity, and unreal figures perched on railings and points of vantage, and hurrahing hordes that fused themselves with the procession and became part of its marching. She yearned forwards to vague glories, aware of a poor past. She ran with the crowd. How they cheered her boy! *Her* boy! She saw him carried off on the shoulders of Christian citizens. Yes, he was a hero. She was the mother of a hero.

IX.

The first news she got from him was posted at St. Vincent. He wrote to her alone, with a jocose hope that his father would be satisfied with his sufferings on the voyage. Not only had the sea been rough, but he had suffered diabolically from the inoculation against enteric fever, which, even after he had got his sea-legs, kept him to his berth and gave him a "Day of Atonement" thirst.

"Ah!" growled S. Cohn: "he sees what a fool he's been, and he'll take the next boat back."

"But that would be desertion."

"Well, he didn't mind deserting the business."

Mr. Cohn's bewilderment increased with every letter. The boy was sleeping in sodden trenches, sometimes without blankets; and instead of grumbling at that, his one grievance was that the regiment was not getting to the front. Heat and frost, hurricane and dust-storm—nothing came amiss. And he described himself as stronger than ever, and poured scorn on the medical wiseacre who had tried to refuse him.

"All the same," sighed Hannah, "I do hope they will just be used to guard the lines of communication." She was full of war-knowledge acquired with painful eagerness, prattled of Basuto ponies and Mauser bullets, pontoons and pom-poms, knew the exact position of the armies, and marked her war-map with coloured pins.

Simon, too, had developed quite a literary talent under the pressure of so much vivid new life, and from his cheery letters she learned much that was not in the papers, especially in those tense days when the C.I.V's did at last get to the front--and remained there: tales of horses mercifully shot, and sheep mercilessly poisoned, and oxen dropping dead as they dragged the convoys; tales of muddle and accident, tales of British soldiers slain by their own protective cannon as they lay behind ant-heaps facing the enemy, and British officers culled under the very eyes of the polo-match; tales of hospital and camp, of shirts turned sable and putties worn to rags, and all the hidden miseries of uncleanliness and insanitation that underlie the glories of war. There were tales, too, of quarter-rations; but these she did not read to her husband, lest the mention of "bully-beef" should remind him of how his son must be eating forbidden food. Once even, two fat pigs were captured at a hungry moment for the battalion. But there came a day when S. Cohn seized those letters and read them first. He began to speak of his boy at the war—nay, to read the letters to enthralled groups in the synagogue lobby—groups that swallowed without reproach the meat cooked in Simon's mess-tin.

It was like being Gabbai over again.

Moreover, Simon's view of the Boer was so strictly orthodox as to give almost religious satisfaction to the proud parent. "A canting hypocrite, a psalm-singer and devil-dodger, he has no civilisation worth the name, and his customs are filthy. Since the great Trek he has acquired, from long intercourse with his Kaffir slaves, many of the native's savage traits. In short, a born liar, credulous and barbarous, crassly ignorant and inconceivably stubborn."

"Crassly ignorant and inconceivably stubborn," repeated S. Cohn, pausing impressively. "Haven't I always said

that? The boy only bears out what I knew without going there. But hear further! 'Is it to be wondered at that the Boer farmer, hidden in the vast undulations of the endless veldt, with his wife, his children and his slaves, should lose all sense of proportion, ignorant of the outside world, his sole knowledge filtering through Jo-burgh?'"

As S. Cohn made another dramatic pause, it was suddenly borne in on his wife with a stab of insight that he was reading a description of himself,—nay, of herself, of her whole race, hidden in the great world, awaiting some vague future of glory that never came. The important voice of her husband broke again upon her reflections:

"'He has held many nights of supplication to his Fetish, and is still unconvinced that his God of Battles is asleep.'" The reader chuckled, and a broad smile overspread the synagogue lobby. "They are brave—oh yes, but it is not what we mean by it—they are good fighters because they have Dutch blood at the back of them, and a profound contempt for us. Their whole life has been spent on the open veldt (we are always fighting them on somebody's farm, who knows every inch of the ground), and they never risk anything except in the Trap sort of manœuvres. The brave rush of our Tommies is unknown to them, and their slim nature would only see the idiocy of walking into a death-trap, cool as in a play. Were there ever two races less alike?" wound up the youthful philosopher in his tent. "I really do not see how they are to live together after the war."

"That's easy enough," S. Cohn had already commented to his wife as oracularly as if she did not read the same morning paper. "Intermarriage! In a generation or two there will be one fine Anglo-African race. That's the solution—mark my words. And you can tell the boy as much—only don't say I told you to write to him."

"Father says I'm to tell you intermarriage is the solution," Mrs. Cohn wrote obediently. "He really is getting much softer towards you."

"Tell father that's nonsense," Simon wrote back. "The worst individuals we have to deal with come from a Boer mother and an English father, deposited here by the first Transvaal war."

S. Cohn snorted angrily at the message. "That was because there were two Governments,—he forgets there will be only one United Empire now."

He was not appeased till Private Cohn was promoted, and sent home a thrilling adventure, which the proud reader was persuaded by the lobby to forward to the communal organ. The organ asked for a photograph to boot. Then S. Cohn was not only Gabbai but Town Councillor.

This wonderful letter, of which S. Cohn distributed printed copies to the staff of the Emporium with a bean-feast air, ran:

"We go out every day—I am speaking of my own squadron—each officer taking his turn with twenty to fifty men, and sweep round the farms a few miles out; and we seldom come back without seeing Boers hanging round on the chance of a snipe at our flanks, or waiting to put up a trap if we go too far. The local commando fell on our cattle-guard the other day, a hundred and fifty to our twenty-five, and we suffered: it was a horrible bit of country. There was a young chap, Winstay—rather a pal of mine—he had a narrow squeak, knocked over by a shot in his breast. I managed to get him safe back to camp, Heaven knows how, and they made me a lance-corporal, and the beggar says I saved his life; but it was really a fat letter from his sister—not even his sweetheart. We chaff him at missing such a romantic chance. He got off with a flesh wound, but there is a great blot of red ink on the letter. You may imagine we were not anxious to let our comrades go unavenged. My superiors being sick or otherwise occupied, I was allowed to make a night-march with thirty-five men on a farm nine miles away—just to get square: it was a nasty piece of work, as we were within a few miles of the Boer laager, three hundred strong. There was moonlight too—it was like a dream, that strange, silent ride, with only the stumble of a horse breaking the regular thud of the hoofs. We surrounded the farm in absolute silence, dismounting some thousand yards away, and fixing bayonets. I told the men I wanted no shots—that would have brought down the commando—but cold steel and silence. We crept up and swept the farm—it was weird, but alas! they were out on the loot. The men were furious, but we live in hopes."

The end was a trifle disappointing, but S. Cohn, too, lived in hopes—of some monstrous and memorable butchery. Even his wife had got used to the firing-line, now that neither shot nor shell could harm her boy. "For He shall give His angels charge over thee." She had come

to think her secret daily repetition of the ninety-first Psalm talismanic.

When Simon sent home the box which had held the chocolates presented by the Queen, a Boer bullet and other curios, S. Cohn displayed them in his window, and the crowd and the business they brought him put him more and more in sympathy with Simon and the Empire. In conversation he deprecated the non-militarism of the Jew: "if I were only a younger man myself, sir. . . ."

The night Mafeking was relieved, the Emporium was decorated with bunting from roof to basement, and a great illuminated window revealed nothing but stacks of khaki trouserings.

So that, although the good man still sulked over Simon to his wife, she was not deceived; and, the time drawing nigh for Simon's return, she began to look happily forward to a truly reunited family.

In her wildest anxiety it never occurred to her that it was her husband who would die. Yet this is what occurred, by the irony of fate. In the unending campaign which Death wages with life, S. Cohn was slain, and Simon returned unscratched from the war to recite the Kaddish in his memory.

X.

Simon came back bronzed and a man. The shock of finding his father buried had supplied the last transforming touch; and, somewhat to his mother's surprise, he settled down contentedly to the business he had inherited. And now that he had practically unlimited money to spend, he did not seem to be spending it, but to be keeping better hours than when dodging his father's eye. His only absences from home he accounted for as visits to Winstay, his pal of the campaign, with whom he had got chummier than ever since the affair of the cattle-guard. Winstay, he said, was of good English family, with an old house in Harrow—fortunately on the London and North-Western Railway, so that he could easily get a breath of country air on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. He seemed to have forgotten (although the Emporium was still closed on Saturdays) that riding was forbidden, and his mother did not remind him of it. The life that had been risked for the larger cause she vaguely felt as enfranchised from the limitations of the smaller.

Nearly two months after Simon's return, a special military service was held at the Great Synagogue on the feast of Chanukah—the commemoration of the heroic days of Judas Maccabæus,—and the Jewish C.I.V.'s were among the soldiers invited. Mrs. Cohn, too, got a ticket for the imposing ceremony, which was fixed for a Sunday afternoon.

As they sat at the midday meal on the exciting day, Mrs. Cohn said suddenly: "Guess who paid me a visit yesterday."

"Goodness knows," said Simon.

"Mr. Sugarman." And she smiled nervously.

"Sugarman?" repeated Simon blankly.

"The — the — er — the matrimonial agent."

"What impudence! Before your year of mourning is up!"

Mrs. Cohn's sallow face became one flame. "Not me! You!" she blurted.

"Me! Well, of all the cheek!" And Simon's flush matched his mother's

"Oh it's not so unreasonable," she murmured deprecatingly. "I suppose he thought you would be looking for a wife before long; and naturally," she added, her voice growing bolder, "I should like to see you settled before I follow your father. After all, you are no ordinary match. Sugarman says there isn't a girl, in Bayswater even, who would refuse you."

"The very reason for refusing them," cried Simon hotly. "What a ghastly idea, that your wife would just as soon have married any other fellow with the same income!"

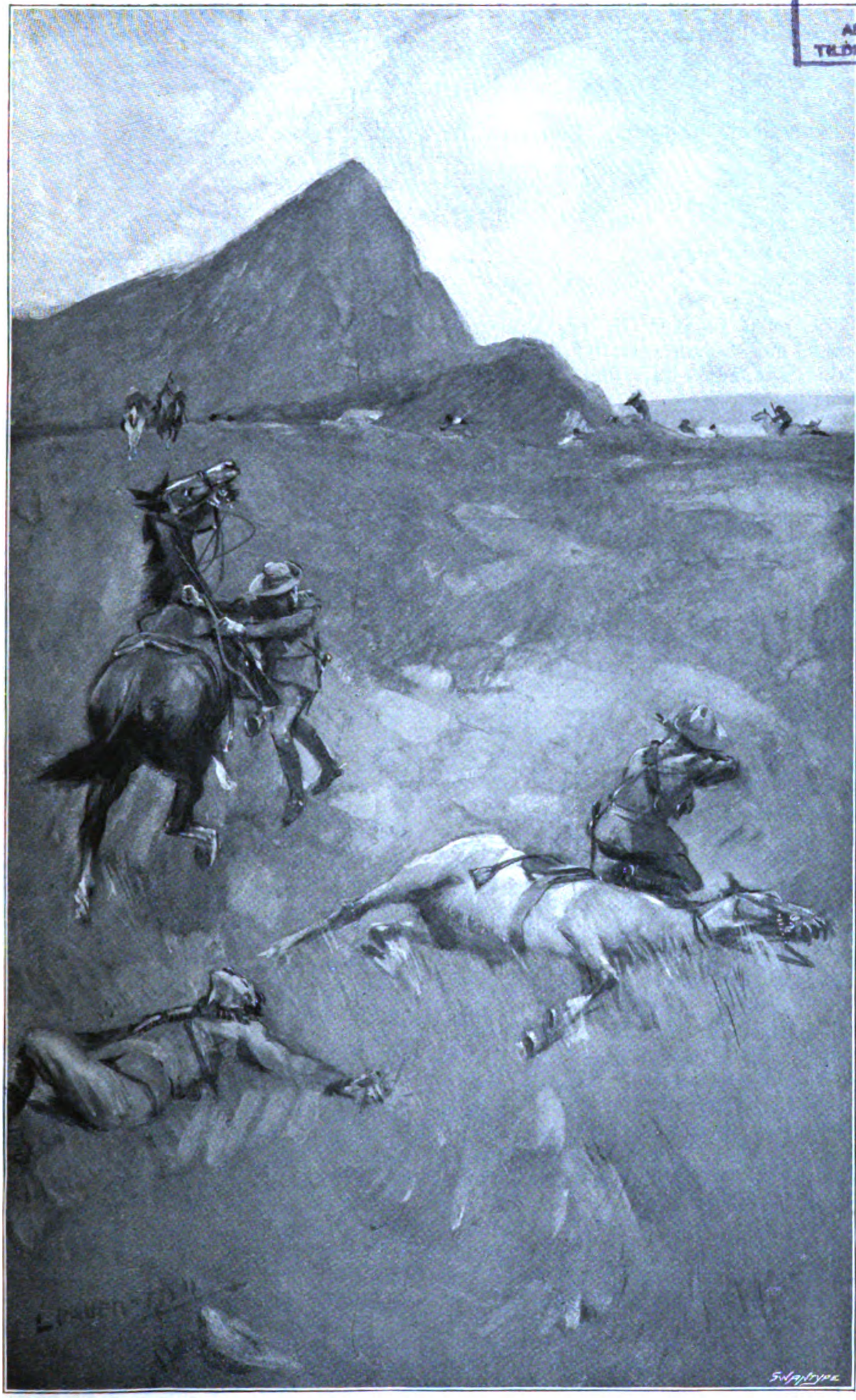
Mrs. Cohn cowered under his scorn, yet felt vaguely exalted by it, as by the organ in St. Paul's, and strange tears of shame came to complicate her emotions further. She remembered how she had been exported from Poland to marry the unseen S. Cohn. Ah, how this new young generation was snapping asunder the ancient coils! how the new and diviner sap ran in its veins!

"I shall only marry a girl I love, mother. And it's not likely to be one of these Jewish girls, I tell you frankly."

She trembled. "One of which Jewish girls?" she faltered.

"Oh, any sort. They don't appeal to me."

Her face grew sallower. "I am glad your father isn't alive to hear that," she breathed.



"'The local commando fell on our cattle guard.'" (See page 165.)

"But father said intermarriage is the solution," retorted Simon.

Mrs. Cohn was struck dumb. "He was thinking how to make the Boers English," she said at last.

"And didn't he say the Jews must be English, too?"

"Aren't there plenty of Jewish girls who are English?" she murmured miserably.

"You mean who don't care a pin about the old customs? Then where's the difference?" retorted Simon.

The meal finished in uncomfortable silence, and Simon went off to don his khaki regimentals and join in the synagogue parade.

Mrs. Cohn's heart was heavy as she dressed for the same spectacle. Her brain was busy piecing it all together. Yes, she understood it all now—those sedulous Saturday and Sunday afternoons at Harrow. She lived at Harrow, then, this Christian, this grateful sister of the rescued Winstay: it was she who had steadied his life; hers were those "fat letters," faintly aromatic. It must be very wonderful, this strange passion, luring her son from his people, with its forbidden glamour. How Highbury would be scandalised, robbed of so eligible a bridegroom! The sons-in-law she had enriched would reproach her for the shame imported into the family—they who had cloven to the Faith! And—more formidable than all the rest—she heard the tongue of her cast-off seaport, to whose reverence or disesteem she still instinctively referred all her triumphs and failures.

Yet on the other hand was her hero-son's scorn at the union by contract consecrated by the generations! But surely a compromise could be found. He should have love—this strange English thing—but could he not find a Jewess? Ah, a happy inspiration: he should marry a quite poor Jewess—he had money enough, thank heaven—that would show him he was not making a match, that he was truly in love.

But this strange girl at Harrow—he would never be happy with her! No, no, there were limits to Anglicisation.

XI.

It was not till she was seated in the ancient building, relieved from the squeeze of entry in the wake of soldiers, and the exhilaration of hearing "See the conquering hero comes" pealing she knew not whence, that she woke to the full strangeness of it all, and to the consciousness that she was actually sitting among the men—just as in St. Paul's. And what men! Everywhere the scarlet and grey of uniforms, the glister of gold lace—the familiar decorous lines of top-hats broken by glittering helmets, bearskins, white nodding plumes, busbies, red caps acock, glengarries, all the colour of the British Army, mixed with the feathered jauntiness of the Colonies and the khaki sombreros of the C.I.V.'s! Coldstream Guards, Scots Guards, Dragoon Guards, Lancers, Hussars, Artillery, Engineers, King's Royal Rifles, all the corps that had for the first time come clearly into her consciousness, in her tardy absorption into English realities, Jews seemed to be among them all. And without conscription—oh, what would poor Solomon have thought of that!

The Cathedral Synagogue itself struck a note of modern English gaiety, as of an hotel dining-room, freshly gilded, divested of its historic mellowness, the electric light replacing the ancient candles and flooding the winter afternoon with white resplendence. The Pulpit—yes, the Pulpit—was swathed in the Union Jack; and looking towards the box of the Parnass and Gabbai, she saw it was occupied by officers with gold sashes. Somebody whispered that he with the medalled breast was a Christian knight and Commander of the Bath—"a great honour for the synagogue!" What! were Christians coming to Jewish services, even as she had gone to Christian? Why, here was actually a white cross on an officer's sleeve.

And before these alien eyes, the Cantor, intoning his Hebrew chant on the steps of the Ark, lit the great many-branched Chanukah candlestick. Truly the world was changing under her eyes.

And when the Chief Rabbi went toward the Ark in his turn, she saw that he wore a strange scarlet and white gown (military too, she imagined in her ignorance), and —O even rarer sight!—he was followed by a helmeted soldier, who drew the curtain revealing the ornate Scrolls of the Law.

And amid it all a sound broke forth that sent a sweetness through her blood.

An organ! An organ in Synagogue! Ah, here indeed was Anglicisation!

It was thin and reedy even to *her* ears, compared with that divine resonance in St. Paul's: a tinkling apology, timidly disconnected from the congregational singing, and hovering meekly on the borders of the service—she read afterwards that it was only a harmonium—yet it brought a strange exaltation, and there was an uplifting even to tears in the glittering uniforms and nodding plumes. Simon's eyes met his mother's, and a flash of the old childish love passed between them.

There was a sermon—the text taken with dual appropriateness from the Book of Maccabees. Fully one in ten of the Jewish volunteers, said the preacher, had gone forth to drive out the bold invader of the Queen's dominions. Their beloved country had no more devoted citizens than the children of Israel who had settled under her flag. They had been gratified but not surprised to see in the Jewish press the names of more than seven hundred Jews serving Queen and country. Many more had gone unrecorded, so that they had proportionally contributed more soldiers—from colonel to bugler-boy—than their mere numbers would warrant. So at one in spirit and ideals were the Englishman and the Jew whose Scriptures he had imbibed, it was no accident that the Anglophobes of Europe were also Anti-Semites.

And then the congregation rose, while the preacher behind the folds of the Union Jack read out the names of the Jews who had died for England in the far-off veldt. Every head was bent as the names rose on the hushed air of the synagogue It went on and on, this list, reeking with each bloody historic field, recalling every regiment, British or Colonial, on and on in the reverent silence, till a black pall seemed to descend, inch by inch, overspreading the synagogue. She had never dreamed so many of her brethren had died, out there. Ah, surely they were knit now, these races: their friendship sealed in blood!

As the soldiers filed out of synagogue, she squeezed towards Simon and seized his hand for an instant; whispering passionately: "My lamb, marry her—we are all English alike."

Nor did she ever know that she had said these words in Yiddish!

XII.

Now came an enchanting season of confidences: the mother, caught up in the glow of this strange love, learning to see the girl through the boy's eyes, though the only aid to his eloquence was the photograph of a plump little blonde with bewitching dimples. The time was not ripe yet for bringing Lucy and her together, he explained. In fact, he hadn't actually proposed. His mother understood he was waiting for the year of mourning to be up.

"But how will you be married?" she once asked.

"Oh, there's the Registrar," he said carelessly.

"But can't you make her a proselyte?" she ventured timidly.

He coloured. "It would be absurd to suddenly start talking religion to her."

"But she knows you're a Jew."

"Oh, I daresay. I never hid it from her brother—so why shouldn't she know? But her father's a bit of a crank, so I rather avoid the subject."

"A crank? About Jews?"

"Well, old Winstay has got it into his noddle that the Jews are responsible for the war—and that they leave the fighting to the English. It's rather sickening: even in South Africa we are not treated as we should be, considering——"

Her dark eye lost its pathetic humility. "But how can he say that, when you yourself—when you saved his——"

"Well, I suppose just because he knows I *was* fighting, he doesn't think of me as a Jew. It's a bit illogical, I know." And he smiled ruefully. "But then logic is not the old boy's strong point."

"He seemed such a nice old man," said Mrs. Cohn, as she recalled the photograph of the white-haired cherub writing with a quill at a property desk.

"Oh, off his hobby-horse he's a dear old boy. That's why I don't help him into the saddle."

"But how can he be ignorant that we've had over a thousand at the war?" she persisted. "Why, the paper had all their photographs!"

"What paper?" said Simon, laughing. "Do you suppose he reads the Jewish what's-a-name, like you? Why, he's never heard of it!"

"Then you ought to show him a copy."

"Oh, mother,"—and he laughed again, —"that would only prove to him there are too many Jews everywhere."

A cloud began to spread over Mrs. Cohn's hard-won content. But apparently it only shadowed her own horizon. Simon was as happily full of his Lucy as ever.

Nevertheless there came a Sunday evening when Simon returned from Harrow earlier than his wont, and Hannah's dog-like eye noted that the cloud had at last reached his brow.

"You have had a quarrel?" she cried.

"Only with the old boy."

"But what about?"

"The old driveller has just joined some League of Londoners for the suppression of the immigrant alien."

"But you should have told him we all agree there should be decentralisation," said Mrs. Cohn, quoting her favourite Jewish organ.

"It isn't that—it's the old fellow's vanity that's hurt. You see he composed the 'Appeal to the Briton,' and gloated over it so conceitedly that I couldn't help pointing out the horrible contradictions."

"But Lucy——" his mother began anxiously.

"Lucy's a brick. I don't know what my life would have been without the little darling. But listen, mother." And he drew out a portentous prospectus. "They say aliens should not be admitted unless they produce a certificate of industrial capacity, and in the same breath they accuse them of taking the work away from the British workman. Now, this isn't a Jewish question, and I didn't raise it as such—just a piece of muddle—and even as an Englishman I can't see how we can exclude Outlanders here after fighting for——"

"But Lucy——" his mother interrupted.

His vehement self-assertion passed into an affectionate smile.

"Lucy was dimpling all over her face. She knows the old boy's vanity. Of course she couldn't side with me openly."

"But what will happen? will you go there again?"

The cloud returned to his brow. "Oh, well, we'll see."

A letter from Lucy saved him the trouble of deciding the point.

"Dear silly old Sim," it ran,—"Father has been going on dreadfully, so you had better wait a few Sundays till he has cooled down. After all, you yourself admit there is a grievance of congestion and high rents in the East End. And it is only natural—isn't it?—that after shedding our blood and treasure for the Empire we should not be in a mood to see our country overrun by dirty aliens."

"Dirty!" muttered Simon, as he read. "Has she seen the Christian slums—Flower and Dean Street!" And his handsome Oriental brow grew duskier with anger. It did not clear till he came to: "Let us meet at the Crystal Palace next Saturday, dear quarrelsome person. Three o'clock, in the Pompeian room. I *have* got an aunt at Sydenham, and I *can* go in to tea after the concert and hear all about the missionary work in the South Sea Islands."

XIII.

Ensued a new phase in the relation of Simon and Lucy. Once they had met in freedom, neither felt inclined to revert to the restricted courtship of the drawing-room. Even though their chat was merely of books and music and pictures, it was delicious to make their own atmosphere, untroubled by the flippancy of the brother or the earnestness of the father. In the presence of Lucy's artistic knowledge Simon was at once abashed and stimulated. She moved in a delicate world of symphonies and silver-point drawings of whose very existence he had been unaware, and reverence quickened the sense of romance which their secret meetings had already enhanced.

Once or twice he spoke of resuming his visits to Harrow, but the longer he delayed the more difficult the conciliatory visit grew.

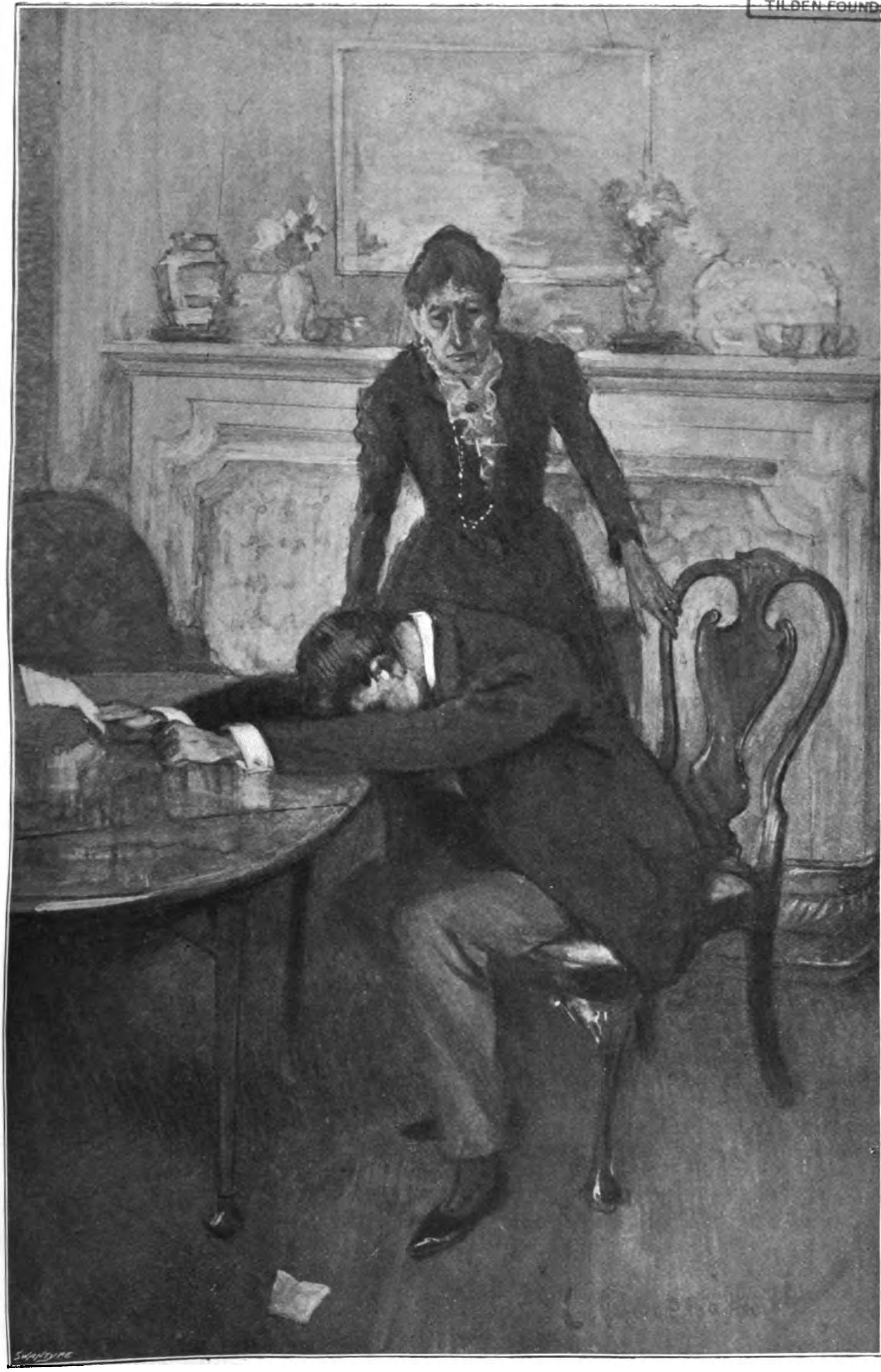
"Father is now deeper in the League than ever," she told him. "He has joined the Committee, and the Prospectus has gone forth in all its glorious contradiction."

"But, considering I am the son of an alien, and I have fought for——"

"There! there! Quarrelsome person," she interrupted laughingly. "No, no, no, you had better not come till you can forget your remote genealogy. You see even now father doesn't quite realise you are a Jew. He thinks you have a strain of Jewish blood, but are in every other respect a decent Christian body."

"Christian!" cried Simon in horror

"Why not? You fought side by side with my brother; you ate ham with us."



"Laying his head down on the table, he broke into sobs." (*See page* 172.)

Simon blushed hotly. "But, Lucy, you don't think religion is ham!"

"What then? Merely Shem?" she laughed.

Simon laughed too. How clever she was! "But you know I never could believe in the Trinity and all that. And what's more—I don't believe you do yourself."

"It isn't exactly what one believes. I was baptised into the Church of England—I feel myself a member. Really, Sim, you are a dreadfully argumentative and quarrelsome person."

"I'll never quarrel with you, Lucy," he said half-entreatingly; for somehow he felt a shiver of cold at the word "baptised," as though himself plunged into the font.

In this wise did both glide away from any deep issue or decision till the summer itself glided away. Mrs. Cohn, anxiously following the courtship through Sim's love-smitten eyes, her suggestion that the girl be brought to see her received with equal postponement, began to fret for the great thing to come to pass. One cannot be always heroically stiffened to receive the cavalry of communal criticism. Waiting weakens the backbone. But she concealed from her boy these flaccid relapses.

"You said you'd bring her to see me when she returned from the seaside," she ventured to remind him.

"So I did; but now her father is dragging her away to Scotland."

"You ought to get married the moment she gets back."

"I can't expect her to rush things,—with her father to square. Still, you are not wrong, mother. It's high time we came to a definite understanding between ourselves at least."

"What!" gasped Mrs. Cohn. "Aren't you engaged?"

"Oh, in a way, of course. But we've never said so in so many words."

For fear this should be the "English" way, Mrs. Cohn forbore to remark that the definiteness of the Sugarman method was not without compensations. She merely applauded Simon's more sensible mood.

But Mrs. Cohn was fated to a further season of fret. Day after day the "fat letters" arrived with the Scottish postmark and the faint perfume that always stirred her own wistful sense of lost romance—something far-off and delicious, with the sweetness of roses and the salt of tears. And still the lover, floating in his golden mist, vouchsafed her no definite news.

One night she found him restive beyond his wont. She knew the reason. For two days there had been no scented letter, and she saw how he started at every creak of the garden-gate, as he waited for the last post. When at length a step was heard crunching on the gravel, he rushed from the room, and Mrs. Cohn heard the hall-door open. Her ear, disappointed of the rat-tat, morbidly followed every sound; but it seemed a long time before her boy's returning footstep reached her. The strange, slow drag of it worked upon her nerves, and her heart grew sick with premonition.

He held out the letter towards her. His face was white. "She cannot marry me, because I am a Jew," he said tonelessly.

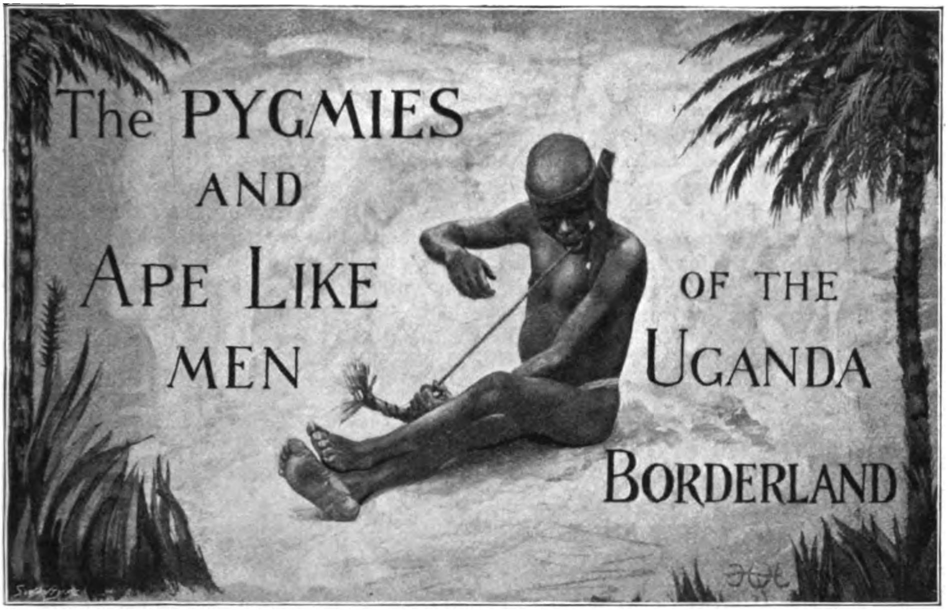
"Cannot marry you!" she whispered huskily. "Oh, but this must not be! I will go to the father; I will explain! You saved his son—he owes you his daughter."

He waved her hopelessly back to her seat—for she had started up. "It isn't the father, it's herself. Now that I won't let her drift any longer, she can't bring herself to it. She's honest anyway, my little Lucy. She won't fall back on the old Jew-baiter."

"But how dare she, how dare she think herself above you!" Her dog-like eyes were blazing yet once again.

"Why are you Jews surprised?" he said bitterly. "You've held yourself aloof from the others long enough, God knows. Yet you wonder they've got their prejudices, too."

And, suddenly laying his head on the table, he broke into sobs—sobs that tore at his mother's heart, that were charged with memories of his ancient tears, of the days of paternal wrath and the rending of the "Pirates of Pecheli." And as in the days when his boyish treasures were changed to ashes, she stole towards him, with an involuntary furtive look to see if S. Cohn's back was turned, and laid her hands upon his heaving shoulders. But he shook her off. "Why didn't a Boer bullet strike me down?" Then with a swift pang of remorse he raised his contorted face and drew hers close against it—their love the one thing saved from Anglicisation.



BY SIR HARRY JOHNSTON, K.C.B.

THE great Congo Forest of West-Central Africa must undoubtedly be regarded as a very important factor in the past history of Africa. By "history" I do not mean the record of Man's doings only, or of the progress of the civilised races of men, whose adventures chronicled by writing have narrowed the use of the word history to records of the progress of humanity during—let us say—seven thousand years, a mere half-minute in the hour of Man's existence. Not only in the history of Man's movements, but in the preceding migrations of great beasts and anthropoid apes, has this mighty forest checked and deflected the distribution of species, or received into its bosom hunted, defenceless forms, which have thus been enabled (as in the case of the Okapi) to linger on into the present day.

Before I proceed further with my description of remarkable negro types which are to be found on the eastern limits of this forested region, it may be as well if I define clearly the area of forested Africa at the present day. There is a certain parallelism between South America and the African continent (if one may suppose Africa to be looking at itself in a mirror, for such geographical features as offer resemblance are reversed in position). One feature in the institution of these parallels is the resemblance of the Amazon's basin to that of the Congo. In both instances this enormous area of relatively low-lying land (once possibly the site of inland seas or of an extension of the ocean) is to a very large extent covered with forest. The forested region of West Africa at the present day consists of a narrow belt along the west coast from Portuguese Guinea * eastward to the Cameroons. From about forty miles inland of the Cameroons the forest region continues southwards along the coast belt to near the mouth of the Congo, and from the Cameroons stretches away inland in a south-easterly direction to the Congo watershed. Roughly speaking, the whole basin of the Congo is a region of dense forest, but in the south-west, south, and parts of the south-east—perhaps also here and there to the north of the main Congo—there are districts where the forest has been cleared away by man, and has given place to parklands with high grass. On the south-west the Congo forest, with here and there a break, stretches over to the upper waters of the Zambesi River.

* Just south of the Gambia.

On the north-east it overlaps the Nile watershed, and the south-western fringe of the Nile watershed is covered with forest that spreads uninterruptedly from the Congo. In Uganda Proper, and in other countries to the east, and even here and there near the littoral of the Indian Ocean; in a few parts of Nyassaland, and districts near the Benue and the Shari, patches of primeval forest exist which scarcely differ in their character from that of the Congo. It is possible, therefore, that the whole of Africa south of the northern Tropic may once have been one continuous primeval forest, varying only in the character of its trees by the altitude of the land or the approach towards the South Temperate Zone. Certain regions, however, on the north and south, and above all in the eastern half of the continent, proved less capable, from conditions of soil or moisture, of supporting this growth of vegetation. In these regions the great mammals that invaded Africa during the Pliocene epoch, through southern Asia and Arabia, found less resistance to their progress, and conditions, such as the growth of grasses, more favourable to the development of herbivores; while of course the great carnivorous animals could only exist where the big vegetarian beasts would thrive. The mighty forests still existed, however—existed, possibly with small interruptions, right across the continent from west to east, and received into their safe recesses the anthropoid apes and the more timid and defenceless mammals of large size, which in the more open country would have been completely exterminated. The anthropoid apes, no doubt, were being driven away from western Asia and southern Europe, by their successful compeer and offshoot, Man. Man can have been the only serious enemy of the ancestors of the gorilla, chimpanzee and orang-utan, just as, apart from climatic changes, he has been the only agent in destroying the great recent proboscideans, rhinoceroses, oxen, deer, and carnivores.



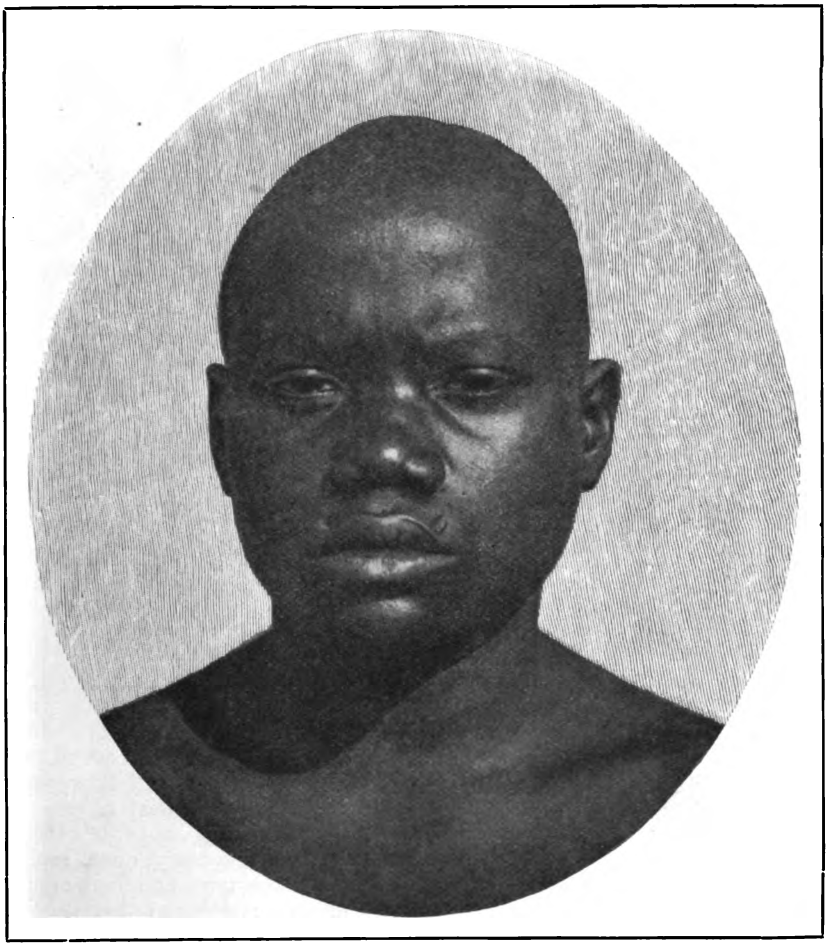
Sir Harry Johnston.
(Portrait taken in 1900 on the verge of the Semliki forests.)

Some long while after the scared chimpanzees and gorillas had found a secure refuge in the dense woods of West-Central Africa,* the earliest types of humanity who had entered the Dark Continent were also pushed towards this gloomy forest by the inroads and competition of superior tribes; and some of their

* The forest life thus forced on the remaining anthropoid apes, as the only sphere in which they could exist secure from the attacks of man, no doubt entailed on them a certain degenerate development along lines quite different to those on which the human genus was developing, so that the far-off ancestors of the gorilla, chimpanzee and orang-utan may have been less differentiated from the primal human stock than their modern descendants.

descendants exist there at the present day within its scarcely explored and awful recesses.

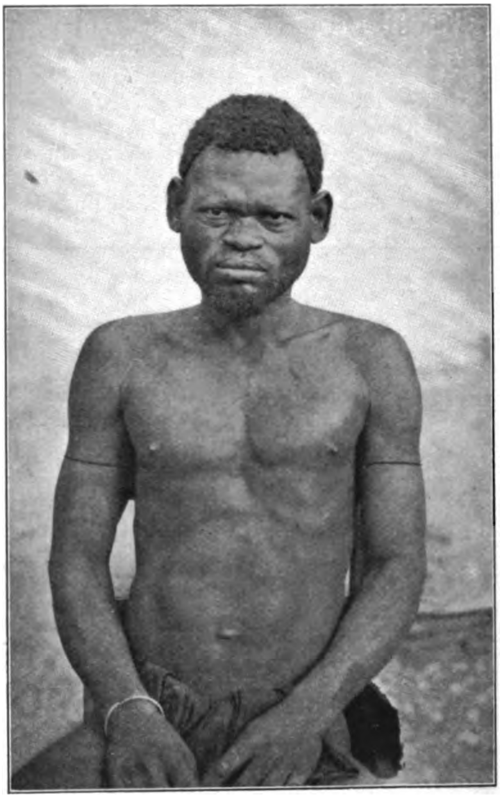
It may be assumed, as the most probable of all the theories on the subject, that the human type emerged from the ape somewhere in Asia, possibly in Southern Asia, inasmuch as the real missing link, *Pithecanthropos erectus*, has been discovered fossil in Java. Of course creatures like *Pithecanthropos* may also have existed farther north, and it would never surprise me to learn that the site of man's creation really lay in India. In any case, early man appears to have had an immense development in and around the Indian Peninsula, and possibly there or thereabouts developed the three main types which he exhibits at the present day—the long-haired, high-cheekboned Mongolian form, with narrow slanting eyes, thin nose, paucity of hair on the face and body, and straight, coarse, black hair on the head; the Caucasian type, which perhaps most of all represents the man of middle stock descended straight from the ape, and which is distinguished by its large eyes, white or pale brown skin, hairy face and body, and head-hair which, though long, has a slight tendency to curliness; and lastly, the Negro type, the characteristics of which are first and foremost closely curled, woolly hair, a black or dark brown skin, everted lips, and a nose with little bridge and a broad tip.



Head of Pygmy Woman.

The pressure of superior races drove the Negro types out of Southern Asia

eastward to the Andamans, Malacca, New Guinea, the Pacific Islands, and across Australia to Tasmania; and westwards across Baluchistan, Mesopotamia, and Arabia to Africa. The first type of Negro which entered Africa from the north was probably very simian in appearance; and but little changed descendants of this earliest type may probably be seen at the present day in the apelike people discovered, or rather noticed for the first time publicly, by Messrs. Grogan and Sharpe and by myself on the eastern borders of the Congo forest; also in similar low types to be found here and there amongst the negroes of the southern Congo basin,—perhaps, too, in the wild mountain country to the north of the River Benue, and elsewhere in Western Africa. This apelike type in the Uganda Protectorate and in the adjoining districts of the Congo Free State is represented by a sort of pariah tribe called the Ba-nande. These apelike people are not definitely organised into a tribe by themselves, but hang about the fringe of other communities. They speak the languages or dialects of the better-looking people who are nearest to them, but as a rule they use the Lu-konjo dialect, an extremely archaic Bantu language. Some of these apelike men have skins of a dirty yellowish-brown (two illustrations in this article are given of this type). The head-hair is black and thick; beard, moustache, and whiskers are fairly abundant. The eyes are deep-set, and the overhung brow-ridge is extremely marked. The upper lip is long, and neither of the lips are so much everted as in the ordinary Negro. The body is covered nearly all over by a fine yellowish down, not apparent at any great distance, but tending to accentuate the yellow appearance of the skin. There is great prognathism, and the chin is weak and retreating. These people do not circumcise, and they appear to be rather stupid, timid, and unintelligent. They live in very rude habitations of boughs and leaves, and spend their time chiefly hunting and trapping small mammals. They also live a good deal on honey and bee-grubs. It would seem, however, on the western flanks of Ruwenzori, and in the forests north-west of the Semliki River, as though superior races had occupied the country once given over to the apelike type, and had mixed with this inferior people, so that the apelike physiognomy may crop out again and again in races whose average numbers exhibit a higher type of feature and figure. It is so amongst the Ba-konjo, Ba-amba, and Ba-mbuba, which are not tribes of apelike appearance, but which produce from time to time reversionary types in the midst of a population of later design. A peculiarity of these reversionary forms is usually the disproportionately short legs. Apelike types also crop up in the same way amongst the wild savages inhabiting the western flanks of



Ape-like type of Pygmy.

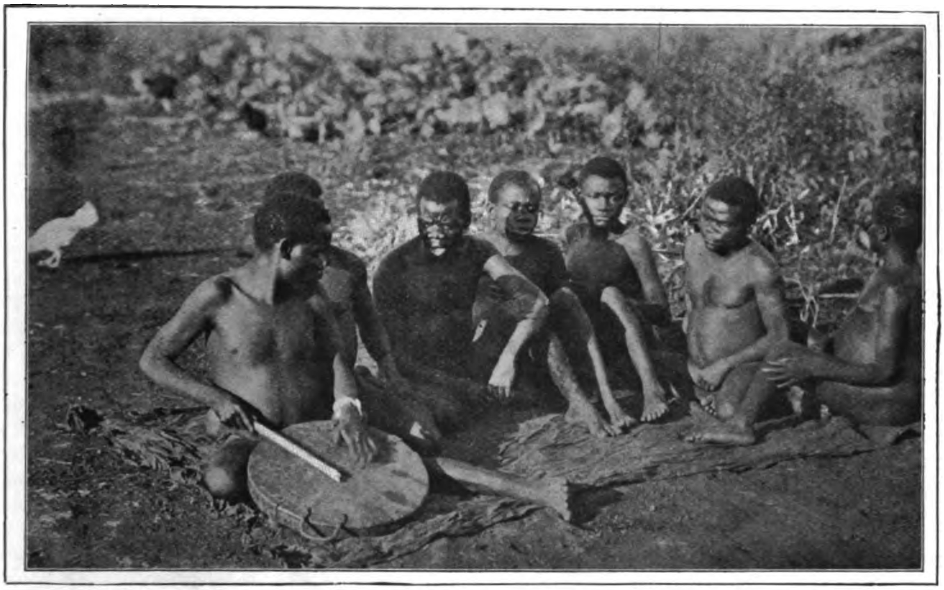
Mount Elgon, a huge extinct volcano in the eastern half of the Uganda Protectorate.

Here and there also in the country of Ankole, which for the most part is inhabited by Negroids or Negroes of a distinctly high type, individuals may be met with that have their heads sunk in their shoulders, and in other respects exhibit a simian physiognomy.

The Congo Forest also shelters within its recesses at the present day those curious Pygmy Negroes, who appear to be connected distantly with the Bushmen of South Africa. These Pygmies were in all probability well known to the ancient Egyptians. Traders and slave-traders who journeyed up the Nile from Egypt in ancient days, and who brought back curious beasts from the Black Man's country, also returned with specimens of these little Dwarfs. According to the native traditions collected by Schweinfurth, Junker, and other travellers in the Bahr-al-Ghazal region, the Pygmies in the south-western part of the Nile watershed at one time occupied spacious countries now only inhabited by the big black Negroes, whose ancestors remembered having driven the Dwarfs before them into the forests on the Nile-Congo water-parting,

At the present day the Pygmy race, excluding for the moment the Bushmen of South Africa, appears to be confined in its distribution only to the Congo Forests, and to tongues of the great Congo Forest which overlap into the Nile watershed and the adjoining districts at the back of the Cameroons and French Gaboon. But legends and stories of Pygmies coming from West Africa would seem to show that at one time these little people were found within the countries watered by the Benue and the lower Niger. The Pygmies are written about by Herodotus, as everybody knows. The "cranes" with whom they fought were probably the ostriches of the Sudan.

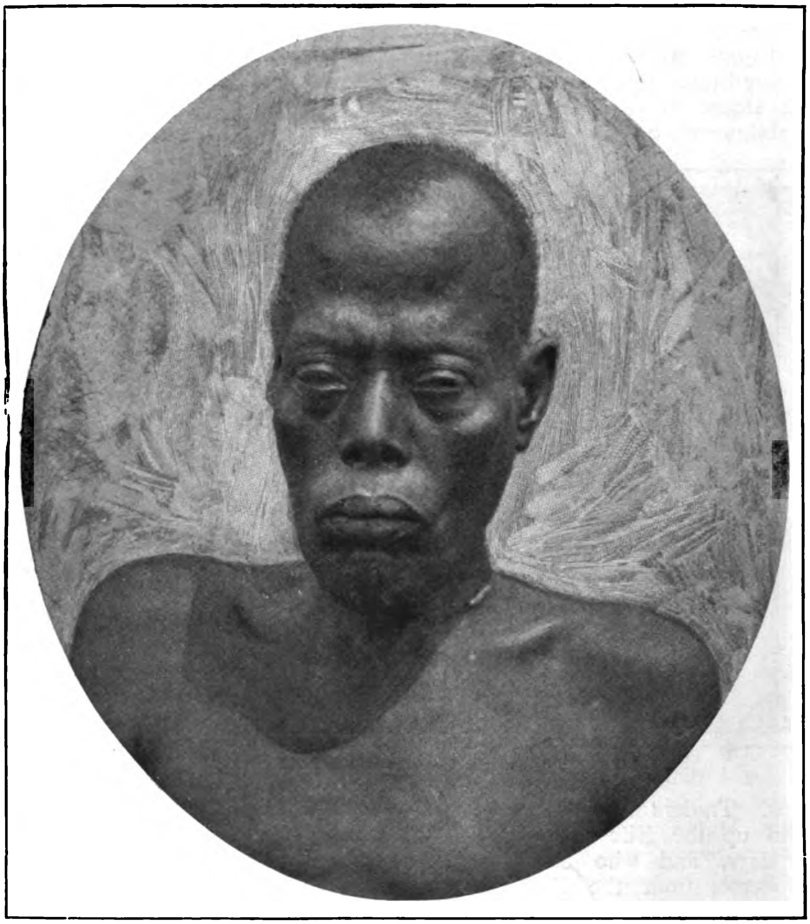
Persistent stories have been circulated from time to time of the existence of Pygmy races or Pygmy types in the forests of the Atlas Mountains in North-west Africa. Still more remarkable, human remains in Sicily, Sardinia, and the Pyrenees, would seem to indicate the existence in Mediterranean Europe at one time of a Negrito type; and a rude statuette found in the Pyrenees, and attributed to the Stone Age, would seem to show that these Pygmies lingered on long after the invasion of the country by superior races. I am unable to say whether there is any actual physical relationship between the Negritoes or Pygmies of Negroid type in Eastern Asia and the Pygmies of the Congo Forest, or whether, as is quite probable, each may be a separate development or



Pygmies giving a Musical Performance.

survival of a Dwarf type. I am also uncertain in my own mind at present whether there is any actual relationship between the Bushmen of south-west Africa and the Pygmies of the Congo Forests.

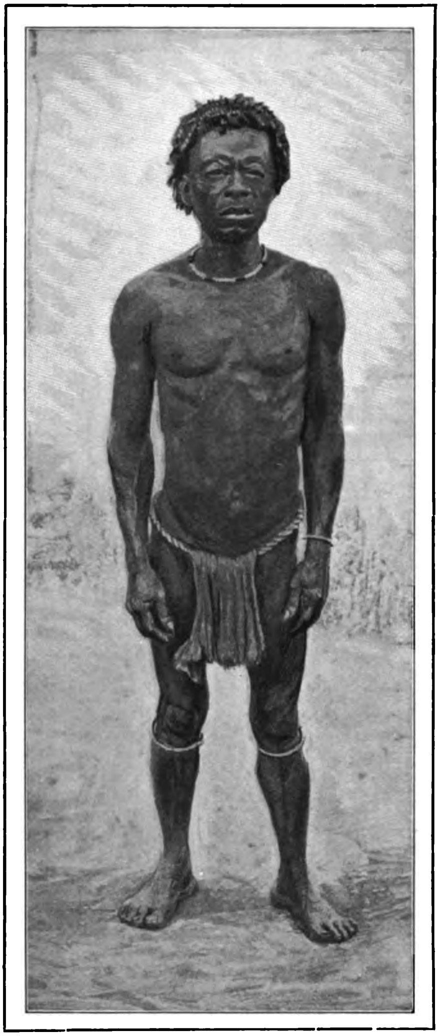
Other dwarf races of humanity belonging to the white or the Mongolian species may have inhabited northern Europe in ancient times, or it is just possible that this type of Pygmy Negro which survives to-day in the recesses of Inner Africa, may even have overspread Europe in remote times. If it did, then the conclusion is irresistible that it gave rise to most of the myths and beliefs connected with gnomes, kobolds, and fairies. The demeanour and actions of the little Congo Dwarfs at the present day remind one over and over again of the traits attributed to the brownies and goblins of our fairy stories. Their remarkable power of becoming invisible by adroit hiding in herbage and behind rocks, their probable habits in sterile or open countries of making their homes in holes and caverns, their mischievousness and their prankish good-nature, all seem to suggest that it was some race like this which inspired most of the stories of Teuton and Celt regarding a dwarfish people of quasi-supernatural attributes. The Dwarfs of the Congo Forest can be good or bad neighbours to the black people, according to the treatment they receive. If their elfish depredations on the banana groves or their occasional thefts of tobacco or maize are condoned, or even if they are



Low type of Negro from Ankole.

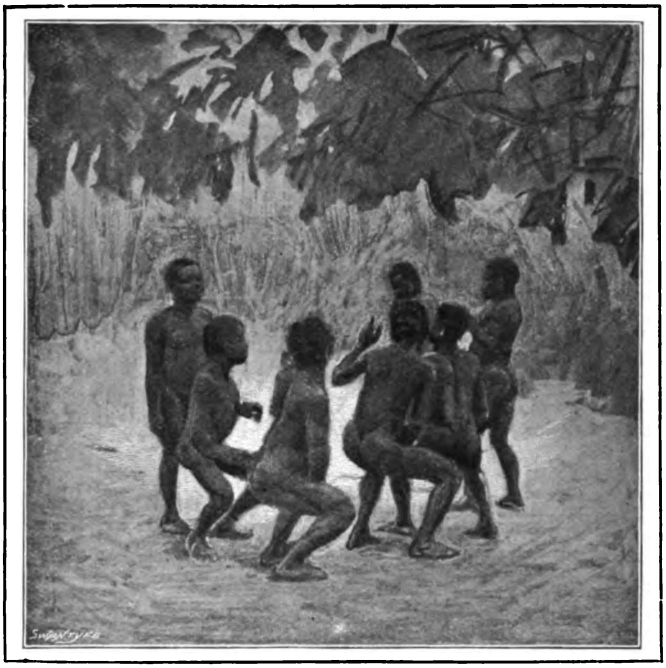
conciliated by small gifts of such food being left exposed where it can be easily taken, they will in return leave behind them in their nightly visitations gifts of meats and products of the chase, such as skins or ivory. I have been informed by some of the forest Negroes that the Dwarfs will occasionally steal their children, and put in their places Pygmy babies of apelike appearance — changelings, in fact, bringing up the children they have stolen in the Dwarf tribe. These collections of Pygmies, which one can scarcely call tribes, certainly exhibit from time to time individuals of ordinary stature, and with features not strongly resembling those of the Pygmy type. Sometimes, no doubt, these may be runaways or outcasts, who have joined the Dwarfs and severed themselves from other tribes.

The Congo Pygmies keep no domestic animals, and do not practise agriculture. They live entirely by hunting, and eat the flesh of monkeys, or of almost all other beasts and birds which they capture in their snares or shoot with their arrows; and they also feed on certain grubs, on honey, and on the bee-grubs found in the honeycomb. They range the forests far and wide, indifferent as to whether they lose their way, since they sleep and feed in the forests, and are in a sense always at home. Seemingly they have only known the use of metal (iron) by their contact with Negroes of superior race. Before this contact they appear to have used weapons and implements of wood, possibly also of stone. Even at the present day they not infrequently use wooden arrows. Their huts are about four feet high and about four feet in diameter, and are usually built of withes or branches stuck into the ground at both ends in a semicircle. Over this framework of bent boughs a thatch of large leaves is laid on, and a small hole is left at the side, through which the little Pygmy crawls in to lie on his bed of leaves. The husband and wife (they seldom marry more than one wife) may share the same hut; but the children as soon as they have left the breast are put each into little huts by themselves, some of these tiny habitations being absurdly small.



Short-legged type of Negro from Semliki Forest.

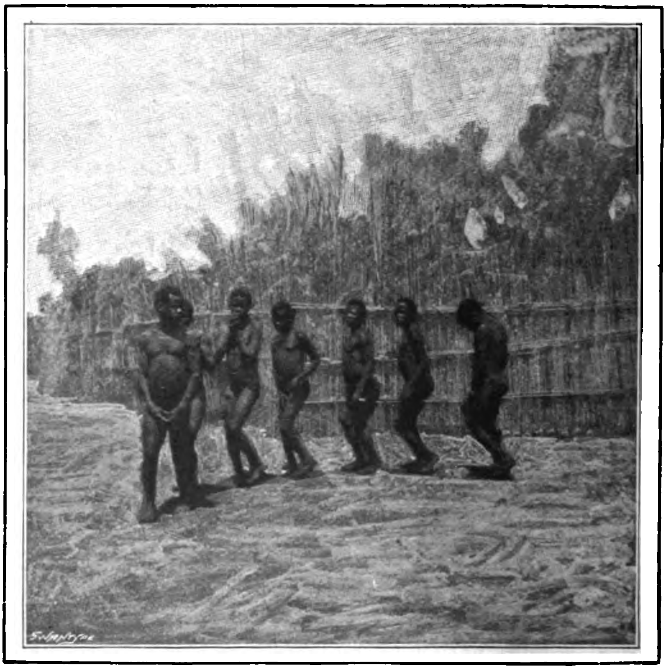
The Dwarfs are excessively shy in the forest, and are only visited with the greatest difficulty. They usually seem at the present day to attach themselves in their communities to the outskirts of the habitations of the tribes of big Negroes, with whom they usually enter into friendly relations. For a white man to see them in their homes it requires that one of these big Negroes who is in friendly relations with the Pygmies should go out into the forest and call to them loudly and repeatedly before the Pygmy has sufficient confidence to show himself. Once their confidence is gained, they will no doubt come in



Pygmies dancing.

varying forms in the eastern Congo Forest. The Dwarfs whom Stanley encountered on his various journeys across Congoland were always found to be speaking corrupt Bantu dialects, or, in one instance, a language scarcely differing from Manyema. Their pronunciation of these languages is imperfect, and they are much given to replacing certain consonants by little gasps, and sometimes by a sound which faintly recalls the South African click. They speak with a singularly musical intonation, their speech being almost intoned. Their pronunciation of words is rather staccato, each syllable being pronounced separately and distinctly. They are very fond of singing and dancing,

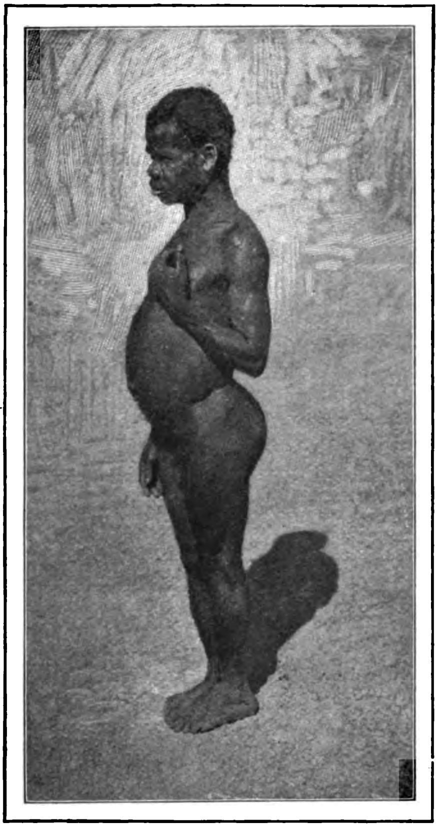
numbers. Even then it is extremely difficult to make inquiries of them concerning their life and customs. The Dwarfs appear to have no separate language of their own, but simply to talk more or less imperfectly the tongue of the big Negroes who are their nearest neighbours. Thus, in the districts to the north-west of the Semliki River the Dwarfs speak the Mbuba language—a non-Bantu language with remote affinities to the Nyam-Nyam Farther to the north-west the Pygmies apparently speak the language of the Mangbettu. To the west of the Semliki and thence south-west the Dwarfs talk Kibira, a dialect of the Bantu language spoken in



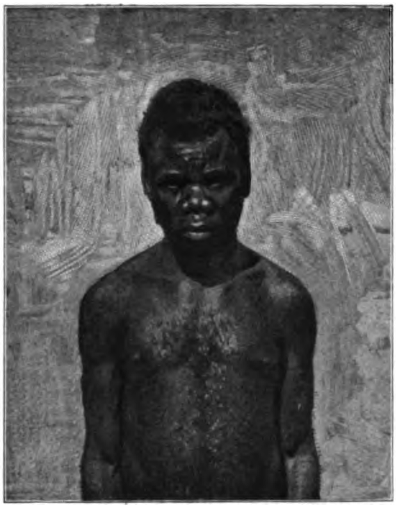
Pygmies dancing

and the little songs that they croon are distinctly melodious, while spectators are kept in fits of laughter by their truly droll and elfish antics. When they give a musical performance they are fond of seating themselves in a semicircle. In their own homes on these occasions they beat drums, which are made of sections of hollow trees covered with skin. Whilst thus seated and beating drums they chant songs, and dance, so to speak, all over their bodies, striking the ground with their elbows and hips, knees and hands, wagging their heads, and heaving their stomachs up and down. The dances which they perform upright are sometimes of a markedly indelicate kind, though the Dwarfs seem to be rather carrying out the ancient tradition of these dances than to be knowingly guilty of obscene gestures.

The Congo Pygmies appear to be divisible into two types, according to my own observations and to those of preceding travellers—one with a reddish or yellowish brown skin and a tendency to red in the head-hair, and the other a black-skinned type with entirely black head-hair. It is possible that the original type of Dwarf had a dirty brown skin, and a tendency to red both in the body and head-hair, and that this type mingled anciently with the first true Negro invaders of the forest — a people with decidedly black skins—and produced a black type of Dwarf, which now seems to exist conjointly with the red or yellow Pygmy; that is to say, in the same family of Pygmies there may be both types. In stature, perhaps the black type tends to be slightly taller than the other. The tallest specimen of Pygmy measured by me or by my assistants was about 5 feet in height, but the average altitude for men was 4 feet 7 inches, and for women 4 feet 2 inches. Several of the men measured by me were only 4 feet 2 inches in height. One adult woman was just under 4 feet. There are two features which markedly distinguish these Dwarfs from other Negroes—the shape of the nose, and the long upper lip. The nose has a very low bridge, and is exceedingly broad. The two wings are large and prominent, and rise almost as high above the face as the tip of the nose. The upper lip, besides being long and prognathous, is not so much everted as in the ordinary Negro. The chin is very weak and receding. The neck is short, and the head is sunk rather between the shoulders, though not so markedly as in the apelike types referred to in the first part of this article. In some of the Dwarfs there is a great prominence in the *nates* or posterior which recalls, though it does not equal, the huge development in that direction of the Bushman and Hottentot. This feature in man is not a particularly simian sign, as the great apes are noted on the other hand for the very poor development of these hinder muscles. The legs are short in proportion to the body, though they are usually sturdy little limbs. The feet are rather large, and much inclined to turn in with the big toes pointing inwards when they are brought together in a standing attitude. There is also a slight disposition on the part of the big toes to separate from the



Posing for his portrait.

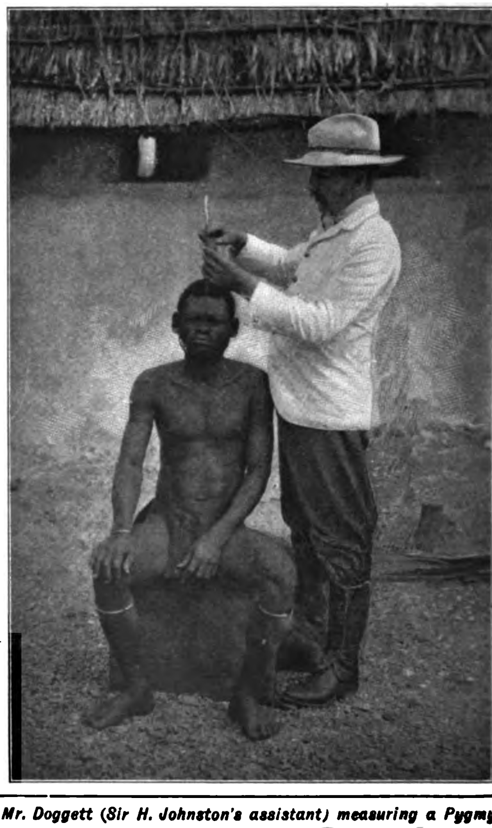


A Congo Pygmy.

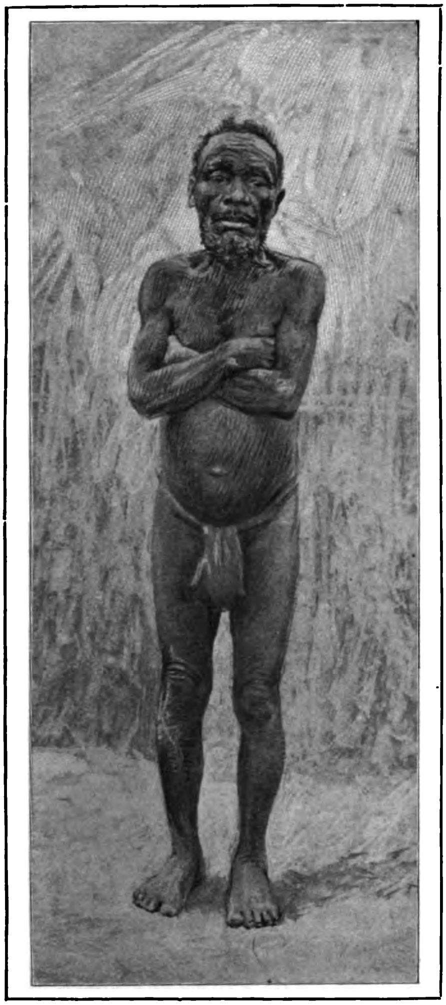
others, though not more than what may be seen from time to time in other Negroes. Hair on the face is present in many of the Dwarfs, though where absent its absence is sometimes associated with the paler-coloured type of Dwarf rather than with the black. Some of the Dwarfs have distinctly long beards, but I have myself only seen one with a beard of six inches in length. Belgians and Arabs who have travelled through the Congo forests have, however, assured me that they have met Dwarfs at times who possessed beards of considerable length.

The hair on the body is really of two kinds. There is firstly in many of the Dwarfs — men and women — a survival in the adult of that hair which appears in the fœtus in all human races, a soft, brownish down. This soft, fine, brown hair may be seen on many a European baby after birth. It seems to continue in these Dwarfs, or in many specimens of them, throughout their lives, though in some it is so faint as to be hardly noticeable. When it exists it is for the most part a yellowish brown, and is straight and not curled. In addition to this survival of pre-human hair, the Dwarfs possess —very often markedly —a development of hair that is peculiarly associated with the human species: namely, a fairly thick growth over the chest and stomach, in the armpits and in the pubic region; also on the arms and legs. It is on the under parts of the body, curiously enough, that apes and monkeys tend to a decrease of hair. It is therefore somewhat curious that where body-hair most frequently appears in the human race it should be so often on the underside of the body, where the hair is of less protection (especially in the slightly stooping attitude which early man assumed) to the skin from the rain than if it grew on the back. In the Pygmies, this human body-hair on the chest and stomach is black or blackish-brown, and curly, like the hair of the head, and thus quite different in colour and texture from the fine brownish down which may co-exist with it.

The Congo Dwarfs, though they may exhibit apelike features in their bodies,

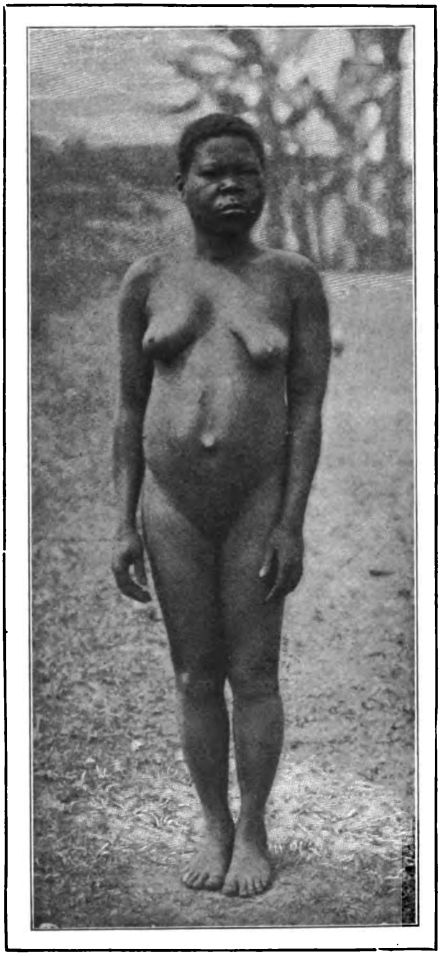


Mr. Doggett (Sir H. Johnston's assistant) measuring a Pygmy.



Old Man Pygmy.

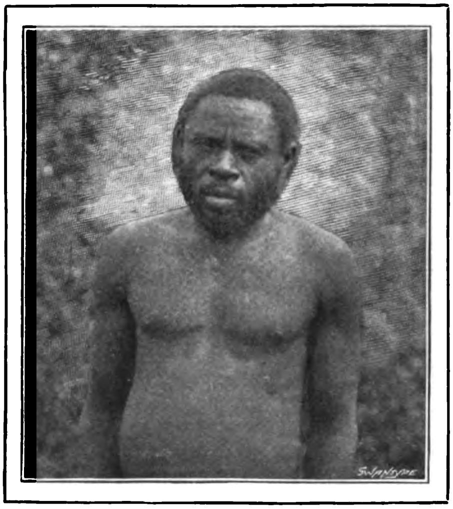
and though in their natural life they are absolutely savage, display nevertheless a certain alertness which gives one the impression that they possess quicker intelligence and a greater adaptability of mind than the ordinary big Negro. They are admirable mimics. They learn languages easily, though they may speak them with a defective pronunciation. The little Dwarf women readily attach themselves to Negroes of the big races, and make affectionate and dutiful wives. When Captain (now General Sir Frederic) Lugard journeyed through the Semliki forests, at the time when he was organising the future protectorate of Uganda, the Sudanese soldiers by whom he was accompanied brought away with them several Dwarf women, whom they married. It used to be an amusing sight to see husband and wife together, the husband perhaps six feet in stature and broad in proportion, and the little wife four feet only, and disproportionately broad. The Dwarfs seldom wear anything in the way of ornament, and go about in their forests quite naked; but when in contact with Negroes, who wear a certain amount of clothing, the Dwarf will put on an apron of leaves or bark-cloth sufficient to serve the purposes of decency. Their ears are not pierced. The only æsthetic adornment which they appear to adopt is the piercing of two holes in the upper lip. (This can be clearly seen in the head and bust of a Dwarf woman.) Into the punctures they insert flowers, teeth, or porcupines' quills. The native name



A Pygmy Woman. (Height 4 feet 2 inches).

applied to the Congo Pygmies varies very much, according to the district and the nature of the big people with whom they may be in contact. Those dwelling in the forests near the Semliki River call themselves Mbute or Ba-mbute (Stanley's Wa-mbutti). The Bantu tribes on the east of the Congo forest from Unyoro to Tanganyika call them Ba-twa, a name which is also applied by the Zulu Kaffirs to the Bushmen. Farther to the north-west they are called Akka, Bakka, Bakwa, Bakke-Bakke. Dwarfs who were reported to exist in the bend of the Cross River, at the back of Old Calabar, were known as Be-Tsan; and it is curious that *San* (a root often recurring in reference to Dwarf tribes in many parts of Africa) is the indigenous name of the Bushmen for their own tribe.

American readers of this magazine may be interested to learn that it is possible there still exist at the present day traces of African Dwarf races in the Negro population of the West Indies. This at any rate was the case forty or fifty years ago. There is a tradition to the effect that amongst the slaves shipped from the Congo regions at the end of the eighteenth century were specimens of Dwarf races from the far interior. In Trinidad and some of the southern islands of the West Indies these little people remained for a time distinct from the other slaves, and people of my acquaintance still living have seen and spoken to them. They were recognised at the time as being quite distinct from the ordinary Negro type, and were generally known as the "Congo Dwarfs."



Ape-like Mukonjo.



A GREAT CAVALRY LEADER.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOHN FRENCH.

BY CAPTAIN W. E. CAIRNES.

THE present war has cast a shadow over many hitherto brilliant reputations, and has given a lustre to many previously almost unknown; in the latter category we may place the subject of this sketch, Major-General Sir John Denton Pinkstone French. This officer, who has now been appointed to the command of the First Army Corps, the nucleus of which is slowly growing at Aldershot, has served his country both afloat and ashore; for, like Sir Evelyn Wood and other distinguished officers, he had a spell of sea service as a midshipman before exchanging the dirk for the sabre and the foretop for the troop-leader's saddle.

His Personal Character.

And what manner of man is he, this cavalry leader who has done so much to retrieve the waning fortunes of a desperate war? Short, somewhat stout, thick-set, his grizzled moustache sheltering a resolute mouth, his grey-blue eyes holding always a suggestion of mirth, French is, in appearance, by no means the beau-ideal of a dashing hussar. Though not a brilliant horseman, he is yet, strangely

enough, the very incarnation of the cavalry spirit, and, idolised by his officers and men, where he rides all will wish to follow. In disposition he is frank, generous, somewhat hot-tempered (and all the better for it), absolutely regardless of personal danger—when on the march frequently riding ahead of the foremost scouts. Courteous and thoughtful for all under his command, no one could wish to serve a better commander. Though in no respect weak, yet he is remarkable for the readiness with which he will listen to suggestions or advice, though he is always both able and willing to take an instant decision on his own judgment and responsibility when occasion arises.

He possesses in addition one quality which is most valuable in a leader of horse—he is almost insensible to bodily fatigue: after the longest day the General is always less tired than any of his staff or other officers, though he has to work under crushing responsibility, in addition to the mere physical fatigue of long hours in the saddle. This was well illustrated at Strydfontein, about ten miles north of Johannesburg, when, after a most exhausting day, the General and his staff found quarters in a small house containing but one bed. This, of course, was reserved for the General, but he insisted on giving it to an officer of his staff, and saying "I don't care where I sleep," rolled his cloak around him and slept on the floor.

He shares with the late Mr. Gladstone that enviable quality of being able to dismiss anxiety from his mind at the close of his day's work, thus being able to approach the problems which confront him on the following day with an unclouded mind.

It is rather characteristic of the innate modesty of the man that so few striking anecdotes are connected with his South African career. But I trust that I may be forgiven for reviving a few incidents which will serve to illustrate the salient points of his character. General French is an Irishman, consequently he may be credited with a sense of humour; a proof of which may be found in his dry comment, provoked by seeing our guns fire, unintentionally, without effect on some of the New Zealand contingent after crossing the Vaal, that it was a good thing sometimes that our gunners occasionally made bad practice. Later on, when nearing Johannesburg, despite the gravity and anxiety of the situation, he showed intense amusement on being handed a copy of the *Standard and Diggers' News* in which there was a long account of the utter defeat of the cavalry division, concluding with the statement that he himself had been mortally wounded!

His subsequent relations with Schoeman, his old antagonist of Colesberg, who had been tried by the Boers for allowing himself to be out-generalled by French, were creditable to his generosity. When they met in Pretoria, Schoeman a prisoner, French a victorious general, a warm friendship sprang up between them, and French was most anxious that his ancient foe should be employed as an intermediary with the Boers still in the field. This, however, was not permissible, and the unfortunate Schoeman once again fell into the hands of the enemy, to be lodged in the gaol of Barberton, whence he was eventually rescued by French himself, when he led his columns with amazing celerity by precipitous paths, and swooped like an eagle on the accumulated stores which the enemy had amassed there in fancied security.

His kind-heartedness is well illustrated by an adventure at Johannesburg. Riding with only one companion through the streets of that town one evening, itself at that time a sufficiently hazardous proceeding, he encountered two weary soldiers of the Scots Guards seeking the camp of their battalion, which, as French knew, lay some distance outside the town. The chance of two footsore soldiers being able to find it unassisted in the gathering darkness was very remote, so the General turned his horse and rode at foot pace between the two soldiers, chatting to them gaily by the way, till he was able to point out their camp to the grateful guardsmen, who were in total ignorance as to the identity of their kindly guide. Since French has become famous, he has received many requests for his autograph, chiefly from children, and has usually, if not always, complied with the request. He was greatly amused with one letter from a schoolboy, which ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR FRENCH,—

"You are a great British General. I want your autograph, but, whatever you do, don't let your secretary write it."

The boy got not only the autograph, but a signed photograph from his hero.

He has also received many letters from amateur critics, and was greatly delighted with one in which the writer was quite indignant that French had not captured Cronje's horses at Magersfontein on his way into Kimberley. To the writer such an operation, no doubt desirable, appeared to have been the simplest matter in the world.

The manner in which he dealt with the Boer snipers when he entered Barberton, as already alluded to, shows us another side of his character. When he entered the place, which was full of Boer families, his troops were annoyed in their camp by continual sniping from the enemy hidden in the adjoining hills. French took a short way with them. "If the sniping is not stopped in two hours, I will turn my guns on the town and lay it in ashes." The effect was instantaneous; and, while at Barberton, our troops were no more worried by ambushed riflemen.

Many men have won credit and distinction in this arduous war; none have earned it better than Sir John French, who, for over two long years, with only one brief interval of rest at Cape Town, has been in the field, ever in the forefront of the struggle.

"An Irishman of course."

In entering the Royal Navy, John French only followed family tradition, for his father served many years in the sea service, eventually retiring with the rank of post-captain. On his retirement he settled at Ripple Vale, near Walmer, where the future cavalry leader was born on September 28th, 1852. Like so many great soldiers who have won distinction in the service of the British Crown, John French is of Irish extraction, the head of his family being Lord de Freyne, a name to conjure with in Roscommon. As has just been stated, French was born in England, but this will not prevent Ireland, ever proud of her illustrious children, claiming him as her own. On his mother's side he can trace a Scotch descent, thus getting an additional strain of the hot Celtic blood which, cooled under British discipline, has coursed through the veins of so many brilliant soldiers and sagacious statesmen.

His Career in the Navy.

French never enjoyed life at any of our great public schools, for, brought up in the first place at home under the watchful eye of his elder sister, after the death of his parents, he was sent while still a child to a preparatory school at Harrow, being subsequently placed at Eastman's well-known Naval Academy at Portsmouth to prepare for the entrance examination for the *Britannia*. Of his youthful characteristics but few anecdotes survive, but it is amusing to note that the sturdy boy, now the stout-hearted soldier, was chiefly remarkable for his passion for preaching—the last occupation he would now aspire to—and, shrouded in a surplice extemporised from a table-cloth, used to delight in playing the parson to a congregation of admiring relatives. He successfully passed his examination; but the sea had few attractions for him, and after a few years he left the navy and succeeded in obtaining a commission in the cavalry through the militia, being gazetted to a lieutenancy in the 8th Hussars on February 28th, 1874, and transferred to the 19th Hussars on the 11th of the following month. At that time the 19th Hussars was hardly regarded as a particularly smart regiment. It was one of the three regiments bearing the nickname of "Dumpies," having first been recruited after the Indian Mutiny, only small men being enlisted. All of these regiments have now won high reputations—the 19th under Barrow and French, the 20th in Egypt, in which country the 21st Lancers, the third of the "Dumpies," also won undying fame at Omdurman.

In those days, even more than now, it was hardly customary for the average cavalry subaltern to be a military enthusiast. Drill and manœuvres, carried out usually on stereotyped lines and in a more or less perfunctory fashion, were considered by the young dragoon or hussar to rank decidedly below sport. Very few officers made any serious attempt to study their profession; sport and amusement were, too often, the serious objects of their lives.

A Keen Regimental Officer.

It might easily be imagined that a high-spirited, somewhat dare-devil youngster as French was then, would have readily adopted the pleasure-loving life of his light-hearted comrades, and it is very probable that at first he may have done so to a considerable extent, for the moment forgetful of his aspirations after

military distinction. If he did so, it is impossible to blame him; and, at any rate, the idle life of too many of his brother-officers did not attract him for long, for we soon find him making a name for himself as a keen regimental officer, with the result that he was appointed adjutant of his regiment on June 1st, 1880, having then little more than six years' service. On receiving his troop in the following October he gave up his adjutancy, and began to work seriously at the higher duties of his profession, reading largely and making a close study of the careers of the great commanders of the past.

First Active Service.

In April 1881 Captain French, having married Miss Eleanora Selby-Lowndes in the previous year, accepted the adjutancy of the Northumberland Yeomanry, with which corps he stayed for four years, rejoining his regiment with the rank of major in September 1884 in time to receive his baptism of fire in the Nile Expedition of 1884-5. He fought both at Abu Klea and Metemneh, and was fortunate enough to be mentioned in the most complimentary terms in despatches by Sir Redvers Buller. To quote from the despatch :

> "I wish expressly to remark on the excellent work that has been done by a small detachment of the 19th Hussars, both during our occupation of Abu Klea and during our retirement. And it is not too much to say that the force owes much to Major French and his thirteen troopers."

But, creditable though his work in Egypt was, and valuable as was the experience, especially in reconnaissance work, which he there acquired, it gave no clue to the capacity which he possessed as a leader of horse in war.

In February 1885, having then only eleven years' service, he received promotion to lieutenant-colonel and the command of his regiment, his progress from captain to colonel having been unusually rapid. As a regimental commanding officer he was exceedingly successful. Full of originality, resourceful, keen, intensely proud of his regiment and devoted to his profession, sympathetic, approachable, and considerate to his officers and men, all ranks were devoted to him, and it was with the deepest regret on both sides that he finally handed over the command.

His Indian Record.

In 1891 French, now a brevet-colonel, found himself in India, that splendid field of training for the cavalry officer, where he was specially fortunate in being brought into contact with Sir George Luck, pre-eminent as a trainer of mounted troops. His Indian service, however, was short, for in February 1893, according to the rules of the service, he had to be placed on half-pay till some opportunity might occur for employing him once more. However, he was not long compelled to rest in idleness, for in August 1895 we find him promoted to substantive rank as colonel, and appointed Assistant-Adjutant-General at headquarters. In this capacity he spent nearly two years in Pall Mall, becoming acquainted with the methods of military administration in our service, an experience which ought to prove most valuable to him when he finds himself at Aldershot in command of an army corps.

Work at the War Office.

Though a great deal of his time was now necessarily occupied with the routine of office work, yet he lost no opportunity of keeping up his study of military affairs, and while at the War Office made it his custom to work out daily some tactical scheme, thus fostering that power of quickly grasping a tactical situation and arriving at the true solution of a problem which he must have found invaluable in South Africa. By this time his military superiors had satisfied themselves of his fitness for further active employment, and in consequence he was given, in May 1897, the command of the cavalry in the South-Eastern District, with headquarters at Canterbury. While holding this appointment he was, on more than one occasion, tested on manœuvres in command of the arm with which he has been always identified; and though there were not wanting some who decried his tactics as unsound and his methods as hazardous, yet it is pretty clear that the higher authorities did not share this opinion, for in January 1899 he was appointed to the command of the Aldershot Cavalry Brigade with the rank of major-general, a conclusive answer to his critics. It may be true that he did occasionally show

a tendency, on manœuvres, to run undue risks; we shall see shortly that in South Africa he was equally bold on occasion, always with the best results, but could also be cautious and wary in the extreme when the situation demanded it. After all, tactics can only be justified by success; it is impossible to prescribe caution or audacity: the true leader will know instinctively when to adopt one or risk the other.

The Coming War.

No sooner had French taken over his command at Aldershot than the war-clouds began to gather along the horizon. Spring and summer passed, the approach of war becoming daily more certain to all but the most optimistic politicians. It became clear at last that war was inevitable; orders for mobilisation were issued, Sir Redvers Buller was appointed to command the field army, and on October 11th, 1899, the long struggle commenced, matters having been brought to a crisis by the impudent ultimatum of the allied Republics. But before the orders for a general mobilisation had been issued, troops from India had been hurried to Natal under the command of Sir George White; and on September 23rd, 1899, little more than a fortnight before the outbreak of war, General French was nominated to the command of the Cavalry Brigade in the Natal Field Force. Hastening out to South Africa, he reached Ladysmith in the very nick of time, and was at once directed by Sir George White to carry out a reconnaissance along the railway in the direction of Dundee, with a view to preserving intact the communications between the main body of the British and the detachment which Sir George White, against his own better judgment, had been persuaded to adventure under Sir Penn Symons with a view to stemming the Boer advance from Newcastle. The enemy was encountered in a strong position near the railway station at Elandslaagte, a position so strong that French at once recognised the impossibility of attacking with the force at his disposal. More troops were wired for and promptly sent out by Sir George White, who came himself to the scene of action, but left the direction of affairs in French's hands. While awaiting reinforcements, careful reconnaissance had clearly defined the hostile position, consequently no time was lost in pushing home the attack, which, skilfully planned, succeeded admirably, a combination of frontal and flank attack, pressed with determination, proving too much for the constancy of the enemy. This was the first important action directed by General French, and it was, tactically, entirely successful.

Within the next few days the plot thickened. The unsuccessful actions of Lombard's Kop and Nicholson's Nek were fought, and on November 2nd there was no doubt that Ladysmith would have to stand a siege. Under these circumstances it was clearly advisable for French to endeavour to break through the cordon closing with ominous swiftness round the threatened town, for there is no place for a cavalry leader with a beleaguered garrison. The railway was still open, so far as was known; but when French's aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Milbanke, of the 10th Hussars—now Captain Sir John Milbanke, V.C.—interviewed the station-master at Ladysmith on the subject of running a train down to Pietermaritzburg, that official at first refused to entertain the idea. "The Boers were certainly at Colenso, possibly even nearer, at Nelthorpe, and it would be madness to risk a train on the line," etc. Fortunately, however, Lieutenant Milbanke was able ultimately to return to his chief and inform him that the attempt to run the gauntlet would be made—as it was, and successfully, that evening. French had an anxious moment when the "pick-pock" of the mausers was heard, and bullets began to rattle against the carriages; but the plucky driver held on, and in a few minutes the danger was passed, and French was free to do invaluable service to his country. Nearly five months elapsed before another train passed down that line.

The Cavalry Division.

Once out of Ladysmith, French lost no time in reporting himself to Sir Redvers Buller at Cape Town, having been appointed to the command of the cavalry division, with the local rank of lieutenant-general, on October 9th, 1899, the day on which the orders for mobilisation were issued at home. He found his commander oppressed by anxiety for the future. White was shut up in Ladysmith by large forces of the enemy, who might at any moment commence a movement on

Durban; Kimberley and Mafeking were also invested; and an invasion of British territory was threatened all along the northern frontier of Cape Colony, in which, as the General well knew, Boer sympathisers formed a considerable proportion of the population. In the judgment of Sir Redvers Buller, White's situation, coupled with the danger to loyal Natal, called first for attention, consequently the bulk of the army corps was directed to Durban. Lord Methuen, with one division, was directed to relieve Kimberley; General Gatacre, with a handful of troops, was sent to Molteno to endeavour to check a Boer advance on East London or Port Elizabeth; and to French was assigned perhaps the most difficult task of any, a task the importance of which has been strangely overlooked—namely, the protection of the important railway junction at Naauwpoort, a junction which we must retain if we did not wish to throw open the whole of the central portion of the colony to the enemy. To French only a very small number of troops could be spared, the cavalry arm naturally predominating in his small command; and nothing better illustrates his remarkable capacity for war than the manner in which he executed his difficult task, assuming at once an offensive *rôle*, harassing and worrying the opposing Boers to such an extent that, though in superior force, they were gradually hemmed in in the intricate country round Colesberg. But operations on a larger scale were about to require his attention.

In January French was summoned to Cape Town to interview Lord Roberts, and shortly afterwards orders were issued for the concentration of a large cavalry and mounted infantry force near Modder River, in order to prepare for the relief of Kimberley. Macdonald and Babington made a diversion to Koodoosberg, to alarm Cronje for the safety of his right, a feint which succeeded admirably, while masses of horsemen gathered at Randam, from which place French led 4890 sabres with 42 guns on the morning of February 12th. Moving swiftly through the darkness of an early morning, French pounced on the enemy at Waterval Drift over the Riet River; but, finding that the Boers were prepared to dispute the passage, left a portion of his force to keep them in play, while with the remainder he trotted eastward, and speedily secured another point of passage, thus turning the hostile position at Waterval Drift, which was in our hands ere nightfall. At eight o'clock next morning the march was resumed, the cavalry column carrying on a sort of running fight with the enemy all day. But the Boers would not stand, and contented themselves with action at long range. On this day French successfully possessed himself of the passage of the Modder at Klip Drift, thus placing himself astride of Cronje's communications with Bloemfontein. This day was terribly trying; both men and horses suffered terribly from the heat and want of water, many of the latter having to be abandoned. During the night of the 14th General Tucker's division arrived, freeing the cavalry for the relief of Kimberley; and about a quarter to ten on the morning of the 15th French once more led his division towards their goal.

It soon became apparent that the Boers intended to dispute our advance. A reconnaissance quickly disclosed the fact that the enemy were strongly posted, his left resting on the Modder, his centre being enthroned on a formidable-looking kopje, and his right stretching away to the north-west, terminating in a prominent ridge, this ridge being connected with the main position by a sort of long saddle from which the ground sloped gradually to the front. On both ridge and kopje guns were mounted, and riflemen lined the position throughout its extent. It was an awkward nut for cavalry to crack. Infantry support was available with a little over an hour's march, which would mean that at the very least two or three hours must elapse before they could reach the scene of action, by which time the Boers themselves might also be heavily reinforced, for no one knew whether Cronje might not have struck his camp in alarm and be even then hastening to escape from the jaws threatening to close on him. Moreover, the horses were already beginning to feel the sun: in three hours—unwatered—their condition might be desperate. There was need of prompt and decisive action; and, clearly seeing the risks involved, and weighing well the importance of the issues at stake, French ordered his guns to bombard the enemy and silence their artillery, and, on the hostile fire showing signs of slackening, charged with his whole force in three lines across the saddle

which joined the Boer right and centre, thus cutting a passage right through their army. Those gentlemen who, spoon-fed on plausible theories, have ruled out cavalry charges from modern war would have held up their hands in horror at the sight of a mass of horsemen galloping straight for a position lined with sheltered riflemen, on either flank more riflemen and guns of the latest pattern.

By every rule of war, armchair incubated and hatched in print, those charging horsemen should have been torn from their saddles by the storm of lead which overwhelmed them, the riven fragments compelled to seek safety in headlong flight; but, wonderful to relate, the loosened ranks of our squadrons came unscathed through the tempest, and the lance-points of the leading troopers showed unmistakable signs that such of the enemy as delayed to fly before the rush of cavalry had paid the last penalty for their rashness. The aim of the Boer riflemen was confused by the rapid approach of the enemy and by the whirling dust-clouds which masked their passage; with shaking hands and faltering hearts their fire was ineffective, and, their centre pierced, the remnant fled in wild disorder. The first great success had been gained, and Kimberley was at length relieved.

This successful action is peculiarly illustrative of the fine military genius of French, who has ever shown himself ready to rise above all rules, and, disregarding precedent — where precedent would have proved a deceptive guide—to invent on the spot the tactics best suited to the emergency.

But though Kimberley had been relieved, Cronje had not yet been brought to bay, and ere this had been achieved French had given another signal instance of his military ability.

As he was resting on the evening of February 16th from the fatigues of the long, indecisive action at Dronfield, to the north of Kimberley, a messenger brought him the news that Cronje was fleeing to Bloemfontein with all his force, and an order to proceed with the utmost speed to Koodoosrand Drift across the Modder, where it was hoped he might be able to intercept the fugitives. Orders for the march were at once issued, and shortly after midnight French, with Broadwood's Brigade and the Carbineers, rode westward at best pace, heading for the river. His horses were almost done, but it was impossible to spare them, and about nine in the morning the advanced patrol of the British cavalry found their quarry, a confused mass of waggons with guns and swarms of uncouth horsemen engaged in crossing the Modder at Wolveskraal Drift, between Koodoosrand and Paardeberg. Pressing forward, French pushed to within easy range of the enemy before his approach was perceived, for Cronje looked for danger from the eastward or the south, and never dreamt that a foe would drop in this fashion from the sky across his path. Our guns unlimbered and opened on the mass, which was at once violently agitated, the burghers being at first astounded by the suddenness of the attack. However, guns were quickly extricated from the press, the Boers moved out to meet their unexpected assailants, and in a few moments a hot action was in progress. The situation was in reality even more critical for the British than the Boers.

French, with a weak brigade and a few guns, was audaciously endeavouring to grapple with a force nearly ten times as strong, in the hopes that Kitchener and the infantry pursuing from Klip Drift might hear his guns and come to his assistance. At any cost Cronje must be held to the spot, and French, once more taking incalculable risks, deployed his tiny force, dismounted, on a wide front, thus leading the Boers to believe that large numbers of the British blocked their path. Once more his audacity was justified by the result. The Boers failed to force a passage, the panting infantry came into view on the southern bank, and Cronje was fairly in the toils.

And, similarly, in every action in which French has been engaged, he has succeeded, often under the most adverse circumstances, in carrying out the wishes of his chief, with perhaps one possible exception—the action of Poplar Grove. But here the failure of the cavalry to effect their object was due to a variety of circumstances for which French can hardly be held entirely responsible. Space will not permit of a detailed description of this action here; but the reader may rest assured that, despite rumours to the contrary, when the official history of the war is published, the reputation of French as a cavalry leader will remain in an unassailable position.



ORPHEUS.

BY ALDIS DUNBAR.

[ILLUSTRATED BY G. DENHOLM ARMOUR.]

HOLDING firmly the hand of little Désirée, Anne fled with her along the path which led to the cabin. The ground beneath their feet was slippery with the hemlock needles, dropped softly from the trees overhead, whose shadows fell, clear and sharply defined, across their way.

Above the scudding white clouds the full moon hurried through the sky, as a lantern going before them. When it was covered for a moment, the gloom which surrounded them was intense, and the two clung even more closely together. Neither spoke,—for to them words were less to be desired than speed; and they should have been at home an hour ago.

At last they saw the far-off light in the cabin window, and rested to take breath where the path turned sharply down hill. Far away—up the side of the great mountain—they heard a strange, hoarse cry. Nearer, in the bushes at their left, was a faint cracking sound,—twigs snapping.

Désirée clutched her sister's dress, and held her with frightened eagerness.

"What is that, that moves, Anne?"

"Hush, dear,"—drawing her into the shadow. "Hark!"

The rustling ceased, and was followed by a muffled musical note. Very softly it began, then swelled faintly. A grey rabbit sprang across the path in the full moonlight,—so suddenly that the child screamed in alarm. Then a footstep came rapidly toward them, through the underbrush, and in a minute an active figure sprang down to them.

"Is it you, Anne? And the little one? I heard her cry out. Did I frighten her?"

"Oh, no!" They could laugh at fears now. "We were afraid of neighbours with four feet,—not two."

"I was afraid of the dark," announced Désirée.

"Yet if you wait in it for just half a minute, I have something most wonderful to show you."

"What is it?"

"Do you see this?" He held up a tiny pipe. "If you step back into the shadow of the spruce boughs, and watch, —why, you shall see what it can do."

He put it to his lips, and drew from it the same delicate note that had preceded his appearance. First it was hardly to be heard; then it seemed like the tremulous patter of little feet. As it went on, a rabbit hopped into the light, stopped, and looked around. Then it was followed by another,—a third,—a fourth, all with long ears erect and alert. Still the tender piping continued, until Désirée could no longer contain her delight, but laughed outright at the pretty group. There was a flash of grey and brown fur,—and the path was empty.

"That was impolite of you, Désirée. Rabbits do not like to be laughed at."

"Was that the really true reason why they ran away, Mr. Tregaron? And did you call them with the little whistle?"

"Yes, with this little bone pipe. Will you look at it?" offering it to Anne.

"Not now. Father will be waiting for his letters. We are so late that I am afraid he may forbid us to go out alone again, after dark."

"And he will be right. I heard a panther howling to-night,—and you must run no such risk. I will walk down with you, so that Désirée can see how I called the rabbits."

Désirée no longer held Anne's skirt, but danced along beside Tregaron, swinging his hand as they went down the hill towards the low cabin.

"It is an experiment of Gabriel's," he went on. "I never know what he may be doing in that den of his, until he comes out with some new oddity. But to me this seems a bit unfair. There is sport enough to be had, without using any such lure to draw game within reach. Imagine any man shooting one of those little creatures, to-night!"

"He is too anxious for a reputation as a hunter," said Anne. "For myself, I do not trust him. He is crazy to kill,—kill! His best friend would do well not to be in his way if he sees a good shot."

"Are you not unjust? Gabriel has been faithful to me for many weeks. Your father's daughter can stoop to make allowances for us poor beginners, who can never hope to equal *him*."

The daughter of Marc Mallalieu laughed with happy pride at his words, as she lifted the latch and beckoned to him to enter. Within, before a blazing fire, sat her father, peacefully smoking his long pipe.



"The rabbits hopped into the light."

"Good evening, Marc. Do these runaways belong to you? I found them hiding under a spruce-tree beside the path."

"That they do, Tregaron. Come in to the fire. Girls, girls,—you are too late to-night. It is time for Désirée to be asleep."

"What is this, father?" asked Anne, as she bent to look at the tawny fur—lying before him on the floor.

"That? The skin of the panther I shot two weeks ago, across Red Gulch. Gabriel brought it down to-night. It's queer notions he takes. He couldn't forgive me for gettin' ahead o' him. But 'twas no time for quarrellin' about the right to the first shot. His hand was a-shakin', an' he'd a' missed, sure as shootin'. Well, I give it to him,—seein' as he wanted the carcase. And here he brings the skin to me fer Anne. Says 'twasn't the pelt he wanted. What *did* he want, then? Panthers ain't good to eat."

"I do not like it," said Anne, pushing it away with her foot. "He may give it to some one else—or sell it in the town. I do not wish Gabriel's presents."

"Yet see what he gave me, and I took it, too." Tregaron pulled out the bit of white bone, which was perforated like a flute, and blew into it with trills and quavers as before. Désirée listened for a moment, then ran to the door and looked out.

"Did you see Molly Cottontail?" asked Tregaron, laughing, as she shook her head mournfully. "Then that is because you laughed at her babies in the woods. But she will forgive you by to-morrow, and come. Rabbits do not remember long. Will you have the pipe, if I show you how to play it?" holding it out to her.

"No," was the unexpected answer, as the child put her hands behind her and made her brown eyes very large. "I hate Gabriel, and I will not have anything that he makes. He said my father was foolish to make Anne and me into Yankees, instead of sending us to school at the French convent."

"And what is it to him?" asked Marc, bringing down his heavy white eyebrows. "You are not French because my father was born in Quebec, my girls. It takes more than a grandfather to make one French. And I have brought you up to be good Americans, and, it may be, mothers of good patriots. Let Gabriel Hamet take his talk elsewhere."

"If Anne was French, she could not teach in the town," said Désirée.

"But I would still be able to put you to bed," was the laughing reply, as the little maid was caught up and carried out of sight.

"Gabriel may talk, but he'll make no headway there," said Marc Mallalieu, looking after them with pride.

"No," answered Tregaron, "he's too peculiar. But never mind him; he has a fit of 'panther fever' just now."

"Look out for the mate of this one," remarked Mallalieu. "She's prowlin' around on the mountain with her cubs. She'd be an ugly one to run into."

"I'll look out for her, never fear, King Marc. And I want you and Anne up at the house to-morrow night, to meet two of my friends. You've heard me speak of Dick a'Dare and his sister."

"Aye, we'll see about it, Tregaron. Goin'? Well—keep eyes and ears open."

And for some time after the door closed he stood by the window, watching.

* * * * *

To Janet a'Dare, newly come from the paved ways of the civilised East, all things in this wild country were to be admired. Sitting in the wide hall of Tregaron's log "hermitage," she found fresh interest in each new object that met her eyes.

And the people themselves were most absorbing. Marc Mallalieu, with his magnificent head and shaggy white beard; Anne, slender and erect, her eyes like brown velvet, her hair fine as spun silk, around her waist a scarlet ribbon. Together these two stood before a drawing that hung between the windows. The girl was speaking rapidly, as she pointed out certain parts of it to the old man.

On a rough bench by the fireplace sat Martin Tregaron, their host, whose laughing blue eyes shone in the firelight as he bent forward to speak to Dick a'Dare, who was overshadowed almost into insignificance by those broad shoulders.

In a corner, leaning against the wall, stood Gabriel Hamet—half guide, half dependant of Tregaron. Above his head, in a rack, hung a row of musical instruments, one of which he touched with gentle fingers. He was not the least picturesque object in the room, yet Janet turned away with impatience as he glanced toward her.

"I cannot endure him!" she thought. "He is like an artist's model."

The black eyes seemed to have seen nothing of her movement. Gabriel went over to Anne Mallalieu with a peculiar smile parting his thin red lips; a viola in his hand.

"Will you not care to hear playing, Mademoiselle Anne? The strings are new, and the music may be new as well. Shall I ask? Or will you?"

Anne gave a little shrug; but it was her father who put out his hand and took the viola from Gabriel.

"I'll ask him. Do you go to Miss a'Dare, Anne. A stranger oughtn't to be left to amuse herself."

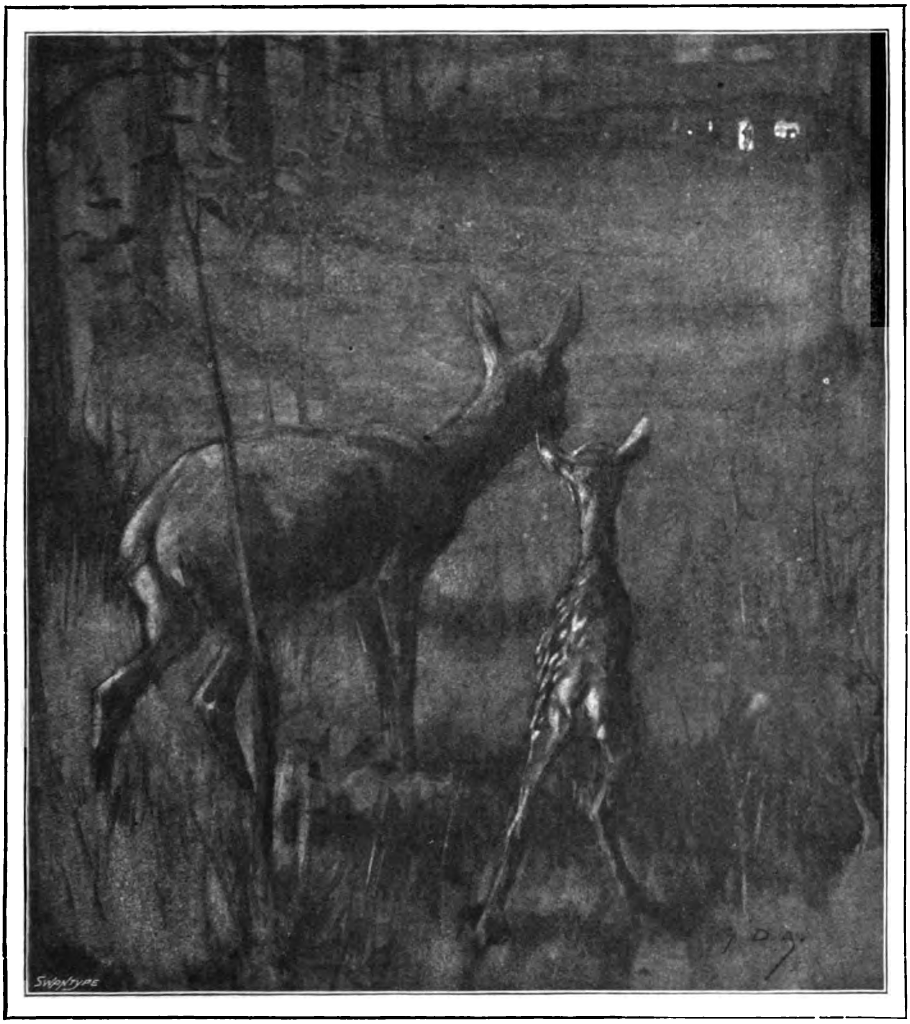
It was plain to Janet that nothing should surprise the visitor to this wilderness. Tregaron drew the bow over the strings with the touch of a master,—running his fingers lightly up and down.

But was tone ever so strange? Plaintive, yet with a dull, heavy undertone quite foreign to any instrument that Janet had ever heard. It was like the echo of wind in the woods, as the sad minor melody swept through the room. Gabriel turned to the door and opened it; standing and looking out across the moonlit clearing, as if waiting for something to appear.

Anne's small brown hand touched the arm of the visitor, who looked up quickly.

"See! What is he doing? I—I am afraid of him."

As the two girls watched the open door, a moving shadow emerged from among the straight, black, motionless ones. Nearer it came,—and they saw that it was a red deer, with a tiny fawn beside her. Gabriel flung back his head with a gesture of triumph,—careless whether he was observed or no.



"A red deer with a tiny fawn beside her."

And still the music sighed through the hall, as if akin to the swaying of the

tree-tops. Ever closer moved the timid pair in the moonlight; until suddenly Dick a'Dare turned and saw them.

"By Jove! Tregaron!"

The irrepressible explanation ended the charm. Tregaron looked around, and lifted his bow from the strings. At the pause in the melody the mother deer threw up her head in alarm,—listened for a moment,—then was gone in a breath of time, followed by the fawn; and before the men could move, both were hidden in the forest.

"You are Orpheus, Mr. Tregaron. You draw the wild beasts from their haunts to listen to your music. It was weird to hear you."

"I did not intend that it should be so. I never heard or felt it so before. Gabriel, what have you done to the strings? They seemed alive under my hand."

"They are new, Monsieur. I strung it up this morning. I can change them if you say so."

"No, leave them for the present. I'll have a look at them by daylight. If they had been the rabbits, now, I would lay it to the effect of your little pipe, Gabriel. It works like magic. I offered it to Désirée, but she would none of it."

The guide laughed indifferently. "It is a trifle. But some day I will make a discovery and be famous. Eh, Marc?"

Mallalieu half-closed his eyes. "Nay, Hamet, your witchcraft is nothing to me."

"Not until you see it work, eh? But this will be something quite different. I shall prove it to you all before I come to the end of my trying."

* * * * *

In the fresh morning air the two girls tried to convince themselves that the moonlight memory was no dream. From the boughs overhead came the bright calls of a cat-bird and thrush; and on a low branch sat a disturbed squirrel, scolding at the invaders of his solitude.

"Yet I do believe that Gabriel knew what would come. Why did he open the door? I do not—I *do* not like him. And here he is coming. Stay close to me, Miss Janet. You are not afraid of him."

Along the path from the spring came the lithe figure of the Canadian,—who lifted his cap with exaggerated deference as he saw them, sitting on the fallen tree.

"It makes a beautiful morning, eh? Did you find the skin of the panther, Mademoiselle Anne?"

"Yes. I do not care for it. You can take it away and sell it. It makes me shiver to touch it."

"Oh, if you do not wish to keep it, you may throw it in the river. Gabriel Hamet does not—what you call 'Injin give.'" And he passed on with a little sneer.

"Verily, an unpleasant person. But, little Anne, you do not seem afraid to speak your mind to him."

"No, that is different. When there is something to be done, it must be, and then it is at an end. But it is when I do not know—that I am afraid.

"That is foolish. Your father is strong enough to break him in two pieces with a turn of the wrist; without mentioning Mr. Tregaron, who is coming from the house with his violin, like a breath of fresh air after that—snake!"

"Then you *do* believe that he is bad? I thought so. It is not men who understand such feelings. But women know."

"Know what?" asked Tregaron, seating himself at her side.

"When men are bad," answered Anne, with pretty vehemence. "You will not believe that Gabriel is not as good as an angel, but some day you will see. What did he do to your viola?"

"Something remarkable and mysterious, I have no doubt," was the amused reply. "But to-day I will play to you and Miss a'Dare on the violin, instead."

"In the house, or out here in the woods?" asked Janet.

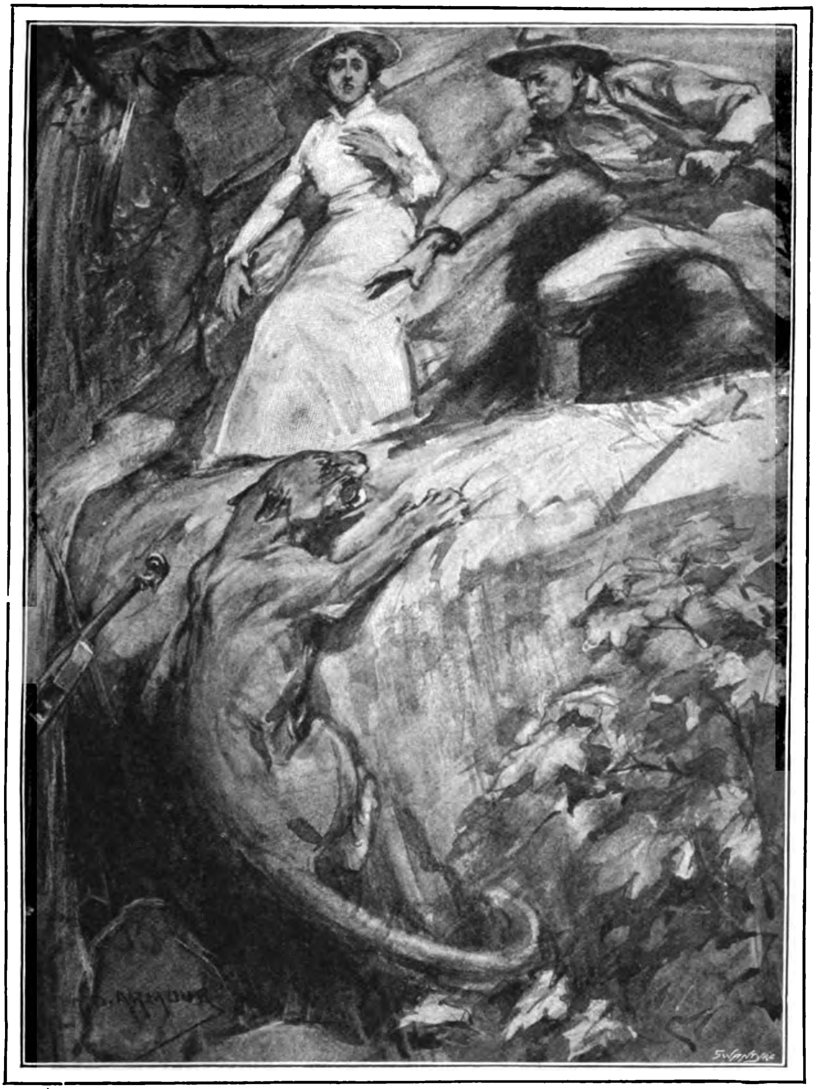
"Oh, can we not go to the spring?" asked Anne eagerly. "There is such a lovely seat by the edge of the ravine."

"If you like," said Tregaron. "Will you hold this for a moment, while I tell Dick where to find us? He is coming in a few minutes."

Janet took the delicate instrument from his hand, and picked a little tune as they waited. All at once she looked at Anne earnestly.

"My dear, I think that these strings are also new. They are thicker than they should be, and have an odd feel to them. We may find out whether the paragon of all guides has been tampering with these as well. And if he has . . ."

It was an unusual place for a spring. It bubbled from the side of the mountain, just above the steep little gulley,—down which the cool water plunged, hurrying eastward.



"Twanging, it fell to the darkness below."

It was a narrow ravine—hardly more than a shallow cleft in the rock; and the place where they sat was like a little shelf beside the spring. In fact, it was so narrow that but one person could pass on to it at a time.

"Here we might stand a siege," suggested Janet, looking around. "Here is a moat ready to hand, and a little blocking up would fill it with water."

"That is easier to say than to accomplish, Miss a'Dare. These mountain streams do not take kindly to imprisonment."

"Oh, let us sit down," begged Anne. "You do not know what a beautiful echo comes here."

So they listened quietly as Tregaron again began to play; but before many notes, he looked up in vexation.

"I cannot tell what is wrong—whether it is the strings, or something in my fingers. Nothing sounds right. Just listen to this: it is almost like a whine, and you know what a full round tone it should have."

"Never mind," said Janet. "Play some Scotch airs, and we will think of the bagpipes, and not of the quality of your tone."

It seemed that the very trees were silent to listen, as the weird echo followed the mourning cry of "Lochaber no more."

Janet a'Dare thought only of the tune, and was oblivious to her surroundings, but Anne was nervous. Her eyes wandered along the opposite side of the cleft, and at last she glanced into its depths. Something there rustled the leaves, and a complaining sound came in answer to the music. She started back in alarm. "Mr. Tregaron! There is something down here."

"A squirrel, or a porcupine, Anne?" He went to the edge and looked over. "I see nothing."

"No, it was while you played."

"Then I will begin again."

"Play 'My Nannie, O,'" commanded Janet, dreamily.

"The sweetest of all," assented Tregaron, with a glance at Anne. But she did not notice it.

There was a stirring in the underbrush across the ravine. As the melody grew more insistent, changing from major to minor—the faint whine that she had heard was answered by a terrible wailing cry—almost at their feet.

Tregaron looked up suddenly. "What was that?"

His answer was the sight of a patch of tawny fur moving restlessly across the open space between the bushes. "Good Lord, it's a panther!"

"Play on—play on! It has been waiting for you to stop!" cried Anne.

Tregaron obeyed mechanically, his eyes glancing round for a weapon. But on the ledge was neither stone nor stick.

"My Nannie, O," quavered through the air, and he issued his orders hurriedly.

"She follows me as I walk along this side. If she springs, it will be at me. I will go to the farthest end of the ledge, and you both slip quickly around the path, and send help."

The lean, brownish-grey form,—a great slinking cat, with watchful green eyes,—went back and forth through the bushes, as they moved to obey him.

Again came the whine and its terrible answer.

Then Anne turned back. "I will not go!" she called.

And indeed it was too late, for at her word came the spring. But the great cat had missed her hold. As she sprang out, Tregaron had thrown something squarely in her face. The violin!

Twanging, it fell to the darkness below, and her sharp claws slipped on the rocks, slimy where the water had poured over them. Yet still she tried to cling there.

A shout came from behind, and Dick a'Dare sprang down on the ledge, only to be pushed aside by Gabriel. Scarcely waiting to take aim, the Canadian fired shot after shot into the snarling brute, snatching Dick's rifle when his own was empty.

Then he turned in triumph. "This one is mine! No one else can take it from me this time."

There was a thud and a crash among the low bushes,—silence for a moment,—then again the unanswered plaint of the panther cubs below.

"It was a narrow escape," said Tregaron. His face was white, and he wiped his forehead with his hand.

Dick flung his arm around his friend. "Yes, we were just in time. Who could have supposed that a panther would have come so close to the settlement?"

Anne was watching something in Gabriel's face. She caught Janet's hand. "Look,"—she cried,—"He knows why it came!"

Gabriel laughed triumphantly. "Give me until I bring it up, and then I will tell you." And looking at each other in bewilderment, they waited for him to climb down the steep side of the gulch and drag the limp body up the slope.

"Yes, I do know. I shall be famous, as I told you. Did not the rabbits come when you blew the pipe? And that I did make from the little white bone of a rabbit. Did they not know? Ah, I tell you so! And the deer? What gave the strange sound of the strings that brought them from the forest? I tell you I shall be the greatest hunter in the world."

"The strings?" demanded Janet a'Dare.

"They were the sinews of deer. And so deer came. They could not resist." He shouldered his heavy burden, and took a step or two away from them.

"I am going. I shall not return, for you can have no charm to call me as you did the panther. Ah, the panther—when she heard you play, she knew her own!"

He was gone; and from the bottom of the gulch came the wail of breaking strings. The baby panther cubs were clawing helplessly at the violin.



BY PROFESSOR GEORGE FORBES, F.R.S.

[*The search for a new planet has some of the attractiveness of a search for hidden treasure. The latter has sometimes been based on the interpretation put upon some chart or hieroglyphics. The basis of the search for the new planet is of the same character, and an attempt will now be made to explain it in simple language.*]

MOST of the stars which we see are fixed in their relative positions. But the planets belonging to the Solar System change their position among the other stars. Investigation shows that they all revolve round the Sun as a centre of force, and each one maintains its distance from the Sun fairly constant.

Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn were the planets known to the ancients. In 1781 Sir William Herschel, when using a telescope to examine certain small stars, discovered the planet Uranus.

The German astronomer Bode developed in the eighteenth century a certain law of progression in the planetary distances, which indicated that a planet was wanting between Mars and Jupiter to complete the symmetry of the Solar System.

The table given below shows this law. It is found that by adding the two figures each planet's distance from the Sun is given very closely. Jupiter's distance is 5·2 times that of the Earth; Saturn's is really 9·5 times, and Uranus' 19·2 times.

The greatest confidence was felt by

Mercury.	Venus.	Earth.	Mars.	Missing Planet.	Jupiter.	Saturn.	Uranus.
4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
0	3	6	12	24	48	96	192
4	7	10	16	28	52	100	196

astronomers in the existence—suggested by this empirical rule—of an unknown planet at a distance from the Sun about 2·8 times the Earth's distance. Such a planet was discovered on January 1st, 1801, by Piazzi, who noticed that a star which had been noted by Wollaston had disappeared from the place indicated, and searched and found one which daily changed its place. Further examination led to the discovery of hundreds of similar small planets at about the same solar distance, and every year still adds to their number. They are called the asteroids, or minor planets.

Bode's guess at the solar distance did not give much help in finding these planets, so we may say that the asteroids as well as Uranus were discovered by sheer diligence in telescopic observation.



Comet of May 5th, 1901.

The last major planet to be discovered was Neptune, and here the means of discovery were quite different. Its position was determined by calculation, and with great precision. The tale has been often told, but it remains always one of the most beautiful of the romances of astronomy. It happened thus: After Uranus had often been observed, astronomers calculated and predicted its future positions on the supposition that it moved obedient to the Sun's attraction (which would confine it to a definite oval curve, nearly circular) and to the small deviations caused by the known planets. But it was found that calculation did not agree with observation, and the planet was often found to be in advance of, or behind, the place thus assigned to it. The errors accumulated about 1820 to such a degree that the suspicion arose that outside the known Solar System there must be a planet which was disturbing the path of Uranus by its attraction. The problem then was to find the size and position of a planet, moving in an orbit subject to the Sun's attraction, whose influence on Uranus at each date would account for the discrepancy between the predicted and observed positions of that planet.

Adams and Leverrier both independently discovered the new planet Neptune in this way by calculations of the most arduous character. Also, they found astronomers with telescopes who had sufficient faith in their mathematical skill to look for the planet, and who found it in the place indicated. The new planet, Neptune, discovered in 1846, is about thirty times as far from the Sun as the Earth is.

The discovery of Neptune stands out unique in the applications of pure mathematics to discovery. But you must not suppose that the same skill is always requisite to find the distance, and even roughly the position, of a new planet. The perturbations of Uranus formed a slender support for such a theory. But when you bring into the service a lot of comets who, like Conan Doyle's detectives or Rudyard Kipling's C 37, go out of sight—but thousands of millions of miles away, scouring the limits of the Solar System—and then come back, reappear, and tell you what they have seen, your deductions are easily formed, as you will see if you care to spend a few minutes in learning a little of the language of these useful, patient, and laborious explorers, messengers, and detectives, the comets.

Comets are bright stars, the larger ones having luminous, bushy tails; they are sometimes seen for a few months or weeks, moving about among the stars, and disappearing—though they still go on travelling unseen in a path which astronomers can compute and map out from the observations made during the short period of visibility, and from the known laws of gravitation.

The *large comets* with bright tails, a terror in all ages to the superstitious, are not numerous. Half a dozen in a century is a fair record. But every year *telescopic comets* are found, invisible to the naked eye, and latterly photography has been employed to locate their positions among the stars.

The planets travel round the Sun approximately in circles, with the Sun in the centre. Comets travel in long oval curves, with the sun near one end of the oval. They are never visible unless they approach the Sun about as near as the Earth is, and the nearer they get to the Sun the more magnificent is their brilliancy. But at their greatest distance they may be almost any distance from the Sun, or they may go, as most of them do, to the infinite space from which they came, and be no more seen.

Probably there are plenty of invisible comets, revolving round the Sun, which never approach it sufficiently close to become luminous. At any time such a comet may be deflected by one of the planets so that, in its next approach to the Sun, it may be near enough to shine, and to be recorded as a visible comet. In fact, we know that this has frequently happened; and in the same way comets which have been seen and which ought to have returned have been so deflected by a planet that, at their next approach to the Sun, they were too far off to shine, and so have never been observed again.

Now, since you, who are good enough to take the trouble to read this article, have by so doing expressed the intention of learning how to use the comets as explorers, you naturally wish to know to what distances they travel away from the Sun. Therefore I now lay before you a list of all the comets whose greatest distance from the Sun is less than forty times the distance of the Earth from the Sun.*

Taking the Earth's distance as the unit, the cometary distances are 4·1, 4·8, (5·0 5·3, 5·5, 5·5, 5·6, 5·7, 5·7, 5·7, 6·0, 6·2,) 7·8, (9·4, 11·0,) 17·0, 27·6 (32·0, 34·3, 34·0, 34·5, 35·0, 35·4).

Now, you notice a grouping of comets at Jupiter's distance (5·2), and two at Saturn's distance (10·0), and one about Uranus' (19·0), and a lot just beyond Neptune's (30·0).

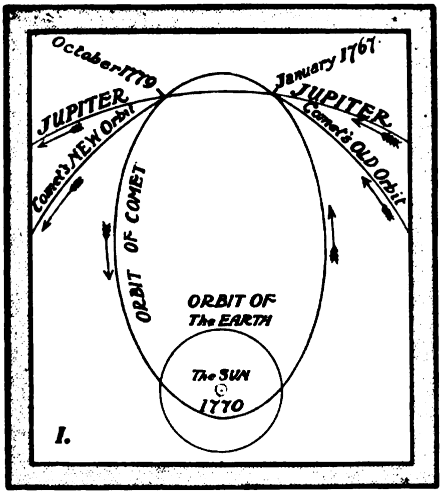
If you conclude that there is a connection, you are in accord with certain astronomers who have formed theories about cometary orbits, and who have brought forward evidence to show that their greatest distances from the Sun should tend to be at the distances of planets.

Now, continuing with the same list of comets beyond Neptune's orbit, the distances come out as follows:—49, 65, 75, (97, 100, 108, 110, 111, 111, 124,) 181, 285, 304, and greater distances. Here you notice a very marked grouping, which makes you feel quite certain that there must be a large planet at about a hundred times the distance of the Earth from the Sun. Such a planet would take about a thousand years to perform a revolution, and would be 9,200,000,000 miles away from the Sun. You have arrived at this conclusion from your own initiative when the plain facts and figures were laid before you. When comets come near the Sun, for some reason they become bright, and their comparative nearness to the Earth makes them visible for some weeks at least of their lives. Astronomers are able then to map out their courses, obedient to the Sun's gravitation, and to tell the greatest distance from which they came when unseen, and to which they will go invisibly; and these distances are found to be grouped with the planets, and one group tells us of an unknown planet far beyond the limits of the known part of the Solar system.

The language of comet explorers. Before you come to any conclusions as to the new planet, which comets tell us exists, it may be well to take some preliminary lessons in the language of comets, and they will tell you where Jupiter and Neptune are, without using any observation of the place of either planet.

1. *How to find Jupiter.* Will you please take down from your bookshelf

* This list was compiled by an independent author. Had the orbits been selected by the writer he might have been suspected of favouring his own views.



the fourth volume of Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste*. You will find at page 223 that Lexell's comet appeared only once—viz., in 1770—and that it was travelling in an orbit which is shown in the diagram with some of the dates of coming to certain places. You see it tock $5\frac{2}{3}$ years to go round the Sun, and besides being seen in 1770 it ought at least to have been seen in 1765, at a time when the position of the Earth and Sun would surely allow it to be seen. Therefore before 1765 it must have been travelling in a path which did not bring it close enough to the Sun to make it shine, and between 1765 and 1770 some planet must have passed close to it and deflected its motion to bring it into range of visibility. Moreover, this

I.

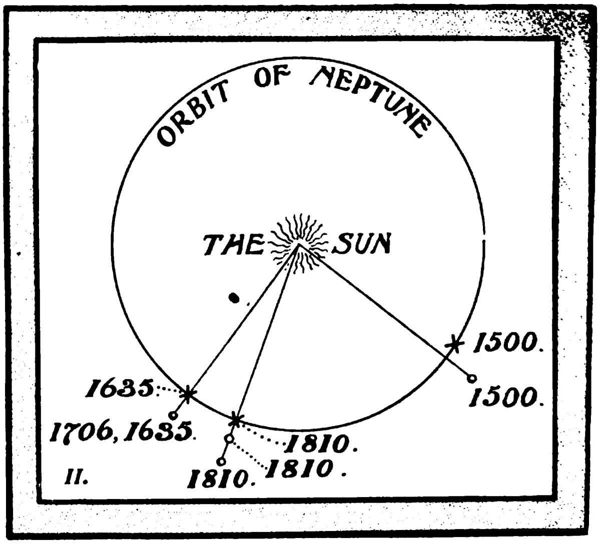
Orbit of Lexell's comet (of 1770). Showing the action of Jupiter upon it.

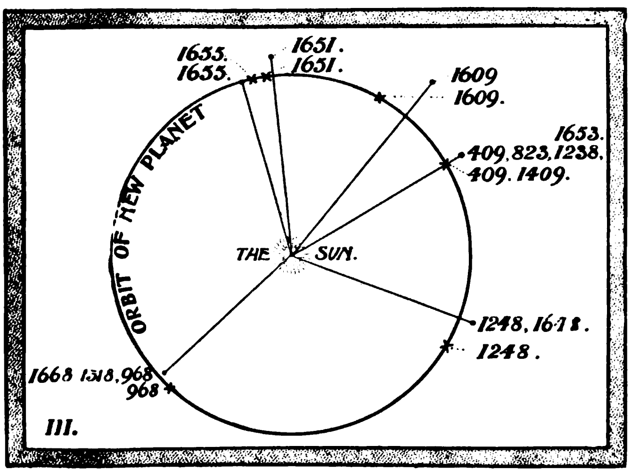
II.

The planet Neptune, supposed to be unknown, is marked in position by crosses, at the dates indicated. The comets are marked in position by circles at the dates indicated.

III.

The new planet is marked in position at the dates indicated. The comets are marked in circles at the dates indicated.





proximity of planet and comet must probably have been about the year 1767, when the comet was near its greatest distance from the Sun, when it travels slowly and is most easily influenced by a planet's attraction.

Then again the comet ought to have been shining in 1775, but at that time the Sun was between it and the Earth, so it was not seen. But if it continued in the same orbit it should have been seen again

in 1781. It was not seen, and we may be sure that the planet must have been close to it again some time before 1781. If at both of these dates of disturbance the comet was near its greatest distance from the Sun, there is a law which tells us the period of revolution of a planet at that distance; and if, following this law, you try different distances of the planet from the Sun, you will find that a planet 5·2 times farther from the Sun than the Earth is, would revolve once in 11·8 years, and would

2. *How to find Neptune.* Now, having discovered the planet Jupiter from the information given us by a comet, let us try and find where Neptune is; and here we will follow the published papers on the subject instead of attempting to improve on them. There are six comets noted above as having been brought by Neptune into visibility in the Solar System by some mutual action when at their greatest distances from the Sun. Four of these have occupied these distant positions

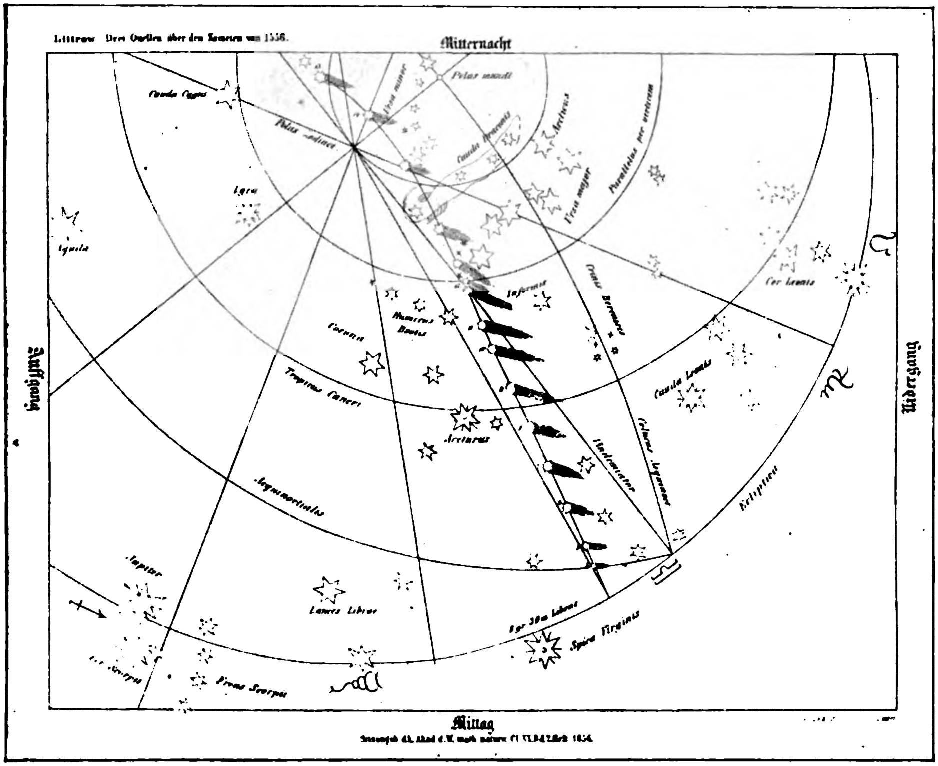


Chart showing the path of comet of 1556 among the stars, drawn in 1556 by Fabricius.

be in close proximity with the comet in January 1767, and again in October 1779. This gives us two positions, and the rate of motion of the planet we are looking for. In this way any astronomer at the end of the eighteenth century, supposing he happened to be ignorant of the existence of Jupiter, could by the study of Lexell's comet have pointed his telescope accurately within about 1°, and found the unknown planet Jupiter.*

at such intervals of time that a planet moving at the speed corresponding to that solar distance would occupy these places about the same time as the comets. This is shown in the diagram, and it was shown, in the paper published in 1880, that at that rate the position of the planet in that year must have been in longitude 45°. As a matter of fact the position of the planet was really in longitude 48°, This is a wonderfully close agreement,

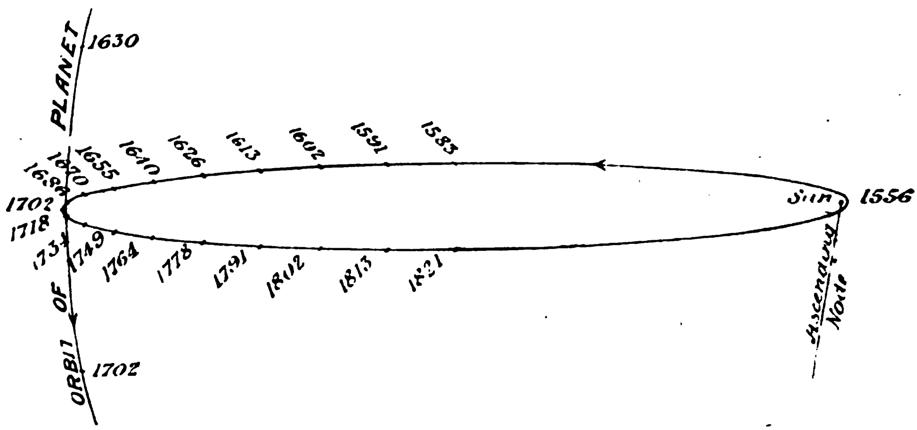
* There is one other position which might have been assigned, but it would not have taken him long to search in both places.

and, considering all the conditions, it is very likely that the exactness of the agreement may have been too good to be expected in every case. Still it gives us confidence in the method, which we will now use to find the place of the new planet outside Neptune's orbit. I believe the new planet is called Victoria, but of course we can't be sure until we see it.

3. *How to find the new planet.* Now, to find the planet Victoria, what I did was to proceed precisely in the same way as you have pursued in tracking down Neptune. A diagram is shown of exactly the same kind, giving the dates and positions of the comets and planet.

You will notice that, in order to make the seven comets agree with those of a uniformly moving planet, while those of two others are equally distant from the planetary positions and dates, but in opposite directions, one in advance, the other behind. Thus the positions and rate of motion of the planet, taken from the four good coincidences, agree with the mean of six out of the seven comets belonging to the planet Victoria. This gives us good prospects of fixing the planet's place pretty closely.

Measuring on the diagram, you will find that the new planet Victoria travels about 1° in three years, and in the year 1880 was in longitude 174°. Confirmations of the position assigned to the new planet are not wanting. It might be supposed



Path of comet 1556, and of the new planet which disturbed it in 1700, and interfered with its return, which was expected about 1848.

the planet's position fit in with the comets, we have to suppose that the great comet of 1861 was seen about the years 1446, 1031, and 616. Now, it is most remarkable that I have found records of comets in all these years, just in that part of the sky where we should have expected if they were previous appearances of the 1861 comet.

The diagram has been improved and corrected since 1880, but I thought it best not to alter it in this article, which deals only with the general method; and there was the less objection to leaving it so, as the later alterations do not change the predicted place of the planet.

Looking now at the diagram, you must be struck by the closeness with which the positions and dates of four out of that it would influence the motion of Neptune, just as Uranus was affected by Neptune. But Neptune has not been, since his discovery, in the part of his orbit which would show this effect. It will be very noticeable in thirty years' time. But there is a distinct effect upon Uranus, though small owing to the great distance between the two planets.

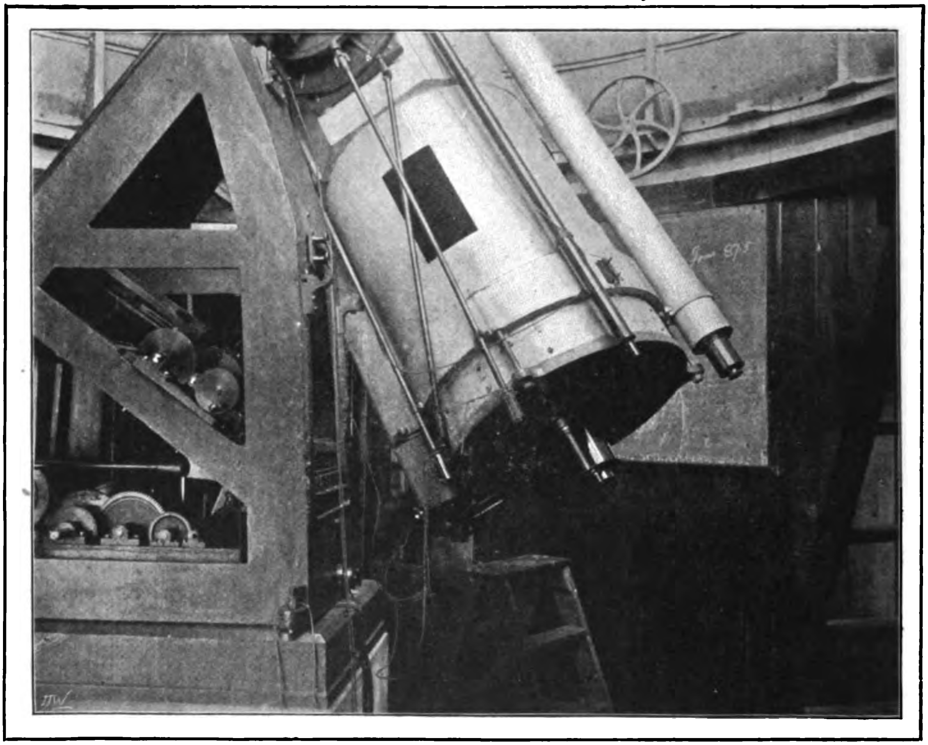
There is, however, another remarkable confirmation of the new planet's position. This is a comet of three hundred years' period, which has been affected by it in the same way that Lexell's comet was affected by Jupiter. The comet of 1556 was very well observed, and its path traced by astronomers, and found to be the same as the path which had been assigned to a previous comet in 1264.



Stars photographed at Daramona, the observatory where the new planet is being hunted by photography.

Astronomers generally believed them to be the same, and confidently expected another return of this comet between 1840 and 1850. But no comet was seen in that period to be travelling in the same orbit; so astronomers gave up the idea that the comets of 1264 and 1556 were identical. Now, we are able to reproduce here a chart drawn by Fabricius in 1556, which was lost for nearly three hundred years, and found in the last half-century. From this chart the path of the comet has been calculated. If you will look at the diagram showing the supposed path of the comet of 1556, and the supposed positions of the new planet, you will see that they both occupied those positions on their orbits which are nearest to each other at the same time, about 1700 A.D., at which time the planet deflected the comet so much that if it has been seen again its orbit was not recognised as being that of comet 1556. So it is still quite possible that the comets of 1264 and 1556 were the same comet; but it is only possible if there is a new planet where it has been located on other grounds.

It is right to say that even at their nearest approach the distance between the planet and comet is very great, because they are not in the same plane. But then the influence was being exerted for nearly two hundred years, and a very slight increase in the comet's velocity would render its nearest approach to the Sun too great for it to be visible.



The Observatory at Daramona, showing the driving-clock which keeps the telescopo following the stars during a few hours' exposure of a photographic plate.

I have now tried to show you in a very general way some of the things which we can learn by studying the language of comets. It is not a very difficult language—not nearly so difficult as Russian. Perhaps you will be tempted to go on and learn more of the language of comets, for they have plenty more information to give us if we take a little trouble to read it.

All that can be said about the new planet is that it is about one hundred times as far from the Sun as the Earth is, that it takes about one thousand years

to go round the Sun, and that *probably* its longitude at this date is about 181°. It is quite possible, however, that the limits of error in this estimate may be considerable.

The truth can only be reached by searching for the planet by photography. If photographs be taken at an interval of a year, all the fixed stars would retain their relative positions, but the planet would be seen to have moved over one-third of a degree.

This research is now being conducted by Mr. W. E. Wilson, F.R.S., at his observatory at Daramona, in Ireland. I had the great pleasure of assisting him in taking the first photographs, nearly a year ago; and it will be a source of delight to us all if he succeeds in adding one more to the major planets of the Solar System. He has a fine two-foot reflecting telescope, the driving clock of which, making the telescope follow the motion of the stars, is regulated by Sir Howard Grubbe's electrical control. A photograph of stars taken by this telescope is shown, and the whole group occupies a space equal only to the size of the moon.

Let us hope that when Mr. Wilson discovers the new planet he will find that its name is Victoria. Of course there is a minor planet which has had that name for some time; but, like R. L. Stevenson with his birthday, it "has no further use for it," as it has been given another name, or rather a number.

EARTH SONG.

BY MARION W. SIMPSON.

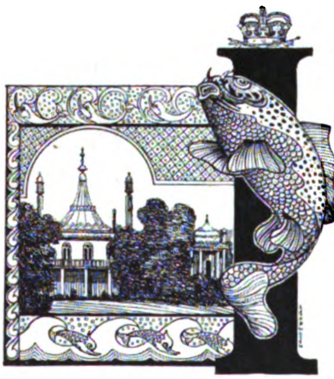
THE heart of the rose doth unfold to the light
And cast all its splendours abroad to the skies.
Who'll remember the rose when its beauties are shed?
Does the sun love the rose? will it grieve when it dies?

When with rapture divine on the silence there flows
The song from the passionate soul of the lute,
Have the echoes no answer of laughter and love?
Can the silence lament when the music is mute?

When the deep summer dies on the breast of the hills,
Doth the sweet woodland sigh from the zephyrs to part?
Can old Earth keep no dream of the Springtime gone by?
Doth she love the dead flowers that she wears at the heart?



BRIGHTON REVISITED, and a CONTRAST. by G. S. Street.



I TAKE it all back. The Regent was quite right, and so was Thackeray.

I once sneered at the habits and attire of its visitors. I was an ungenial prig, and a bit of a snob as well; and when I said it was ten times noisier than the Strand, I was simply a liar. My conduct was blackguardly, sir—blackguardly. Why, I even complained of the sea, and said it looked like a sea out of water—though, by the way, I still think that rather a witty phrase. Heavens! I am appalled to think of my iniquity. . . . But perhaps I had better explain. The Constant Reader is with me already, I am sure; but for the benefit of the million readers who may have come on since—but I am loth to believe that such is the result of my abstention—and have not had time for constancy, I may as well say that I refer to a dear dead *causerie* of mine in which I abused Brighton. It was ungrateful, for when I was a young fellow I more than once paid Brighton a visit in agreeable circumstances; but so it was. I suppose I was bilious, or had been brooding over the melancholy life of a man of letters. I had stayed at an hotel, too; and being a lover of privacy and cosiness, I detest hotels—at least enormous ones. Some such circumstance or accident upset my accustomed placidity and benevolence,

> "et in celeres iambos
> Misit furentem : nunc ego mitibus
> Mutare quæro tristia"—

so to speak, and if one is still allowed to quote one's Horace. I propose to sing the praises of Brighton—its advantages, its conveniences, its beauties.

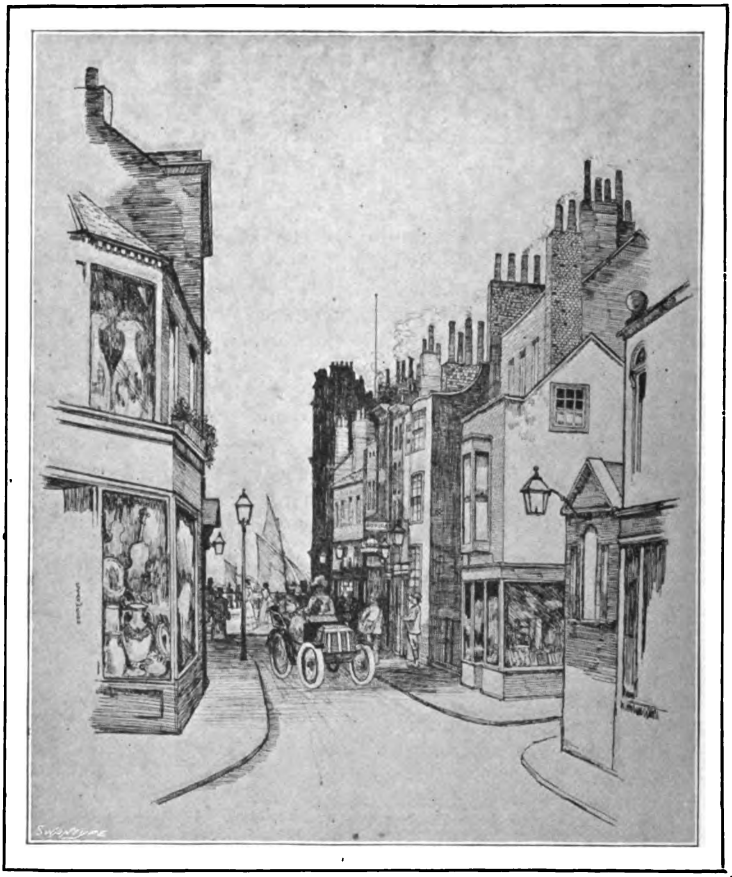
BUT one moment, Muse. Let me take credit to myself for the originality of my theme. It is a pretty long time since Lady Anne was hysterical in Miss Honeyman's best drawing-room, and Clive was reported to have kissed Ethel in the train, and Lord Farintosh sprawled on the sofa; and nowadays no other literary person but I ever winters nearer than the Nile, and most of them go to Yokohama. How they do it I can't imagine. I will not allow envy to suggest that they procure the insertion of mendacious paragraphs in the papers and really lurk behind drawn blinds in

Bloomsbury. I suppose they possess what Plato calls the art of wages in addition to the art of writing, and that if I only knew how, I too might collect the passage to Yokohama. Frankly, I think there is a sort of snobbishness in the way one's acquaintances stuff their confounded travels—if you call it travelling to pay a fare and sit in a train—down one's stay-at-home throat. It is far worse than their talking about their intimacy with distinguished people, for chatter about a great man's private life may be interesting even from the lips of a very little one—you have something to go upon, you see—whereas not one man in a thousand can make the account of a place you have never been to anything but tedious. Brighton, then, is both an original and a modest theme. If you have never been there, at least you could go if you liked; and it is probable you could not go to Yokohama. (It would be just my luck if, before this is published, some friend of mine actually and notoriously goes to and returns from Yokohama. So let me say that I am innocent of offence.) There is also something patriotic in staying—however much perforce—in one's own country and writing about its familiar places; and in honest truth I would not care, just now, to be living among people who believe my fellow-countrymen to be cowards and butchers. It is rather Wordsworthian to take such an every-day subject, despised of proud travellers, and show its essential beauty. The harried man of affairs, whose only chance of sea air in a month is a rapid dash to Brighton—shall not he too have his sympathetic interpreter? The Poet of the Pullman Car—for him too is there not a niche in the Temple? Surely, Muse, this is sufficient encouragement. Proceed.

EVERYTHING is comparative. Perhaps, since that sentence is the best my muse can do in the way of a passionate exordium, I had as well resign myself to my native pedestrianism. Everything is comparative, and I do not say that for beauty and ease Brighton is abstract perfection. I have seen many more beautiful places, to be sure, even in these neglected islands, and have dwelt in more easeful houses even than the pleasant one which is protecting these labours from the elements. But whoso wishes to be near London, and to gaze on the sea and listen to its murmur or roar, and to bask in the maximum of sunshine allowed our shores, should come to Brighton. More especially if he is some stray wretch like myself, who must needs put up with "lodgings," in the painful modern sense of the word, would he be wise so to do. The stray wretch condemned to lodgings is condemned as a rule to some vile little jerry-built house, wherein every sound of the other occupants is torture to his listening ear. But in Brighton he may find without trouble a good and comparatively old-fashioned house, stout and well built, with thick walls that shake not with every passing vehicle, and admit no inside sound to his hired sanctum. It is all nonsense to talk of Brighton being cockney and noisy and so on. The crowds and the noise are confined to a short stretch of sea-front where the piers and the big hotels are, and it is your own business if you don't avoid them. Go a few hundred yards either way, but preferably eastwards, up the hill, and there is very little traffic, and what there is is stilled by the protecting sea. The noise of the sea stills it, and that noise is soothing and beautiful, and very soon unheard save when you listen. I was not so quiet in my Sussex village as I am in Brighton; and, upon my word, I am almost tempted to think that here at last is the opportunity for some sound work. Why did I not come to Brighton when I was younger?

SO much for convenience; but consider the spiritual gain. Here, once more, we must speak comparatively, of course. But, taking "seaside" places as they are, where else in England do you find such dignity and seemliness as in the older part of Brighton's sea-front? Most "seaside" places (and it is useless for you to sniff: we poorer folk must use the seaside at times) show you the remains, perhaps, of a decent old fishing village, and superimposed on that nothing but shoddy, pretentious, upstart, hideous, modern monotony. But here are associations of a good deal more than a hundred years old. Years before the Regent and his Pavilion—when he, in fact, was only twenty—I find Lady Sarah Lennox writing

from "Hove, near Brighthelmston," that Brighton had "a tollerable number of people in it continually." These houses on the East Cliff in their aspect show that they have more to boast of than speculative builders and uncomfortable holiday-makers. They show a portly, settled middle-age, a deliberate judgment, a fixed habit of life—not very beautiful, it may be, but not without dignity and character. In front of them a decent, broad pavement, a wide road, and then the sea.



An odd corner.

IT can hardly be said that in Brighton your casement opens "on perilous seas, in faëry lands forlorn." But it opens on the sea; and the sea is the sea everywhere. If it means nothing to you, when you wake, to thrust your head out of a window and sniff the salt, and behold the sea at your feet and the sun rising out of it, before sleep has well left you—if this means nothing to you, you are very likely the better fitted to succeed in the modern ways of success; but forbear to call Brighton Cockney and sneer at it because it is only fifty miles from London and you have been to Japan. If you cannot enjoy such a moment because you are a few hundred yards only from where, a few hours hence, will be crowds of your fellow-citizens, and the bands and piers wherein they delight, do not give yourself airs over people whose better emotions are independent of such baser memories. The sea, I may add, not to ride too rough-shod over my imaginary and rhetorical opponent, irritated Charles Lamb. When he saw it, he wanted to be on it, to cross it; it suggested travel, and he hated to look on it standing on the shore. I confess that the opposite is the

case with me: to be in it, with a beach or a boat not too far off, is glorious; but it is only under conditions not to be depended upon that my love of it has full play when I am on it. I confess I prefer, in most weathers, to look at it from the shore; but I remember that Charles Lamb never did go on it farther than from London to Ramsgate, and after all was simply making a point in an essay. So we need make no exceptions to the statement that all good Englishmen love the sight (at least) of the sea, wherever it is. As for the sea at Brighton, if you want a particular reminiscence of it, you may think of Byron, with his friends Scrope Davis and Hobhouse, plunging into it at midnight, after losing their money at the card-table. One might fancy he saw their ghosts on a moonlit night.

As for the crowd, a retiring man of books prefers to live away from it, of course. But I will have no exceptions in this eulogy of Brighton: I affirm deliberately that I like the Brighton crowd—at times—and that I go down to its part of the front every now and then for the express purpose of mingling in it and observing it. After all, at this time of year especially, it is not very different from a Bond Street crowd, with, if you like, a dash of the Strand. But the faces show a better average of health, and therefore of good looks. It is, you know, still an instinct of man, however much a man of books, to prefer that the women who pass him by should be reasonably comely. Too many ugly faces annoy one; too many pale faces depress one. I like to see a soul in a face, though it be only a soul of animal enjoyment; and in town too often the soul is lost in boredom, or is but a soul of mean anxieties. This is not brutally meant, if it be brutally said: the boredom and the anxieties are possibly nearer to my real sympathies than high spirits and complacent health. But for purely æsthetic reasons I like to see bright eyes and rosy cheeks in my walks abroad; and, thanks to the sea and the sun, I see many at Brighton. There are Jewesses, too, to add a touch of brilliant femininity that my jolly young countrywomen rather lack. The young men, also, are sometimes really splendid, with an ingenuous swagger about them they would not dare to show in town. I saw one yesterday who was a treat. He wore a tweed tail-coat that hung past his knees behind and was sharply taken in at the waist, a fierce little moustache, and a heavy frown, and he walked with a slow and majestic gait wonderful to behold. And his frown and his clothes and his walk cried in chorus: "Look at me. I always do the right thing. I have the most expensive tastes, and spend untold money on my clothes and my meals. For me the people who dress shabbily and don't go to the best



Old Brighton.

hotels simply do not exist, but I allow them to look at me." That was the chorus, in itself pleasing to a philosopher; but I detected in it—in the whole effect—just a note of uncertainty, of doubt if people really thought him the aristocratic young man he tried to appear, and that made him quite irresistible. I love these innocent and trivial impostors.

IT is winter, and yet the sun is hot on my face and dazzling in my eyes. From the place where I write I gaze on a broad stretch of sea where the sun drives a brilliant golden furrow. The morning mist—I wonder if there is a fog in town—lingers just enough to blur the end of the pier on my right, making it a distant, mysterious object; it might be an ancient galley at rest. The sound of the sea below is a gentle, grateful lapping. I don't know that I envy so very much my friends who are hurrying abroad to escape all this; for a moment I do not envy my friends whose success and prosperity tie them to London. *Ave*, Brighton, and the gods grant the *vale* may be not yet.

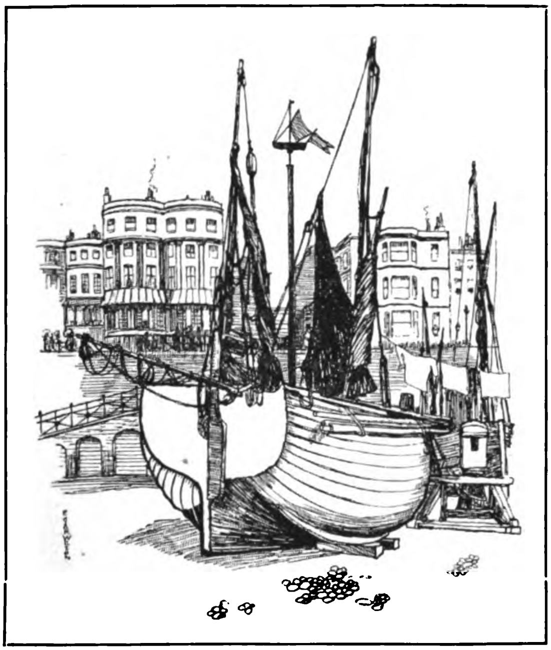
SO much in praise of Brighton. But I have observed, in my way through life, that no one cares for your praises very much unless at the same time you dispraise a rival. There are no real rivals to Brighton on the south coast, but there are imitators and obscure competitors, and it gives me much pleasure to complete my tribute by offering on the altar of Brighton the mangled corpse of one of them. I shall not name it, however. It—even it—I suppose, has a mayor and corporation, and I would not shame their pride and hurt their feelings. But if you have ever been there, you will recognise it when I tell you that it is the dreariest, weariest, ugliest, loathiest beast of a place in the whole world. I went there for my sins a little while ago, and the horror of it so utterly unnerved me that I had not energy to escape for a month. I walked with Despair and sat face to face with Fear, and knew that I was in the ante-chamber of Imbecility. In other words, I was depressed and disgusted. Away from the "front," which is a mean imitation of better things, that place was a sort of waste land, with horrible, hideous, new jerry-built little houses rising like monstrous nameless weeds. There was no surrounding country, as far as I could discover; one never got away from a sticky, desolate shore, and tin-strewn, board-defaced patches of grass. But it needs a sterner realist than I am truly to describe that place.

THE inhabitants, too, showed a painful contrast to Brighton's cheerful, healthy people. They were nearly all pale and weary-looking, feeling, no doubt, the dreadful depression of their surroundings. But, strange paradox, these same people had energy enough for more unlovely uproar than I have heard anywhere else. So far as I could observe, up to the age of twenty or so every one of them yelled incessantly all day long. With a view to mitigating this, the town council had organised about sixteen bands—to count them roughly—which played all over the town continually. But the people won easily. They had peculiarly harsh and penetrating voices, especially the small boys, who were of course the chief offenders, and their accent combined the worst qualities of the Sussex and the Cockney to a remarkable degree. I don't care much for the Sussex mode of speech, which consists of leaving out nearly all the consonants and dwelling immoderately on the vowels, making them all sound *ah*. Thus, I walked once through a Sussex village and asked its name of a boy. "A-a-á-ah-pm," said he—the "pm" almost inaudible. I found on the map that it was Stopham. I am too familiar with the Cockney speech to mind it much in itself, but mixed with Sussex it is not well. Whatever their accent, however, yelling boys and boys playing football in the principal streets of a town do not please me. I suppose the inhabitants liked it, since no one interfered with them; and indeed I have come to the conclusion that most people like noise as such—else why the myriad avoidable noises we suffer almost everywhere?

I MIGHT write "a chapter on noises" if I had space, and seek the explanation why we permit such a useless nuisance as the newspaper-boy

fiend, or why noises differ so much in different classes of the people. For example, boys and young men of the comfortable classes make very little noise; there is very little useless shouting in our public schools and universities. But village boys and young men shout continually for shouting's sake. Football at a public school is played in silence, but for an occasional order from the captains; football on a village green consists chiefly of shouted abuse and expostulation. On the other hand, middle-aged men and old men of the poorest classes are generally quiet and taciturn, whereas in the well-to-do class they are often vociferous and uproarious. The philosophy of noise has yet to be explained.

BUT that was too flagrant a digression: I return to Brighton. But so returning and looking out of my window for a fresh inspiration, I see the sun at his height, and the sea shimmering under him pale blue against the paler blue of the autumn sky, and the air is racy and kindly, and the lapping waves invite me. Why seek to express the soul of it all when the body of it is so alluring? Come, reader: we will go live in the sunshine for a while, and show our practical thanks to the gods for such a glorious winter's day.



On the beach.



TYPHOON.

BY JOSEPH CONRAD.

CHAPTER III.

JUKES was as ready a man as any half-dozen young mates that may be caught by casting a net upon the waters; and though he had been somewhat taken aback by the startling viciousness of the first squall, he had pulled himself together on the instant, had called out the hands and had rushed them along to secure such openings about the deck as had not been already battened down earlier in the evening. Shouting in his fresh, stentorian voice, "Jump, boys, and bear a hand!" he led in the work, telling himself the while that he had "just expected this."

But at the same time he was growing aware that this was rather more than he had expected. From the first stir of the air on his cheek the gale seemed to take upon itself the accumulated impetus of an avalanche. Heavy sprays enveloped the *Nan-Shan* from stem to stern, and instantly in the midst of her regular rolling she began to jerk and plunge as though she had gone mad with fright.

Jukes thought, "This is no joke." While he was exchanging explanatory yells with his captain, a sudden lowering of the darkness came upon the night, falling before their vision like something palpable. It was as if the masked lights of the world had been turned down. Jukes was uncritically glad to have his captain at hand. It relieved him as though that man had, by simply coming on deck, taken most of the gale's weight upon his shoulders. Such is the prestige, the privilege, and the burden of command.

Captain MacWhirr could expect no relief of that sort from any one on earth. Such is the loneliness of command. He was trying to see, with that watchful manner of a seaman who stares into the wind's eye as if into the eye of an adversary, to penetrate the hidden intention and guess the aim and force of the thrust. The strong wind swept at him out of a vast obscurity; he felt under his feet the uneasiness of his ship, and he could not even discern the shadow of her shape. He wished it were not so; and very still he waited, feeling stricken by a blind man's helplessness.

To be silent was natural to him, dark or shine. Jukes, at his elbow, made himself heard yelling cheerily in the gusts, "We must have got the worst of

it at once, sir." A faint burst of lightning quivered all round, as if flashed into a cavern—into a black and secret chamber of the sea, with a floor of foaming crests.

It unveiled for a sinister, fluttering moment a ragged mass of clouds hanging low, the lurch of the long outlines of the ship, the black figures of men caught on the bridge heads forward, as if petrified in the act of butting. The darkness palpitated down upon all this, and then the real thing came at last.

It was something formidable and swift, like the sudden smashing of a vial of wrath. It seemed to explode all round the ship with an overpowering concussion and a rush of great waters, as if an immense dam had been blown up to windward. In an instant the men lost touch of each other. This is the disintegrating power of a great wind: it isolates one from one's kind. An earthquake, a landslip, an avalanche, overtake a man incidentally, as it were—without passion. A furious gale attacks him like a personal enemy, tries to grasp his limbs, fastens upon his mind, seeks to rout his very spirit out of him.

Jukes was driven away from his commander. He fancied himself whirled a great distance through the air. Everything disappeared—even, for a moment, his power of thinking; but his hand had found one of the rail-stanchions. His distress was by no means alleviated by an inclination to disbelieve the reality of this experience. Though young, he had seen some bad weather, and had never doubted his ability to imagine the worst; but this was so much beyond his powers of fancy that it appeared incompatible with the existence of any ship whatever. He would have been incredulous about himself in the same way, perhaps, had he not been so harassed by the necessity of exerting a wrestling effort against a force trying to tear him away from his hold. Moreover, the conviction of not being utterly destroyed returned to him through the sensations of being half-drowned, bestially shaken, and partly choked.

It seemed to him he remained there precariously alone with the stanchion for a long, long time. The rain poured on him, flowed, drove in sheets. He breathed in gasps; and sometimes the water he swallowed was fresh and sometimes it was salt. For the most part he kept his eyes shut tight, as if suspecting his sight might be destroyed in the immense flurry of the elements. When he ventured to blink hastily, he derived some moral support from the green gleam of the starboard light shining feebly upon the flight of rain and sprays. He was actually looking at it when its ray fell upon the uprearing sea which put it out. He saw the head of the wave topple over, adding the mite of its crash to the tremendous uproar raging around him, and almost at the same instant the stanchion was wrenched away from his embracing arms. After a crushing thump on his back he found himself suddenly afloat and borne upwards. His first irresistible notion was that the whole China Sea had climbed on the bridge. Then, more sanely, he concluded himself gone overboard. All the time he was being tossed, flung, and rolled in great volumes of water, he kept on repeating mentally, with the utmost precipitation, the words: "My God! My God! My God! My God!"

All at once, in a revolt of misery and despair, he formed the crazy resolution to get out of that. And he began to tresh about with his arms and legs. But as soon as he commenced his wretched struggles he discovered himself to have become somehow mixed up with a face, an oilskin coat, somebody's boots. He clawed ferociously all these things in turn, lost them, found them again, lost them once more, and was caught in the firm clasp of a pair of stout arms. He returned the embrace closely round a thick solid body. He had found his captain.

They tumbled over and over, tightening their hug. Suddenly the water let them down with a brutal bang; and, stranded against the side of the wheelhouse, out of breath and bruised, they were left to stagger up in the wind and hold on where they could.

Jukes came out of it rather horrified, as though he had escaped some unparalleled outrage directed at his feelings. It weakened his faith in himself. He started shouting aimlessly to the man he could feel near him in that fiendish blackness, "Is it you, sir? Is it you, sir?" till his temples seemed ready to burst. And he heard in answer a voice, as if crying far away, as if screaming to him fretfully from a very great distance, the one word "Yes!" Other seas swept again over the bridge.

He received them defencelessly right over his bare head, with both his hands engaged in holding.

The motion of the ship was extravagant. Her lurches had an appalling helplessness: she pitched as if taking a header into a void, and seemed to find a wall to hit every time. When she rolled she fell on her side headlong, and she would be righted by such a demolishing blow that Jukes felt her reeling as a clubbed man reels before he collapses. In the darkness the gale howled and scuffled about gigantically, as though the entire world were a black gully. At certain moments the air streamed against the ship as if sucked through a tunnel with a concentrated solid force of impact that seemed to lift her clean out of the water and keep her up for an instant with only a quiver running through her from end to end. And then she would begin her tumbling again as if dropped back into a boiling caldron. Jukes tried hard to compose his mind and judge things coolly.

The sea, flattened down in the heavier gusts, would uprise and overwhelm both ends of the *Nan-Shan* in snowy rushes of foam, expanding wide, beyond both rails, into the night. And on this dazzling sheet, spread under the blackness of the clouds and emitting a bluish glow, Captain MacWhirr could catch a desolate glimpse of a few tiny specks black as ebony, the tops of the hatches, the battened companions, the heads of the covered winches, the foot of a mast. This was all he could see of his ship. Her middle structure, covered by the bridge which bore him, his mate, the dark wheelhouse where a man was steering shut up with the fear of being swept overboard together with the whole thing in one great crash—her middle structure was like a half-tide rock awash upon a coast. It was like an outlying rock with the water boiling up, streaming over, pouring off, beating round—like a rock in the surf to which shipwrecked people cling before they let go—only it rose, it sank, it rolled continuously, without respite and rest, like a rock that should have miraculously struck adrift from a coast and gone wallowing upon the sea.

The *Nan-Shan* was being looted by the storm with a senseless, destructive fury: trysails torn out of the extra gaskets, double-lashed awnings blown away, bridge swept clean, weather-cloths burst, rails twisted, light-screens smashed—and two of the boats had gone already. They had gone unheard and unseen, melting, as it were, in the shock and smother of the wave. It was only later, when upon the white flash of another high sea hurling itself amidships, Jukes had a vision of two pairs of davits leaping black and empty out of the solid blackness, with one overhauled fall flying and an iron-bound block capering in the air, that he became aware of what had happened within about three yards of his back.

He poked his head forward, groping for the ear of his commander. His lips touched it—big, fleshy, very wet. He cried in an agitated tone, "Our boats are going now, sir."

And again he heard that voice, forced and ringing feebly, but with a penetrating effect of quietness in the enormous discord of noises, as if sent out from some remote spot of peace beyond the black wastes of the gale; again he heard a man's voice—the frail and indomitable sound that can be made to carry an infinity of thought, resolution and purpose, that shall be pronouncing confident words on the last day, when heavens fall, and justice is done—again he heard it, and it was crying to him, as if from very, very far—"All right."

He thought he had not managed to make himself understood. "Our boats—I say boats—the boats, sir! Two gone!"

The same voice, within a foot of him and yet so remote, yelled sensibly, "Can't be helped."

Captain MacWhirr had never turned his face, but Jukes caught some more words on the wind.

"What can—expect—when hammering through—such—— Bound to leave—something behind—stands to reason."

Watchfully Jukes listened for more. No more came. This was all Captain MacWhirr had to say; and Jukes could picture to himself rather than see the broad squat back before him. An impenetrable obscurity pressed down upon the ghostly glimmers of the sea. A dull conviction seized upon Jukes that there was nothing to be done.

If the steering-gear did not give way, if the immense volumes of water did not burst the deck in or smash one of the hatches, if the engines did not give up,



"A faint burst of lightning quivered all round, as if flashed into a black and secret chamber of the sea, with a floor of foamy crests."

if way could be kept on the ship against this terrific wind, and she did not bury herself in one of these awful seas, of whose white crests alone, topping high above her bows, he could now and then get a sickening glimpse—then there was a chance of her coming out of it. Something within him seemed to turn over, bringing uppermost the feeling that the *Nan-Shan* was lost.

"She's done for," he said to himself, with a surprising mental agitation, as though he had discovered an unexpected meaning in this thought. One of these things was bound to happen. Nothing could be prevented now, and nothing could be remedied. The men on board did not count, and the ship could not last. This weather was too impossible.

Jukes felt an arm thrown heavily over his shoulders; and to this overture he responded with great intelligence by catching hold of his captain round the waist.

They stood clasped thus in the blind night, bracing each other against the wind, cheek to cheek and lip to ear, in the manner of two hulks lashed stem to stern together.

And Jukes heard the voice of his commander hardly any louder than before, but nearer, as though, starting to march athwart the prodigious rush of the hurricane, it had approached him, bearing that strange effect of quietness like the serene glow of a halo.

"D'ye know where the hands got to?" it asked, vigorous and evanescent at the same time, overcoming the strength of the wind, and swept away from Jukes instantly.

Jukes didn't know. They were all on the bridge when the real force of the hurricane struck the ship. He had no idea where they had crawled to. Under the circumstances they were nowhere, for all the use that could be made of them. Somehow the Captain's wish to know distressed Jukes.

"Want the hands, sir?" he cried apprehensively.

"Ought to know," asserted Captain MacWhirr. "Hold hard."

They held hard. An outburst of unchained fury, a vicious rush of the wind absolutely steadied the ship; she rocked only, quick and light like a child's cradle for a terrific moment of suspense, while the whole atmosphere, as it seemed. streamed furiously past her, roaring away from the tenebrous earth.

It suffocated them, and with eyes shut they tightened their grasp. What from the magnitude of the shock might have been a column of water running upright in the dark, butted against the ship, broke short, and fell on her bridge, crushingly, from on high, with a dead burying weight.

A flying fragment of that collapse, a mere splash, enveloped them in one swirl from their feet over their heads, filling violently their ears, mouths and nostrils with salt water. It knocked out their legs, wrenched in haste at their arms, seethed away swiftly under their chins; and opening their eyes, they saw the piled-up masses of foam dashing to and fro amongst what looked like the fragments of a ship. She had given way as if driven straight in. Their panting hearts yielded too before the tremendous blow; and all at once she sprang up to her desperate plunging, as if trying to scramble out from under the ruins.

The seas in the dark seemed to rush from all sides to keep her back where she might perish. There was hate in the way she was handled, and a ferocity in the blows that fell. She was like a living creature thrown to the rage of a mob: hustled terribly, struck at, borne up, flung down, leaped upon. Captain MacWhirr and Jukes kept hold of each other, deafened by the noise, gagged by the wind; and the great physical tumult beating about their bodies, brought, like an unbridled display of passion, a profound trouble to their souls. One of these wild and appalling shrieks that are heard at times passing mysteriously overhead in the steady roar of a hurricane, swooped, as if borne on wings, upon the ship, and Jukes tried to outscream it.

"Will she live?"

The cry was wrenched out of his breast. It was as unintentional as the birth of a thought in the head, and he heard nothing of it himself. It all became extinct at once—throught, intention, effort—and of his cry the inaudible vibration added to the tempest waves of the air.

He expected nothing from it. Nothing at all. For indeed what answer could be made? But after a while he heard with amazement the frail and resisting voice in his ear, the dwarf sound, unconquered in the giant tumult.

"She may!"

It was a dull yell, more difficult to seize than a whisper. And presently the voice returned again, half submerged in the vast crashes, like a ship battling against the waves of an ocean.

"Let's hope so!" it cried—small, lonely and unmoved, a stranger to the visions of hope or fear; and it flickered into disconnected words: "Ship . . . This . . . Never—Anyhow . . . for the best." Jukes gave it up.

Then, as if it had come suddenly upon the one thing fit to withstand the power of a storm, it seemed to gain force and firmness for the last broken shouts:

"Keep on hammering . . . builders . . . good men . . . And chance it . . . Rout . . . engines . . . good man."

Captain MacWhirr removed his arm from Jukes' shoulders, and thereby ceased to exist for his mate, so dark it was; Jukes, after a tense stiffening of every muscle, would let himself go limp all over. The gnawing of profound discomfort existed side by side with an incredible disposition to somnolence, as though he had been buffeted and worried into drowsiness. The wind would get hold of his head and try to shake it off his shoulders; his clothes, full of water, were as heavy as lead, cold and dripping like an armour of melting ice: he shivered. It lasted a long time; and with his hands closed hard on his hold, he was letting himself sink slowly into the depths of bodily misery. His mind became concentrated upon himself in an aimless, idle way, and when something pushed lightly at the back of his knees he nearly, as the saying is, jumped out of his skin.

In the start forward he bumped the back of Captain MacWhirr, who didn't move; and then a hand gripped his thigh. A lull had come, a menacing lull of the wind, the holding of a stormy breath—and he felt himself pawed all over. It was the boatswain. Jukes recognised these hands, so thick and enormous that they seemed to belong to some new species of man.

The boatswain had arrived on the bridge, crawling on all fours against the wind, and had found the chief mate's legs with the top of his head. Immediately he crouched and began to explore Jukes' person upwards, with prudent, apologetic touches, as became an inferior.

He was an ill-favoured, undersized, gruff sailor of fifty, coarsely hairy, short-legged, long-armed, resembling an elderly ape. His strength was immense; and in his great lumpy paws, bulging like brown boxing-gloves on the end of furry fore-arms, the heaviest objects were handled like playthings. Apart from the grizzled pelt on his chest, the menacing demeanour and the hoarse voice, he had none of the classical attributes of his rating. His good nature almost amounted to imbecility: the men did what they liked with him, and he had not an ounce of initiative in his character, which was easy-going and talkative. For these reasons Jukes disliked him; but Captain MacWhirr, to Jukes' scornful disgust, seemed to regard him as a first-rate petty officer.

He pulled himself up by Jukes' coat, taking that liberty with the greatest moderation, and only so far as it was forced upon him by the hurricane.

"What is it, boss'n, what is it?" yelled Jukes, impatiently. What could that fraud of a boss'n want on the bridge? The typhoon had got on Jukes' nerves. The husky bellowings of the other, though unintelligible, seemed to suggest a state of lively satisfaction. There could be no mistake. The old fool was pleased with something.

The boatswain's other hand had found some other body, for in a changed tone he began to inquire: "Is it you, sir? Is it you, sir?" The wind strangled his howls.

"Yes!" cried Captain MacWhirr.

CHAPTER IV.

All that the boatswain, out of a superabundance of yells, could make clear to Captain MacWhirr was the bizarre intelligence that "All them Chinamen in the fore 'tween-deck have fetched away, sir."

Jukes to leeward could hear these two shouting within six inches of his face, as you may hear on a still night half a mile away two men conversing across a field. He heard Captain MacWhirr's exasperated "What? What?" and the strained pitch of the other's hoarseness. "In a lump . . . seen them myself. . . . Awful sight, sir . . . thought . . . tell you."

Jukes remained indifferent, as if rendered irresponsible by the force of the hurricane, which made the very

thought of action utterly vain. Besides, being very young, he had found the occupation of keeping his heart completely steeled against the worst so engrossing that he had come to feel an overpowering dislike towards any other form of activity whatever. He was not scared; he knew this because, firmly believing he would never see another sunrise, he remained calm in that belief.

These are the moments of do-nothing heroics to which even good men surrender at times. Many officers of ships can no doubt recall a case in their experience when just such a trance of confounded stoicism would come all at once over a whole ship's company. Jukes, however, had no wide experience of men or storms. He conceived himself to be calm—inexorably calm; but as a matter of fact he was daunted: not abjectly, but only so far as a decent man may, without becoming loathsome to himself.

It was rather like a forced-on numbness of spirit. The long, long stress of a gale does it; the suspense of the interminably culminating catastrophe; and there is a bodily fatigue in the mere holding on to existence within the excessive tumult; a searching and insidious fatigue that penetrates deep into a man's breast to cast down and sadden his heart, which is incorrigible, and of all the gifts of the earth—even before life itself—aspires to peace.

Jukes was benumbed much more than he supposed. He held on—very wet, very cold, stiff in every limb; and in a momentary hallucination of swift visions (it is said a drowning man thus reviews all his life) he beheld all sorts of memories altogether unconnected with his present situation. He remembered his father, for instance: a worthy business man, who at an unfortunate crisis in his affairs went quietly to bed and died forthwith in a state of resignation. Jukes did not recall these circumstances, of course, but remaining otherwise unconcerned he seemed to see distinctly the poor man's face; a certain game of nap played when quite a boy in Table Bay on board a ship, since lost with all hands; the thick eyebrows of his first skipper; and without any emotion, as he might years ago have walked listlessly into her room and found her sitting there with a book, he remembered his mother—dead, too, now—the resolute woman, left badly off, who had been very firm in his bringing up.

It could not have lasted more than a second, perhaps not so much. A heavy arm had fallen about his shoulders; Captain MacWhirr's voice was speaking his name into his ear.

"Jukes! Jukes!"

He detected the tone of deep concern. The wind had thrown its weight on the ship, trying to pin her down amongst the seas. They made a clean breach over her, as over a deep-swimming log; and the gathered weight of crashes menaced monstrously from afar. The breakers flung out of the night with a ghostly light on their crests—the light of sea-foam that in a ferocious, boiling-up pale flash showed upon the slender body of the ship the toppling rush, the downfall, and the seething mad scurry of each wave. Never for a moment could she shake herself clear of the water; Jukes, rigid, perceived in her motion the ominous sign of haphazard floundering. She was no longer struggling intelligently. It was the beginning of the end; and the note of busy concern in Captain MacWhirr's voice sickened him like an exhibition of blind and pernicious folly.

The spell of the storm had fallen upon Jukes. He was penetrated by it, absorbed by it; he was rooted in it with a rigour of dumb attention. Captain MacWhirr persisted in his cries, but the wind got between them like a solid wedge. He hung round Jukes' neck as heavy as a stone, and suddenly the sides of their heads knocked together.

"Jukes! Mr. Jukes, I say!"

He had to answer that voice that would not be silenced. He answered in the customary manner: ". . . Yes, sir."

And directly, his heart, corrupted by the storm that breeds a craving for peace, rebelled against the tyranny of training and command.

Captain MacWhirr had his mate's head fixed firm in the crook of his elbow, and pressed it to his yelling lips mysteriously. Sometimes Jukes would break in, admonishing hastily: "Look out, sir!" or Captain MacWhirr would bawl an earnest exhortation to "Hold hard, there!" and the whole black universe seemed to reel together with the ship. They paused. She floated yet. And Captain MacWhirr would resume his shouts. ". . . Says

. . . whole lot . . . fetched away. . . . Ought to see . . . what's the matter."

When the full force of the hurricane struck the ship every part of her deck became untenable; and the hands, dazed and dismayed, took shelter in the port alleyway under the bridge. It had a door aft, which they shut; it was very black, cold, and dismal. At each heavy fling of the ship they would groan all together in the dark, and tons of water could be heard scuttling about as if trying to get at them from above. The boatswain had been keeping up a gruff talk, but a more unreasonable lot of men, he said afterwards, he had never been with. They were snug enough there, out of harm's way, and not wanted to do anything, either; and yet they did nothing but grumble and complain peevishly like so many sick kids. Finally, one of them said that if there had been at least some light to see each other's noses by, it wouldn't be so bad. It was making him crazy, he declared, to lie there in the dark waiting for the blamed hooker to sink.

"Why don't you step outside, then, and be done with it?" the boatswain turned on him.

This called up a shout of execration. The boatswain found himself overwhelmed with reproaches of all sorts. They seemed to take it ill that a lamp was not instantly created for them out of nothing. They would whine after a light to get drowned by—anyhow! And though the unreason of their revilings was patent—since no one could hope to reach the lamp-room, which was forward—he became greatly distressed. He did not think it was decent of them to be nagging at him like this. He told them so, and was met by general contumely. He sought refuge, therefore, in an embittered silence. At the same time their grumbling and sighing and muttering worried him greatly, but by-and-by it occurred to him that there were six globe lamps hung in the 'tween-deck, and that there could be no harm in depriving the coolies of one of them.

The *Nan-Shan* had an athwartship coal-bunker, which, being at times used as cargo space, communicated by an iron door with the fore 'tween-deck. It was empty then, and its manhole was the foremost one in the alleyway. The boatswain could get in, therefore, without coming out on deck at all; but to his great surprise he found he could induce no one to help him in taking off the manhole cover. He groped for it all the same, but one of the crew lying in his way refused to budge.

"Why, I only want to get you that blamed light you are crying for," he expostulated, almost pitifully.

Somebody told him to go and put his head in a bag. He regretted he could not recognise the voice, and that it was too dark to see, otherwise, as he said, he would have put a head on *that* son of a sea-cook, anyway, sink or swim. Nevertheless, he had made up his mind to show them he could get light, if he were to die for it.

Through the violence of the ship's rolling, every movement was dangerous To be lying down seemed labour enough. He nearly broke his neck dropping into the bunker. He fell on his back, and was sent shooting helplessly from side to side in the dangerous company of a heavy iron bar—a coal-trimmer's slice, probably—left down there by somebody. This thing made him as nervous as though it had been a wild beast. He could not see it, the inside of the bunker coated with coal-dust being perfectly and impenetrably black; but he heard it sliding and clattering, and striking here and there, always in the neighbourhood of his head. It seemed to make an extraordinary noise, too—to give heavy thumps as though it had been as big as a bridge girder. This was remarkable enough for him to notice while he was flung from port to starboard and back again, and clawing desperately the smooth sides of the bunker in the endeavour to stop himself. The door into the 'tween-deck not fitting quite true, he saw a thread of dim light at the bottom.

Being a sailor, and a still active man, he did not want much of a chance to regain his feet; and as luck would have it, in scrambling up he put his hand on the iron slice, picking it up as he rose. Otherwise he would have been afraid of the thing breaking his legs, or at least knocking him down again. At first he stood still. He felt unsafe in this darkness that seemed to make the ship's motion unfamiliar, unforeseen, and difficult to counteract. He felt so much shaken for a moment, that he dared not move for fear of "taking charge again." He had no mind to get battered to pieces in that bunker.

He had struck his head twice; he was dazed a little. He seemed to hear yet so plainly the clatter and bangs of the iron slice flying about his ears that he tightened his grip to prove to himself he had it there safely in his hand. He was vaguely amazed at the plainness with which down there he could hear the gale raging. Its howls and shrieks seemed to take on, in the emptiness of the bunker, something of the human character, of human rage and pain—being not vast but infinitely poignant. And there were, with every roll, thumps too—profound, ponderous thumps, as if a bulky object of five-ton weight or so had got play in the hold. But there was no such thing in the cargo. Something on deck? Impossible. Or alongside? Couldn't be.

He thought all this quickly, clearly, competently, like a seaman, and in the end remained puzzled. This noise, though, came deadened from outside, together with the washing and pouring of water on deck above his head. Was it the wind? Must be. It made down there a row like the shouting of a big lot of crazed men. And he discovered in himself a desire for a light too—if only to get drowned by—and a nervous anxiety to get out of that bunker as quickly as possible.

He pulled back the bolt: the heavy iron plate turned on its hinges; and it was as though he had opened the door to the sounds of the tempest. A gust of hoarse yelling met him: the air was still; and the rushing of water overhead was covered by a tumult of strangled, throaty shrieks that produced an effect of desperate confusion. He straddled his legs the whole width of the doorway and stretched his neck. And at first he perceived only what he had come to seek: six small, yellow flames swinging violently on the great body of the dusk.

It was stayed like the gallery of a mine, with a row of stanchions in the middle, and cross-beams overhead, penetrating into the gloom ahead—indefinitely. And to port there loomed, like the caving in of one of the sides, a bulky mass with a slanting outline. The whole place, with the shadows and the shapes, moved all the time. The boatswain glared: the ship lurched to starboard, and a great howl came from that mass that had the slant of fallen earth.

Pieces of wood whizzed past. Planks, he thought, inexpressibly startled, and flinging back his head. At his feet a man went sliding over, open-eyed, on his back, straining with uplifted arms for nothing: and another came bounding like a detached stone with his head between his legs and his hands clenched. His pigtail whipped in the air; he made a grab at the boatswain's legs, and from his opened hand a bright white disc rolled against the boatswain's foot. He recognised a silver dollar, and yelled at it with astonishment. With a precipitated sound of trampling and shuffling of bare feet, and with guttural cries, the mound of writhing bodies piled up to port detached itself from the ship's side and shifted to starboard, sliding, inert and struggling, to a dull, brutal thump. The cries ceased. The boatswain heard a long moan through the roar and whistling of the wind; he saw an inextricable confusion of heads and shoulders, naked soles kicking upwards, fists raised, tumbling backs, legs, pigtails, faces.

"Good Lord!" he cried, horrified, and banged-to the iron door upon this vision.

This was what he had come on the bridge to tell. He could not keep it to himself; and on board ship there is only one man to whom it is worth while to unburden yourself. On his passage back the hands in the alleyway swore at him for a fool. Why didn't he bring that lamp? What the devil did the coolies matter to anybody? And when he came out, the extremity of the ship made what went on inside of her appear of little moment.

At first he thought he had left the alleyway in the very moment of her sinking. The bridge ladders had been washed away, but an enormous sea filling the after-deck floated him up. After that he had to lie on his stomach for some time, holding to a ring-bolt, getting his breath now and then, and swallowing salt water. He struggled farther on his hands and knees, too frightened and distracted to turn back. In this way he reached the after-part of the wheelhouse. In that comparatively sheltered spot he found the second mate. The boatswain was pleasantly surprised—his impression being that everybody on deck must have been washed away a long time ago. He asked eagerly where the Captain was.

The second mate was lying low, like a malignant little animal under a hedge.

"Captain? Gone overboard, after

getting us into this mess." The mate too, for all he knew or cared. Another fool. Didn't matter. Everybody was going by-and-by.

The boatswain crawled out again into the strength of the wind; not because he much expected to find anybody, he said, but just to get away from "that man." He crawled out as outcasts go to face an inclement world. Hence his great joy at finding Jukes and the Captain. But what was going on in the 'tween-deck was to him a minor matter by that time. Besides, it was difficult to make yourself heard. But he managed to convey the idea that the Chinamen had broken adrift together with their boxes, and that he had come up on purpose to report this. As to the hands, they were all right. Then, appeased, he subsided on the deck in a sitting posture, hugging with his arms and legs the stand of the engine-room telegraph—an iron casting as thick as a post. When that went, why, he expected he would go too. He gave no more thought to the coolies.

Captain MacWhirr made Jukes understand he wanted him to go down below—to see.

"What could I do, sir?" And the trembling of his whole wet body caused his voice to sound like bleating.

"See! Boss'n . . . says . . . adrift."

"That boss'n is a confounded fool," howled Jukes shakily.

The absurdity of the demand made upon him revolted Jukes. He was as unwilling to go as if the moment he had left the deck the ship were sure to sink.

"I must know . . . can't leave . . ."

"They'll settle, sir."

"Fight . . . boss'n says they fight. . . . Why? Can't have . . . fighting . . . board ship. . . . Much rather keep you here . . . case . . . I should . . . washed overboard myself. . . . Stop it . . . some way. . . . You see and tell me . . . through engine-room tube. . . . Don't want you . . . come up here . . . too often. . . . Dangerous . . . moving about . . . deck."

Jukes, held with his head in chancery, had to listen to what seemed horrible suggestions.

"Don't want . . . you get lost . . . so long . . . ship isn't. . . . Rout . . . Good man . . . Ship . . . may . . . through this . . . all right yet."

All at once Jukes understood he would have to go.

"Do you think she may?" he screamed.

But the wind devoured the reply, out of which Jukes heard only the one word, pronounced with great energy ". . . Always . . ."

Captain MacWhirr released Jukes, and bending over the boatswain, yelled "Get back with the mate." Jukes only knew that the arm was gone off his shoulders. He was dismissed with his orders—to do what? He was exasperated into letting go his hold carelessly, and on the instant was blown away. It seemed to him that nothing could stop him from being blown right over the stern. He flung himself down hastily, and the boatswain, who was following, fell on him.

"Don't you get up yet, sir," cried the boatswain. "No hurry!"

A sea swept over. Jukes understood the boatswain to splutter that the bridge ladders were gone. "I'll lower you down, sir, by your hands," he screamed. He shouted also something about the smoke-stack being as likely to go overboard as not. Jukes thought it very possible, and imagined the fires out, the ship helpless. . . . The boatswain by his side kept on yelling. "What? What is it?" Jukes cried distressfully; and the other repeated, "What would my old woman say if she saw me now?"

In the alleyway, where a lot of water had got in and splashed in the dark, the men were still as death, till Jukes stumbled against one of them and cursed him savagely for being in the way. Two or three voices then asked, eager and weak, "Any chance for us, sir?"

"What's the matter with you fools?" he said brutally. He felt as though he could throw himself down amongst them and never move any more. But they seemed cheered; and in the midst of obsequious warnings, "Look out! Mind that manhole lid, sir," they lowered him into the bunker. The boatswain tumbled down after him, and as soon as he had picked himself up he remarked, "She would say, 'Serve you right, you old fool, for going to sea.'"

The boatswain had some means, and made a point of alluding to them frequently. His wife—a fat woman—and two grown-up daughters kept a greengrocer's shop.

In the dark, Jukes, unsteady on his legs, listened to a faint thunderous patter. A

deadened screaming went on steadily at his elbow, as it were: and from above the louder tumult of the storm descended upon these near sounds. His head swam. To him, too, in that bunker, the motion of the ship seemed novel and menacing, sapping his resolution as though he had never been afloat before.

He had half a mind to scramble out again; but the remembrance of Captain MacWhirr's voice made this impossible. His orders were to go and see. What was the good of it, he wanted to know. Enraged, he told himself he would see—of course. But the boatswain, staggering clumsily, warned him to be careful how he opened that door; there was a blamed fight going on. And Jukes, as if in great bodily pain, desired irritably to know what the devil they were fighting for.

"Dollars! Dollars, sir. All their rotten chests got burst open. Blamed money skipping all over the place, and they are tumbling after it head over heels—tearing and biting like anything. A regular little hell in there."

Jukes convulsively opened the door. The short boatswain peered under his arm.

One of the lamps had gone out, broken perhaps. Rancorous, guttural cries burst out loudly on their ears, and a strange panting sound, the working of all these straining breasts. A hard blow hit the side of the ship: water fell above with a stunning shock, and in the forefront of the gloom, where the air was reddish and thick, Jukes saw a head bang the deck violently, two thick calves waving, muscular arms twined round a naked body, a yellow face, open-mouthed and with a set wild stare, look up and slide away. An empty chest clattered turning over; a man fell head first with a jump, as if lifted by a kick; and farther off, indistinct, others streamed like a mass of rolling stones down a bank, beating the deck with their feet and flourishing their arms wildly. The hatchway ladder was loaded with coolies swarming on it like bees on a branch. They hung in a crawling, stirring cluster, beating madly with their fists the underside of the battened hatch, and the headlong rush of the water above was heard in the intervals of their yelling. The ship heeled over more, and they began to drop off: first one went, then two, then all the rest went together, falling straight off with a great cry.

Jukes was confounded. The boatswain, with gruff anxiety, begged him, "Don't you go in there, sir."

The whole place seemed to twist upon itself, jumping incessantly the while; and when the ship rose to a sea Jukes fancied that all these men would be shot upon him in a body. He backed out, swung the door to, and with trembling hands pushed at the bolt. . . .

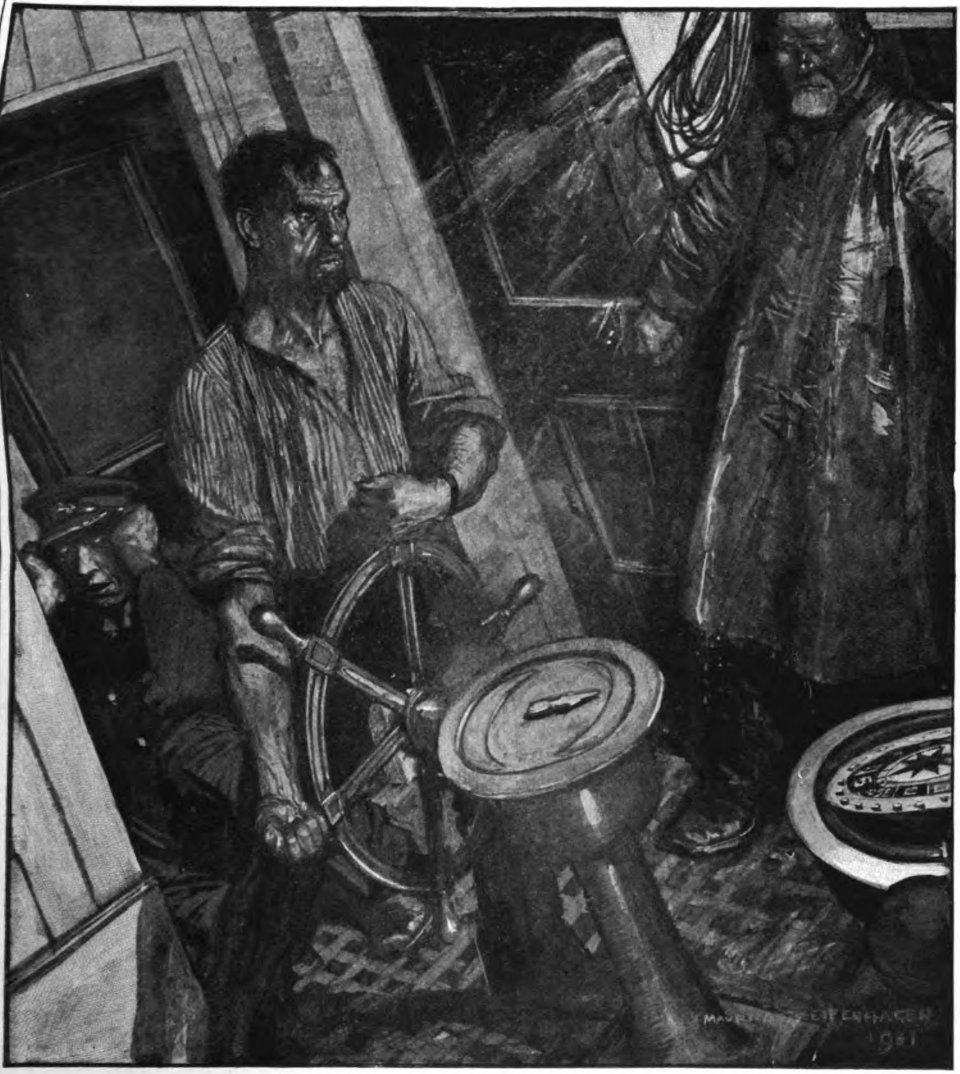
As soon as his mate had gone Captain MacWhirr, left alone on the bridge, sidled and staggered as far as the wheel-house. Its door being hinged forward, he had to fight the gale for admittance, and when at last he managed to enter, it was with a clatter and a bang, as though he had been fired through the wood. He stood within, holding the handle.

The steering-gear leaked steam, and in the confined space the glass of the binnacle made a shiny oval of light in a thin white fog. The wind howled, hummed, whistled, with sudden booming gusts that rattled the doors and shutters in the vicious patter of sprays. Two coils of lead-line and a small canvas bag hung on a long lanyard, swung wide off, and came back clinging to the bulkheads. The gratings underfoot were nearly afloat; with every sweeping blow of a sea, water squirted violently through the cracks all round the door, and the man at the helm had flung down his cap, his coat, and stood propped against the gear-casing in a stripped cotton shirt open on his breast. The little brass wheel in his hands had the appearance of a bright and fragile toy. The cords of his neck stood hard and lean, a dark patch lay in the hollow of his throat, and his face was still and sunken as in death.

Captain MacWhirr wiped his eyes. The sea that had nearly taken him overboard had, to his great annoyance, washed his sou'-wester hat off his bald head. The fluffy, fair hair, soaked and darkened, resembled a mean skein of cotton threads festooned round his bare skull. He breathed slowly, and his face, glistening with sea-water, had been made crimson with the wind, with the sting of sprays. He looked as though he had come off sweating from before a furnace.

"You here?" he muttered heavily.

The second mate had found his way into the wheelhouse some time before. He had fixed himself in a corner with his knees up, a fist pressed against each



"The little brass wheel in his hands had the appearance of a bright and fragile toy."

temple; and this attitude suggested rage, sorrow, resignation, surrender, with a sort of concentrated unforgiveness. He said mournfully and defiantly, "Well, it's my watch below now: ain't it?"

The steam gear clattered, stopped, clattered again: and the helmsman's eye-balls seemed to project out of a hungry face as if the compass card behind the binnacle glass had been meat. God knows how long he had been left there to steer, as if forgotten by all his ship-mates. The bells had not been struck; there had been no reliefs: the ship's routine had gone down wind; but he was trying to keep her head north-north-east. The rudder might have been gone for all he knew, the fires out, the engines broken down, the ship ready to roll over like a corpse. He was anxious not to get muddled and lose control of her head, because the compass-card swung far both ways, wriggling on the pivot, and sometimes seemed to whirl right round. He suffered from mental stress. He was horribly afraid, also, of the wheelhouse going. Mountains of water kept on tumbling against it. When the ship took one of her desperate dives the corners of his lips twitched.

Captain MacWhirr looked up at the wheelhouse clock. Screwed to the bulk-head, it had a white face on which the black hands appeared to stand quite still. It was half-past one in the morning.

"Another day," he muttered to himself.

The second mate heard him, and lifting his head as one grieving amongst ruins, "You won't see it break," he exclaimed. His wrists and his knees could be seen to shake violently. "No, by God! You won't . . ."

He took his face again between his fists.

The body of the helmsman had moved slightly, but his head didn't budge on his neck,—like a stone head fixed to look one way from a column. During a roll that all but took his booted legs from under him, and in the very stagger to save himself, Captain MacWhirr said austerely, "Don't you pay any attention to what that man says." And then, with an indefinable change of tone, very grave, he added, "He isn't on duty."

The sailor said nothing.

The hurricane boomed, shaking the little place, which seemed air-tight; and the light of the binnacle flickered all the time.

"You haven't been relieved," Captain MacWhirr went on, looking down. "I want you to stick to the helm, though, as long as you can. You've got the hang of her. Another man coming here might make a mess of it. Wouldn't do. No child's play. And the hands are probably busy with a job down below. . . . Think you can?"

The steering gear leaped into an abrupt short clatter, stopped smouldering like an ember; and the still man, with a motion-less gaze, burst out, as if all the passion in him had gone into his lips: "By Heavens, sir! I can steer for ever if nobody talks to me."

"Oh! aye! All right, . . ." The Captain lifted his eyes for the first time to the man, ". . . Hackett."

And he seemed to dismiss this matter from his mind. He stooped to the engine-room speaking-tube, blew in, and bent his head. Mr. Rout below answered, and at once Captain MacWhirr put his lips to the mouthpiece.

With the uproar of the gale around him he applied alternately his lips and his ear, and the engineer's voice mounted to him, harsh and as if out of the heat of an engagement. One of the stokers was disabled, the others had given in, the second engineer and the donkey-man were firing-up. The third engineer was standing by the steam-valve. The engines were being tended by hand. How was it above?

"Bad enough. It mostly rests with you," said Captain MacWhirr. Was the mate down there yet? No? he would be presently. Would Mr. Rout let him talk through the speaking-tube? — through the deck speaking-tube, because he—the Captain—was going out again on the bridge directly—There was some trouble amongst the Chinamen. They were fighting, it seemed. Couldn't allow fighting, anyhow. . . .

Mr. Rout had gone away, and Captain MacWhirr could feel against his ear the pulsation of the engines, like the beat of the ship's heart. Mr. Rout's voice down there shouted something distantly. The ship pitched headlong, the pulsation leaped with a hissing tumult, and stopped dead. Captain MacWhirr's face was im-passive, and his eyes were fixed aimlessly at the crouching shape of the second mate. Again Mr. Rout's voice cried out in the depths, and the pulsating beats

recommenced, with slow strokes—growing swifter.

Mr. Rout had returned to the tube. "It don't matter much what they do," he said hastily; and then, with irritation, "She takes these dives as if she never meant to come up again."

"Awful sea," said the Captain's voice from above.

"Don't let me drive her under," barked Solomon Rout up the pipe.

"Dark and rain. Can't see what's coming," uttered the voice. "Must—keep—her—moving—enough to steer—and chance it," it went on to state distinctly.

"I am doing as much as I dare."

"We are—getting—smashed up—a good deal up here," proceeded the voice mildly. "Doing—fairly well—though. Of course, if the wheelhouse should go . . ."

Mr. Rout, bending an attentive ear, muttered peevishly something under his breath.

But the deliberate voice up there became animated to ask: "Jukes turned up yet?" Then, after a short wait, "I wish he would bear a hand. I want him to be done and come up here in case of anything. To look after the ship. I am all alone. The second mate's lost. . . ."

"What?" shouted Mr. Rout into the engine-room, taking his head away. Then up the tube he cried, "Gone overboard?" and clapped his ear to.

"Lost his nerve," the voice from above was proceeding in a matter-of-fact tone. "Damned awkward, this."

Mr. Rout, listening with bowed neck, opened his eyes wide. However, he heard something like the sounds of a scuffle and broken exclamations coming down to him. He strained his hearing; and all the time Beale, the third engineer, with his arms uplifted, held between the palms of his hands the rim of a little black wheel projecting at the side of a big copper pipe. He seemed to be poising it above his head, as though it were a correct attitude in some sort of game.

To steady himself, he pressed his shoulder against the white bulkhead, one knee bent, and a sweat-rag tucked in his belt hanging on his hip. His smooth cheek was begrimed and flushed, and the coal dust on his eyelids, like the black pencilling of a make-up, enhanced the liquid brilliance of the whites, giving to his youthful face something of a feminine, exotic and fascinating aspect. When the ship pitched he would with hasty movements of his hands screw hard at the little wheel.

"Gone crazy," began the Captain's voice suddenly. "Rushed at me . . . Just now. Had to knock him down. . . . This minute. You heard, Mr. Rout?"

"The devil!" muttered Mr. Rout. "Look out, Beale!"

His voice rang out like the blast of a warning trumpet, between the iron walls of the engine-room. Painted white, they rose high into the dusk of the skylight, sloping like a roof; and the whole lofty space resembled the interior of a monument, divided by floors of iron grating, with lights flickering at different levels, and a mass of gloom lingering within the columnar stir of machinery under the motionless swelling of the cylinders. A loud and wild resonance, made up of all the noises of the hurricane, dwelt in the still warmth of the air. There was in it the smell of hot metal, of oil, and a slight mist of steam. The blows of the sea seemed to traverse it in an unringing, stunning shock, from side to side.

Gleams, like pale long flames, trembled upon the polish of metal; from the flooring below the enormous crank-heads emerged in their turns with a flash of brass and steel—going over; while the connecting-rods, big-jointed, like skeleton limbs, seemed to thrust them down and pull them up again with an irresistible precision. And deep in the half-light other rods dodged deliberately to and fro, crossheads nodded, discs of metal rubbed against each other slow and gentle in a commingling of shadows and gleams.

Sometimes all those powerful and unerring movements would slow down simultaneously, as if they had been the functions of a living organism, stricken suddenly by the blight of languor; and Mr. Rout's eyes would blaze darker in his long sallow face. He was fighting this fight in a pair of carpet slippers. A short shiny jacket barely covered his loins, and his white wrists protruded far out of the tight sleeves, as though the emergency had added to his stature, lengthened his limbs, augmented his pallor, hollowed his eyes.

He moved, climbing high up, disappearing low down, with a restless, purposeful industry, and when he stood

still, holding the guard-rail in front of the starting-gear, he would keep glancing to the right at the steam-gauge, at the water-gauge, fixed upon the white wall in the light of a swaying lamp. The mouths of two speaking-tubes gaped stupidly at his elbow, and the dial of the engine-room telegraph resembled a clock of large diameter, bearing on its face curt words instead of figures. They stood out heavily black, around the pivot-head of the solitary hand, emphatically symbolic of loud exclamations: AHEAD, ASTERN, SLOW, HALF, STAND BY; and the fat black hand pointed downwards to the word FULL, which, thus singled out, captured the eye as a sharp cry secures attention.

The wood-encased bulk of the low-pressure cylinder, frowning portly from above, emitted a faint wheeze at every thrust, and except for that low hiss the engines worked their steel limbs headlong or slow with a silent determined smoothness. And all this, the white walls, the moving steel, the floor plates under Solomon Rout's feet, the floors of iron grating above his head, the dusk and the gleams, uprose and sank continuously, with one accord, upon the harsh wash of the waves against the ship's side. The whole loftiness of the place, booming hollow to the great voice of the wind, swayed at the top like a tree, would go over bodily, as if borne down this way and that by tremendous blasts.

"You've got to hurry up," shouted Mr. Rout, as soon as he saw Jukes appear in the stokehold doorway.

Jukes' glance was wandering and tipsy; his red face was puffy, as though he had overslept himself. He had had an arduous road, and had travelled over it with immense vivacity, the agitation of his mind corresponding to the scrambling exertions of his body. He had rushed up out of the bunker, stumbling in the dark alleyway amongst a lot of bewildered men who, trod upon, asked "What's up, sir?" in awed mutters all round him;—down into the stokehold, missing many iron rungs in his hurry, down into a place deep as a well, black as Tophet, tipping over back and forth like a see-saw. Lumps of coal skipped to and fro, from end to end, rattling like an avalanche on a slope of iron.

Somebody in there moaned with pain, and somebody else could be seen crouching over what seemed the prone body of a man; a lusty voice blasphemed; and the glow under each fire-door was like a pool of flaming blood radiating quietly in a velvety blackness.

A gust of wind struck upon the nape of Jukes' neck, and next moment he felt it streaming about his wet ankles. The stokehold ventilators hummed: in front of the six fire-doors two men, stripped to the waist, staggered and stooped, wrestling with two shovels.

"Hallo! Plenty of draught now," yelled the second engineer at once, as though he had been all the time looking out for Jukes. The donkeyman, a dapper little chap with a dazzling fair skin and a tiny, gingery moustache, worked in a sort of mute transport. They were keeping a full head of steam, and a profound rumbling, as of an empty furniture van trotting over a bridge, made a sustained bass to all the other noises of the place.

"Blowing off all the time," went on yelling the second. With a sound as of a hundred scoured saucepans, the orifice of a ventilator spat upon his shoulder a sudden gush of salt water, and he volleyed a stream of curses upon all things on earth including his own soul, ripping and raving, and all the time attending to his business. With a sharp clash of metal the ardent pale glare of the fire opened upon his bullet head, showing his spluttering lips, his insolent face, and with another clang closed like the white-hot wink of an iron eye.

"Where's the blooming ship? Can you tell me? blast my eyes! Under water—or what? It's coming here in tons. Are the condemned cowls gone to Hades? Hey? Don't you know anything—you jolly sailor-man you. . . . ?"

Jukes, after a bewildered moment, had been helped by a roll to dart through; and as soon as his eyes took in the comparative vastness, peace and brilliance of the engine-room, the ship, setting her stern heavily in the water, sent him charging head down upon Mr. Rout.

The chief's arm, long like a tentacle, and straightening as if worked by a spring, went out to meet him, and deflected his rush into a spin towards the speaking-tubes. At the same time Mr. Rout repeated earnestly: "You've got to hurry up, whatever it is."

Jukes yelled "Are you there, sir?" and listened. Nothing. Suddenly the roar of the wind fell straight into his ear, but

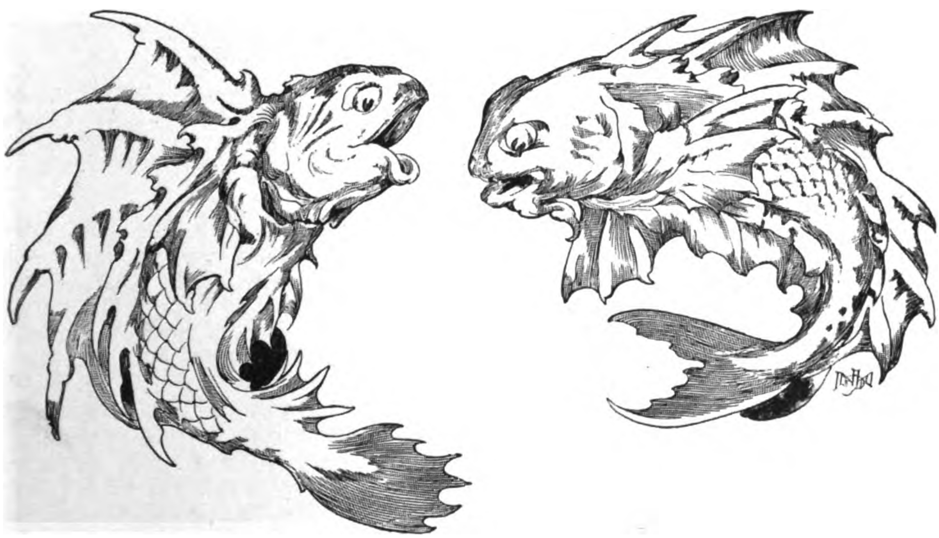
presently a small voice shoved aside the shouting hurricane quietly.

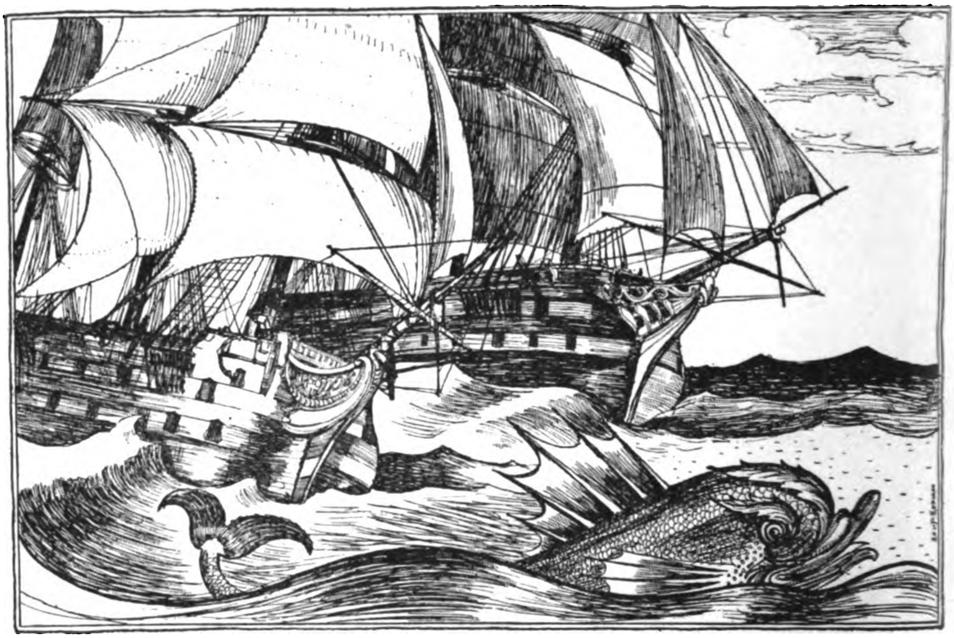
"You, Jukes?—Well?"

Jukes was ready to talk: it was only time that seemed to be wanting. It was easy enough to account for everything. He could perfectly imagine the coolies battened down in the reeking 'tween-deck, lying sick and scared between the rows of chests. Then one of these chests—or perhaps several at once—breaking loose in a roll, knocking out others, sides splitting, lids flying open, and all these clumsy Chinamen rising up in a body to save their property. Afterwards every fling of the ship would hurl that tramping, yelling mob here and there, from side to side, in a whirl of smashed wood, torn clothing, rolling dollars. A struggle once started, they would be unable to stop themselves. Nothing could stop them now except main force. It was a disaster. He had seen it, and that was all he could say. Some of them must be dead, he believed. The rest would go on fighting. . . . .

He sent up his words, tripping over each other, crowding the narrow tube. They mounted as if into a silence of an enlightened comprehension dwelling alone up there with a storm. And Jukes wanted to be dismissed from the face of that odious trouble intruding on the great need of the ship.

(To be continued.)





WAR WITH ENGLAND.

IS AN INVASION OF ENGLAND POSSIBLE?

BY MAJOR HOENIG, OF THE GERMAN ARMY.

[*In the November Number of this Magazine an article by a French officer was published, showing the possibility of the invasion of England from the French point of view. The following paper is from the pen of a German officer who is a well-known authority on tactics, and is a translation of an article taken from "Die Woche"—published and printed by August Scherl, Berlin.*—ED. P. M. M.]

GENERAL MERCIER, the late War Minister of France, has on two occasions lately publicly discussed the possibility of a descent on the English coasts. This was impolitic, as the General trenched on his official position as War Minister. Nevertheless the incident has a far-reaching significance, the discussion having broken out repeatedly during the last few years, and under various guises.

In these circumstances it is interesting to recall the plan of Napoleon I.—precisely because of the very different conditions which now prevail. This plan certainly remained little but a skeleton, but is nevertheless of considerable historical and military interest, just as are the great memoirs of Moltke—of which so much has already been (and probably more will yet be) written. The details of such a sketch, or record, are naturally not drawn up for eternity; they require correction up-to-date; but if the initial conception be correct, the kernel of the record—its essence, in short—remains valuable much longer than might be supposed. For this reason the records of sieges count amongst state secrets—of however ancient date they may be.

An excellent account of Napoleon's plan of campaign, and the preparations involved, may be found in the volumes recently published by Dr. von Pflugk-Hartung; from the pen of Captain zur See-Stenzel.

England had hesitated to evacuate the island of Malta, which had been ceded by the treaty of Amiens; in the beginning of March she began to equip, and on May 15th declared war against France. The majority of Napoleon's battleships were at this time scattered throughout the colonies, and in danger of capture by the English. Whilst the overwhelming British fleet cut off her sea communications, and

threatened France's colonies, her national credit—but recently restored—suffered notably. Napoleon would have required an unlimited exchequer to carry out his plan of campaign arranged in 1801. According to it he proposed to cross the Channel at its narrowest point, and march direct on the English capital. Only, while in 1801 he proposed to open operations with a force of 40,000 men and 36 gunboats, he now prepared to land 150,000 men, and gave orders for the construction of 2,000 barges, of five different descriptions, to enable them to land on the flat, sandy shore between Dover and Hastings without boats. The carrying capacity of these barges varied from 6 to 72 men, and their armament from one to twelve heavy cannon. The greater number of these boats were distributed throughout the harbours from Flushing to Bordeaux; some lay in the navigable rivers of the Netherlands, and were to assemble at Ostend, Dunkirk, Calais, Ambleteuse, Wimereux, Etaples, and Boulogne. The latter place was his headquarters; later on, the first three were abandoned. To shelter these transports from the weather, and also from the enemy's cruisers, Napoleon gave orders for the construction of two large docks, with locks and quays, at Boulogne; the same was done at Ambleteuse and Wimereux. These ports were protected by numerous batteries. Boulogne, which had three forts, with 500 cannon and mortars, was furnished with a blockading fleet of gunboats, to protect its mouth. For the safeguarding of the journey to headquarters, Napoleon had batteries placed opposite the indicated places of anchorage all round the coast, as far as Bordeaux. So much for the protection of the base of operations.

To ensure the safety of the Channel-crossing, Napoleon caused all the fortified ports to be armed hurriedly, and gave to the squadron at Toulon the chief *rôle*. That was, to slip out unnoticed, and pick up, if possible, the French and Spanish boats in Carthagena, Cadiz, and Ferrol, and, by a roundabout route (so as to escape notice in the Channel), to relieve the port of Brest—then blockaded by the British—or, with east winds, to coast round the north of Great Britain, back through the North Sea; then, joining forces with the squadron lying at Texel, to reach Boulogne.

The whole design was treated with the utmost secrecy; in 1801 Admiral Decrès alone was privy to it; only towards the close of 1805 did Napoleon take Admiral Latouche-Tréville into his confidence. Latouche-Tréville was appointed to the chief command of the squadron at Toulon; Admiral Bruix, commander of the fleet; the strongest of the squadrons was taken over by Truguet, later Ganteaume; Villeneuve took that at Rochefort.

Admiral Cornwallis, however, held the port of Brest closely invested for two years, thus rendering useless 21 French ships of the line; over and above this, he also kept the ports of l'Orient, Rochefort, and Ferrol closely blockaded. A little later Nelson hemmed in the French fleet at Toulon; while Admiral Keith, from the mouth of the Thames, kept the Dutch fleet shut in at Texel, and prevented the assemblage of the flat-boat fleet.

On November 28th, 1805, General Rocheambeau, in the West Indies, capitulated; the heaviest blow was, however, the death at Toulon, on August 28th, 1804, of Admiral Latouche-Tréville—the only commander really worthy to be opposed to Nelson. By the advice of Decrès, Napoleon named Villeneuve his successor; his post at Rochefort being filled by Admiral Missiessy. In the beginning of November, 1804, Napoleon went over to Texel with 7 ships of the line and a transport fleet for 25,000 men, under General Marmont. In Boulogne and neighbourhood were more than 2,000 transports for 150,000 men; in Brest, 21 men-of-war, under Ganteaume; in l'Orient and Rochefort, 8 ships of the line; in Ferrol, 5 French and Spanish ones; in Cadiz, 1 French and 12 to 15 Spanish; in Carthagena, 6 Spanish; and in Toulon, 11 battleships, under Villeneuve. As Napoleon counted two Spanish battleships to one French one, the vessels at Brest and Texel did not come under consideration; Napoleon, therefore, had only 55 ships, of which 25 were on foreign stations, to 85 English.

With the intention of attracting a strong force to the West Indies, Napoleon in December 1804 ordered Villeneuve to run out from Toulon with 11 ships and a land force of 6,000 men, while Missiessy was to sail from Rochefort with 5 ships. At Cadiz Villeneuve was to pick up the

ships stationed there; and, if after six weeks' stay at Martinique Missiessy was not joined by Villeneuve, Missiessy was to return alone to Rochefort.

Villeneuve was directed to remain 35 days in the West Indies, then to make for Ferrol, and, drawing off the Spanish and French ships of the line at the latter port, with the 35 ships (and also, if practicable, those at Rochefort and l'Orient) to run in to Brest, and there to join Ganteaume, if possible evading any encounter with the enemy. To the 56 men-of-war lying in the Channel fell the task of protecting the invading force in its passage across to England.

Missiessy and Villeneuve reached the West Indies in safety; meantime Napoleon had ordered Ganteaume also to take 21 ships of the line from Brest, and follow them to Martinique, notifying Villeneuve to that effect. After having assembled in Martinique, the two Admirals were to get back to Boulogne at latest by July 10th, 1805. But as Ganteaume was not permitted to engage the blockading fleet at Brest, he was unable to run the gauntlet and get out to sea. Missiessy and Villeneuve missed each other in the West Indies. Missiessy therefore returned to Rochefort, arriving there on May 21st, 1805. Villeneuve did not remain at Martinique the prescribed 35 days; but hearing that Nelson with 14 ships was at Barbadoes, sailed for Europe, pursued by Nelson Gibraltar-wards.

The *Curieux* brought the news to England, supplying *en route* stores and hospital requisites to the confederated fleet off Ferrol. In consequence of this the squadron at Rochefort joined that off Ferrol. On July 19th there were 15 battleships assembled, which on July 22nd gave battle to Villeneuve without decisive result. While the English Admiral Calder returned to his post before Ferrol, Villeneuve sailed for Corunna, receiving there a new order of Napoleon's of July 16th, desiring him as quickly and in as great force as possible to reach Boulogne, in case of necessity the squadron being permitted to take refuge at Cadiz. By this alteration of Villeneuve's course Napoleon's plan for the invasion of England was practically shattered.

The flotilla congregated at Boulogne since the end of July, 1805, numbered 339 armed transports, among them 1,204 gunboats and 954 transports, altogether 2,295 vessels, with about 17,000 fighting men, and was arranged in six divisions. Admiral Lacrosse had, since the death of Bruix in March, held the chief command. The Generals of the four army corps detailed to land in England were Soult, Ney, Lannes, and Davoust. This force numbered 150,000 men, to which must be added 25,000 men under Marmont in Holland, who were to follow direct by different transports.

Napoleon had arrived at Boulogne on August 5th. Everything was ready, and the troops could have been at sea in two hours, and, with favourable winds, on the shores of England in from eight to ten. Whilst awaiting, in a great state of tension, the appearance of his fleet, Napoleon, on August 7th, received the news of Villeneuve's engagement with Calder as that of a decisive victory; so that when, on the 11th of the same month, he was informed of Villeneuve having taken refuge at Corunna, his anger knew no bounds. However, the later news reaching him on August 21st that the Admiral had sailed again from Corunna to Ferrol, somewhat revived his hopes. Even as late as the 23rd he still hoped to carry through his plan; till, on the 25th, came the tidings of Villeneuve's flight to Cadiz. The well-matured plans of two years were thus dashed to the ground. The final destruction of the French fleet, off Trafalgar, is familiar to all.

When Napoleon first drew up his plan, he was well aware of the naval superiority of England; he therefore expended all his efforts on the strengthening of his fleet—only in this direction he was not so successful as might, from his great organising qualities, have been expected. But he still held fast to his original plan; hoping that, like the great Suffren, he might succeed in drawing off enough of England's fighting strength in other directions to enable the Channel-crossing to be made in safety with the force available. He was doubtless aware that the presumption that a landing could be made implied supremacy at sea; not possessing this, he hoped, through *finesse* and the enfeebling results of a decisive engagement, to secure the opportunity desired. It is difficult to comprehend how a leader who was accustomed to stake everything on a decisive engagement could have made the mistake of expecting to find in naval manœuvres a

substitute for a battle on land. Under the then existing conditions—cables and steamships being unknown, and all operations dependent on the uncertainties of wind and weather—Napoleon's plan appears doubly hazardous. His calculation that by manœuvring he could bring together a certain number of ships—sailing vessels—at a prearranged moment, at a given rendezvous at sea, showed a lack of the clearness of foresight and perspicacity displayed in the plotting of his land campaigns; the design "smelt too much of the midnight oil," and therefore had little chance of success in its execution. The fleets at Brest and Texel meanwhile remained shut up; the junction of those in the West Indies did not come off; finally, the alteration of course by Villeneuve wrecked the whole affair.

Napoleon, however, depended far too blindly on his "star"—his risky expedition to Egypt, instead of serving as a warning, only tending to confirm him in its worship.

To-day the conditions under which such an invasion could be carried out are so far more favourable, in that steam and electricity enable naval operations, within a limited area, to be projected, calculated, and carried out with the same exactitude as military manœuvres. The modern transports accommodate more troops. Steam has enormously accelerated navigation. But in England's favour we must calculate her overwhelming naval power, and also the fact that it would be impossible to keep secret the gigantic preparations involved in the transport of several hundred thousands of men. Even Napoleon could not accomplish this. The other necessary preparations also have not become any simpler, and could not escape the notice of England. The building of an armoured ship takes more time than was required for that of a wooden one, and, as the naval programmes of the Great Powers reveal, a great navy is the work of many years.

Until lately England, amongst maritime powers, was easily first in this constructive contest; she distances France notably in this respect; and, owing to a very *à propos* vote in Parliament for naval construction, her preparations are in a great measure complete. But England, as her daily press has made known distinctly enough, now discovers similar preparations in the naval projects of Russia, Germany, and France. These certainly change the political outlook; only England has for some years laid it down as one of her elementary political principles that her fleet shall outweigh that of all these three powers combined. That she can accomplish this in the future seems almost impossible.

The English coasts offer many points where troops could be landed, and, as the late Admiral Tryon pointed out, many important manufacturing ports could be shelled, with serious consequences, by the invaders. Now, it may be taken as certain that the first step in the invasion of England would be a landing on her southern coasts, because this is the most direct route and the shortest crossing. Only one of the conditions of an undertaking of this kind would, necessarily, be a destructive engagement with the English fleet. Were this accomplished, the enemy would have gained much greater scope for their further operations.

Hence it follows that if, at the critical moment, England desires to face with a bold front a possible future coalition of Great Powers, she must, in addition to keeping up her navy, pay much more attention to her home defences. This involves a change in the laws governing enlistment, the organisation of the troops of the mother country, and, lastly, a systematically carried-out scheme of coast defence, with a view to the protection of the most important points. No other course of action would enable England to repel from her shores an enemy which had already gained a foothold thereon.

England only succeeded by the most strenuous efforts in bringing low the greatest naval opponent it ever possessed—namely, France. The struggle went on, with occasional lulls, from the time of Louis XIV. till the day of Trafalgar, and England was favoured by fortune in several respects. Had Louis XIV. and his successors not abandoned the policy of Colbert, and sacrificed the power of France to the Continental Bourbon policy; had Couvent not, by unexampled stupidity, ruined the French fleet; and had not Fate, at the psychological moment, deprived France of her greatest naval hero, the story might have had another and a different ending. And yet, in spite of these experiences, France has up to the present day wasted her substance on unceasing experiments; while England, keeping the goal steadily and systematically

in view, has created the Complete. Worse still, France has experimented with the art of naval warfare also, and wavered from one principle to another, without grasping any of them with its full force. Did it desire to conquer England by a cruiser fleet, then it should have surpassed England in this detail; was it to be a war of battleships, then all its strength should have been expended in that direction: it has the means of doing so. At present it leans exclusively neither to one nor the other. It has given England time for a great step in advance, and only an appreciation of this state of affairs makes the modern policy of France comprehensible.

It does not at present appear probable that France will overtake England from a maritime standpoint. France, however, is, as formerly, the only power which, in view of all the existing conditions, could attempt the landing of the necessary number of troops on English shores. So long as England has not this to fear, only the coalition of France with some other European power puts her in any danger; and England has sufficient diplomatic methods of averting this. Still, the moment may come when these may fail her. After that an invasion would present few difficulties from a military point of view: the difficulties would lie in the defects inseparable from all coalitions.

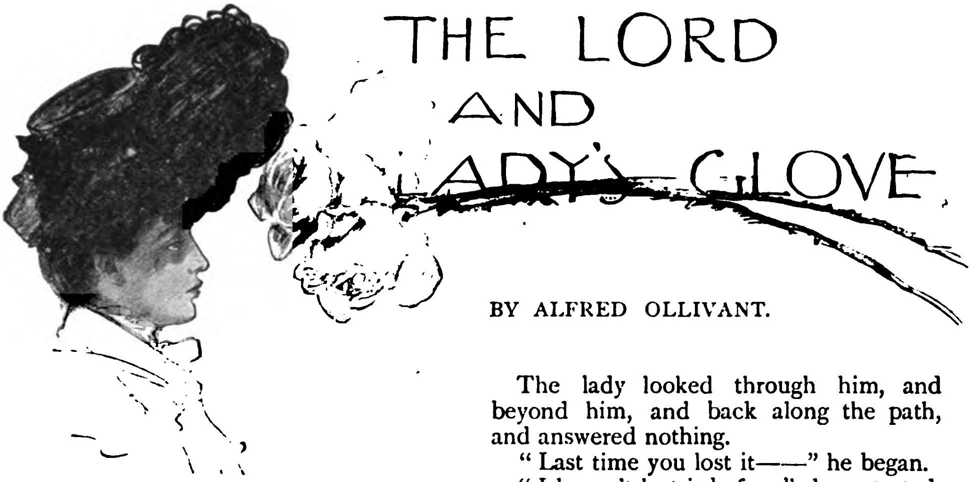
Still, easy as it would be to carry out an invasion under such conditions, at the same time it would be quite unnecessary. As explained, the first preliminary to any invasion would be the destruction of the English fleet, and this would doubtless take place close to her coasts. The fleet once defeated, England stands like a gigantic fortress which needs no further be attacked from without, because she carries death within herself, in the form of grim starvation, which sooner or later must beat down all her powers of resistance.

For the carrying out of a definite naval war Napoleon did not feel himself strong enough; his plan of invasion was a mere *pis-aller*; and when this was thrown aside, he was seized with another and no less unsafe and impossible idea—that of closing the doors of Continental markets to England. Both courses were dictated by his hatred of that country, which should serve us as a warning, for there is no worse guide than blind hatred.

The late French War Minister, Mercier, in drawing attention to Napoleon's plan, has done England a service, in so far that the possibility must be taken into consideration, that, after the naval decision, a campaign on land will, for definite reasons, still have to be carried through, for which naturally special preparations would require to be made. England must therefore prepare herself to oppose invasion of her shores to the utmost, and, in case she is unable to prevent this, must be prepared to quickly expel the invaders.

The present coast defences and the army organisation of to-day do not give much promise of a consummation so devoutly to be desired by her sons.





THE LORD AND LADY'S GLOVE

BY ALFRED OLLIVANT.

I.

IT was an evening of April, pale and sweet with primroses. The wood-pigeons were falling to sleep in the tops of the oaks, and the woods rang with the braggart " I'm-a-comin'—comin' —comin'," call of cock-pheasants strutting home to roost.

Out of the hazel-coppice, black against the golden west, a path ran to the stile; here stood a notice-board warning trespassers; beyond the stile the path ran among grey-limbed oaks standing out, their feet amid the primroses and heads in the pale evening.

Out of the shadow of the hazel coppice a lady came swiftly. She wore a hat like a cavalier's with sweeping plume and one side caught up, and beneath the brim a posy of white roses against the swarthy glory of her hair. And she walked swiftly and smote sharply upon her skirt with the glove in her ungloved hand; and behind followed a man with a boy's smile.

So they came towards the stile; and the lady led swiftly, and the man followed; and neither spoke.

And at the stile the man led and the lady followed; and again in the clear wood, where beneath the branches the path lay dappled with sun, the lady led again swiftly and the man followed; and neither spoke; and the man smiled.

Thirty yards beyond the stile the lady stopped, and looked behind and about her.

The man with the boy's smile watched her. " Gone again ? " he asked.

The lady looked through him, and beyond him, and back along the path, and answered nothing.

" Last time you lost it——" he began.

" I haven't lost it before," she retorted, and searched.

" Oh, but surely ! " he said, and began to count upon his fingers. " There was when I hammered you at Ping-pong—that was the first. The second was—— "

She looked up into his eyes.

" And this makes the third," he said.

" That's your shortest way home ! " she said, and pointed back along the path.

He looked at her, lifted his hat, and returned towards the stile. She dropped her eyes to her quest.

A minute later his feet sounded leisurely climbing the stile; then silence; and she glanced up to see if he was gone.

He was sitting on the stile. " I thought I was tired," he said; " I thought I'd sit a bit. I thought you wouldn't mind," he added. " It's my stile, you know."

She turned her head and searched.

" I can't help, can I ? " he asked; and as she made no reply—" I'm so glad you won't let me; I like sitting so much better."

She turned round. " I thought I left my glove on the stile," she said, cold as a star.

" I thought you did too," he said.

She came towards him.

" It's not here now," he said, " that I can see."

She stopped. " I thought you said——"

" No," he said, " I said I thought."

" I know I had it not a minute ago," she said.

" I know you had," he said. " I saw you drop it."

She looked at him. " Then why didn't you pick it up ? "



"The lady swiftly led and the man followed."

"I daren't," he said. "Last time I picked it up——"

"That's different."

"You said in such a pointed way—'That's *my* hand.'"

"So it was."

"Is a glove not a glove when there's a hand in it?" he asked.

She turned her back.

"Oh," he said, "you never told me."

She walked away, searching; and he sat and looked into the hollow of his right hand.

"It can't be far," he said—"I know it can't be far. Though I doubt if you'll find it, I know it can't be far."

"I'm not going till I have found it," she said, and searched.

"Right," he said; "I'm in no hurry," and he settled himself on the stile.

She looked up. "I think I'd go home," she said.

"I must rest a little first," he replied.

"Shan't you tire yourself watching me?" she asked.

"Not as long as I sit to it," he replied.

So she searched, and he sat; and when her back was turned, he lost his lips in the hollow of his right hand, and repeated "It can't be far—I know it can't be far," until she turned upon him with:—"I wish you'd shut up your parrot-on-a-perch cry."

"I thought it would encourage you," he said humbly.

"Well, it doesn't," she said.

"Very well," he said, and sat upon his hands and watched her search.

"Any nearer finding it?" he asked at length.

"Nearer than you, at all events," she said.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, and rocked on his hands and sniggered.

She looked up sharply. "What are you giggling at?"

"You," he said.

"Is it so funny seeing me hunt while you sit and grin?" she asked,

"It does amuse me," he allowed.

"It doesn't amuse me at all," she said.

"You don't see it quite as I do," he said meekly.

"No," she retorted—"I haven't your sense of humour," and she began to move away.



"He settled himself on the stile."

"Going to give it up?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

"Oh, I wouldn't," he said. "It can't be far—I know it can't be far."

"I've heard that before," she said, trailing away.

"Well, it stands to reason it must be here," he said, "if no one has taken it."

"No one has been by," she said, trailing away.

"Then it must be here," he said.

She swept round. "Then perhaps you'll get down from your perch and find it."

"I should get no further towards finding it if I did," he said, and rocked on his hands.

"Anyway," she said, "I should like to see you look."

"I am looking," he pleaded.

"I think if you got down," she suggested.

He slid down to his feet. "If it helps you in your trouble," he said, "I can stand for a bit." So he stood, leaning against the stile; and she moved away.

"D'you give it up?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

"So do I," he said, and climbed back to his seat.

She stalked away.

"Don't be cross with me," he begged.

"I am cross," she said, marching on.

"I know," he said.

She flared round. "You know?" she cried.

"—how annoying it must be," he added.

"It is," she said, marching on.

"Was it so precious?" he asked.

"To me," she replied, marching on.

He looked up curiously, and then glanced into the hollow of his hand.

"Yet it was old," he said, "if I may say so."

She turned, and he shut his right hand and sat upon it.

"What are you judging by?"

"The look of it," he said.

"The look?" she cried.

"Yes," he said, "when I last saw it."

She turned again coldly. "It was not old," she said.

"I don't know," he said. "What about the hole?"

"What hole?"

"The hole in the thumb."

"I never said there was a hole in the thumb."

"There was, though," he said, "if I may say so."

She turned. "May I ask how you came to know?" she said deliberately.

Leisurely he glanced up. "If there wasn't," he said, "may I ask how you got your thumb in?"

She scorned him with her eyes. "Funny!" she said, and swung away.

He jumped down from the stile and began to follow. "I thought you were getting a bit low," he said.

"Did you?" she said.

"I thought you wanted cheering," he said.

"Indeed!" she said.

"And it's my day out," he said, following.

"Then I'd go in," she said.

"Funny!" he said.

She swept round on him, and he stopped dead.

"What?"

"—we don't find it," he said.

She looked at him, and he looked back with innocent eyes. "Going in?" he asked.

"Yes."

"May I come?"

"No."

He stood in the path, and looked after her. "I wonder you care to leave your glove out at night alone," he said, "and in a wood."

"I'll leave you to look for it," she said.

"If I find it, may I keep it?" he asked.

"No, you mayn't."

"No?"

"Certainly not," with coldest emphasis.

"Not if I replace it?" he said, "—with another twice as good?"

"You can't," she said.

"Why not?" he asked.

"You've nothing to match it with."

"I must do my best with what I have," he said.

"You've nothing, she said.

"Oh yes, I have," he said.

"What?" she asked, and came to a sudden halt.

"The evidence before my eyes," he said.

"Where?" she asked.

"On your hand," he said.

"I didn't say I was wearing a pair," she replied.

"Weren't you?" he said. "How odd of you!"

She swept away in scorn.

"I'm afraid you're put out," he said.

She replied nothing, walking on.

"Did you like it so much?" he asked, following.

"Yes."

"For its own sake?"

"No."

Then he looked up quickly. "It wasn't given you?"

"Yes, it was."

A sudden shadow crossed his face. "Oh," he said.

"What's the matter?" she asked, looking round.

"I didn't know it was given you," he said, all gloom.

"What difference does it make?" she asked.

He stood and looked at his boot toes.

"It is different," he said, "to buying it."

"In what way?" she asked sharply.

"In this way," he said, all gloom: "it costs less."

She turned with a little snort of scorn and went on her way; and he stood and looked at his right hand dolefully.

"I didn't know it was given you," he said; "I might have tried to find it if I'd known in time."

"You know now," she said, still walking away.

"It's a bit late now," he said gloomily. "But I'm sorry about it. I feel I might have done more."

She walked away without a word.

"Are you angry?" he asked, looking up.

She slackened a little. "Not angry," she said; "of course I'm sorry."

"So am I," he said, contritely.

"Well," she said, relenting, "never mind. It's not your fault."

He grunted.

She paused suddenly, and half turned towards him. "You see," she said, suddenly shy, "it wouldn't matter, only it was given me by a--by a——"

He looked up quickly. "'By a——'?" he said, 'by a——'? I didn't catch the name."

"By a friend," she said.

He looked at her, half smiling. "How sweet of her!" he said.

She poked among the leaves with her parasol. "Wasn't it?" she said; "but she wasn't that sort."

"I daresay he was just as nice if he wasn't?" he said.

She poked among the leaves. "It's hardly fair to ask me," she said.

"You're a little prejudiced?" he asked.

"I suppose I am," she said—"naturally."

"And I suppose he is," he said, "naturally?"

"Well, I hope so," she said, and laughed a little.

He folded his arms, and she drew pictures in the dust. "Known him long?" he asked.

"As long as I can remember," she replied.

"Oh," he said.

"We used to play together as tinies," she added.

"And quarrel," he said, "I hope?"

"Yes, quarrel," she said,—"and kiss."

There crept back into the man's face a shadow of the boy's smile. "We've been quarrelling, haven't we?" he asked.

She began to move away.

"Because if we haven't," he continued, "we will now," and the smile left his face. "Don't you think you might have told me this before, Miss Brudenell?" he asked, suddenly cold.

"I thought you knew," she said, almost sullenly.

"How should I know?" he asked.

"I thought everybody knew," she said.

"Nobody that I know knew," he said. "I don't think even your mother knew."

"Mother!" she cried, looking up. "Mother was the first to know."

"Well," he said, "funny thing she never told me."

"I'm telling you now," she said, tartly.

"Yes," he said; "but isn't it a bit late in the day?" and he looked her in the eyes.

Beautifully sullen, she turned.

"Then there's nothing left for me to do," he said, coldly, "but to offer my congratulations."

He marked the shrug of her shoulders as she walked away. "Don't you consider it a matter for congratulation?" he asked, following, and the coldness was out of his face.

"Oh, I don't know," she said.

"You don't seem to take it quite as one—would have expected," he said.

"One takes things as they come in these days," she replied, walking on slowly.

"I see," he said: "you're a philosopher."

"No," she said; "I can't help myself,—that's all."

He drew close quickly. "Can't I help you?" he asked.



"He folded his arms."

"May I give you a glove?" he asked—"a nice glove?"

She stopped; swung slowly round; and held out her hand. "Thanks," she said: "you might have given it me before," and she looked him in the eyes.

He folded his arms. "I'd have given you a shopful," he said, "but I thought——"

She stood with her hand out. "My glove, please."

"What glove?"

"The glove my friend gave me."

He unfolded his arms, half angry, half amused. "Take your bally friend's glove!" he said, and slashed it softly across her hand.

She took it. "You mustn't call my brother names," she said.

"Bill!" he cried.

"Yes," she said, coldly surprised: "Bill, of course. What about him?"

"Only damn him," he said.

She looked at him. "I think you're not quite yourself this evening, Lord Montalan," she said, and turned.

"I don't think I can be," he said, and snatched the glove from her hand.

Then he held it before his lips, as a man may hold a bunch of grapes, and kissed the finger-tips.

II

She walked away rapidly.

"Thanks," she said, "but it's done now."

He followed, frowning. "Tell me," he said at last: "speaking generally, d'you like a man who gives you gloves and things?"

"It depends," she said, all low.

"On the man?" he asked.

"And the glove," she said; and was walking slowly and more slow.

Again he came closer. His hands were behind him, and his eyes steady on the glory of her hair as she walked.

The woods were falling to sleep now and to silence; and the last of the sun dappled her through the branches as she went. Then his feet sounded beside her; and he was offering her the glove.

"I've quite done with it," he said, "thanks."

"So've I," she said, "thanks."

"Oh, thanks!" he said, and began to thrust it away in his breast-pocket.

She stopped abruptly, and held out a silent hand.

"Yes?" he asked.

"My glove," she said.

"I thought——"

"My glove," she said.

He gave it her "You just said you had done with it," he remarked.

"So I have," she said, and flung it away.

It sped through shadow and sun-dapplings, and fell upon the lower branches of an oak, and there hung. She walked on her way; and behind her was suspicious silence.

She turned to see. He was off the path, and making towards the oak.

"Where are you going?" she called.

"To my tree," he replied.

"I forbid you!" she said.

He turned aggrieved. "To go to my tree?" he asked.

"To touch my glove," she said.

"I don't see why I should have your messes left about my trees," he said sourly.

"It's not a mess," she said.

"Anyway," he said, "I'm afraid it must be removed."

"I forbid you to touch it," she said, and turned away.

For a moment he stood, considering. Then he took from his pocket a little knife, very elegant, opened it, and cut a chip out of the trunk of the tree; then he took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves, and set to work and cut another.

"What are you doing?" she cried, coming back to him.

He looked up. "Cutting down my tree," he said. "Any objection?"

Rustling, she came down the path towards him. "I want my glove," she said.

"And I want my tree," he said: "I want it for my drawing-room," and set to work with his knife.

She left the path, and came towards him swiftly. "I forbid you!" she cried.

He turned from his work and saw her coming. "And I forbid you!" he said, and placed himself between her and the tree.

She stopped. "I don't understand!" she said.

"I must refer you to that board," he said, ever courteous.

She looked, and on it read a warning to trespassers.

"Fiddle!" she said, and came on.

He barred the way. "I mean it," he said.

"Then you must prosecute me," she said, "or assault me," and she came on.

"I shall do neither," he said, and reached for the glove overhead.

"You mayn't!" she cried. "I've forbidden you!"

"I must," he said. "I've forbidden you."

"That's rubbish," she said, and came on.

"As you like," he said, and reached up.

She stopped; and he ceased to strain, and stood in his shirt-sleeves waiting.

"Give me my glove!" she ordered, and added "please" reluctantly.

"I'd love to," he said; "but, you see, I've promised not to touch it."

"I'll forgive you your promise," she said.

"Thanks," he said; "but I could never forgive myself."

"Then you must let me come and take it," she said.

"I'd love to," he said; "but, you see, I've forbidden you, and I can't go back on myself."

"A month ago you gave me leave to go anywhere—anywhere I liked," she cried.



"He rolled up his sleeves."



"'You've forgotten this, I think.'"

"I know," he admitted, "but I've seen reason to withdraw that."

"I thought you wouldn't go back on yourself!" she scoffed.

"Nor can I," he said, "without good reason."

"What's your good reason?" she asked.

"I'd rather not give it," he said tactfully.

"I insist!" she said.

"Oh, very well," he said. "You may go anywhere you like, except——"

"Except——?"

"Except at this season."

"What season?"

"The egg-stealing season," he said, and looked at her.

"D'you think——" she began.

"No," he said, "I don't think I'm going to give you the chance."

She sauntered off to the stile. "I can wait," she said.

"I'm afraid I'll be some time," he said, and set to work with his knife manfully.

"It doesn't matter," she said, and sat on the stile; "I can stay all night."

"That's nice of you," he said. "Two's company where one's not—especially at night, don't you think?"

She got down and began to move away again. "I can come to-morrow," she said.

"Do," he said; "you'll be sure to find me here."

She halted opposite him. "I want my glove," she said.

He ceased from his chipping and turned to her. "So do I," he said.

Then she went on her way.

He stood in his shirt-sleeves under the oak, looking after her. "There is a way," he said, "by which you could have it without trespassing, Miss Brudenell."

She began to quicken her pace, and he began to follow.

"Of course there is," she said tartly, "if I choose to buy that land."

"You couldn't do that," he said, "because I'm not selling."

"Then there's no more to be said," she replied, walking ever faster.

"Oh yes, there is," he said, following.

"Oh no, there isn't," she said, fleeing. "The land belongs to you."

"It might belong to you," he said, "too, if you'd have it."

She was walking ever swifter. "I don't accept presents of land," she said, "except in a flower-pot."

"It's a bit big for a flower-pot," he said, following.

"The tree, you mean?" fleeing.

"And the earth that would go with the tree."

"Ah," she panted; "a big tree like that goes with the earth round it because of the roots, doesn't it?"

"Yes," he said, "just as it stands."

She fled swiftly. "It takes a good deal of earth, a tree like that, I daresay?" she went on, "roots and all?"



"Fairish," he said: "about forty thousand acres."

"As much as that?" she said.

"And fixtures," he added.

"Fixtures?" she asked.

"Comprising," he pattered, "a nobleman's seat salubriously situated in a commodious and favourite home-county; fine old associations recently restored by present owner; furnished regardless of taste; climate to order. Er—this desirable freehold residence, containing on the ground-floor twenty bed- and dressing-rooms, fishpond, creamery, er——"

"Dear, dear!" she said.

"And I forget the rest," he said.

"Never mind," she said.

"All to be given away . . ." he continued.

"With one tree?" she asked.

"—with me," he said.

He ceased to follow her, and stood in the path in his shirt-sleeves; and his face was grave. "Now you can come and take your glove," he said, "or not, as you like, Miss Brudenell."

She walked on, slackening her pace. At the top of a rise in the path she paused and half turned; and the dying sun was like a glory in her hair.

"Good-night," she said sadly, and turned again.

In the wood was silence, and the scent of evening primroses.

Then behind her was the sound of his feet, and then his voice quietly, "One moment, Miss Brudenell."

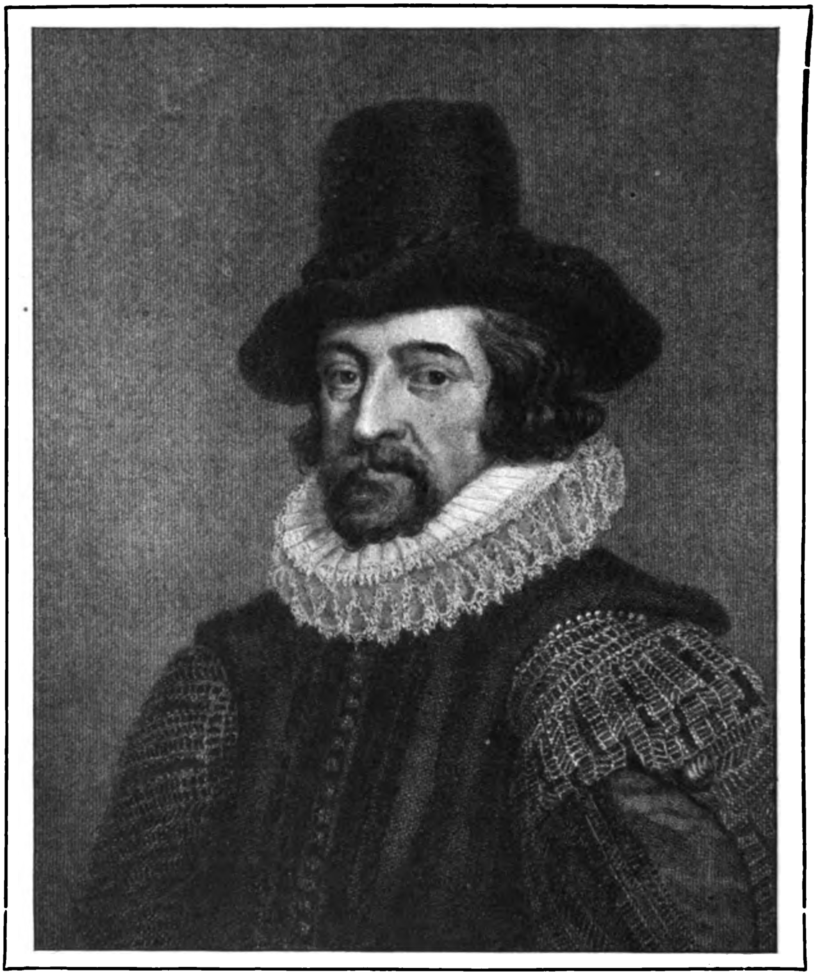
She walked on, not swiftly now.

"You've forgotten this, I think?" he said, and handed her the glove.

She turned and looked at him with quick eyes. "You can keep it," she said—"if you care."

He folded it with strong and tender fingers. "Thanks," he said, and thrust it away in his breast-pocket. "Good-night, again."

"Good-night," she said; "and thanks."



Francis Bacon.
After the portrait by Van Sommer at Gorhambury.

DID LORD BACON WRITE SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS?

THE CASE FOR BACON.

BY GEORGE STRONACH., M.A.

[*The publication in America of Mrs. Gallup's volume on the "Bi-literal Cypher" of Francis Bacon has revived the "Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy" on both sides of the Atlantic. The following article presents the Baconian case, and is published without prejudice.*—Ed. P. M. M.]

"ANY one who believes that William Shakespeare of Stratford wrote *Hamlet* and *Lear* is a fool," was the dictum of the late Mr. John Bright. Mr. Bright was not the only English celebrity who up to that period had expressed his disbelief in William Shakespeare as the author of the plays, as a long time previously Lord Palmerston had given it as his opinion that the "man of Stratford" could not have written the works attributed to him; and when the positive testimony of Ben Jonson, in the verses prefixed to the First Folio, was adduced, he remarked, "Oh, those fellows always stand up for one another;

or he may have been deceived like the rest." As Mr. George Wyndham, M.P., says in his recent book on the *Sonnets*, "Jonson was the leader of the learned fraternity of log-rollers." In his verses in the First Folio, "rare old Ben" said of his friend Shakespeare that he might be left alone

> for the comparison
> Of all that *insolent Greece or haughty Rome*
> Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

Some years afterwards Jonson emitted a somewhat similar declaration, in prose this time, in favour of his friend Bacon, to the effect that "He it is that hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue which may be *compared* and preferred *to insolent Greece and haughty Rome*. . . . So that he may be named the mark and acme of our language." In enumerating sixteen of the greatest wits of his day, Jonson says this of Bacon, and does not even name Shakespeare!

If Ben was so undecided as to whether Bacon or Shakespeare had the prior claim to literary superiority in "comparison of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome sent forth," and apparently brought the heads of Shakespeare and my lord of Verulam under one hat, it is no matter for wonder that in these modern days there should have arisen a sect who "hae their doots"—who know not Shakespeare as the greatest dramatist of all time, but pin their faith to Bacon, who took "all knowledge for his province."

As one who is an advocate of the Baconian theory, I think that Baconians have good grounds for the belief they profess, although their arguments have invariably been described as those of fanatics, impostors, cranks, etc. Instead of receiving a *quid pro quo* in the form of good solid argument, all that they get is abuse and ridicule. Even so fair an assailant of their cause as Mr. Sidney Lee, in his "Life of Shakespeare," insists that the Baconians "have no rational right to a hearing," at the same time ascribing to them "defective knowledge and illogical or casuistical argument." Mr. Gladstone had a different opinion when he wrote, "Considering what Bacon was, I have always regarded the discussion as one perfectly serious and to be respected." The Baconians are now a powerful body of men and women, whose knowledge of Bacon's works is not qualified by ignorance of those of Shakespeare, and it is not probable that they will be extinguished by anything except counter-argument.

The Shakespeare-Bacon controversy is not of mushroom growth. It has taken a good few years to develop. It was in 1856 that an American lady, Delia Bacon, in a wonderful book, "The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded," gave it as her belief that her namesake was the author of the Shakespearean dramas. She declared that the secret—contained in "the archives of the Elizabethan Club"—was buried with Shakespeare at Stratford, and she forthwith proceeded with a lantern one dark night to "move" Shakespeare's "bones" and unearth the secret, a performance which was peremptorily and very properly interfered with by the clerk of the church. Poor lady!—in her own country she enjoyed the friendship of Emerson and Nathaniel Holmes, and on this side that of the Carlyles, Grote, and Monckton-Milnes. Delia Bacon eventually died in a lunatic asylum, to which those who now adopt her views would be consigned by all good Shakespeareans. But her belief as to the authorship of the plays did not die with her. Nathaniel Holmes, then Professor of Law at Harvard and a judge of the United States, took up the cudgels on behalf of Bacon in a work entitled "The Authorship of Shakespeare." As a lawyer, Judge Holmes appears to have been first attracted to his championship of Bacon as the author by the marvellous knowledge of law displayed in the dramas. He could not get away from the fact that the writer must have been a lawyer of the first rank, and that his familiarity with law could have been acquired only by a long and extensive practice. On this point Holmes quoted the opinion of Chief Justice Campbell that "while novelists and dramatists are constantly making mistakes as to the law of marriage, of wills, and of inheritance, to Shakespeare's law, lavishly as he propounds it, there can be neither demurrer nor bill of exceptions nor writ of error." It is generally agreed that Shakespeare was never employed in a lawyer's office, and it is rather a stretch of imagination to believe, with Mr. Sidney Lee, that Shakespeare's accurate use of legal terms may be attributed "in part to the many legal

processes in which his father was involved, and in part to early intercourse with members of the Inns of Court." Can the law in Sonnet No. 46 be explained by such means? This extraordinary knowledge of law displayed in the dramas has ever proved a stumbling-block to Shakespeareans, and a pillar of strength to the other side.

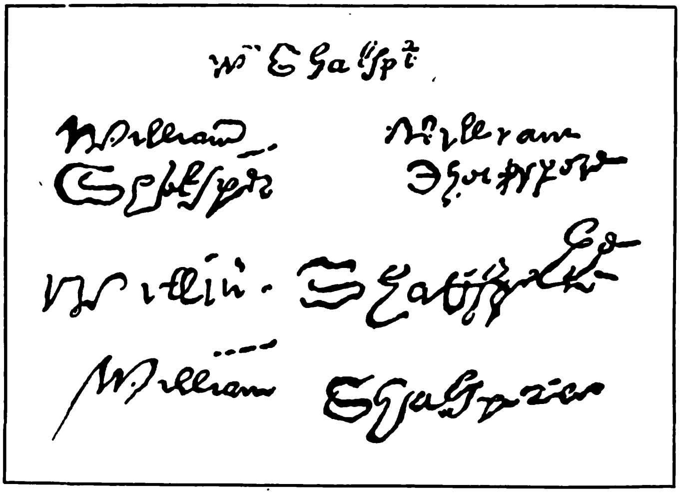
Holmes was succeeded by Appleton Morgan with a similar treatise, *The Shakespearean Myth*; while more recent efforts on the same side were those of Edwin Reed—like Holmes, an American lawyer—in *Bacon versus Shakspere. Brief for the Plaintiff*; and Ignatius Donnelly in *The Great Cryptogram*, the first volume of which gives perhaps the best summary of the Baconian arguments that has yet appeared. Except for the cryptogram idea, Donnelly's position was unassailable. The arguments on which the followers of Bacon found their case are briefly these.

Shakespeare Never Claimed the Plays.

1. Shakespeare never claimed the plays as his own. Mr. Sidney Lee acknowledges that "of the sixteen plays of his that were published in his lifetime, not one was printed with his sanction. He made no audible protest when seven contemptible dramas in which he had no hand were published with his name or initials on the title-page, while his fame was at its height. In fact, Shakespeare," he adds, "showed an utter indifference to all questions touching the publication of his works."

The first eight published plays (in all, twenty-seven editions) of Shakespeare were printed without his name appearing on the title-page as author. They were set forth as plays which had been "lately" or "publicly" or "often with great applause" acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants. The earliest play which bore Shakespeare's name was, *Love's Labour's Lost*, the title-page of which showed that it was "newly corrected and augmented" (not written) "by W. Shakespeare." The Shakespearean argument is that Shakespeare was the author of the plays because his name appeared on the title-page of the quartos issued in and after 1598. His right was purely ascriptive; the authorship was ascribed to him, not claimed by him. At that time the appearance of a man's name on the title-page of a volume was not invariably a proof of authorship. There was no copyright whatever in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and for long after. Any bookseller might publish anything that took his fancy, and put any popular name he pleased upon the title-page if he thought he could thereby attract purchasers.

The plays were never claimed by Shakespeare as his—their publication with his name affixed was never known to have been sanctioned by him—and the publication under his name or initials of seven plays which he had not written was never resented or disowned by him.

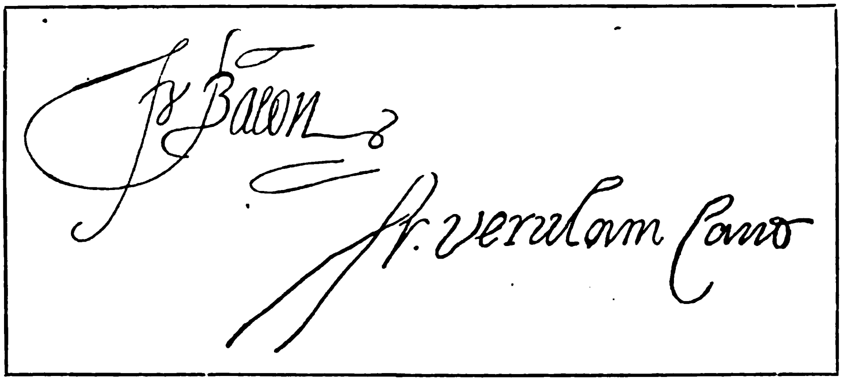


Autographs of Shakespeare.

If a publisher could steal a play, it was as probable that he would not hesitate to steal a name for the authorship of the play, if the name was a popular one, as Shakespeare's was from his position at the theatres. And this was extensively practised.

HIS NEGLECT OF HIS PRICELESS MANUSCRIPTS.

2. When Shakespeare retired to Stratford, a large number of the plays had never been published, among them *The Tempest*, *Measure for Measure*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *As You Like It*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth*. "That the author of these works," says the Hon. Mr. Madden, a Shakespearean and Vice-Chancellor of Dublin University, in his *Diary of Master William Silence* (that "entertaining and scholarly diary," according to Mr. Sidney Lee), "should have used them simply as a means of making money, and when that purpose had been served, took no further heed of them; that, notwithstanding the publication and rapid sale of pirated and inaccurate copies, he was never moved during the years of retirement at Stratford to take even the initial step of collecting and revising for publication the manuscripts of his plays; and that, so far as their author was concerned, they might be stolen, travestied, or perish altogether, are surely among the strangest facts in the history of literature." Shakespeare at his death left seventeen plays unpublished. It is difficult to believe that in his will, when he was bequeathing his "second best bedstead" to his wife, he could omit the important posthumous business of arranging for or suggesting the publication of the priceless manuscripts which were presumably at that time his property. Shakespeare died, and every manuscript of the plays and poems disappeared at the same time, Baconians assert, although it is maintained by Shakespeareans that these MSS. came into the hands of the editors of the First Folio; but Mr. Madden says on this point: "The authority of the Folio is uniformly rejected, the assertions of its editors discredited. . . . They were believed by those who had the best means of forming an opinion as to their credit, and succeeded in imposing on the simple, guileless Ben Jonson, who was induced to lend the authority of his great name to their undertaking." "Rare old Ben," lending himself to fraud!—a terrible Shakespearean confession, truly! Of what value, then, is the Jonsonian eulogy of Shakespeare in the First Folio, when the statement of the sponsors of the First Folio that all the plays were printed "according to the true original copies" has been proved to be false? Mr. Lee says: "There is no doubt that the whole volume was printed from the acting versions in the possession of the manager." The editor of the First Folio declared that "we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers," and Ben Jonson records the anecdote that the players often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare "that in writing whatever he penned, he never blotted out a line."



Autographs of Bacon.

SHAKESPEARE'S HANDWRITING.

These statements suggest some device practised upon the players. Any man must know the utter impossibility of such works as the plays being dashed off in a

first draft, finished and complete, with not a line blotted. If this was the case, the MS. seen by the players was only the "copy" of some previous draft. The original MS. would never be in the hands of the players, and neither the prompt copy nor the players' parts would be in the handwriting of the author, as any actor knows. Besides, copying in those days was cheap, and it is improbable that the author would write the original play, the prompt copy, and the players' parts as well. The only scraps of Shakespeare's handwriting extant are five signatures, which vary considerably in formation and spelling. The five autographs of Shakespeare, along with two of Bacon, are given here for the purpose of comparison.

It was in this handwriting, we are asked to believe, that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was written in the space of fourteen days, at the command of Queen Elizabeth. An examination of Shakespeare's autographs is alone sufficient to explain the paucity of his handwriting, if not its absolute non-existence; as a critic might naturally say, "the signatures are clearly the signatures of a man who had simply learnt to write his own name, and spelt it in two different ways on different sheets of his will." It is also known that the daughter of the reputed author of the Shakespearean dramas could not even write her name, but appended her signature to a document by means of a mark, which Mr. Lee, in giving its facsimile, euphemistically terms her "sign manual." Then Shakespeare's father could not write his name, that accomplishment being evidently reserved for one member of the family—William of that ilk.

Where was Shakespeare's Library?

3. It has been said that Shakespeare obtained his knowledge, not from education, but from books. Like his MSS., the Shakespeare library has entirely disappeared. Not a single book ever belonging to him has been traced. It needs the possession of a library for the proper study and appreciation of the plays, and much more must a library have been necessary for their composition. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps and other critics attribute Shakespeare's knowledge to his study of "the infinite book of nature." This book, of course, is still to the fore, apparently the sole remnant of Shakespeare's library. Recently, in a lecture on "The Nature Knowledge of Shakespeare," it was stated that, "had it not been for Shakespeare's roving and poaching propensities, there would not have been so many allusions to nature in his work." To this a voice in the audience replied—"Moral—be a poacher."

Shakespeare and the Law.

4. The author of the dramas was, as has been stated, "learned in the law," as Bacon was and Shakespeare probably was not.

Shakespeare no Scholar.

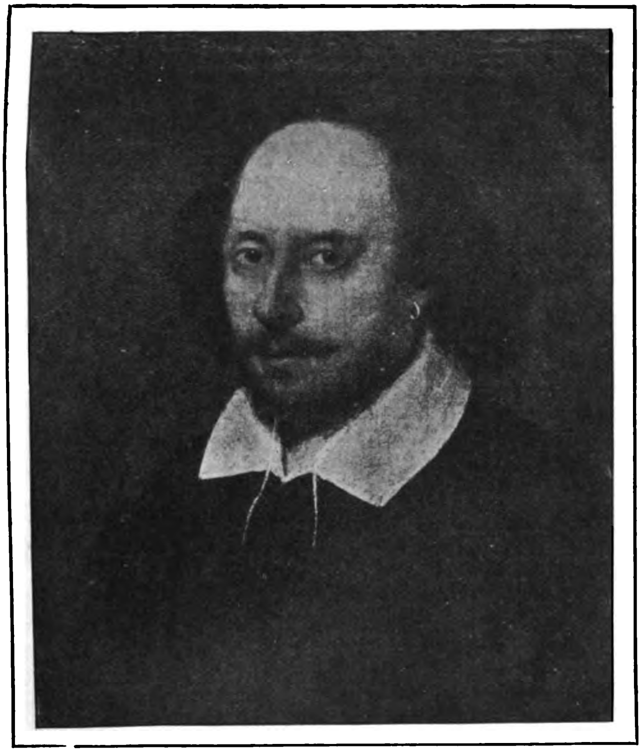
5. The writer of the plays was a classical scholar, and had a thorough acquaintance with Latin and Greek authors, on whom he drew extensively, at a time when no English translations had been published. Bacon was a classical scholar, while Ben Jonson says of Shakespeare that he had "small Latin and less Greek"; and Mr. Sidney Lee acknowledges that "Shakespeare had no title to rank as a classical scholar."

The writer of the plays had also an intimate knowledge of modern languages, and was versed in French, Italian, and Spanish. Such knowledge cannot be denied to Bacon, but it can to Shakespeare. The plots of *The Merchant of Venice*, *Othello*, etc., were taken from untranslated Italian novels and comedies, which the author must have read in the original. He must also have read Vasari's *Lives of the Painters* in Italian, from a reference made to Romano as a sculptor in *A Winter's Tale*, or have seen the inscription on the painter's tomb at Mantua.

Foreign Scenes and Sea-life

6. The descriptions of foreign scenes in the plays, particularly of Italian scenes, and of sea-life, are so marvellously accurate that it is almost impossible to believe that they were written by a man who lived in London and Stratford, who never left this island, and who saw the world only from the stage-door. It is not easy to conceive *The Tempest* being [illegible] by a man who had never been [illegible] of se[illegible] on board a ship, or *The Merchant of Venice* [illegible]ten "from the brain of one who [illegible] by h[illegible] has [illegible] had nev[illegible]

strolled on the Rialto, or sunned himself on the slopes of Monte Bello." Bacon had travelled through the continent of Europe, and the minute local truth and the prevalence of local colour may be ascribed to this fact. Mr. Lee acknowledges that it is "almost impossible that Shakespeare could have gathered his knowledge of Northern Italy from personal observation. He doubtless owed all to the verbal reports of travelled friends or to books." Yet there were no Murray or Baedeker guides then! But "travelled friends" were singularly accommodating in those days.



Shakespeare.
The Chandos portrait in the National Portrait Gallery.

SHAKESPEARE'S UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE.

7. The range of studies of the author of the plays was not confined to antique tongues and foreign languages. His learning was universal. The dramas display a knowledge of every subject under heaven: law, theology, medicine, art, science, botany, music, philosophy, horticulture, etc.; and every subject is treated with a master's hand, and in the same manner as it is treated by Bacon. Where did Shakespeare obtain his knowledge? It could scarcely have been at Stratford Grammar School, which he left at the age of thirteen, to become a butcher. At the age of eighteen he married, and his first child was born five months afterwards. A poaching adventure caused him to leave Stratford in 1586. In 1594 *Venus and Adonis* is published, which the author declares to be the "first heir of my invention"—that is, it must have been written previous to the composition of his first play, *Love's Labour's Lost*, assigned to the year 1591, or five years after the flight from Stratford. In these five years could a man in his circumstances and daily occupation find means, not only for supplying the known deficiencies of previous education, but to make extensive and thorough acquisitions in all departments of knowledge? It was impossible he could have been at a university, like every dramatist and poet of his day, almost without exception. In spite of this, the Stratford poacher comes forth with

the manuscripts of *Venus and Adonis* and *Love's Labour's Lost*—the poem written in polished and scholarly verse, with not a trace of the Warwickshire *patois*, and, as Cowden Clarke says, bearing "palpable tokens of college elegance and predilection both in story and treatment, showing unmistakable signs of having been written by a schoolman." The poacher's first play is so learned, so academic, so scholastic in expression and allusion, that it is unfit for popular representation. No wonder Emerson exclaimed: "I cannot marry this fact to his verse. Other admirable men have led lives in some sort of keeping with their thought; but this man, in wide contrast." Both the poem and the play are just what one would expect at the hands of a young university man of Bacon's ability. The dedication of the poem is certainly to the Earl of Southampton; but if Shakespeare were Bacon's mask this is not unintelligible. Beyond the dedication, there is not a scrap of evidence that Shakespeare was patronised by Southampton. Bacon and Southampton, however, were fellow-students at Gray's Inn, and there is a letter from Bacon to Southampton, on the latter's release from the Tower, which is similar both in spirit and language to the dedication. The appearance of Shakespeare's name at the end of the dedication may be easily explained. Either the quartos were issued without the sanction of Bacon and Shakespeare by the publishers, who ventured on the same proceeding with the poems, writing the dedications with their own hands and on their own responsibility; or, under an arrangement with Bacon, W. Shakespeare, the player, agreed to lend his name, as far as authorship was concerned, to the "concealed poet" Bacon. Both made money by this means—and that was all they wanted. It was for both their interests to hold their tongues—and they held them.

The Sonnets.

The mysterious Sonnets, also, have been turned and twisted, by arrangement and rearrangement, but without success, so as to fit in with the lives of Southampton and Shakespeare, Pembroke and Shakespeare, etc. A solution of the mystery would be more readily discovered if the Sonnets were read in the light of Bacon and Essex's biographies. Many of the Sonnets suit both persons and the time—especially Nos. 29, 76, 110, 111. Take the lines:—

> Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,
> Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
> The better angel is a man right fair,
> The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.

What better explanation than that the "two loves" are Bacon's—personal, Essex, and political, Queen Elizabeth?

Do these other lines not fit in accurately also to the lives of Bacon and Essex?—

> Thy adverse party is thy advocate,—
> And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
> Such civil war is in my love and hate.

"Civil war,"—"love" of Essex, "hate" of Elizabeth, with Bacon, Essex's friend, forced by Elizabeth to become his accuser. Then we have the author of the Sonnets chiding fortune for having provided for his livelihood nothing better than "public means that public manners breed," whence his name received a brand. The application of this to Bacon is reasonable; to Shakespeare it is manifestly absurd. What had an actor to be ashamed of in writing plays?

But were the Sonnets Shakespeare's work? At any rate, they were never issued with his sanction. Mr. S. Lee speaks of T. Thorpe, their publisher, as "the struggling pirate publisher," "in his *rôle* in the piratical enterprise of the 'Sonnets,'" which appear to have been stolen in MS by their "onlie begetter," Mr. W. H., otherwise William Hall, "vendor of the property to be exploited." Mr. Lee also refers to "the taint of mysterious origin attached to most of his (Thorpe's) literary properties. He doubtless owed them to the exchange of a few pence or shillings with a scrivener's hireling; and the transaction was not one of which the author had cognisance." Three editions of the piratical "Passionate Pilgrim" were published by Jaggard, and all of them were "fraudulently assigned to Shakespeare," with his name on the title-page! How then can such evidence be accepted as proof of authorship, when thriving "begetters" and "literary pirates," as Mr. Asquith recently termed them, were running rampant in London in the days of Shakespeare? "Barabbas was a publisher," said Robert Buchanan; and his lineal successors had a high old time of it in the reign of Queen B[illegible]

THE WRITER AN ARISTOCRAT.

8. Another fact adduced in favour of the Baconian authorship of the plays is that their author shows himself throughout to be a thorough aristocrat. As Hartley Coleridge said, he was "a Tory and a gentleman." "The plays," says Mr. R. M. Theobald, "with one exception, *The Merry Wives*, do not deal with middle-class life at all. The leading characters, the scenes, situations, events, interests, and actions belong to the life of princes, nobles, statesmen, men of the upper classes." In the works both of Shakespeare and Bacon there is apparent the same patrician contempt of the lower and middle classes. The plays are exactly what might be expected from a courtier and a scholar, with a liberal education, and in touch with the upper ten thousand. If Shakespeare wrote them, his emancipation from rustic ideas is one miracle, and his knowledge of courts and upper-class life, to which he had no entry, is another. As Mr. F. Harris says: "Nothing in his time and in his calling can explain that love of aristocracy which betrays itself in all his works."

WAS BACON A POET?

9. Against the Baconian authorship it is urged that Bacon was not a poet. Mr. Leslie Stephen says: "Bacon was not a poet—as any one may see who looks at his version of the Psalms." Shelley, however, has put it on record that "Lord Bacon was a poet," and Spedding says: "It has been usual to speak of them (the translations of the Psalms) as a ridiculous failure, a censure in which I cannot concur." He gives as a specimen of Bacon's verse the following:

Thou carriest man away as with a tide,
Then down swim all his thoughts that mounted high,
Much like a mocking dream that will not bide,
But flies before the sight of aching eye;
Or as the grass, that cannot term obtain
To see the summer come about again.

Of this Spedding says: "The thought in the second line could not well be fitted with imagery and rhythm more apt and imaginative." With regard to Bacon's rendering of another Psalm, Spedding asserts: "The heroic couplet could hardly do its work better in the hands of Dryden." Bacon, it is well known, wrote a masque and prepared others for the Gray's Inn revels, played before Queen Elizabeth. If he was not known as a poet to his contemporaries, it is remarkable that Stow in his *Annales* (1615 edition) includes Sir Francis Bacon, Knight, among "our moderne and present excellent poets which worthily flourish in their own works, and all of them, in my own knowledge, lived together in the Queen's raigne." If the Shakespeareans maintain that the lines at Stratford—

Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones,

are from the hand of Shakespeare and are "poetry," they can scarcely deny that there is poetry in Bacon's lines—

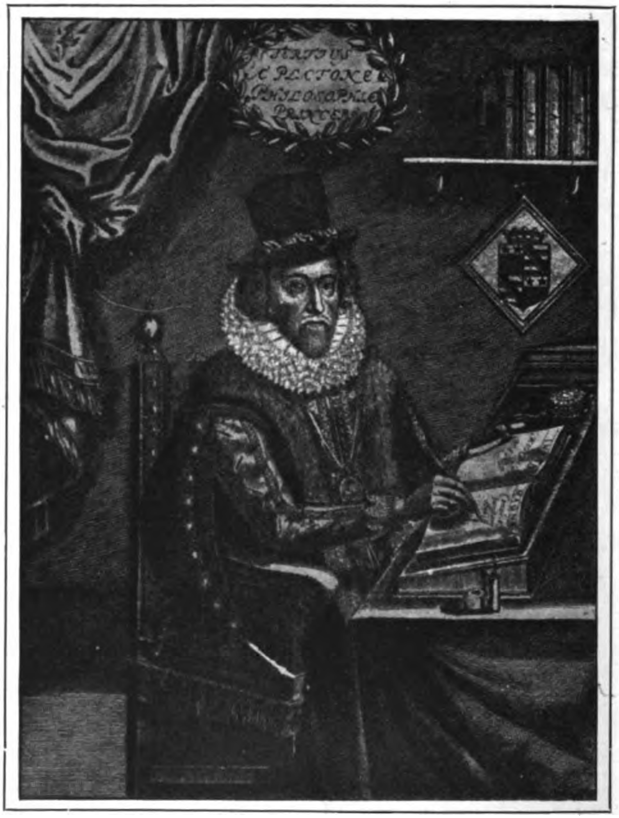
Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereigne well!
Curst be the soul that thinks her any wrong.

On the death of Queen Elizabeth, Sir John Davies, the poet and courtier, went north to meet James I. To him Bacon addressed a letter, asking kind intercession on his behalf with the King, and expressing the hope, in closing, that he would be "good to concealed poets." This extraordinary allusion Spedding confesses he cannot explain. "But," he adds, "as Bacon occasionally wrote letters and devices which were to be fathered by Essex, he may have written verses for a similar purpose, and Davies may have been in the secret." Why not *plays* to be "fathered" by Shakespeare?

BACON'S "SECRET WORK."

10. Both the plays and poems were originated in that period of time when Bacon was "poor and sick and working for bread," as he himself writes, and the last of the dramas was produced in the year that Bacon was appointed Attorney General. From 1579 to 1598 his only ostensible work was a few short papers and ten of his Essays, published in the latter year. All through his early letters we have proof that Bacon had some secret source of support, and was thinking of literature as a means to ease his poverty. He writes to Essex:—"I am purposed not to follow the practice of the law, and my reason is only because it drinketh too much time, which I have dedicated to better purposes. My ambition now I shall only put upon my pen, whereby I shall be able to maintain

memory and merit of the times succeeding. It were better that I should turn my course to endeavour to serve in some other kind, than for me to stand thus at a stop, and to have that little reputation which by my industry I gather, to be scattered and taken away by my continual disgraces, every new man coming above me. I have, though in a despised weed, procured the good of all men." Spedding



Another portrait of Bacon.

says of Bacon: "It is easier to understand why Bacon was resolved not to devote his life to the ordinary practice of a lawyer, than what plan he had to clear himself of the difficulties which were now accumulating upon him, and to obtain means of living and working. What course he betook himself to at the crisis at which we have now arrived (1596) I cannot possibly say." Might it not have been play-writing? The Baconian argument is that the secret work on which Bacon was engaged, evoking many scoldings from his mother, was the work claimed for Shakespeare, whom he adopted as his mask.

Stratford and St. Albans.

11. In the voluminous writings of Shakespeare there is no allusion to Stratford or the river Avon. St. Albans, Bacon's home, is mentioned not less than twenty-three times—in fact, it is the central point of the historical plays.

The Historical Plays.

12. In the historical plays there is a regular dramatic series of events, from the deposition of Richard II. to the birth of Elizabeth. But in this series there is one strange hiatus. "The poet," as Charles Knight says, "has not chosen to exhibit the establishment of law and order in the astute government of Henry VII." The very part that is missing from the drama is the only piece of history which Bacon is known to have written—his *History of the Raigne of*

Henry VII., published in 1622, and the exhibition of the "establishment of law and order," which the editor of Shakespeare sees to be wanting to complete the unity of the dramatic series is wrought out in Bacon's history. It takes the story up from the very place where in *Richard III.* it is dropped, with the coronation of Richmond and the order for decent interment of the dead. Bacon's history begins with an "after," as if it was a continuation. And so it is—a continuation of the drama, taking up the history "imediately after the victory," as Bacon writes in his second sentence. Not a word about Henry VII. as Earl of Richmond, of his youth, his appearance, his character; nothing about the events which preceded the Battle of Bosworth—a story without a beginning; the beginning of it is found in the drama. It is known that a History of England was present in Bacon's mind. The plays convey great moral lessons, and are also teachers of history. Bacon defines poetry "as nothing else but feigned history," (not unlike the line in *As you like It*, "the truest poesy is the most feigning,") and defines dramatic poesy as "history made visible," adding, "dramatic poesy, which has the theatre for its world, would be of excellent use if well directed. For the stage is capable of no small influence." Is it not possible that Bacon threw his meditated History into the form of plays, in order to make history familiar to the non-reading masses, and that on the retirement of Shakespeare, when there was no prospect of getting a *play* of *Henry VII.* produced except under his own name, he filled up the lacuna in the dramatic sequence with the prose history published in 1622?

THE EVIDENCE OF PARALLEL PASSAGES.

13. Another strong point on the Baconian side consists in the extraordinary number of striking parallelisms that have been found in the works of Shakespeare and Bacon. These are not "phrases in ordinary use by all the writers of the day," as Mr. Sidney Lee maintains. Judge Holmes showed: "The coincidences extend to the scope of thought, the particular ideas, the modes of thinking and feeling, the choice of metaphors, the illustrative imagery, and the singular peculiarities, oddities, and quaintnesses of expression and use of words which everywhere and at all times mark and distinguish the individual writer."

Take, *e.g.*, the following parallelisms:—

SHAKESPEARE.	BACON.
I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and, when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again.	To be like a child following a bird, which, when he is nearest, flyeth away and lighteth a little before; and then the child after it again.

SHAKESPEARE.	BACON.
Yet nature is made better by no mean. But nature makes that mean: so, over that art Which you say adds to nature, is an art That nature makes.... This is an art Which does mend nature, change it rather, but The art itself is nature.	I am the more induced to set down the History of the Arts as a species of Natural History, because an opinion has been long prevalent that Art is something different from Nature, and things artificial from things natural. Whereas men ought, on the contrary, to be surely persuaded of this—that the artificial does not differ from the natural in form or essence, but only in the efficient, . . . it is Nature which governs everything. . . . All I mean is that Nature, like Proteus, is forced by Art to do that which, without Art, would not be done.

The dates of the first parallelism (*Coriolanus* and *Letter to Greville*) are 1609 and 1595; and the date of the second (*A Winter's Tale* and *Description of the Intellectual Globe*) is 1611. It is strange that in the same year two writers should enunciate in almost identical language the axiom that "art is nature." Here are a few other instances:—

SHAKESPEARE.	BACON.
I am never merry when I hear *sweet music*; the reason is your *spirits are attentive*.	Some noises help sleep, as . . . *soft singing*. The cause is for that they move in the *spirits a gentle attention*.
Canst thou not *minister* to a *mind diseased*?	The particular remedies which learning doth *minister* to all the *diseases of the mind*.
Cowards *die many times* before their death.	Men have their time, and *die many times* in desire of some things.
To *thine own self be true* And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be *false to any man*.	Be so *true to thyself* as thou *be not false to others*.
'Tis a tale Told by an idiot full of *sound* and fury *Signifying nothing*.	It is nothing else but words which rather *sound than signify anything*.
Nothing almost sees *miracles* but *misery*.	Certainly, if *miracles* be the control of nature, they appear most in *adversity*.

Bacon and Shakespeare in one instance perpetrate the same mistake. In the *Advancement of Learning* Bacon quotes Aristotle as saying that "young men are not fit auditors of *moral* philosophy." In *Troilus and Cressida* we find these lines—

> Not much
> Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
> Unfit to hear *moral* philosophy.

Aristotle, however, spoke of *political*, not *moral* philosophy. Apart from the mistake, the whole tenor of the argument in the play is so exactly similar to Bacon's mode of dealing with the subject that it is hard to believe a mere plagiarist would have followed so closely.

Voltaire maintained that Bacon forestalled Newton on the subject of gravitation. Unknown to Voltaire, Shakespeare did a similar service for science, and at the same time. In a letter to King James, Bacon wrote: "The water and like bodies do fall towards the centrè of the earth," and that "iron trembles under adamant." Shakespeare also made Troilus vow he would be true to Cressida "as iron to adamant, as earth to the centre," and he writes that Cressida's love for Troilus in return

> Is as the very centre of the earth,
> Drawing all things to it.

This coincidence is worthy Shakespearean attention. Hundreds of such parallelisms can be brought together. Are they purely accidental?

Contemporary Evidence.

14. Shakespeareans are never tired of referring to what is termed "the abundance of contemporary evidence attesting Shakespeare's responsibility for the works published in his name" (Sidney Lee). This "abundance" is distinctly disproved by the authority on the subject, Dr. Ingleby, editor of "Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse" and "Shakespeare Allusion Books" for the New Shakespeare Society. Dr. Ingleby says that all the evidences for Shakespeare's authorship are "scanty," and adds: "So little weight do I attach to *contemporary rumour* as an evidence of authorship, that I shall trouble you with seven witnesses only. Of these, there are but *four who directly identify the man, or the actor, with the writer of the plays and poems*." So this "abundance of contemporary evidence" is whittled down to the testimony of four men. "The entire quartet of these witnesses (including Ben Jonson) were engaged, either as editors or contributors, in the printing of the First Folio. It is impossible to name a single person, taking no part in this symposium of wit, who can be quoted as authority on the point at issue." (Reed.) Why this want of allusion to the bard and his works? Ingleby answers, "the bard of our admiration was unknown to the men of that age," and his stupendous genius was, at the same time, not appraised at its real value, otherwise it might not have passed so readily as the genius of the poor lad of Stratford. As Dr. Ingleby says: "Doubtless he knew his men; but assuredly his men did not know him. . . . His profound reach of thought and his unrivalled knowledge of human nature were as far beyond the vulgar ken as were the higher graces of his poetry." A very good reason, possibly, for the plays passing as the work of the popular actor at the Globe and Blackfriars theatres.

Why was Concealment Necessary?

15. But, it may be asked, why was concealment necessary to Bacon if he was the author of the plays? Spedding tells us that Bacon was ever in straits for money—chronically hard up. He had no work to do, and in one of his letters he threatens Burleigh that, for lack of means, he might become "a sorry book maker." What more likely that than he turned to play-writing for the sake of money? He had the ability, he had the time—for twenty years his published work comprised ten small essays. He only wanted the opportunity, and Baconians say he had it *per* Shakespeare, the actor, a convenient mask. Plays could not be produced in his own name at the time. It would have been social and political ruin for a scion of one of the most aristocratic families in England—for a youth who was aspiring to advancement in the State to be associated with play-writing —"to entertain the penny-knaves who pestered the Globe and Blackfriars theatres" (Ingleby), to write works to be "clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar," and "sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude." (Preface to *Troilus and Cressida*, 1609.) To achieve his end—that of money-making—it is suggested that he wrote the plays, which he fathered on Shakespeare, and of which

he shared the profits. The case of Sir Walter Scott was somewhat analogous. Scott was a poet and a lawyer. He required money to pay his debts. He took to novel-writing, but not under his own name. He gave his reason for not revealing his identity in a letter addressed to his friend Morritt: "I shall *not* own *Waverley*; my chief reason is, that it would prevent me the pleasure of writing again. . . In truth, I am not sure it would be considered quite decorous for me, as a Clerk of Session, to write novels. Judges being monks, clerks are a sort of lay brethren, from whom some solemnity of walk and conduct may be expected." Bacon could have given no better reason for secrecy; yet novel-writing at the beginning of the nineteenth century was a more reputable occupation than play-writing at the end of the sixteenth. Scott, evidently, would not rush in where Bacon feared to tread. So he had his original manuscript re-copied by one of the Ballantynes, and the copy handed to the printers, thus concealing his identity. Is it not possible that Shakespeare acted as a Ballantyne to Bacon, which would account for the otherwise incredible statement that "in writing out what he penned, he never blotted out a line"?

Scott's secret was well kept, till he declared himself the author. Bacon's secret was also well kept, but he did not make a similar declaration. Why?



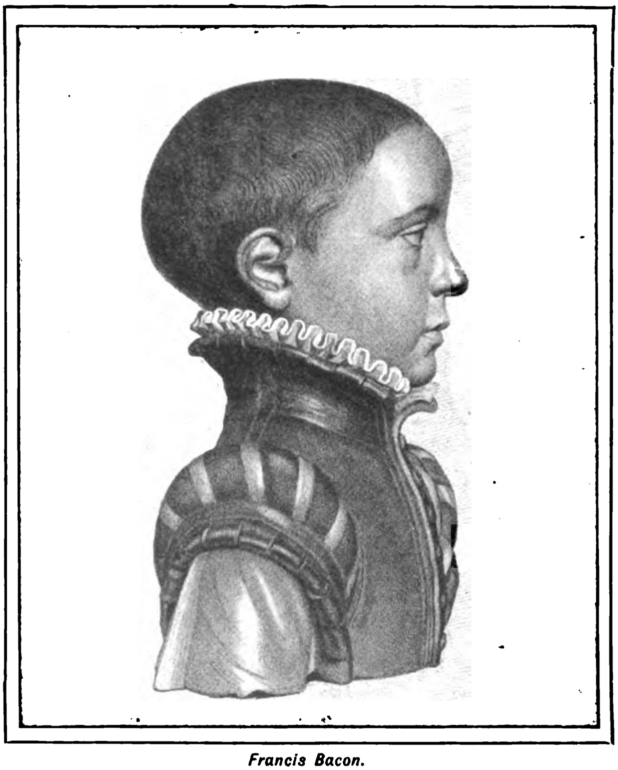
Shakespeare.
Frontispiece to the first folio edition, 1623.

The dramas, on the death of Shakespeare, being before the world, and passing under the name of Shakespeare, it would be hard for the self-respect and reserve of a noble manhood and exalted position like Bacon's to produce a vulgar sensation by asserting his authorship, and giving his reason for writing the plays. Then, after his fall, to have said, "In my

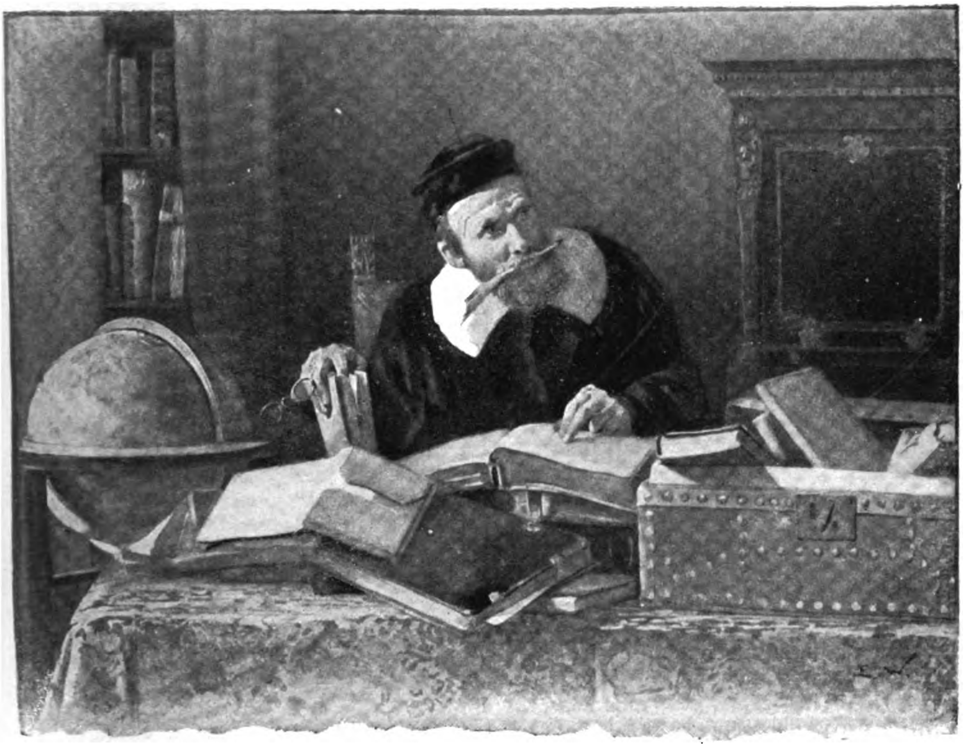
youth I wrote plays for the stage; I wrote them for money; I used Shakespeare as a mask," would only have invited greater ignominy and disgrace. Some such reasons may explain why Bacon left his plays "fathered, yet fatherless"; why he should have been known to posterity as England's greatest prose writer and philosopher — the author of the *De Augmentis*, published in 1623, rather than our greatest poet and dramatist, the author of the First Folio, published, strangely enough, in the selfsame year.

It may be maintained that the arguments in this article have been refuted in the various so-called *Lives* of Shakespeare. But what are all these *Lives* but a mass of conjecture? As Mr. Asquith recently put it: "Few things are more interesting to watch than the attempts of scholars and critics to reconstruct the life of a man at once so illustrious and so obscure as the greatest of our poets. The case of Shakespeare presents, perhaps, the strangest array of difficulties and paradoxes in the whole range of biography," and Mr. Asquith acknowledges that the work of a Shakespeare biographer is "not so much an essay in biography as in the more or less scientific use of the biographic imagination." Steevens, the Shakespearean commentator, wrote the *Life* in a few lines: "All that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare is that he was born at Stratford-on-Avon, married and had children there—went to London, where he commenced acting, and wrote poems and plays—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried."

And this is the "Complete Life" of the greatest literary genius ever born into the world! Well might Schlegel say of the commonly accepted *Life* of Shakespeare—"it is a mere fabulous story, a blind and extravagant error." The real and secret *Life* of Shakespeare—and Bacon—has yet to appear, say some Baconians. Others will have it that this *Life* has been published in *The Bi-literal Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon*, over which Mr. W. H. Mallock is so enthusiastic. I, for one, don't believe it. Good Baconians won't have these silly "cypher" stories at any price.



Francis Bacon.
After the coloured bust in the collection of the Earl of Verulam.



THE CONSPIRACY OF JOURNALISM.

THE REFLECTIONS OF A BOOK REVIEWER.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT would not be going too far, in all probability, to assert that journalists as a whole are not reverenced. The iniquities of journalism, and the cheap and degraded character of those who follow that calling, occupy a very large part of the matter of the daily papers. Journalism is regarded with great contempt by those who have been journalists; it is regarded with an even more Olympian contempt by those who are trying to be journalists; but perhaps, after all, an even greater scorn is directed towards it by those who *are* journalists.

I am, like I imagine the greater part of the population of these islands, one who has experienced the sensations of writing for the papers. The only point in which I can claim a peculiar and, indeed, almost lurid isolation, is the fact that I am exceedingly proud of it. I am certainly quite as gratified at the thought that I have borne a part in the most romantic of all the developments of this most romantic age, as if I were a doctor, or a soldier, or a barrister, or a priest. And I must admit that I have yet to learn that soldiers ever became better as a class for being regarded as cut-throats, or lawyers better as a class for being classed together as swindlers, or priests better for being denounced as hypocrites, or doctors better for being burnt as wizards.

In every profession the best way to produce virtues is to expect them, and no man and no set of men can be expected to listen to critics who say in the same breath, first, that a certain thing should be done immeasurably better, and second, that it is not worth doing at all. Surely nothing in the world can be worse for progress and civilisation than the tone which is adopted towards this new great calling which has so suddenly risen in power over all the others. Surely nothing in the world can be worse than to take away responsibility when we cannot take

away power. Surely no condition could be worse for all parties than that we should despise a force at the same time that we fear it. Yet this is the commonly accepted position with regard to the great profession of journalism. We cannot prevent the journalists being a new priesthood; they hold in the most emphatic sense the keys of knowledge. If they say that the South Pole is discovered or the German Emperor is dead, millions will believe them for months afterwards. We cannot take from them their omnipotence, we can only make it a slovenly and a cynical omnipotence. It is our business rather, surely, to make them feel the dignity of power, until a corrupt journalist should be an antithesis as black and sharp as a corrupt priest.

To some extent, no doubt, this current abuse of journalism is merely an expression of the fact that it has come to stay. It is abused just as the Post Office or the four seasons are abused, and in English institutions an apparent unpopularity is often the last crown of success. The same, to recur to my previous parallel, may be said of the priesthood: anti-clericalism is a kind of enduring convention in all sacerdotal countries. The priest is a fragile and unmentionable sanctity only in small ritualist cliques; he was a standing joke in the middle ages. English Puritans and Rationalists often point with triumph at the anti-clerical caricatures of the Continent as indicating that men have ceased to believe in Catholicism: it never occurs to them that they might as well point at all the jokes about henpecked husbands in *Comic Cuts* as indicating that the English people do not believe in the institution of marriage. These things are attacked, not because they are likely to fall, but because they are certain to stand; and in a great degree the case is the same with journalism. But along with this safety-valve of grumbling there should certainly be a piston-rod of enthusiasm for the new teaching of humanity. Journalists have vices generated by their trade, like men of every other trade, but they also have merits, which are far less often comprehended.

One great merit of journalism is that it has reasserted finally the poetry of the actual world. Both for the glory of God and the inspiriting of men it is no small and no slight thing that the most popular and widely read of all romances is simply the record of the common doings of one common day. The journalist has, for example, the fault of exaggeration, the making of small things great; but in this he towers immeasurably over the vast herd of trivial philosophers, who are sullenly occupied in making great things small. If his vice is exaggeration, it is the same vice as the poet's. It may be an evil to make mountains out of mole-hills, but it is far removed from that dusty scepticism which has so long been occupied in making mole-hills out of mountains.

A second merit the journalist has: the merit of discipline, the merit of unselfishness, the merit of obscurity. In an age where by common consent vanity and self-advertisement have become a mental epidemic, it is again no small and no slight thing that the preaching to the masses should be done by a band as nameless as the brothers of the Misericordia. The poet writing his name upon a score of little pages in the silence of his study may or may not have an intellectual right to despise the journalist; but I greatly doubt whether he would not morally be the better if he saw the great lights burning on through darkness into dawn, and heard the roar of the printing wheels weaving the destinies of another day. Here at least is a school of labour and of some rough humility, the largest work ever published anonymously since the great Christian cathedrals.

But there exists a peculiar idea that journalists are, not carelessly or under temptation, but systematically and cynically, deluding the world. This exists pre-eminently in the case of book-reviewing, upon which only I can venture to speak. I have reviewed a great many books, nay, I have read them. I never "log-rolled" anybody. I was never, I deeply regret to say, asked to dinner by any rising author, but I find everywhere this notion of the network of puffing. It would seem that there is really such a thing, in the most literal and pathological sense, as public opinion going mad. At least there are certain forms, definite and well-recognised forms, of madness which are from time to time shown in the established conclusions of millions of conventional men. One of these forms of madness is the widespread belief in the existence of a conspiracy. We all know the actual

lunatic who is the victim of this idea. To him the one single and obscure enemy gradually swells in size and influence until he reaches the proportions of an evil omnipotence. Originally, perhaps, the man's enemy was a man as weak and poor as himself, a fellow-clerk in the same warehouse, a fellow crossing-sweeper at the same crossing. But before the black tragedy of silliness is ended in death, the rival crossing-sweeper has spread his arms like an octopus over the universe, the cab-driver that will not stop is one of his myrmidons, the shops that will not open are all in his pay, and the ghastly romancer, finding an evil message in every stone of the street and a special malice in a falling star, walks with hunted eyes through a harmless world. He is the most grotesque and terrible of all the types of civilisation.

And yet we have to admit that civilisation itself may be driven by the same devils down the same precipitous place. Civilisation can go mad and believe itself the object of a conspiracy. So the French saw in the sympathy with Dreyfus, not the natural sympathy, right or wrong, which the mass of aliens were bound to see in the hero of a melodramatic story, but a huge Jewish organisation, covering all the nations of the earth, about which Hebrews whispered to each other in the deserts of Asia Minor and in the pawnshops of Whitechapel. And the whole Dutch case in South Africa was based on the theory that every Englishman had for years plotted to take the Transvaal. So the whole English case in South Africa was based on the theory that every Dutchman had for years plotted to drive the Englishmen into the sea. And this profound delusion, deep rooted in civilisation, extends itself even more to the lighter problems of life; and one of the strongest examples of it is the widespread belief and assumption that literature and journalism are dominated by conspiracies and cliques.

The truth is that there are exceedingly few real conspiracies in the world, and they are nearly all of them unsuccessful. The "Gunpowder Plot," for example, was a real conspiracy; there was a real secret, and somebody naturally let it out. In the Freemasons there is probably no secret in particular, and it is jealously guarded. The people who have really succeeded in doing what the "Gunpowder Plot" failed to do, the people who have really struck down the powerful of the earth, were men who had no accomplices and hardly any plans—men like Ravaillac and Csolgosz. The conspirator fails; it is the madman who succeeds. The reason why the modern anarchist does contrive to inspire terror is because he has no design, because his blow is as sudden and as imbecile as a thunderbolt or a falling cliff. But of conspiracies there have not been many. It is very difficult for a man to be a conspirator, for the same reason that it is very difficult for a man to be a hypocrite: for the simple reason, that is, that, whatever else we all love or hate, we all love pre-eminently to talk to other people about ourselves. Sincerity is a pleasure more practical than sport or wine, and an ordinary man could no more tolerate to be a conspirator than he could tolerate to be a monk.

The case is the same with the imaginary conspirators of journalism. Hundreds of people accuse critics of what is called "log-rolling," without pausing for a moment to think of what it is, or how easily and innocently it arises. It does constantly occur that men praise the writings of their personal friends, and it is inferred from this that the journalistic world is the victim of a conspiracy. It is conceived that Mr. Richard Le Gallienne and Mr. John Davidson have met in the dead of night, in masks and cloaks, and signed in Mr. Le Gallienne's blood a compact to the effect that they will always eulogise each other's productions, however palpably ridiculous they may be. Of course, to put it in the simplest and most essential language, this is not the way in which things happen. One friend praises another friend because it is the most natural thing to do, the thing that any one would do who did not pause to consider. It does not require a conspiracy, or secret funds, or meetings at midnight, to induce a man to be proud of his own Burgundy or his own cigars or his own children. Nor are these things necessary to induce him to be proud of his own literary friends. It may be, and in an extreme sense no doubt it is, right to refrain from puffing, but certainly it is not easy or obvious. Modern critics, in short, do very frequently roll logs, but they roll them down so smooth and steep an incline that the logs may almost be said to roll themselves.

And indeed, in a sense, it may be maintained with a certain degree of confidence that log-rolling is the most sincere form of criticism. The scornful and flagellant review of the old Quarterlies, such a review as Macaulay's on Robert Montgomery, was not sincere; sincere was the very last thing that it was. It was dominated from end to end by the temptations and the requirements of intellectual vanity, the most deluding and distorting of all human passions. It is not natural in the fundamental sense for an Edinburgh reviewer to elaborate the most complex arabesques of satire in order to annoy a man whom he has never seen, because the man has written a book that he would never want to read. The natural thing would be to throw the book away and think about something else. But it is perfectly natural and perfectly sincere to be over-enthusiastic about those particular enterprises or views of life which are held by our own friend, and which consequently there is some probability that we really understand. The new reviewer says all that there is to be said for a class of work that he knows something about. The old reviewer said all that could be said against a class of work that he boasted of knowing nothing about.

It is surely one of the strangest of all the mysteries of language that the phrase "candid friend" always means a friend who utters negative and unpleasant criticisms. It is just as candid to tell a woman she is beautiful as to tell her that she is over-dressed. It is just as candid to tell a gentleman in the street that you regard him as one of the saints of the earth as to tell him that his hat wants brushing. And in these and similar cases it is quite as difficult a thing to do. Deeper rooted in social convention than even the terror of blame is the abiding terror of praise. No more uncomfortable figure in modern civilisation can be conceived than a man who should go about telling people of their secret virtues and their obscure divinity. A man who really told people how good they are would be kicked out of all the clubs.

This deeper form of candour, the candour of praise, is indeed difficult, but it is a thing which all men are always obscurely desiring, and for which the whole world is always obscurely striving. We all wish to be much freer than we are to praise openly the things that delight us, whether they are *entrées* or sunsets, or our own babies or our own jokes. And certain of the lighter and more exterior forms of praise are, as I have said, easy, and permitted by convention. One of these is the written appreciation of another writer. That is the whole truth and common sense about the monstrous conspiracy of log-rollers.

The old critical notion that honesty and insight were exhibited chiefly in condemning things is in reality a part of an old and profoundly misanthropic philosophy. It is founded on the idea that the exterior of men is better than their interior; that without, they are polished and courteous, but within, full only of extortion and excess. Thus the exposure of a fault was conceived to be a proof that the critic had gone below the surface, had not been baffled by the lying gentleness of human manners. The old critic and the old moralist dug for sins like gold. But surely we are more and more coming to believe that the case is altogether the other way. It is the externals of men, their *gaucheries*, their lack of articulation, their material customs and even their material appetites which are continually hiding from us the primary kindliness and poetry of a human soul. If we were all disembodied, and knew each other in a naked spirituality, there would doubtless be here and there a trivial crime or two revealed, but by far the largest and most astonishing revelation would be the revelation of all the unknown romances of humanity, all the heroic dreams of the vulgar, all the desperate battles of the cowardly, all the nameless virtues and all the furtive sanctities. The most radiant optimist who ever lived was the man who said that "hell was paved with good intentions," for he tacitly admitted that hell itself could not be provided for out of the bad ones. And the truth that we are more and more coming to realise is that, though we may have more and more to punish on the surface and censure on the surface, no human praise can come near to plumbing that unfathomable ocean —the original well-meaningness of the human race.

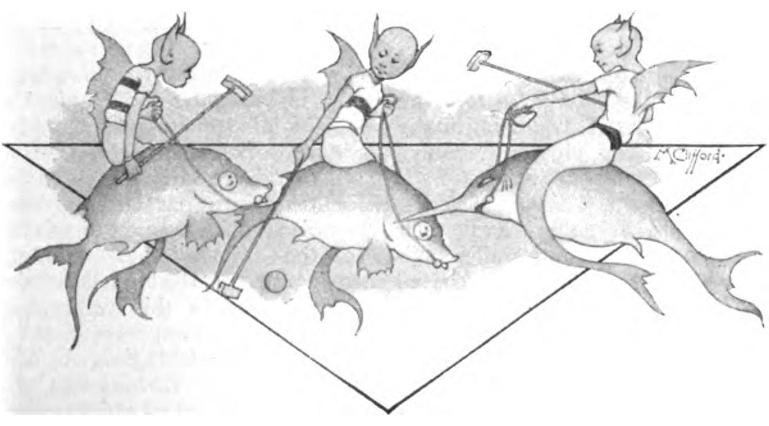
Since therefore we have a new moral theory in this matter, it is inevitable that we should have a new criticism. The old notion of plucking away the mask of merit and revealing the black face of the

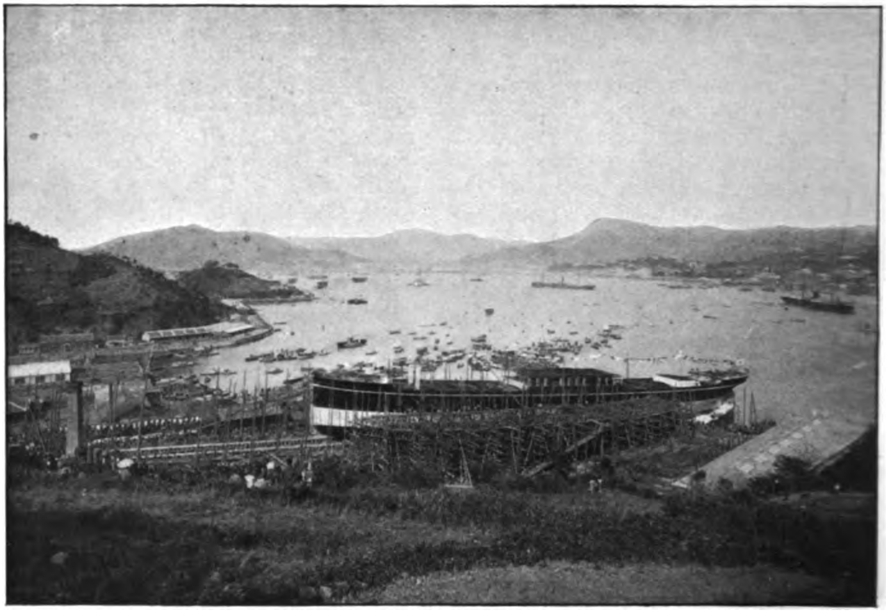
devil, must give place to a new policy, the policy of attacking that face with unlimited supplies of soap and water, inspired by the mystic and truly religious hope that the devil is not so black as he is painted. More strictly speaking, indeed, I might sum up the idea I endeavour to indicate by saying that the devil is not so black as he paints himself. And this must, as I have suggested, involve a change in the manner of criticism, and in the spirit and motives upon which it is based. The hunting of vices, a sport as paltry as rat-catching, must give way to the hunting of virtues—the untamed and terrible virtues which dwell in the deserts of the soul.

And in criticism this revolution is bound to take two forms, both of which are certain to lay it open to the charge of log-rolling or undue personal motive. The first result is that a man who wishes to tear the heart and value out of a book will probably do it with a book with whose author or school he is in sympathy. The second result is that, in order to explain his own illusive and quite illogical feeling that the heart of the book is sound, he will be forced, or rather naturally led, to talk a great deal about himself.

These are the two characteristics which are generally criticised in the sort of articles which Mr. George Moore writes about Mr. W. B. Yeats, and Mr. Richard Le Gallienne about Mr. John Davidson. It may be that this new spirit and style leads such critics to be too lax, too fulsome, too much at their ease; but it passes the wildest bounds of injustice to call them insincere. Their simplicity is the source of all their troubles. And it passes the wildest bounds of humour that sincerity should be denied to them and attributed to the old Quarterly reviewer, who prided himself on treating young authors with a kind of violent indifference, who regarded them as so much material to be cut up into epigrams, and who was about as sincere as a mercenary swordsman of the thirteenth century.

The truth is that we are heading straight for an inevitable optimism, an optimism which, whether it disguise itself as art, or cynicism, or knowledge of life, or anything that it pleases, will nevertheless remain essentially a belief in the enormous value of every human being and every actual thing. Modern realism, with its memoirs of ruffians, and life and conversation of sneaks, is, under all the bravado of pessimism, the purest optimism, since it finds good in all things. And after all our quarrels about art and ethics, art is gradually and inevitably leading us back to the idea that man is really the image of a divinity. Every man in the street is, properly speaking, a poet, since every man has a point of view. His sorrow is not quite like the sorrow of any other, his desire not quite like any other desire. Every man must be treated seriously and sympathetically by the new criticism, for every man has something to say if he could only say it, something which has never been said since the beginning of things, and which, if he does not say it, may never be said until the crack of doom.





Nagasaki Bay.

SHIP-BUILDING IN JAPAN.

A MARVELLOUS TALE OF ENERGY.

BY CAPT. NORRIS-NEWMAN, F.R.G.S.

"*Japan is in a highly prosperous condition at present. One of the chief things that will lead to Japan's coming industrial supremacy in the Far East is her ship-building. At present it is one of the main factors in the prosperity of Nagasaki, the third largest seaport. It is the principal industry of that district, and is carried on in a liberal and enterprising spirit by the foremost millionaire in Japan, Baron Iwasaki; and, as it is fostered by protective legislation, it promises well.*"—SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD.

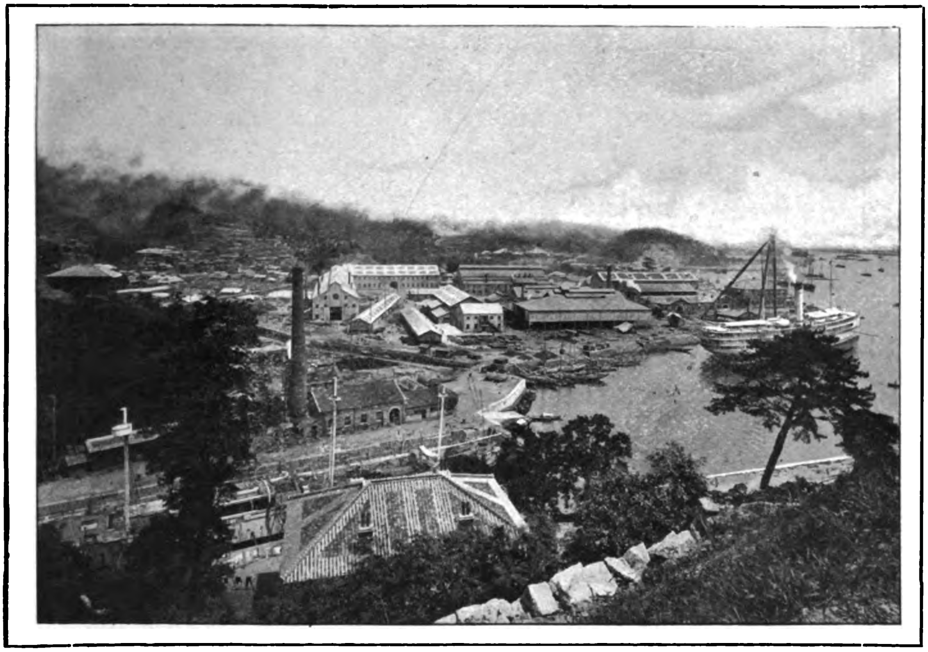
THESE bright words are true enough as far as they go; but they do not go quite far enough in enabling people living in Europe, and interested financially or otherwise in the Far East, to realise quite to what extent the ship-building industry of "the land of the morning sun and the chrysanthemum" has already progressed and grown.

For many years—nay, almost decades, the Japanese have either had their vessels, both naval and mercantile, built in Europe and America, or purchased second-hand such as suited their views and pockets; but it was realised quickly enough by her most far-sighted politicians and leading business men, that, being an insular nation, with large and growing interests in the sea-borne traffic of the East, and an indefinite supply to hand of all the materials necessary for the purpose, it would be of enormous advantage for Japan to be able to construct ships for herself. So, with that end in view, the Government passed a ship-building encouragement law, started public docks, dockyards, iron, steel and other works at various parts of the country for their own naval requirements, and promised active support to private persons in the ship-building, mining, timber, engineering, and allied industries.

The result of this paternal system of protective encouragement is to be found to-day in the fact that, in addition to the numerous Government dockyards, docks, slips, steelworks, etc., private enterprise has responded to the nation's

needs, and there are now seventy-three ship-building yards of varying sizes and capacities, and twenty docking companies scattered about different coast ports of the Empire, which are not only able to meet the native demands, but also to attend to the wants of foreign ships.

In consequence, as may easily be imagined, Japanese shipping to-day takes a high position among the nations trading in the far East. The large companies run splendid steamers to Europe and America and Australia; and the most recent official returns show the following figures: the total number of vessels registered in Japan, over 100 tons gross register, including and up to several of 6500 tons, amounts to 510 steamers and 1108 sailing-vessels; with a gross tonnage of nearly 100,000 tons!



Mitsu-Bishi Akunoura engine works.

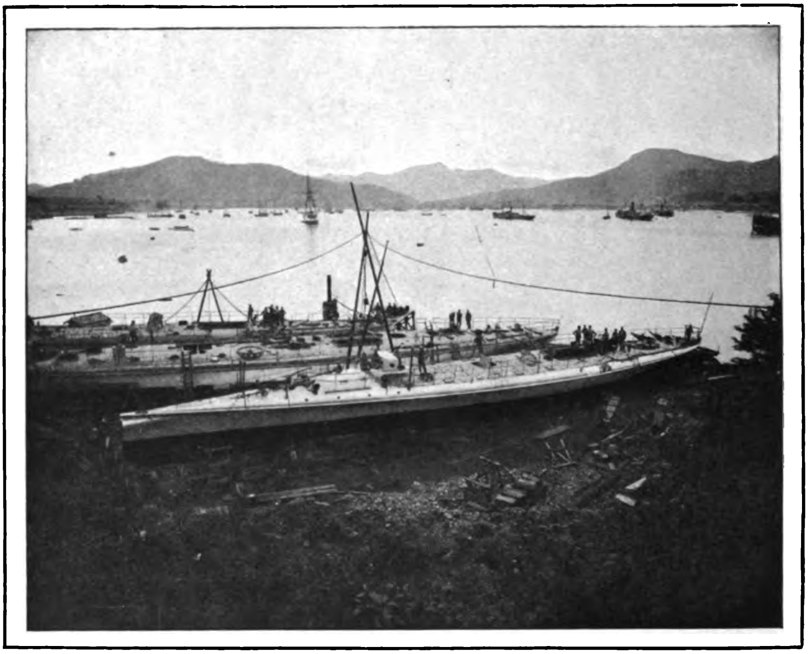
To the Japanese navy this article need not devote any details, as the subject has been thoroughly and recently handled in many British and foreign journals and magazines; and the official particulars can be obtained from either Brassey, King, or other standard works on the navies of the world.

In considering ship-building in Japan it may be mentioned that three companies so far stand out above all the rest in extent of plant and capacity of work; and all these are of leading excellence and importance—equalling, if not excelling in some respects, most of the foreign companies of a similar kind established in Shanghai, Hong Kong, and Singapore. These three companies are the Mitsu-Bishi Dockyard and Engine Works in Nagasaki; the Kawasaki Docking Company, Ltd., of Kobe; and the Uraga Dock Company of Tokyo Bay; and, as the first-named is the largest of these three, I took a recent opportunity of a visit to inspect the works at Nagasaki, which, though entirely owned and operated by Japanese, are still under the management of the Britishers—Messrs. James S. Clark, M.I.N.A., and John James Shaw, M.E. The former gentleman is a naval architect of high reputation and extensive experience, who who was with the Barrow Shipbuilding Company for fifteen years, and afterwards had charge of the construction of the docks, etc., at Bilbao, Spain. Mr. Clark has already been with the Mitsu-Bishi for over six years, and is justly looked upon as their right-hand man. He is ably assisted by his colleague,

Mr. Shaw, in the machinery and engineering portions of the works. Mr. Shaw was trained at the Fairfield Works, from which he brought thirteen years' practical knowledge to benefit his present employers. Through the courtesy of these gentlemen and Mr. Midzutani, the assistant-general manager, I was enabled to see all over the works in the course of the afternoon which I could devote to what was truly a physical labour as well as one of love.

The site of the works is situated on the northern side of the harbour of Nagasaki, opposite the town, and the different present, all the iron and steel and other allied materials are imported from our country. The Company, however, has its own coal and iron mines; and has just erected special works for steel manufacture at Waka-matsu, near Moji, the great coaling centre and port. All the wood used is of native production, except teak from Burmah and pine from Oregon.

Some forty years back these works were in the hands of the Shogunnate, passing ten years later to the Imperial Government, and eventually reaching the hands of the present proprietors in 1884.



Launching of Japanese torpedo boats.

buildings and docks are dotted along the shore of several small bays and inlets, backed by a series of high hills. The total area occupied already exceeds three hundred acres, with a water frontage of some two miles; and this area is being gradually enlarged annually; whilst the men employed average from three to four thousand a day—all either Japanese or Chinese.

One noticeable, and to me a very pleasant state of things, is to be found in the fact that nearly all the wondrous, enormous, and varied machinery is of British construction; and, up to the

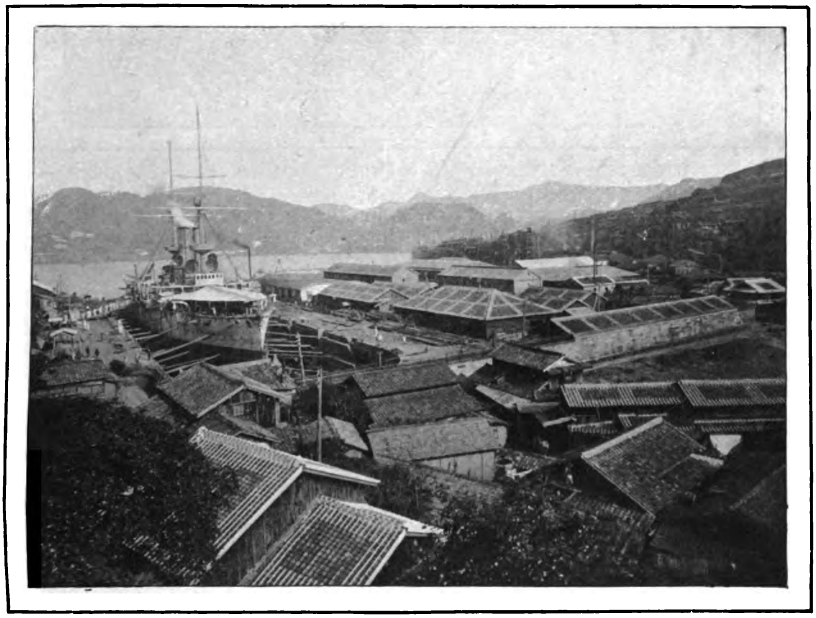
The large dock, built by the Government, has since been lengthened, and another smaller one added. Very great improvements have been, and are now being made to the ground and works; whilst almost all the machinery has been modernised and greatly added to, both in the engine works and ship-building yard, so as to enable the heaviest work to be undertaken.

This may also be said of the boilermakers' forging-shed and moulders' shop, which are all now equipped for any requirements. Perhaps, taken as a whole, the works represent as heavy a working

plant for marine engineering, ship-building and repairing purposes, as can be found eastward of the Cape of Good Hope. With the addition of heavier machinery, the number of working hands has also increased, as, in 1884, about eleven hundred men were employed daily, whilst at the present time there are about three thousand five hundred on the pay sheets.

Iron ship-building was commenced in 1889 by the building of a steamer of about 230 tons register for the Company's own use, followed by two or three boats of similar style, but of increased size requiring heavy repairs. All are now in good working order, with a large stock of material, fully equal to any requirements of the present time.

Railways have been laid throughout the works, three locomotive cranes added to the shipyard, with the usual complements of hydraulic gear, electric drills, and heavy bending, shearing, punching, and drilling machines. The tripod shear legs of steel are equal to 100-ton lifts. All the castings for the large craft now building, together with the boilers and machinery, have been made in the works; attached to which there are rigging and



Tategami Dock and adjoining works.

and power. Afterward three steamers of between 600 and 700 tons were built, and then came two of over 1600 tons. Latterly five steamers of over 6000 gross tons each for the Nippon Yusen Kaisha followed, two of which are at present in hand.

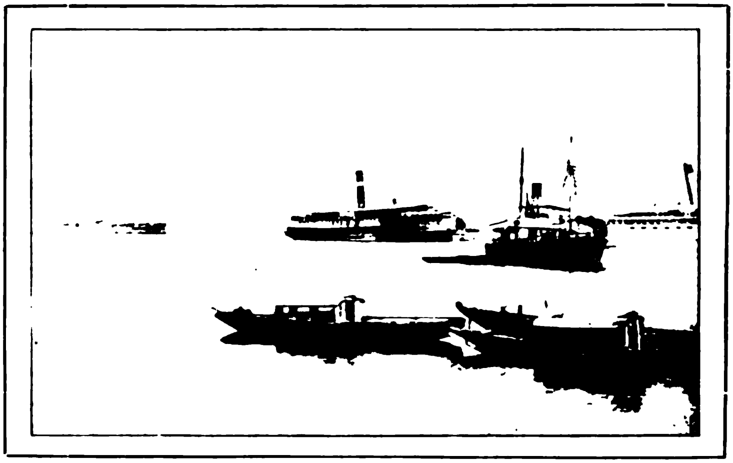
The docks are built of granite, and can take vessels of any size up to 510 ft. in length; and, at ordinary tides, the water on the blocks of the large dock registers 26 ft. 6 in., and on those of the smaller one 22 ft., the width being equal to anything up to 80 ft. and 53 ft. respectively.

There is also a marine railway patent slip, which takes on vessels of 1200 tons register, with a patent siding for vessels sailmaking lofts for the outfitting of vessels as may be required; while, finally, the Company has a powerful salvage plant ready at short notice for the assistance of vessels in distress.

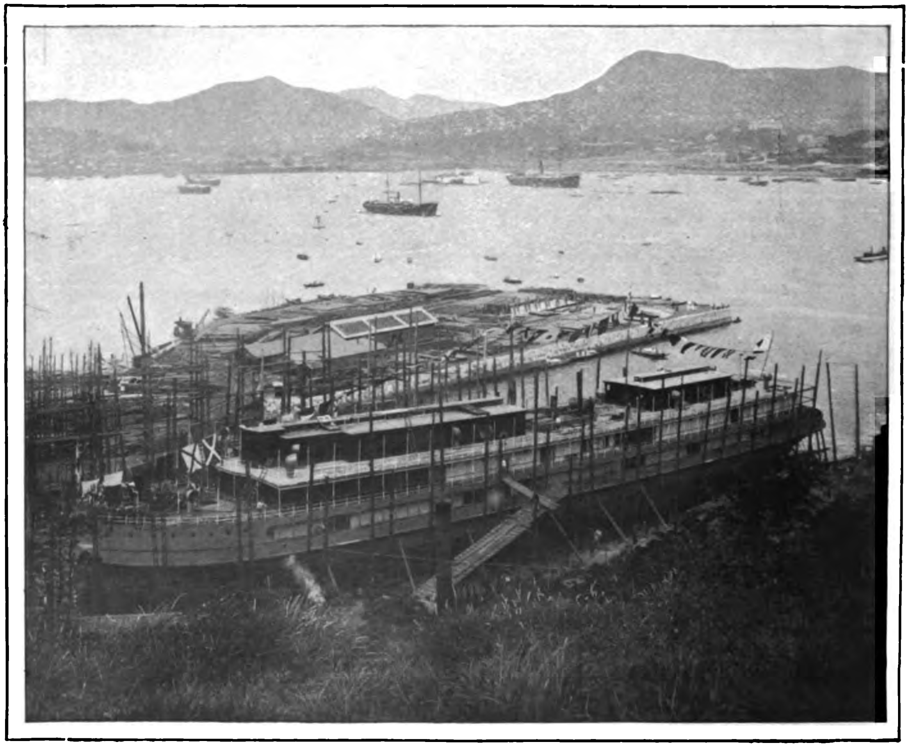
During 1900 a new blacksmith's shop was built, of steel girders and corrugated iron roofing and sides, 371 ft. by 60 ft., furnished with eight steam hammers, ranging from 7 tons to ½ cwt., with sufficient hearths and cranes. In addition to the present machine-shop, a new shop is being also built of steel girders and iron roofing, its length being 200 ft., the width 110 ft.; the central part of the main building, about 50 ft. wide, is to be

used for the big machines, and both right and left wings, each 30 ft. wide, together with a second storey—for the small machines. Those machines are now coming from Great Britain; and the shop will then be finished.

With the view of training up good hands for this branch of the trade, a technical training-school has been built of bricks, 343 *tsubo*, with raised storey, in the ground adjoining the Akunoura Engine Works. It is intended to accommodate five classes, totalling two hundred and fifty boys—each year allowing fifty



Craft in the Bay.



For the Yangtze river trade.

candidates to enter and the same number to pass off—at what are practically free rates. There is also a club and reading-room for the employés.

At present, electric power is mainly used for lighting and for driving the pattern-shop machinery and for electric drills, etc.; but now, with a view of adopting electric power for all purposes throughout the works in lieu of steam—the plant having been ordered from Europe,—electric-power houses are being built both at the Tategami Ship-building Yard and the Akunoura Engine Works. A pneumatic plant is also to be introduced into the works in the course of a few months.

At Tategami, the reef has been reclaimed in front of the yard and the back hill laid out, thus enlarging the premises many thousands of square feet, to enable the Works to undertake the building of two vessels of 600 ft. and two of 300 ft. length at the same time.

In the inlet between Tategami and Akunoura another large dry dock is intended to be built of granite. It will require two years' time before this construction can be completed.

The Akunoura Engine Works and Tategami Ship Yard will have also an addition of about 50 machines of the latest pattern in the course of a few months.

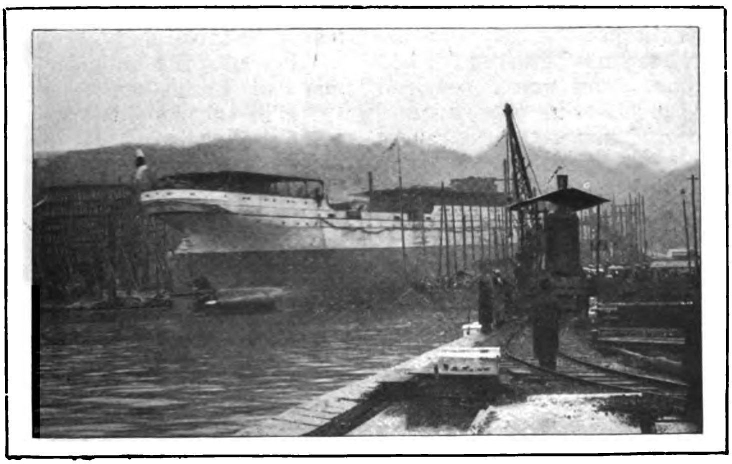
A few figures will show the magnitude of the operations. In the year 1900, 11 Japanese men-of-war, 14 foreign men-of-war, 39 Japanese merchant-vessels, and 50 foreign merchant-vessels were taken into the docks; some thirty vessels of all sorts were on the slip; eight ships were launched in the same year of over 3000 gross tonnage; ten ships were completed in 1900 of over 5000 gross tonnage; and nine ships of over 21,000 gross tonnage were in course of building.

The average number of workmen employed during 1900 is between three and four thousand per day.

The philanthropic owner of the Mitsu-Bishi Dockyard has built a technical school of design for training young boys, and a very nice club and reading-room for the employés. The comfort of the men is studied in every way; and steam launches towing passenger barges run every morning, noon, and evening across the bay to convey the men to and from their homes.

During the time of my visit the work was nearing completion for the installation of an electrical plant sufficient to drive all the machinery, in addition to the steam, hydraulic, and compressed air plants daily in use for special purposes. The Company will turn out some 20,000 tons this year (1901), and expects to increase that total next year (1902) to 30,000 tons.

The realistic photographs show various steamers, ships, and torpedo-boats in course of construction or launching. It will be noticed that in one of the photographs (p. 266) the cloud appearances are very peculiar; but this effect is produced by the censorship of the Imperial authorities, who allow no photographs to be taken round Nagasaki which show in any way the surrounding hills, upon which heavy fortifications exist. Many of the photographs, however, escaped this censorship, and are curios as such.



Nearly ready.

THE ROUND TABLE.

HOW TO PROPOSE.

BY R. NEISH.

"MY dear Professor," said Lady Burlington, persuasively, "can't you think of anything?"

The Professor started. I believe he was thinking of Alicia at the moment. "I beg your pardon, Lady Burlington," he said: "to what 'something' do you allude?"

"Well," answered our hostess deprecatingly, "you see we are not all engaged to be married, and some of us want amusing."

"I should have thought, with ping-pong and billiards and music——" began the Professor.

"No, we want something new. We have had two wet days, and this is a third. How are we to pass the afternoon?"

"Let's do anagrams," suggested the fair-haired girl.

"Or write love-letters," supplemented the subaltern, who had apparently detached himself from Alicia and attached himself to the fair girl.

"What are anagrams?" asked Alicia.

"Seeing how many words you can make out of Dorchester in twenty minutes for a £50 prize,'" answered the subaltern promptly.

Every one laughed.

"Who's to pay the £50?" asked Lady Burlington.

"Ah! talking of £50 and twenty minutes puts an idea into my head," said the Professor. "As you have very kindly appealed to me," he turned to Lady Burlington, "I will set you a task, and I will give the prize myself. I will give a prize to the one who writes the best essay on any given subject (to be chosen by general election) in half an hour."

The fair girl pouted. "I can't write essays."

"You don't know what you can do until you try," whispered the subaltern. "It will be rather fun: we shall feel as though we were young and at school again, shan't we?"

The Professor, no longer his rival, spared him the retort obvious. "You must choose a subject if you like my idea," he said, "and I will time you."

"Let's write an essay on the war," said the Girton girl decisively, taking a heavy silver pencil-case from her *châtelaine* as she spoke.

"Good Lor'!" groaned the subaltern, "why not the 'modern bore'——?"

"I suppose you would naturally prefer a more frivolous subject," said the Girton girl, glancing at him with some contempt.

"I should," he replied with fervour, looking admiringly at the fair-haired girl, and drawing his chair a shade nearer to hers as he spoke.

"Let us write an essay on Nature," said Lady Burlington.

"H'm—unadorned or otherwise?" asked the subaltern.

"Or art," suggested the Girton girl, ignoring him.

"Or medicine," said the ambulance-class girl.

Lady Burlington looked at the Professor with a suggestive smile. "Let us write an essay on 'How to propose,'" she said slyly; at which Alicia blushed and the Professor laughed good-naturedly.

"Oh yes, do—that will be rather fun," cried the fair-haired girl eagerly; "and those who know can draw on their experiences."

"And those who don't on their imaginations," added the subaltern.

"Very well: let us begin, then," said Lady Burlington, getting up and going over to her desk for paper and pencils. "First write down the title, 'How to Propose,' on a piece of paper, and then put down your views, and the Professor will time us and give the prize. Half an hour, didn't you say, Professor?"

"It would take me an hour, I am sure," murmured the subaltern to the fair girl; but she was already too busy writing her essay to answer him.

For the next twenty minutes the room was filled with the sound of pens and pencils scratching on paper, and then ideas seemed to slacken suddenly, and thoughts had apparently ceased to flow, excepting on the part of the subaltern, who was, I believe, writing private notes for the fair girl's benefit.

Presently the Professor tapped sharply on the table. "Time is up," he said. "Now then, ladies and gentlemen, hand me your papers, please." He glanced at the papers in his hand. "I'm afraid these are hardly essays," he said: "you seem to have merely jotted down a few ideas each. However, you had better read them out." He handed the papers back across the table again, and the fair girl began to read aloud, rather timidly.

"In proposing to a girl, a man should begin by feeling his way—he should give her a hint or two first, and see if he is likely to be accepted before saying anything definite. It is useless, for instance, to propose to a girl you know beforehand is certain to refuse you. Then a man should always propose to a girl face to face."

"That sounds nice," murmured the subaltern.

"By which," continued the fair girl, giving him a withering glance, "I mean he should not write his proposal, but should say it."

"Quite right: *Litera scripta manet*," murmured the Girton girl; at which the subaltern laughed, and the fair girl looked mystified.

"No girl should accept a man who tells you when he proposes that he is 'not like other men,'" continued the fair girl, "because it means he is not only conceited——"

"But a liar," said the subaltern, *sotto voce*.

"A man in proposing should never begin by praising himself, or his house, or his income, but should be very humble and modest, as all girls hate conceit, and——" But here the subaltern, who had been reading over her shoulder, whispered something to her, and the fair girl, blushing hotly, laid down her paper. "That's all," she said abruptly; and the dark-haired girl began to read her notes.

"A man should be very careful how he proposes to the woman who is gifted with a sense of humour, because she will notice all his blemishes; and no man should ever go down on his knees to propose, whether the girl has a sense of humour or not, because it shows he doesn't care how his clothes look."

"Hear, hear!" cried the subaltern.

"No man should propose after he is eighty or before he is sixteen; and no man should ever propose in verse," continued the dark girl cheerfully, "because all nice girls distrust poets, even amateur poets. Neither should he propose in a train, or out of doors if there is a high wind blowing," she went on gaily, "because nothing sounds nice if it's shouted; and it is very unwise to propose in a moment of impulse at a dance, unless you are quite sure you mean it."

"Or are going away the next day," put in the subaltern.

"And finally," added the dark-haired girl, "a man can propose how, when, and where he likes to the girl who is determined to be married at any cost—because she will be sure to accept him, whatever he says or does."

A slight frown gathered on the Professor's face at this sentence, and I feared the dark girl had run the risk of disqualifying herself by being too sharp.

"Don't give up all hope the first time you are refused," said Lady Burlington cheerfully, taking up a very small piece of paper, with only a few notes on it—"and don't tell the girl you want to marry that you admire her brain or her talents or common sense, but——"

"Tell her she is 'a thing of beauty and a joy for ever,'" interrupted the subaltern.

"——but tell her that she is sweet and lovable, and a true woman," continued Lady Burlington, ignoring the interruption, "because all women like being told they are true women——"

"Chiefly because it isn't true, I suppose," commented the subaltern sadly.

"Now, Parrot, that is all I could find to say, so you can read your notes," laughed Lady Burlington, "and let us see how you are going to propose."

The subaltern put his hand theatrically on his heart. "Be still, my beating treasure," he said softly, and then, gravely opening a very large sheet of foolscap paper and spreading it out on the table, he began in a loud, clear voice: "Be very firm if the girl you don't want to marry proposes to you, and be sure you give her to understand once and for all that you are engaged elsewhere,"—here he looked earnestly at the fair-haired girl, who resolutely turned her head away and tried to look unconcerned. "No man should allow widows to propose, unless they are very well off and promise you a large settlement," he continued; "and no one need hesitate to refuse the girl who proposes the first time she sees you, because——" but the last of the subaltern's sentence was drowned by jeers and laughter.

When order had been restored by the Professor tapping on the table, the subaltern went solemnly on with his notes.

"If you prefer proposing to being proposed to, and if you happen to want the girl to accept you, don't tread on her dress or surreptitiously kick her pet dog; and above all don't tell her that she is the first and only girl you have ever loved, because if she's nice, she won't believe you."

"No, she certainly won't," acquiesced the Girton girl, while the fair-haired girl looked coldly annoyed, and Alicia blushed hotly.

"No small man in proposing should ask a large woman to come and sit on his knee," continued the subaltern glibly; "and no man should wire to the girl he loves to say, 'Coming this afternoon, something important to say,' because a friend of mine once did it, and when he got there and made his proposal the girl merely looked disappointed and said coolly, 'Is *that* all?' which was rather hard on the poor chap—but, as I told him, entirely his own fault.

"Don't cross-examine the girl, while proposing to her, as to whether she is fond of sewing and children, or housekeeping and jam-making," said the subaltern, "because modern girls never are; but tell her she'd make a jolly good pal, and give her your second-best cigarettes to smoke, and admire her hats—whatever they are like."

"It's quite certain no one will ever marry *you* if those are your views," said the fair-haired girl, with an undeniable sniff; and a moment later the dressing-bell suddenly rang, and the Professor hurriedly took the Girton girl's notes, which appeared to be chiefly made up of Latin quotations, saying that he thought he had better read them when he was by himself.

The elderly man had declined to write anything; and the only other girl of the party, rather a pretty blue-eyed girl, who had arrived that morning, told us laughingly that she had not written anything because proposals were so much alike. So there were only five competitors for the prize.

It was allotted by vote, and was gained by one vote (which I believe was mine) by the subaltern. He was duly presented by the Professor with a silver cigarette-case, and told it would do for his next girl; to which he rather rudely replied that he would not be able to spare the case, as he saw it was hall-marked, but that he would give her the cigarettes instead.

I was sitting alone in the morning-room the day after our essay prize, when a note was brought in and handed to me by the footman.

"Awaiting an answer, please, miss," he said.

I stared at it for a moment in amazement, for it was from the elderly man, and I could not understand why he had written to me when he was staying in the house. However, I opened it, and read the following mysterious message:

"DEAR MISS NORA,—

"Can I see you alone, immediately? I am in trouble, and should be very glad of your help.

"Apologising for troubling you,

"Yours sincerely,

"F. BRANSTONE."

Being a fairly good-natured person, unable to think of any other answer, I wrote him a line to say I was in the morning-room, and if he cared to come down at once, I would see him with pleasure, and do my best to help him out of his trouble.

A few minutes later the door opened, and the elderly man came into the room with a strangely hesitating and nervous air.

"Good morning, Miss Nora," he began timidly: "you—er—you got my note?"

I smiled. "Didn't I answer it?"

"Yes—er, of course—very kind of you, I know: yes, of course you did." He seated himself opposite me, and instinctively began to pull up his collar and straighten his tie.

I wondered what was coming, but I waited patiently.

"Miss Nora."

"Mr. Branstone."

"I—I want you to—er—to do me an extreme favour, a great favour"; he paused, and gathering courage added, "So great a favour, in fact, that it is only your noted good-nature that gives me the courage to ask you to help me; but I know that I shall not appeal to you in vain.

"The fact is"—the elderly man, fairly launched at last, became momentarily more fluent—"the fact is, Miss Nora, I want you to ask Miss Etherington (Miss Etherington is the Girton girl) if she will be my wife. I know it is an unusual request," he went on hurriedly, as I started and looked towards the bell-rope, which I saw with relief was close to my hand—"I know it is an unusual request, but I assure you I—I positively haven't got the nerve to do it myself."

"But you have already been married once," I protested: "surely then you——"

"Ah! but that was different—quite, quite different," said the elderly man eagerly; and I forbore to ask for an explanation, but merely wondered if it had been done during the legitimate period of Leap Year.

"What can I say to her?" I asked presently. "I really don't know what I could say."

"Tell her I admire her talents immensely — immensely," repeated the elderly man; "and tell her that I should esteem her acceptance of me a great favour, and that I consider her the most sensible and practical young lady I have ever met."

"I don't think she would care for that."

He looked dismayed. "Why not?"

"I think she would prefer you to say she was good-looking."

"She is—er—of course exceedingly handsome," said the elderly man slowly, "but I am sure she would not care to be told so: she has a mind above that sort of thing."

"Nonsense!" I replied sharply; "if I'm to do"—I just managed to stop myself from saying "your dirty work," and substituted—"do this for you—I must do it my own way or not at all."

"Certainly, dear Miss Nora," said the elderly man humbly: "pray pardon me. I fear I am—er—less experienced in these matters than you are."

"What do you mean to imply by that?" I asked severely, and I fixed my eye earnestly on him.

"Oh! nothing, I assure you, nothing really; only that—er—with us experience alone teaches. With us *experientia docet*" (this sounded borrowed from the Girton girl), "with you ladies instinct teaches."

"Well," I said presently, after thinking over this strange request again, "it will be a very awkward situation for me, but I suppose I can't help it. I really don't like doing it, though——"

"It is very kind of you, Miss Nora." The elderly man rose, and then hesitated. "You might kindly—er—mention that I am—er—well off; at least, I mean, I have plenty of——"

"Money," I said uncompromisingly. I already knew from Lady Burlington that he was very rich, and possessed a coal mine or an ink factory or something lucrative near Lancaster.

"Yes—er—money," he replied, "and I should of course make a handsome settlement on my future wife."

"Very well," I replied; "thank you for your frankness. I will certainly tell her."

I looked attentively at him. He really wasn't bad, quite good-looking, not more than fifty, and rich—with nice kind manners; but a coward — there was no gainsaying the fact that he was a coward — and I could only hope the Girton girl would not notice it, and again cheerfully assure him that I would do my best for him; and after earnestly repeating his thanks he left the room again.

It was an hour or so later. I had done my best for the elderly man, and I now sat awaiting the Girton girl's ultimatum.

She had seated herself opposite me, and listened patiently and attentively while I pleaded his cause; but now she began to leisurely draw on her gloves.

"Do you think you would care to marry him?" I asked gravely.

She looked perfectly composed, but rather doubtful. "Well, you know, Nora, I'm really not quite sure *yet*. You say he's very well off?"

I nodded.

"He's fairly young, and not bad-looking," she said tentatively.

"And quite healthy," I added, being unable to resist the mild sarcasm.

It was, however, lost on the Girton girl, who took me seriously. "Yes, he's quite healthy," she agreed cheerfully, "and of course that is a very serious consideration. You see, Nora, his having plenty of money will enable me to continue my studies; and if I accept him, I shall probably try to become the leader of a sort of literary salon," she said, anticipating the future rather rapidly. "You know what I mean by a salon?" she added.

"Yes, I know—what my brother Bob would call an artistic menagerie."

"Oh! yes—full of lions: how witty of him!" She laughed, and so did I; but I hardly think Bob would have classified them all as lions.

"And so, you see," continued the Girton girl, gravely ticking off the elderly man's good qualities on her fingers, "he has, as I have already said, money—and a certain amount of looks and good health, so our children ought to be very healthy," she added complacently.

I gasped: truly the Girton girl was very modern. I pretended to misunderstand her. "Has he any children?"

"Oh! no," answered the Girton girl, in an alarmed voice—"at least, I hope not I couldn't be a stepmother; I'd rather. be a governess, or lecture in a school, or serve in a shop, or do anything—in fact, I don't care for children at all, Nora. I might like my own," she continued doubtfully, "because one never knows; but I certainly couldn't stand anybody else's."

"Well, I can only hope he hasn't any," I said cheerfully, "because somebody will have to stand them."

"Oh, he can easily find a nice domestic sort of hen to do that," said the Girton girl, "if that is what he wants—but it won't be me," she added, with singular disregard for grammar.

"What am I to say to him?" I asked presently. "He will be palpitating to know his fate. What is your answer, Bertie?" (The Girton girl, whose name is Beatrice, always prefers being addressed as Bertie.)

She rose slowly, and turning on her way to the door, stood for a moment in front of a looking-glass over the mantelpiece, and gave her hat a little rakish tilt; then she looked at me and smiled,—really the Girton girl was very handsome, especially in her more feminine and frivolous moments.

"My dear Nora," she said deprecatingly, "of course I'm a bit modern and all that, but all the same I am a woman, and I do like a little sentiment." She paused, and raising her eyebrows made a little grimace at me.

"You mean he ought to have gone down on one knee, or both, and proposed in the orthodox style, eh?"

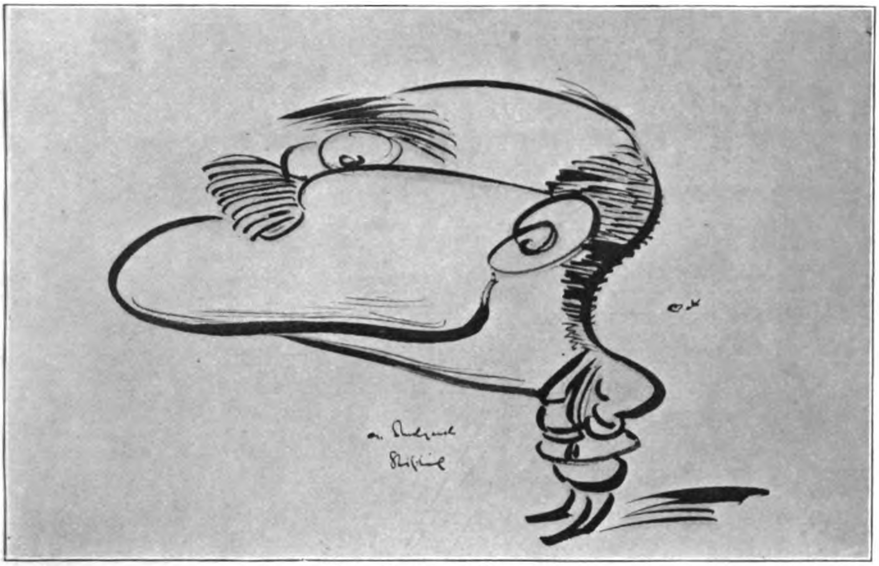
She laughed. "No, not exactly that sort of rot, but he ought not to have done it through some one else. I really do like him," she added frankly, "and I believe I shall end by marrying him; but" (here she looked at me with a little malicious twinkle in her eyes) "I think I shall worry him a bit first, Nora."

I laughed. "Quite right," I said; "and what message am I to give him in the meantime?"

The Girton girl coolly detached a little bunch of violets from my waistband and stuck them in her coat. "Got a pin?—thanks. In the mean time?" she repeated slowly. "Oh, you can tell him that I have received his offer, and am thinking it over; and—she opened the door, and nodded cheerfully to me as she disappeared—"I think he had better go away for a bit, and learn—How to propose."

CARICATURES BY MR. MAX BEERBOHM.

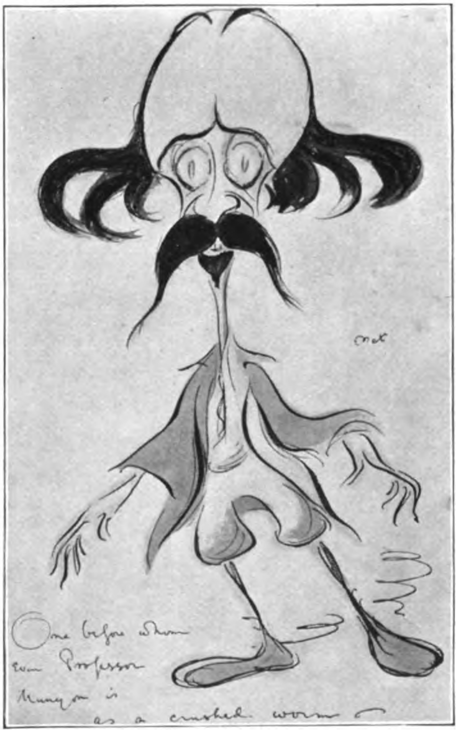
By the kind permission of Mr. Beerbohm we reproduce here a few of his caricatures of the "great, wise and eminent," which have recently been exhibited at the Gallery of the Messrs. Carfax. Mr. Beerbohm has the magic gift of designing figures, grotesques if you will, which hop and skip and run of themselves. He sees everybody through a decorative camera of his own, and weaves them into lines and spaces, with a touch of delicate colour, that makes for beauty.—ED. P. M. M.



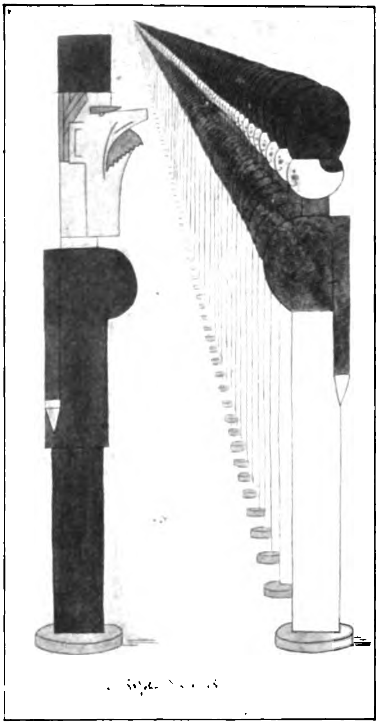
MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.



MR I. ZANGWILL.



MR. HALL CAINE.



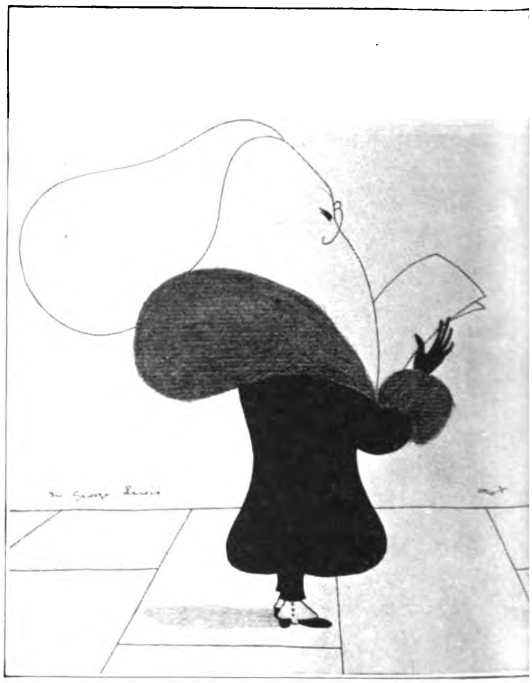
MR. ST. JOHN BRODRICK, PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.



SIR WILLIAM AND MR. LULU HARCOURT.



LORD DUFFERIN.



SIR GEORGE LEWIS.



Mr. Max Beerbohm.



Mr. Stephen Phillips.



Mr. Dan Leno.



Mr. Thomas Hardy.

IDEAL CHARACTERS IN FICTION.

THE COLLECTED OPINIONS OF MR. I. ZANGWILL, MISS BRADDON, "JOHN OLIVER HOBBES," MR. HALL CAINE, "IAN MACLAREN," MR. W. E. NORRIS, MR. H. RIDER HAGGARD, MADAME SARAH GRAND, AND MISS EDNA LYALL.

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.

THE greatest writer of fiction, according to a well-known critic, is "the one who has produced the largest family of immortal children." The proposition granted, there would probably still remain much difference of opinion among readers and critics as to the greatest writers of fiction. Reading Mr. Leslie Stephen's words the other day, however, I had suggested to me another question, as to which an interesting consensus of opinion seemed much more practicable. Which are the greatest characters, not in the works of one novelist, but in those of the world's novelists generally? We all have our ideals, of course, but these ideals differ with the almost innumerable differences in our temperaments. Which are the ideals of our own living novelists—the experts in the craft of fiction—which are the characters that they themselves would most wish to have created? From the suggestions of a representative number of the novelists' profession I have, in the result, been able to form a small but valuable portrait-gallery of the ideal men and women who live for us in the pages of romance.

In the term fiction I do not include the drama, for it seems to me that, apart from other essential differences between the two, the feeling formed for a character in drama must be influenced, consciously or unconsciously, by the actor whom we see in that character on the stage. Some of the novelists I have consulted on the subject, however, did not at once realise that in fiction the drama was not included. Thus the first choice of Miss Braddon was "Gretchen" of Goethe's *Faust*, "excluding Shakespeare's characters," adding that the maiden, who in the name of "Marguerite" has been so successful a figure on our operatic stage, was to her mind "the highest example of pathos in the whole range of fiction." Even Mr. Zangwill says, "Naturally I should like to have created 'Hamlet.' Or if your word 'fiction' does not include plays, then put me down as the author of 'Don Quixote's' being. Each of these figures incarnates in its person life's tragi-comedy, and is therefore richer, subtler and truer than a mere hero or heroine."

"John Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs. Craigie) likewise gives the first place to the "Knight of La Mancha," and although Mr. Hall Caine, in reply to my question, found it necessary to mention four names, it was probably significant that "Don Quixote" came uppermost in his mind.

Don Quixote, as a story, fills a larger space than any other, I believe, in the catalogue of the British Museum Library, no fewer than twelve pages being filled with the titles of the various editions and commentaries. Altogether some three hundred editions of *Don Quixote* in all the European tongues have been printed since its first appearance in 1605, less than one-half of this number being in the original Spanish.

Critics generally have agreed that this universal popularity of the story is primarily due to the striking interest of the "title-part," which Mr. Zangwill, Mr. Hall Caine and Mrs. Craigie unite in regarding as an ideal of the novelist's faculty. But, curiously enough, there has been much diversity of opinion as to the meaning which the dominant personality of "Don Quixote" was intended to have for mankind. For a long time a theory prevailed—and it has been more than once revived—that in the character Cervantes gave a satirical presentment of the Duke de Lerma, an influential personage at the Spanish Court, between whom and the author there is said to have been bitter enmity. Byron, taking a similar view as to the levity of the book, said that in *Don Quixote* Cervantes had "laughed Spain's chivalry away," and it is probably with such an idea that most people still read the novel, not knowing that the disappearance of Spanish chivalry

in the Byronic sense preceded the appearance of the novel by many a long year, and that Cervantes himself in the best sense of the term was one of the most chivalrous of men.

According to Mr. Zangwill, the character of "Don Quixote" incarnates "life's tragicomedy," and is to be coupled with "Hamlet" on this account. Sainte-Beuve gave it a similar interpretation when he said that *Don Quixote* is "the book of humanity," and Coleridge when he spoke of its rare combination of the permanent with the individual. On the other hand, it seems to be certain that Cervantes himself was conscious of no such high purpose in writing the story—or, at any rate, its first part. The earliest editions show that it was prepared for the press with a negligent indifference which sharply contrasts with the diligent care Cervantes bestowed upon other of his works, now almost forgotten, to which he looked for literary reputation. Blunders of all kinds occur—confusion in names, contradiction in incidents, error in composition. Of course all these mistakes were corrected by the author when a second edition was called for by delighted readers, and in the second part of *Don Quixote*—published ten years after the first—they afford him a theme for jest. Cervantes more than once declared that his highest hope in creating "Don Quixote" was to ridicule the pernicious romance of the age and to amuse melancholy and gloomy spirits. It is doubtful whether he ever suspected that in doing this he had fashioned a character which was to be of immortal interest.

"The Knight of the Woeful Countenance" has, of course, been drawn for us by many distinguished artists, and incidents in his career have been the subject of some noteworthy pictures. Smirke, Gilbert and Doré have illustrated the best English editions of *Don Quixote*. Having regard to the detailed description which Cervantes gives of his hero's personal appearance on almost every occasion, there is relatively little scope for the originality of the artist.

Miss Braddon, accepting the limitation imposed upon her, substituted Richardson's "Clarissa Harlowe" for Goethe's "Marguerite," being of opinion that she is "for piety, modesty, courage, and an exalted sense of honour, without rival among women of romantic fiction." I wonder how many readers of this article will have sufficient acquaintance with Samuel Richardson's heroine to endorse or contest this very interesting eulogium. *Clarissa Harlowe* is one of the books which now gather most dust on library shelves, but probably no fictitious character has been more praised by women for its knowledge of women than the young lady whose voluminous correspondence, detailing her every-day experience, is found to be hopelessly tedious by the present generation of readers. The tribute paid to her by the authoress of *Lady Audley's Secret*, ardent as it is, is but a pale reflection of what was said about her by some of Richardson's contemporaries.

Two of these extravagant compliments to "Clarissa Harlowe" came, too, from foreign readers. A German lady of some note in her day wrote to Richardson—"Having finished your 'Clarissa' (Oh, the heavenly book) I would have prayed you to write the history of a *manly* Clarissa." A Dutch clergyman, in a similar strain, said that "if some of her letters had been found in the Bible they would be regarded as manifest proofs of divine inspiration."

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu admitted in one of her letters that she couldn't help weeping over "Clarissa" like a milkmaid. Even upon Macaulay the character made such an impression that he once declared that from memory he could almost restore *Clarissa Harlowe* if it were in some way lost to the world. At an opposite intellectual pole Rousseau had the highest opinion of "Clarissa," and to some extent copied the character in his "Héloise."

It is interesting to compare these lofty views of Richardson's heroine—re-echoed by Miss Braddon to-day—by one of our most distinguished contemporary critics, Mr. Leslie Stephen. "Miss Harlowe appears to us," writes Mr. Stephen, in the preface to a comparatively recent edition of the novel, "as in the main a healthy, sensible country girl, with sound sense, the highest respect for decorum, and an exaggerated regard for constituted, especially parental, authority." In the light of these words the choice of her as an ideal by the doyen of our lady novelists may be taken as the outcome of a strong predilection for what must, perhaps, be regarded as a somewhat old-fashioned type of the feminine temperament.

"Ian Maclaren's" ideal character is "Colonel Newcome," "because he was a perfect knight." In these simple words Dr. Watson expresses a singular unanimity of opinion as to the chivalrous qualities of Thackeray's character. Very soon after *The Newcomes* was published it became a matter of frequent conjecture in various circles of London Society as to which of its members was best entitled to be regarded as Thackeray's model. "It is almost touching," Thackeray's daughter, Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, has written, "to realise how many people have found the original of 'Colonel Newcome,' to their personal satisfaction, in various individuals." It seems that in point of fact "Colonel Newcome" was a combination of the novelist's step-father, Major Carmichael, and his half-uncle, General Charles Carmichael. It is, I think, of some significance, however, that whilst writing the first portion of the novel at Baden, in 1853, Thackeray's constant companion, we are told, was *Don Quixote*.

Most people, I suppose, would agree that the Colonel is Thackeray's best character in the moral sense, but otherwise it may be doubted whether Ian Maclaren's choice has not a successful rival in "Becky Sharp" for the suffrages of the novel's readers. Thackeray himself had apparently no expectation of the great figure which "Colonel Newcome" was to become in the world of fiction. From Baden he wrote to his mother that the novel "is not written for glory, but for quite as good an object, namely, money, which will profit the children more than reputation when there's an end of me, and money and reputation are alike pretty indifferent,"—words which suggest that he was about to introduce "Colonel Newcome" to the world with no great enthusiasm as to the welcome which this chivalrous gentleman was likely to obtain.

Anthony Trollope, in his memoir of Thackeray for the *English Men of Letters* series, implies that "Colonel Newcome" is foolish, vain, and weak, but admits that he is to be "almost worshipped" because he is so true a gentleman. Mr. Herman Merivale, writing on Thackeray for the *Great Writers* series, lays stress on the pathos of "the *preux* chevalier," more than upon any other attribute of the character. "I do not mean," he says, "merely in his ruin—the man of stainless honour amidst all the wreckage and moral pollution of a great failure—or even in his death: I mean, in much earlier days, when he feels that the son he loves so passionately is living apart from him, not through any fault in the young man, but simply because he is a young man, and no two generations think quite alike." But although these little differences are to be found in critical points of view, Ian Maclaren's laconic reason for his choice of an ideal contains the quintessence of the extensive criticism which has been bestowed upon the character of "Colonel Newcome."

Mr. W. E. Norris and Mr. H. Rider Haggard have gone to the same book—"George Eliot's" *Romola*—for their ideals. But whilst Mr. Haggard selects the character whose name George Eliot gave to the novel, Mr. Norris favours her lover, "Tito Melema." "I can think of no other character," says Mr. Norris, who had evidently considered my question solely from the standpoint of literary art, "so admirably drawn and so thoroughly consistent from start to finish." "Tito Melema," in the words of the reviewer of *Blackwood's Magazine* when *Romola* appeared in 1863, is a "beautiful, bright young adventurer—one of those unique figures in art which seize upon the imagination and affect us like the sudden revelation of a new species." "Tito" is the one exception, too, which in the *Dictionary of National Biography* Mr. Leslie Stephen makes to his remark that in *Romola* the personages are scarcely alive, adding, strangely enough, that it is one of George Eliot's "finest *feminine* characters."

For *Romola*, if I am not mistaken, George Eliot received a larger price than for any of her novels, £10,000 being paid for the book-rights and £1,000 for its serial publication in the *Cornhill Magazine*. On the other hand, it took more out of her: "I began it a young woman—I finished it an old woman," she declared. In preparing to write the novel she went through a course of reading, as for a history. After nearly three months' writing she came to the conclusion that she had made a false start, destroyed all that she had written, and began anew on New Year's Day 1862. It was not until June 9th, 1863, that the last page was written, in the novelist's house, 16, Blandford Square. It is

obvious that the greater part of this strenuous effort was devoted to the character of "Romola"—that "noble, lofty, limited, narrow, and splendid being," to quote one of George Eliot's reviewers.

Madame Sarah Grand and Miss "Edna Lyall" have the courage to make choice of characters by living novelists.

"On the whole," writes Edna Lyall, "I think I should have liked best to draw the character of 'David Elginbrod' in Dr. George McDonald's novel of that name. His goodness and his grand simplicity have a wonderfully powerful influence, so that when—quite early in the book—he dies, it is as if one had lost a personal friend."

Madame Sarah Grand's choice of "John Inglesant" is made for the reason that "he is such a very true and courteous polished gentleman, and manly withal." But little more than twenty years ago the personage whom the author of *The Heavenly Twins* thus regards as an ideal had no existence even in the world of fiction. Mr. J. H. Shorthouse was giving all the leisure left to him by his business vocation in Birmingham to the writing or the novel, which had been forming in his mind as the result of his part in the work of a local essay society. When published in Birmingham in 1880 only one hundred copies were printed, and placed on sale at a guinea each, and most of these were presented by Mr. Shorthonse to personal friends. One of these published copies happened to reach the hands of Mrs. Humphry Ward, and her admiration for the book led her to mention it to Mr. Macmillan. Mr. Macmillan's firm published *John Inglesant* a few months later under circumstances more favourable to its public welcome; but it was Mr. Gladstone who, as in the case of Mrs. Humphry Ward's own novel on a subsequent occasion, secured for it this welcome. The Gladstone *imprimatur* was not given, however, by way of a lengthy review, as in the case of *Robert Elsmere*. Mr. Gladstone took the book down to Hawarden with him for the week-end, and happened to be photographed there whilst holding it under his arm. The photograph duly appeared in the London shop windows, and in it was clearly to be read the name of a new novel by a new writer, which, in consequence, at once became the subject of conversation and inquiry.

Although *John Inglesant* has been talked about more or less ever since, there must be many whose courage and perseverance have not been equal to the task of reading it. "I notice there is no index," Cardinal Newman remarked of the novel, whose length and—in parts—essay-like form justify the *bon mot*. To such readers it will be of interest to explain that "John Inglesant" is an English gentleman of the time of Charles I. who "hovers between the mass and the sacrament." His peace and happiness are long threatened by Jesuit intrigues, but through the most troublous times he sustains his character as that of a good Christian and a loyal Englishman, whilst his conduct under the influence of hopeless love for a beautiful nun effectively shows the strength of his moral fibre.

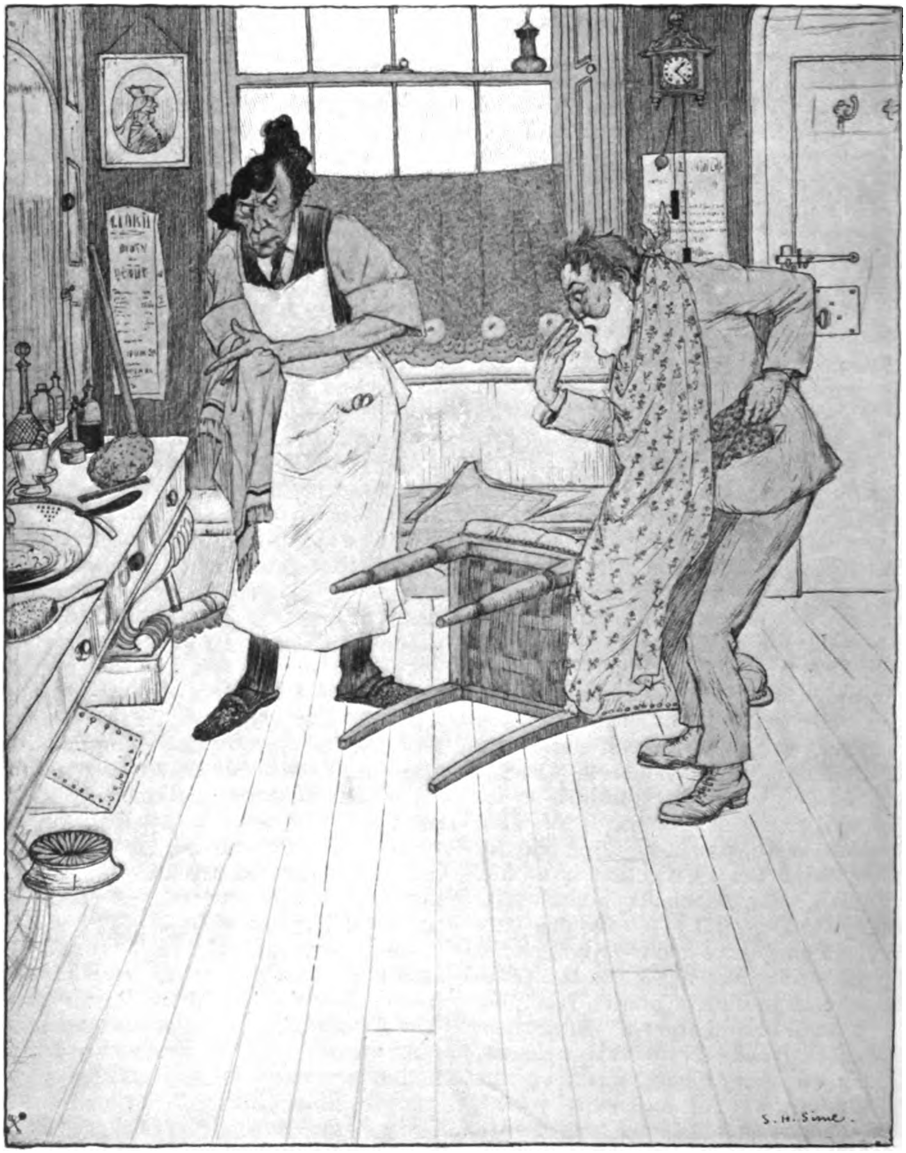
"His expression was lofty and abstracted, his features pale and somewhat thin. His eyes were light blue, of that peculiar shade which gives a dreamy and indifferent expression to the face. His manner was courteous and polite, almost to excess; yet he seemed to me a man who was habitually superior to his company, and I felt in his presence almost as I do in that of a prince."

With every good-will towards my purpose, Mr. Stanley Weyman found himself, after much consideration, quite unable to say which character in fiction he would most prefer to have created. "There are so many," he remarked, "but what first it is impossible to say. I am like the donkey placed between, not two, but scores of bundles of hay."

As I have said, Mr. Hall Caine's first choice was "Don Quixote," but it was only one of four mentioned by the author of *The Eternal City*, "two of each sex taken from opposite poles of the literary art," as he put it to me. Mr. Caine's other ideals were "Sidney Carton," the one heroic figure in the whole of the Dickens gallery, "Diana Vernon," the beautiful and high-spirited niece of Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone in Scott's *Rob Roy*, and "Lorna Doone," the charming Devonshire lass who gives her name to the romance by which the recently-deceased Mr. Blackmore will live in English literature.

NURSERY PICTURES.

BY S. H. SIME.



THE barber shaved the mason, the mason, the mason ;
And I suppose,
Cut off his nose,
And popp'd it in the basin !

THE WAYS OF THE WORLD.

"*FRANCESCA DA RIMINI*" *ON THE STAGE:*

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO AND STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

IN or about the year 1285, when Dante Alighieri was a youth of twenty, there occurred a domestic tragedy in the house of the Malatestas of Rimini. It made so deep an impression on the poet's mind that when, at least twenty years afterwards, he passed in imagination through the circle of the Unchaste in hell, he gave up half the canto to an episode immortalising the fate of Francesca da Rimini and her kinsman-paramour Paolo Malatesta. He did not tell their story: it was doubtless so well known as to render that superfluous. Indeed, he named only one of them—Francesca—placing in her mouth the world-famous lines which describe the sudden effulgence of their passion, kindled into flame by the reading of the romance of Lancelot and Guinevere. The commentators on Dante,—Boccaccio and the Anonimo Fiorentino — have preserved the details of the story; but in spite of its intensely dramatic quality it remained for five centuries undramatised. When Silvio Pellico, in the early years of the nineteenth century, thought of making it the subject of a tragedy, Ugo Foscolo said to him, "Ne touchez pas aux morts de Dante: ils feraient peur aux vivants."

Silvio Pellico ignored the advice. His *Francesca da Rimini* had a great success in its day, and is still regarded as a classic in Italy. In form, indeed, it is ultra-classical, the unities being respected to the letter, while the style is "noble" throughout. "Al seno mio, qui," says Guido (her father) to Francesca, "qui confondi i tuoi palpiti a' miei"—"Come to my breast and mix your palpitations with mine!" In truth they all palpitate very freely from first to last. The unity of time demands that the play shall be all catastrophe, or in other words that every one concerned (there are but four characters) shall be in the depths of despair throughout. In his zeal for the grand manner, the author has squeezed all subtlety, variety and colour out of his theme.

Returning from a long campaign in the East, Paolo Malatesta is disgusted to find that Francesca, whom he has known and silently loved in Ravenna years before, has become the wife of his elder brother Lanciotto, Lord of Rimini. (Observe that Silvio Pellico will have nothing to do with the "Gianciotto," the "Lame Jack" of history, but makes him "Lanciotto," and exempts him from all physical defect.) Francesca, too, has silently loved Paolo in the past—why they should both have been so silent they do not explain—and she now affects to shrink from him with horror, because he has in the meantime killed a brother of hers in battle. There is a rare inexpertness in the building up of this substructure

of plot, with its lack of motivation here, its supermotivation there. In his desire, for example, to give Francesca a plausible excuse for shrinking from a meeting with Paolo, the author invents this killing of her brother, and thus raises not merely an ostensible but a real barrier between them, which mars the harmony of the theme. Meet they do, however, and palpitate to such a degree that even Lanciotto's eyes are opened; whereupon they go on palpitating more and more violently, until there is nothing left for Lanciotto to do but to "transfix" them with his sword. Francesca, in dying, says: "Eternal torment . . . below . . . alas! . . . awaits us!" But why she should take this gloomy view of the future it is hard to say, for they have done nothing but resist heroically the passion that absorbs them. The play is, in short, a mere vehicle for tearful rhetoric and for that robust order of emotional acting which used to send our grandmothers into hysterics. Not merely at the culminating points, but throughout at least three-fourths of the action, the characters are one and all in a state of convulsive frenzy. The diction, though elaborately stilted, is often very beautiful; but the whole thing is too elementary in its structure, too obvious in its psychology, to meet the requirements of modern dramatic art. Eleonora Duse could not if she would, and would not if she could, portray the conventional transports of Silvio Pellico's Francesca.

It was inevitable that in seeking, with the aid of this great actress, to infuse fresh life into the Italian drama, Gabriele D'Annunzio should find in the story of Francesca da Rimini the predestined theme for a great national tragedy. But an English poet had been beforehand with him. Mr. Stephen Phillips had produced in *Paolo and Francesca* a tragedy as modern in its spirit as anything his Italian rival could hope to achieve. The field, however, was a wide one. Mr. Phillips had laid his scene in the ideal realm of poetry and passion for ever consecrated to star-crossed lovers by the genius of Shakespeare. His Italy was simply that of *Romeo and Juliet*, bearing but the remotest relation (whatever the commentators may say) to the real Italy of any historic age. D'Annunzio, on the other hand, was learned in the actual Italy of the thirteenth century. It was natural that, writing not a love-poem in the abstract, but a national drama, he should draw upon that learning and make his play a picture of the period. The English poet had painted a delicate easel picture; the Italian would attempt a magnificent historic fresco—there was not the slightest reason why they should clash. I do not mean that D'Annunzio had read Mr. Phillips's play—of this there is no evidence whatever. But he must have known of its existence and of its general character; and he no doubt felt, for the reasons I have suggested, that it did not interfere, any more than did Silvio Pellico's, with the large design which he had formed.

He went right back to Boccaccio and the Anonymous Florentine for his plot, and followed him faithfully. Mr. Phillips makes Paolo a mere messenger sent to escort his brother's child-wife from her home in Ravenna to Rimini; and the action of his play opens with their arrival at the castle of the Malatestas. The first act of D'Annunzio's *Francesca* passes at Ravenna, and initiates us into the deception to which, according to the chroniclers, Francesca fell a victim. Her father, valuing the alliance with the Malatestas, but knowing that Francesca could not be induced to marry the limping and rugged Giovanni, arranged that "Paolo il bello," himself the husband of Madonna Orabile, should be sent to marry her by proxy, she believing all the time that he was to be her actual, not merely her vicarious, lord. "And true it is," says the Anonimo, "that before she was espoused, and Paolo being one day at the Court, a handmaiden of Madonna Francesca pointed him out to her, and said: 'That is your intended husband.' She, seeing how handsome he was, fell in love with him and was happy in it." To the dramatisation of this incident D'Annunzio devotes his whole first act. The opening chord is struck in a scene of light banter between Francesca's five handmaidens and a "giullare" or buffoon. Then the intended deception is explained in a scene between Francesca's brother and a notary. Next comes a lovely lyric passage between Francesca and her sister Samaritana. The younger girl implores the elder not to leave the home of their happy childhood and go forth into the cruel world. But Francesca is a child no longer.

The mysteries of love and fate allure her, and we see that she is only too ready to give her heart to the fairy prince who shall first make his way into her bower. Then the handmaid calls to her that her destined lord is approaching. After a moment of perturbation and shrinking, she meets him with grave courtesy. They are both tongue-tied, she by modesty, he by shame; but she hands him a scarlet rose from a rose-bush growing in an ancient cinerary urn; and thereupon the curtain falls.

All this, it will be seen, is not only outside the action of Mr. Phillips's play, but entirely foreign to it. Composing what may be called a tragic idyll, he has wisely rejected the previous marriage of Paolo, and the deception practised upon Francesca. But D'Annunzio, writing a historic tragedy, did well, I think, to take the story as he found it. The imposture deprives Paolo of our sympathy, but it greatly intensifies the tragic complexity of the relation between him and Francesca in the subsequent acts. Mr. Phillips's girl-Francesca glides passive and almost unconscious to her fate; D'Annunzio's woman-Francesca succumbs to it in an agony of mingled scorn, resentment and passion.



Gabriele D'Annunzio.
Photo. by Le Lieure, Rome.

In the second act we are on the top of one of the Malatesta towers during a faction fight in Rimini. Catapults, mangonels and other instruments of war are all around us. A soldier is compounding Greek fire to be hurled at the houses of the foemen. Francesca, tired of lurking with her ladies down below, comes up to the battlements, and, in a mood of mocking recklessness, begins to play in dangerous fashion with the Greek fire—an incident which serves both as a symbolic and a psychological prelude to the scene that is to follow. Paolo, who has been absent from Rimini, appears full-armed on the battlements, little dreaming to find Francesca there. One short passage from the scene which follows will indicate its tone. I cannot attempt to reproduce in English the effect of D'Annunzio's irregular verses; but to print them as prose would do still greater injustice to the rhythm of the scene:

FRANCESCA.

You have grown thin,
and paler too
a little, as I think.

PAOLO.

An autumn fever
hangs in the boskage
of the Savio . . .

FRANCESCA.

Are you then ill?
Why do you tremble? And Orabile,
has she no medicine
for you?

PAOLO.

The fever feeds upon
itself.
I want no medicine,
I seek no herb
to heal me, sister
mine

FRANCESCA.

A herb of healing
I had in the house
of my father,
of my good father, God be his aid, his aid
be God! A herb I had of healing
in that garden which one day you entered
clad in a garment which men in the sweet
world
call fraud.
But you crushed the herb beneath your foot,
and saw
it not; and it grew not afresh,
albeit your foot is very light,
my lord and kinsman. It grew not afresh;
'twas dead.

Paolo, writhing with remorse for his baseness, asks how he is to die. But Francesca, in her heart of hearts, is not seeking for his death. She proposes a sort of ordeal which shall cleanse him of his crime. She will hold open a port-hole in the battlements, while he, a deadly marksman, showers arrows on the foe, exposing himself, in the meantime, to the fiercest of their fire. She pulls the rope

which raises the shield of the porthole, and, kneeling, utters the Lord's Prayer. An arrow passes through his bush of hair, but leaves him unharmed; and meanwhile he shoots one of the enemy who is pressing hard upon his brother, Francesca's husband. Thus, in Francesca's eyes, is he purged of his guile; and the scene of sarcasm and reproach is taking a very different tone when Giovanni, or Gianciotto, enters.

D'Annunzio makes much less than either Silvio Pellico or Stephen Phillips of the love between the brothers—probably because it is not so nominated in his authorities. Gianciotto treats Paolo with a bluff friendliness—no more—thanks him for the yeoman's service he has rendered in killing a Ghibelline champion, and tells him that envoys have just arrived from Florence, announcing his (Paolo's) election as Captain of the People. Paolo, he says, must accept the post and set off without delay for the great Guelf city on the Arno. At this moment a cry is raised, and the younger brother of Giovanni and Paolo, a stripling known as Malatestino, is brought in severely wounded. Malatestino is the most original character-creation in the play—a fierce, perverse and bloodthirsty boy, in whom is incarnated all the savagery of the age. He has taken prisoner a leader of the Parcitadi, their foemen, and is furious because his father will not suffer him to kill his prisoner. In his rage he has rushed forth again into the battle and received this wound, which has injured the whole left side of his head. To test the extent of the injury, Giovanni bids Francesca hold Malatestino's right eye closely shut, while he waves a torch before the left eye. The boy sees no glimmer of light—his left eye is totally destroyed. But the loss of one eye troubles him little: so long as he can see with the other, his only desire is to plunge once more into the fray. He submits with an ill grace, yet he does submit, to the tender ministrations of Francesca.

We come now to the third act. Months have passed, weary months. Between Francesca and Paolo matters stand just as in the previous act, for he has been absent in Florence. But now she hears that he has returned. Her Cypriote maid, Smaragdi, suggests comfort in this fact. At first Francesca receives the suggestion with anger, reproaching Smaragdi for her share in bringing about this disastrous marriage. But presently she is appeased, and with these words raises Smaragdi, who is prostrate at her feet:

Come, rise! No fault is thine, my poor Smaragdi
no fault is thine. . . .
On thine eyes, too, the veil of blindness rested,
and blinded was the iniquity of my father
by the same fate. We were all
powerless and pitiless,
and hapless and unknowing,
on the bank of a river,
unblamable all,
on the bank of a raging river.
I crossed it, I alone,
all heedless of you,
I passed it, and found myself beyond.
Thus were we parted,—
severed, alas! nor reunited since.
Now I say to you:
I can no more. And you, you say to me:
Re-cross, return.
And I to you: I know not how.

Then Francesca expresses her fear of her younger brother-in-law, now known as "Malatestino dell' Occhio"—Malatestino of the eye. As the metre here approaches blank verse, I have ventured to translate the passage in more or less regular decasyllabics:—

FRANCESCA.

I fear him. Oh, protect me from him!

SMARAGDI.

Why,
Madonna? In his sickness did you not
Care for him night and day, and tend him like
A sister?

FRANCESCA.

Ah! that word in Rimini
Poisons the mouth. Samaritana,* where,
Where art thou?
Where flows the river of thy limpid youth,
Whereat my soul, parching and perishing,
Shall never slake its thirst? On every hand,
From out the night that circles me, I see
The gleam of savage eyes that watch me, eyes
Of beasts of prey, ready to pounce and snatch
And rend their booty.
And all are of one blood; one mother bore them!
What dismal planets shaped my life for me?
Who set this mortal sin beleaguering
My life? Come, tell me, creature of the earth,
Who digg'st the roots of poison breathing flowers,
Whence sprang this perverse fate? From thee I learned
That ominous refrain: "If three I find,
Then three I take." Here has the demon taken
Three at one swoop. Three has he ta'en, and me,
The fourth, among them.

* Her sister.



The Bill of the Play.

The entrance of a merchant of rich fabrics, come from Florence in Paolo's train, diverts Francesca's mind a little. She questions him, as it were casually, about Paolo; and at every word of praise the merchant bestows on him, she buys a piece of velvet or brocade, and gives them to her damsels. This scene was half-heard and misunderstood when the play was produced in Rome. It is, in fact, a charming picture of manners, shot with drama.

Then Paolo enters, and the two are left alone. They take up their relation at the point at which it was interrupted in the previous act. Francesca no longer mocks and upbraids him: has he not been purged of his offence? She questions him as to his life in Florence, and he answers in this already famous passage:—

PAOLO.

Why would you have me
renew within my heart the misery
of my life? The joys of others
to me were weariness and pain; and only
in music found I
some hours of sweetness. Now and then I went
to the house of an incomparable singer,
by name Casella;
and there assembled certain gentlemen.
Among the others, Guido Cavalcanti,
a noble cavalier,
who much delights in weaving rhymes
in the common tongue, and Ser Brunetto,
a learned rhetorician fresh from Paris;
also a youth
of the Alighieri, Dante was his name.
And this young man grew dear to me,
so full was he
of thoughts of love and grief,
so ardently he listened to the music.
And sometimes an unlooked-for solace came
from him to my closed heart; for now and then
the too great sweetness of the song
forced him to weep in silence; and I too,
seeing him, wept.

(Francesca's eyes are filled with tears; her voice trembles.)

FRANCESCA.

You wept?

PAOLO

Francesca!

FRANCESCA.

You wept? Ah, Paolo, blest
be he who taught you
those tears! I will pray for his peace.
Now I see you, I see you once more,
as then I saw you, sweet my friend.
To my eyes, too, has come the grace of tears.

The book whereof it is written, "Galeotto fu il libro e chi lo scrisse," is not far off. It stands on a golden lectern, where, at the beginning of the act, Francesca has read some lines in it. Paolo's eye happens to fall upon it; they read from it by turns; and, as the curtain falls, that point is reached whereat, as Francesca tells the pity-stricken poet in the second circle of hell:

La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante.

Here let me pause to say that this scene, where he treads in the very footprints of Dante, is necessarily the test-point for any dramatist who handles the Francesca legend. Silvio Pellico's treatment of it is ridiculous. He throws it back into the past, narrates instead of representing it, and makes it the beginning, not the culmination, of the tragedy. Paolo and Francesca are two young people at Ravenna, nursing their unspoken love, when one day he comes upon her reading in a garden. They read together—their eyes meet—he blushes, she trembles, and —she tears herself away, leaving the book as a keepsake in his hands! Nothing could be more pitiful than this nursery perversion of Dante. D'Annunzio's scene, on the other hand, is in itself well worthy of its great original. But the whole economy of his drama, to my thinking, renders this passage a little less thrilling, a little less truly Dantesque, if I may say so, than the scene imagined by Mr. Phillips. It is the essence of the situation, as described by Dante, that in that kiss love comes upon them as a sudden thunderbolt, not undreamt of, perhaps, but unforeseen. "Soli eravamo *e senza alcun sospetto*," says Francesca; and though some commentators interpret this phrase prosaically "without any fear of being surprised," the better, and certainly the more poetical, rendering is "without any consciousness of danger"—of danger in themselves, in the passion lurking in their hearts. It is difficult, perhaps impossible, for any dramatist quite to realise this reading of the situation. It can scarcely be said that even Francesca—and much less Paolo—in Mr. Phillips's poem, is "senza alcun sospetto"; but at least nothing has been spoken between them until that breathless dawn among the roses, when they almost seem to hear

The sigh of all the sleepers in the world,
And all the rivers running to the sea.

D'Annunzio's scene, on the other hand,

forces us to read "senza alcun sospetto" only in its prosaic sense, as meaning "without fear of interruption." Everything has already been spoken between the two, either in this or the preceding act, before ever they turn to the romance of Lancelot. There is no doubt on either side as to what is in their hearts. Nay, Paolo, as portrayed by Gustavo Salvini, seemed to use the book with conscious eagerness as an instrument of seduction, deliberately guiding the situation to its close. This vulgarisation of the passage (for so I must regard it) is not implied in D'Annunzio's text. Yet one cannot help feeling that Mr. Phillips has not only chosen a more exquisite environment for his lovers, but, by leaving their love, till that moment, wholly unconfessed, has given the scene that plenitude of dramatic significance of which, in D'Annunzio's play, the earlier love-passages tend to deprive it. In so far, I think the English poet more faithfully follows Dante's inspiration.

The book having played its fateful part, there remains the question how Giovanni's eyes are to be opened to his disaster. In Silvio Pellico's play, the lovers betray themselves quite simply through their irrepressible palpitations. Mr. Phillips, it will be remembered, has recourse to second sight in the old Nurse, as well as to the jealous instinct of the childless Lucrezia, to make Giovanni prescient of his doom almost from the outset of the action. This employment of the antique destiny-motive, helped out by a delicate psychological invention, seems to me entirely artistic and admirable. But there is another way, equally artistic; and D'Annunzio has chosen it. He, too, has recourse to jealousy; but in a very different form from that in which it appears in Mr. Phillips's Lucrezia. The cruel and malignant stripling, Malatestino, has conceived a fierce passion for his sister-in-law, which sharpens his natural acuteness, and leads him to divine her love for Paolo. In the fourth act—a masterly piece of drama throughout—he approaches her with covert threats.

FRANCESCA.

Touch me not, madman, or I call
thy brother. Get thee gone! I pity thee.
Thou art a child. Begone,
unless thou wouldst have stripes. For thou art but
a perverse child.

MALATESTINO.

Whom wouldst thou call?

FRANCESCA.

Thy brother.

MALATESTINO.

Which brother?

* * * * *

Listen to me! Giovanni
sets forth this evening for his government
of Pesaro. You have prepared for him
a stirrup-cup. (*Pointing to the table.*)
Listen! I can give him, if I will,
a stirrup-cup quite differently spiced.

FRANCESCA.

What dost thou mean?

MALATESTINO.

Look at me well. With my one eye, I see.

FRANCESCA.

What dost thou mean? Dost threaten? Or dost plot
treason toward thy brother?

MALATESTINO.

Treason! Dear sister mine,
I thought that word would burn
thy lips; but I see them unscorched,
though a little pale.

Then he assumes an air of malign friendliness; and, Francesca having complained that she cannot sleep for the howling of Malatestino's still unransomed prisoner, whose dungeon is near her chamber, the boy chooses an axe from the arms on the wall, and promises that to-night, as she sleeps alone, she shall sleep tranquilly. "What wouldst thou do?" she asks. "I make myself an executioner to serve thy will, my sister," he replies as he goes out.

And in a double sense he keeps his promise He beheads the prisoner (a treat he has long promised himself) in order that no noise may jar on the fancied security of the midnight meeting of Paolo and Francesca; and, having done so, he reveals to Gianciotto the lovers' treason, and plots with him for their discovery.

From this point onward, the drama simply takes its inevitable course. Gianciotto gives no sign of his suspicions, but sets out for Pesaro with Malatestino, leaving Francesca to Paolo's care. Then, in the last act, we have a wonderfully written love-scene between the two, interrupted by Gianciotto's knocking at the door. To the last D'Annunzio is faithful to his documents. "Gianciotto,"

says the Anonimo Fiorentino, "surprised them in a room which had another communicating with it underneath; and Paolo would certainly have escaped, had not a link in the hauberk he was wearing caught on the point of a nail in the trap-door." Except that he substitutes a long-sleeved robe for a hauberk, D'Annunzio follows this indication to the letter; and from the same authority he borrows the idea of making Francesca rush in between the brothers, and receive the thrust which Giovanni aims at Paolo.

Its inordinate and quite unnecessary length, and the fact that more than half the dialogue was wholly inaudible in the vast Costanzi Theatre, rendered the Roman first-night audience inappreciative of this play. Nevertheless it is a great drama, and a magnificent addition to modern Italian literature. When Eleonora Duse brings it to London, as she doubtless will, we shall have an opportunity of comparing it more closely with Mr. Phillips's *Paolo and Francesca*—a comparison which, as I hope I have indicated above, merely serves to throw into relief the characteristic merits of each tragedy.

LOVERS' PARTING.

BY MARY HEATH.

"KISS me, beloved, before thou sayest aught.
Nay, kiss me not, since kissing mendeth naught;
Seeing thy kisses all this wrong have wrought,
And thy sweet words have worked me all this woe."
(Nay, love, no more then, since it must be so.)

"No kissing more, beloved, for thee and me.
Of other lips thy kisses make too free,
For other flowers thou art too fond a bee.
My heart of honey rifled, let me go."
(Why, love, begone then, since it must be so.)

"Would I take less, the greater were my gain:
Sharing my bliss, I might divide my pain,
Thy lips on mine would shed rare balm for bane.
But balm of others' leaving I forego."
(Proud love, lose all then, since it must be so.)

"No kissing more . . . . And yet a little prayer.
When I am dead, draw nigh and kiss my hair;
When I am dead, it may be I shall care
For my small part in thee of long ago."
(Sweet love, in death then, since it must be so.)

"Lo! were I weak, those kisses I might crave,
Even now, even now, were I not very brave.
Sweet, swear at least to give me in my grave
One of those thousand kisses thou dost owe."
(Lost love, one kiss then, since it must be so.)

"Ah, kiss me now, for truly am I weak.
Yea, kiss me thrice—three times. On either cheek,
On the lips last. Now am I very meek.
Now for my mouth, no kisses more, I know."
(Farewell, farewell, then, since it must be so.)

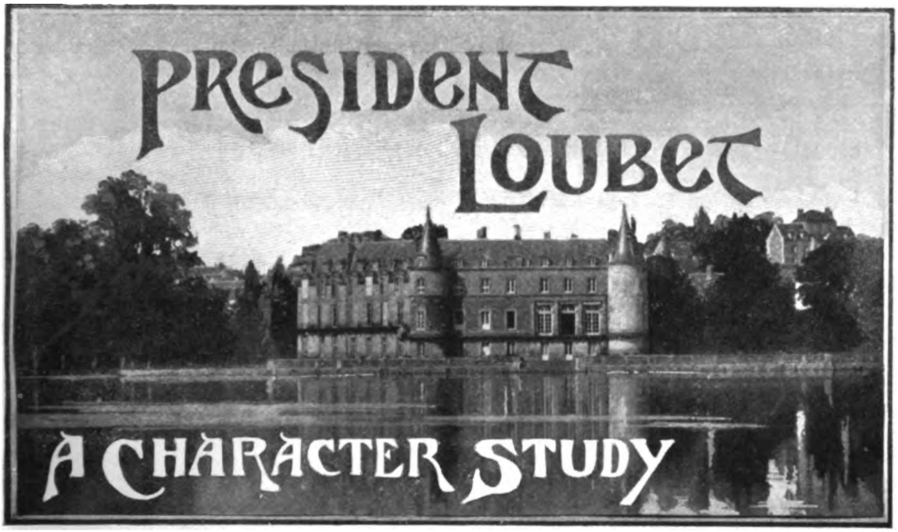


THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

VELASQUEZ

By the kind permission of ARTHUR SANDERSON, ESQ.



BY ADA CONE.

Europe is wondering what impression President Loubet will leave behind him in Russia, and the political results of his visit to the Czar are naturally the subject of much discussion. The following character study will enable the readers of the PALL MALL MAGAZINE *to form some idea of the personality of the peasant-born man who holds the great position of President of the French Republic.*

IT is a remarkable fact that Emile Loubet is the first President of the French Republic who realises completely the democratic ideal of a Chief Magistrate. For if there have been French Presidents before with the necessary moral virtues; others who were able in affairs of State; one or two even who were willing to regard themselves as executives, as delegates of the people and in the people's service; there has never been one before of whom it could be said that, over and above these qualifications, all the possibilities of effort in a democracy were illustrated in his life. President Loubet has risen in normal evolution from the humblest social position to the chief seat of honour, and in his person the *petit peuple* of France are to-day installed at the Elysée.

Heretofore there has been something of the appearance of royalty in this Republic situated in the midst of thrones. Because the nation and the Republic are not, as in America, identical—because a large part of the community desire not an executive but a decorative head, it has not been easy, as it is on the other side of the Atlantic, to realise in a President the democratic model. French Presidents have been chosen because they were soldiers, because they were orators, because they have borne historic names; and, once seated, their conduct has vacillated, from that of the first one, who made the *coup d'état*, to that of the last one, who laboured to produce the simulacrum of a monarchy. It is no small event, then, that the French democracy has been able to put one who represents its simplest expression into the chief seat—that a son of the soil has reached the highest place in the gift of the French Republic. But even those who are dismayed at seeing the people in possession of the Elysée will not deny that they are truly represented there. President Loubet stands for that part of the nation which does not want old-time heroes, which wants the equal well-being of all. He stands for the modern idea of individual freedom, already realised in English communities, announced long ago in France. It is in this sense that M. Loubet is interesting.

The hue and cry made round his election caused the chroniclers to give a picture of M. Loubet two years ago which was almost grotesque. The French journalists forgot that the peasants can give their sons better advantages to-day than the ancient aristocracy had. By nearly all

the writers two years ago the new President was misunderstood.

Emile Loubet was born sixty-three years ago, at Marsanne, near Montélimar, in the department of the Drôme, in ancient Dauphiné. His parents were well-to-do peasants. He was sent to the nearest village to school. Being studious, he prepared for college. He passed through the university, and returned to practise law in the village where he began. He became Mayor of Montélimar, and President of the Municipal Council of the Drôme; he became a Deputy; he entered the Cabinet as Minister of Public Works; he became Minister of the Interior and President of the Council. Later he was made Senator. In 1892 he was chosen President of the Senate, and in 1899 he became President of the Republic. It is a continuous upward career, and it was achieved by self-effort. It is a life as it should run in a democratic society, as is seen every day in English communities, as occurs rarely in France, where everybody wants at each move to be aided by somebody else.

If nowhere he eclipsed others by showy talents, he was always esteemed for his modesty, his integrity, his industry, and his executive qualities. It is to be noted that everywhere he presided. His temperament was expressed when he said,—"No one has a right to call me Dreyfusard or anti-Dreyfusard. I am, with the majority of the nation, in favour of truth supported by justice." He has always been a Moderate Republican: if anti-clerical, also anti-socialist. His nature is that of judge rather than of advocate, preferring to weigh both sides and reserve an opinion, and it was with reason that he was astonished at the hostile demonstrations on his entry into Paris after his election. As directed against him they had no relation of cause and effect. They were in reality directed against the Republic. It was because of this sum-total of qualities, that at a moment of crisis, while there were candidates with more brilliant services to their credit, and whose names were widely known, he was the one man on whom with unanimity the choice of his colleagues fell.

As he has never had any other conception of his *rôle* in the posts he has occupied than that of making himself useful, neither has he had any idea of advancing by fictitious means. He did not put himself forward for the Presidency, but the contrary. He wanted the place only if the Republic wanted him, if his colleagues thought him the man for it: and he waited for the Convention's free choice. A more effectual test no one could have desired, for the Presidency was literally thrust upon him.

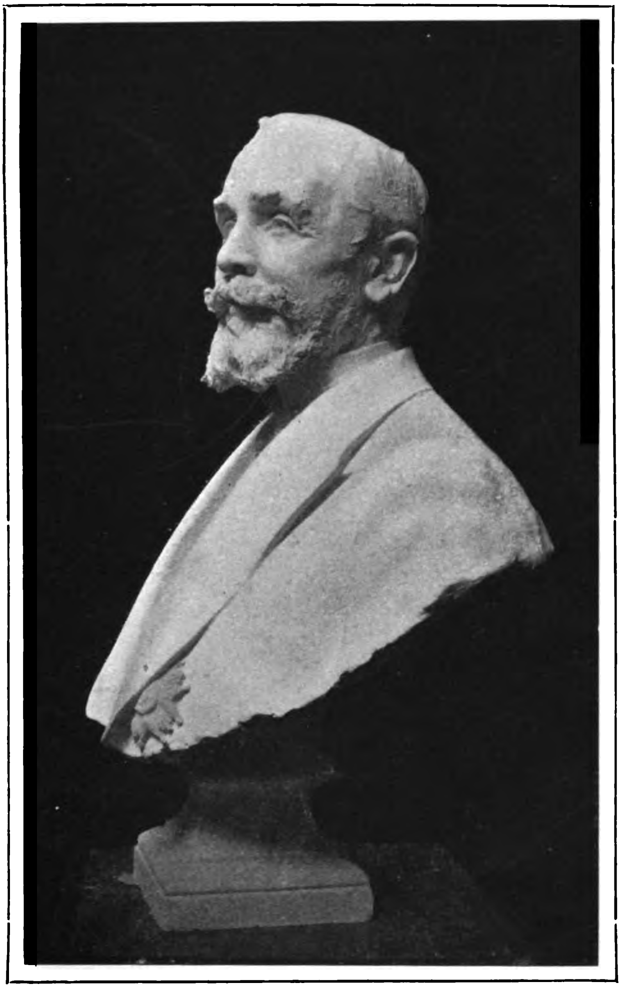
All this, however admirable, does not make a popular hero; and those who would prefer in the Presidential chair a decorative head, must agree with the Opposition that M. Loubet is commonplace. This is what his detractors have called him. In default of something to blame in his past life they have rallied him sarcastically because he was known to his colleagues as "honest Loubet." It is certain that the royalists who are looking for a Monk, and who thought for a moment that they had found one in Félix Faure, can have no such illusion this time. In default of being a hero there are compensations. A detractor,* at the time he became President of the Senate, ejected, in what was meant for sarcasm, this description of M. Loubet, which the Republicans hold to-day to be in its main assumption literally true: "Those who know him compare him to the pole star, which, giving neither heat nor light, serves mariners as a guide. This is doubtless why the Senators have chosen him as a compass."

Nearly three years have passed since M. Loubet went to live at the Elysée. He has gained the universal respect, and his name has become a symbol for the Government. As to his enemies, a great deal of water has run under the Seine bridges since, on the day of his election, the Academician Lemaitre sank down in the ante-chamber at Versailles, with his insulting, "C'est navrant!" Neither he nor the other amateurs of heroes think any longer of protesting. The clashing factions have taken on surface calm, if not peace. For the Republicans, time has proved to them the wisdom of their choice. The programme of reforms outlined by President Loubet and his Cabinet has met the goodwill of all shades of Republicans, who have put shoulder to shoulder to carry it out. His Cabinet, headed by the greatest First Minister since the Republic began, has made

* *Figaro*, Jan. 17th, 1892.

the longest voyage of any French Cabinet on record over very stormy seas. It is the unanimous opinion of his party that M. Loubet's presidency has strengthened the Republic.

Such is the public man. In President Loubet's private life the same attributes translate themselves into moral living, and into that sense of the fitness of things which goes by the name of good taste. His appearance has something in it of American: one easily recalls President Harrison, or President Garfield. It is the look of a man who has carved his own way in responsible places from a lowly round to a high one. A rather short stature, grey beard, and habitual frock-coat make up his general outline. His strongly modelled head some have characterised as Roman; they say the Romans colonised the Dauphiné. There is but one like it in France: it is that of his mother, of the sturdy peasant mother, who still to-day, though eighty-eight years old and more, manages her vineyards and her mulberry groves, still forming the pivot round which the family revolves. Everybody knows the delightful anecdote of how mother Loubet received the news that her son had been raised to the head of the nation. The little town of Montélimar had broken out spontaneously into a blaze of candles and flags, and a swift messenger was sent off



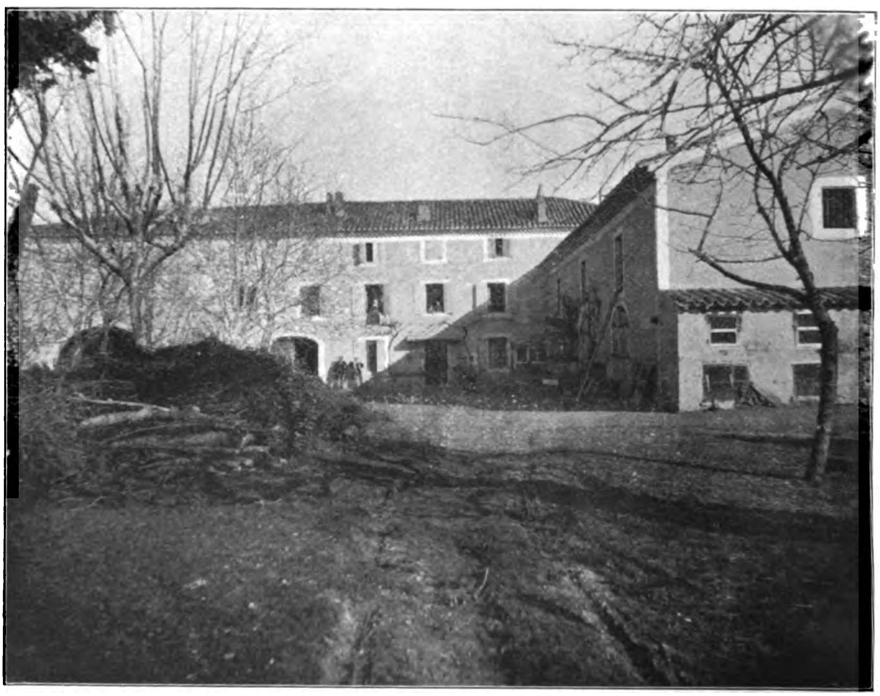
President Loubet. (After the bust by Denys Puech.)
Photo by Fiorillo.

to the farm to break the joyful event to the aged mother. But the *brave femme* knew all about it. The new President's first thought had been for his mother, and she held his telegram in her hand. "*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!*" she is reported to have said, "what a misfortune for my poor boy!" The story is worth repeating as an index to the family. The Americans have remarked that their men with similar careers have had mothers of strong character. President Loubet follows the rule. To complete his portrait. The lines of the face are extremely refined, the mouth has a touch of quiet humour; the chief feature is the eyes. They are intensely blue, and are very expressive. They are penetrating, benevolent, and very grave; also they have the fixity which comes from the habit of study and of pursuing a thought.

His manner is cordial, and puts every one at ease. Whether he receives the Russian grand dukes at Rambouillet, or whether he greets some nameless visitor, his reception is the same; and his old friends of the Drôme remark with satisfaction that he receives them with the same frank pleasure as when he was simple mayor of Montélimar. It is true this would seem to be the simple index of a well-bred man; but for some reason or other, which it is not my business to analyse here, this complacency is very much remarked by the public in France.

His long experience in public life enables him, in spite of a natural timidity, to perform the ceremonial duties of his office with apparent ease. His speeches he prepares himself, but, as he is not much of an orator, he delivers them badly. He converses very well; he is a good listener, and his patience is proverbial. It is said that he does not know how to get rid of a bore, and that often he has to be rescued by his first secretary, M. Combariau.

He is simple in his dress. Some French Boswell who has interviewed his valet pretends to know that he possesses five frock-coats, two for winter, two for summer, and one for state occasions; that he wears his trousers suspended in old style; that he detests a dress suit; that he always wears broad-toed shoes, with thick soles and high heels, the heels



"La Terrasse" Farm, the birthplace of President Loubet.

to add to his height; that the left shoe is larger round the ankle than the other, no one knows why, but probably not because of the distraction of his shoemaker.



*Madame Loubet, wife of the President.**



Madame Loubet, mother of the President.

President Loubet married at the beginning of his career the village belle of Montélimar, Mademoiselle Marie Denis. The authorities are at accord in praising Madame Loubet for the good sense she shows in the place to which she has been called. She performs her social duties with grace and zeal. She is essentially a family woman, a spouse and mother. She has as well a heart for all the miseries. In winter time one may see her often, in company with one of the ladies of the household and the secretary, M. Poulet, issuing from the Elysée on her way to some women's hospital or children's home. She makes life genial around her, and the *personnel* of the palace say they have never known better days than under her administration.

The President and Madame Loubet have three children. The eldest, Marguerite, is married to a magistrate, M. Soubeyron de St. Prix. Through her young children the President is a grandfather. M. Loubet's elder son, Paul, is twenty-seven. He is his father's private secretary. The third child is the young Emile, now eight years old, and the darling of M. Loubet's heart. One fact distinguishes this child from the rest of the family: he was born in a palace, and his little life has entirely run in palaces. Does it give him an advantage, or the contrary? He is precocious, and is being carefully educated. Already he is fluent in English, a language of which his father speaks not a word. He has taken his father for his *beau ideal.* One day, at the Salon, where he had been taken, he profited by a momentary distraction of his governess and disappeared. After a search he was found standing before the bust of his father by Denys Puech, wrapt in contemplation, and seemingly oblivious of the gathered crowd, which looked on in admiration.

President Loubet's private fortune is small—some £15,000, it is said. The children received two years ago from a family friend each a legacy of £2000. The Presidential salary is £48,000, a large part of which necessarily goes in expenses.

The principal recreation of the President when in town is the daily drive. M. Loubet likes a lively horse, and he handles the reins with skill. It is said that when he speaks to his horse he falls into the old-time accents of Dauphiné. He has the habit also of an early morning promenade on foot. Accompanied by one of his secretaries, they say he is sometimes to

* Photo by E. Pirou.

be met on the Grand Boulevard in the early hours of the morning. It is related that on one of these occasions recently he met a young man in whom he takes an interest, an employé of one of the Ministries, making his way home, rubbing his eyes, after a night spent out. "Ah, my boy, I have caught you!" exclaimed the President chaffingly: "I shall make my report to your chief," and carried the young *noceur* off home with him to lunch.

President Loubet does not believe in great state, certainly not in ostentation, for the Chief of a Republic; and the simplicity which reigns to-day at the Elysée, if it does not resemble that at the White House, is nevertheless a considerable modification on the habit of the preceding incumbent. In the public functions there still remains in some particulars more etiquette than at some courts. It is a routine established. In the matter of public receptions President Loubet has intervened, says a French paper, but in a single particular. This intervention is worth remarking, for it illustrates a trait of character. It has heretofore been the custom, says the journal, to serve at the Elysée balls two qualities of champagne, a superior quality to the notabilities and a mediocre quality to the crowd. M. Loubet wants the champagne good for everybody, and he serves to the crowd the same quality that he serves at the diplomatic sideboard, and serves it with the same abundance and good grace. The thousands of bottles emptied in a year, says the paper, make no small draft on the Presidential purse, for M. Loubet quietly pays for the extra quality out of his own pocket, and says nothing about it.

In the matter of the table, says the French Boswell above mentioned, a *maître d'hôtel* with the help of a *valet de pied* answers for the service. It is the table of a rich private individual who can serve a dozen unexpected guests. The food is abundant, but simple. M. Loubet detests complicated dishes. He never eats desserts, and takes but very little wine. "Meal-time is the hour of family secrets and of familiar talk. M. Paul Loubet, who goes about a great deal, relates the news of the town, or the President tells of his morning promenade. Sometimes the President permits himself to eat some sweets, but Madame Loubet, who watches out of the corner of her eye, recalls him to order." And the same Boswell has brought away the picture which follows :—

"After the repast M. Loubet likes to throw himself into an arm-chair to smoke a cigar. Madame Loubet comes to seat herself beside him, with the younger son, for a few moments' parental conversation. M. Loubet is very fond of his children, and the boy knows that this is the moment to ask for favours. He reiterates then his demand to be allowed to go out in a motor-car. But M. Loubet does not like motor-cars—for his own family. He has no confidence in them. Every time there is an accident, and it is spoken of at the Elysée, "You see," he says to his son, —"you see." But the child persists that, with his elder brother and the secretary, M. Poulet, there is no danger. They will go slowly. "No, no!" repeats M. Loubet: "when you are grown up."

What impression will he make in Russia? President Félix Faure thought that *his* undeniable personal success in Russia was in great measure due to his large and solid stature, in a country where all the men are large. "If I had been a little scrub I should not have made the same impression on the Slav populace." * M. Faure was not only large, but possessed the personal magnetism which often goes with stature. Added to this, he interpreted his *rôle* in a manner which appeals to crowds. He felt a necessity to show that the President of the French Republic could be as decorative as the incumbents of thrones. He imagined that respect for the Republic depended upon it. "I carry on my trade as best I can, which is to make France appear in my person as amiable and worthy under the Republic as she was under the ancient *régime*."* One sees that he thought the Republic needed to be excused, and he applied himself to realise his ideals. M. Loubet has not the stature or the personal magnetism of M. Faure, and he has a different conception of his *rôle*. He does not feel that the Republic needs apologising for. He would never make a drum-major, neither has he any idea of manœuvring with a golden stick.

It may without rashness be prophesied that if on his visit to the Czar he does not satisfy a crowd agog, he will be better understood by those who know better

* "Propos de Félix Faure:" *Figaro*, 1901.

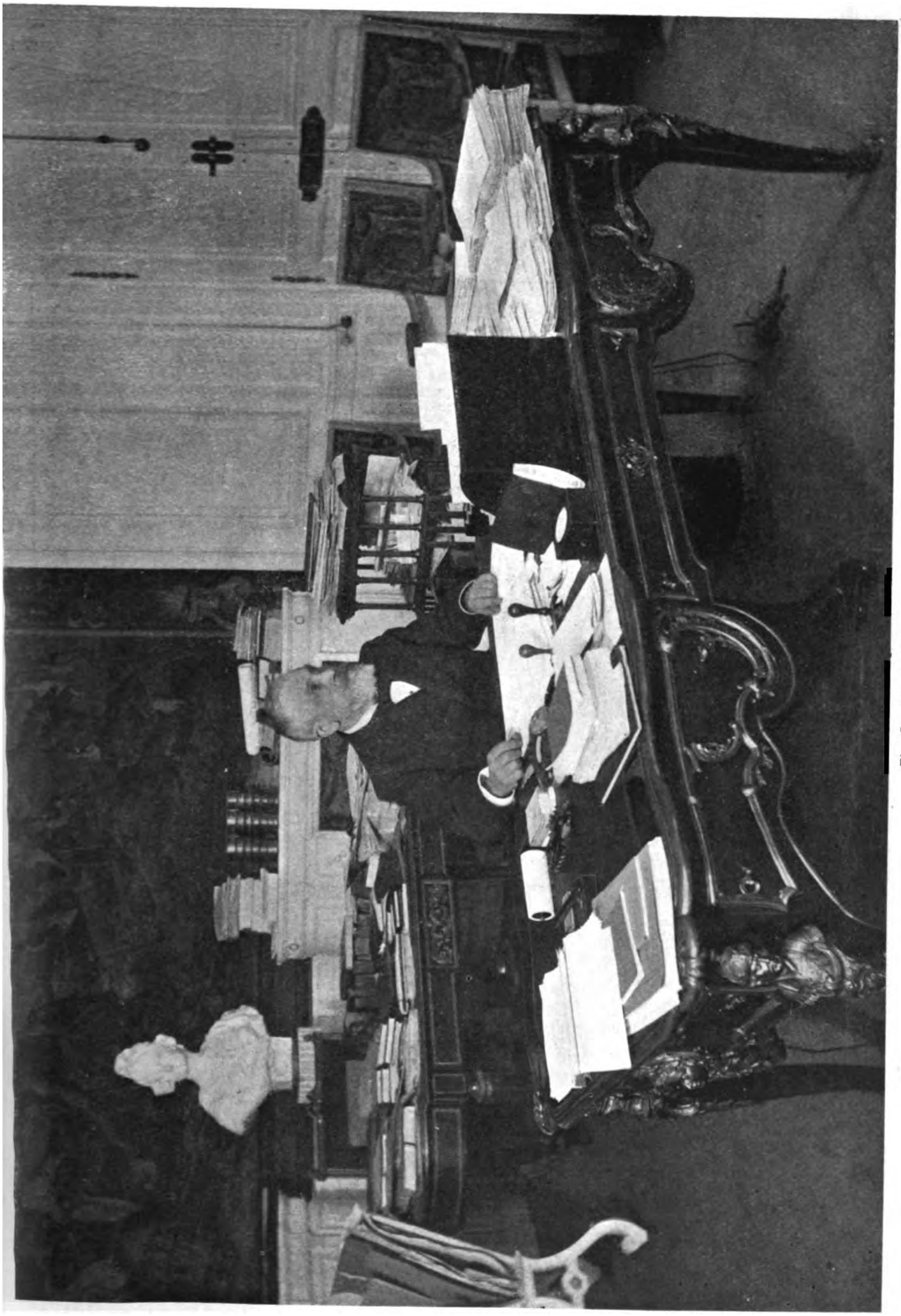
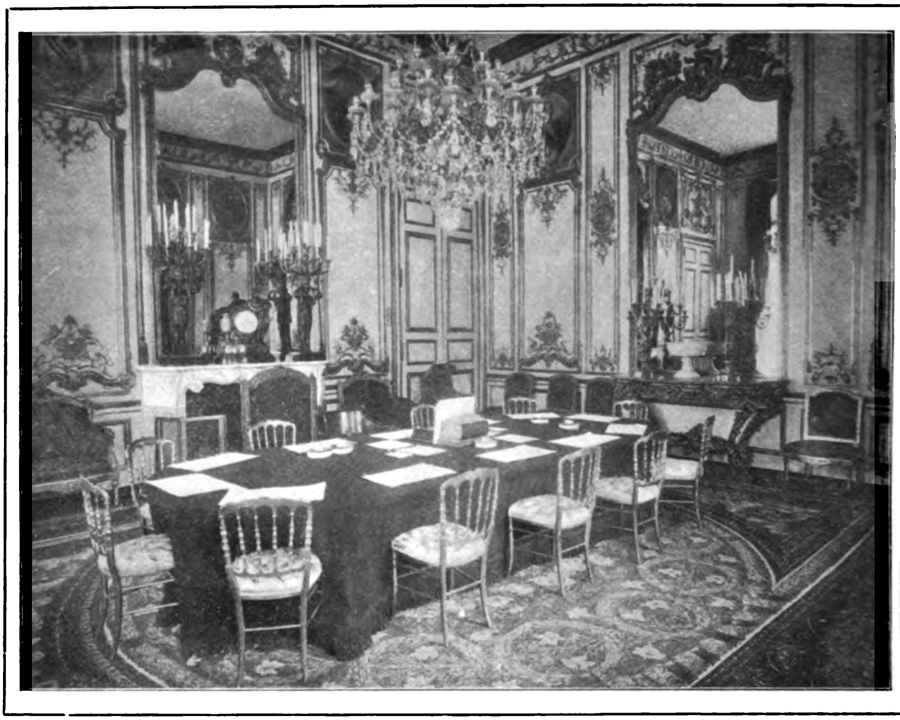


Photo by Boyer.

The President at his table.

how to judge. What is thought of him abroad by the competent has already been expressed by a word attributed to King Edward :—"I like M. Loubet very much better than I did M. Faure. M. Faure put on the airs of a sovereign, which he was not; while M. Loubet has the air of being a good citizen, which he ought to be."

It is out at the château of Rambouillet, which he prefers to the Elysée, where he is free from official red tape, that M. Loubet should be seen by whoever wants to estimate the man as he is to-day.

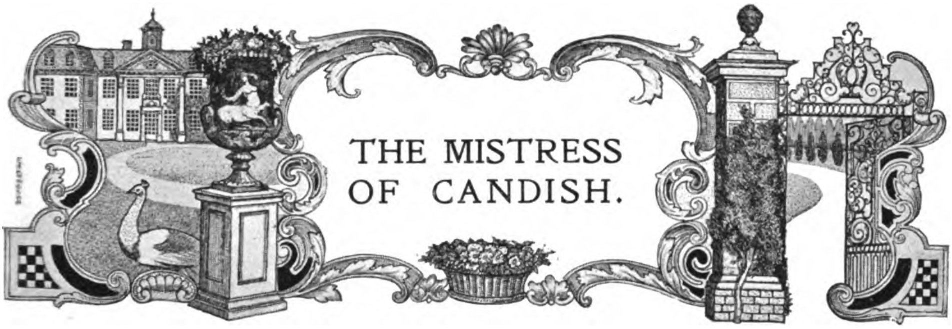


The Palace of the Elysée: the Council Chamber.

The peasants round the château, when they see him, in felt hat and gaiters, brushing the dew in the early morning, exclaim with sure instinct,—"*Ah! quel brave homme que le Président!*" The *petit peuple* know to-day that their representative will never deny them; that he has not changed his mind since he said, "I hope to go back to close my days among my own people, on the farm where I was born."

From the immense window of the *salle des jeux*, where they have served the coffee, the eye embraces the terrace and the magnificent park beyond. The President leans against the billiard-table, smoking, and the grave blue eyes look out across the perspective. Of what is he thinking? Is it of the frivolous life which once peopled the park,—of the fleshly nymphs who roamed there disguised as Dianas for the pleasure of old Cardinals who should have been saying their prayers: which life some have made synonymous with the grandeur of France and regretted? Of his country's future? Of the old home? Of his lifelong work?

M. Loubet is modest. I do not know of what he is thinking, as between the smoke-curls of his pipe he looks out over the perspective of Rambouillet Park. Perhaps he sees only the twilight shadows breaking into rainbows in the lake, while across the verdure the château sentinel flashes his sabre in the dying day.



BY MARIE VAN VORST.

I.

THE towers of Candish look upon ravishingly lovely Copeshire, wherein—valley deep—lies the town of Candish. It possesses one street, a green, an abbey, and of course the Candish Arms.

Sir Bazen Candish, V.C., of Candish, Copeshire, Colonel in Her Majesty's —th Lancers, distinguished in the engagement of *Sohagabul*, India, retired because of a troublesome wound (and a good deal of overpowering fondness for Candish), became, at the sudden death of Sir Tidemouth Candish, lord and master of this fair demesne. He stood six feet three, was rugged as a winter landscape, strong as a well-lived life and an iron constitution could make and leave him. He was tender-hearted as a little girl, brave as a lion, timid as a dove. To prove these contradictions, take *Sohagabul* for the manlier parts; the contradictory attributes were displayed in his weakness before stories of poverty and need; in his recluse-like retirement from the world, his absolute refusal to be a lion of the county, to stand for anything, or *be* anything but a country gentleman, mewed up in his manor and forgotten. In the company of the fair sex his cheeks crimsoned, his speech was choking and incomprehensible; and it was a tender, sentimental fact that he was perpetually in love. In Candish the gentleman planted himself to mellow to his prime, and to become, with his forefathers, of the traditions. Mrs. Shawls' crocheting on her pink thread tidies in the housekeeper's room might have confided (as do widows and spinsters) to the romancer and the poet, that for her part she had been in love with the Squire all her life. And if query ended with Miss Wrexy, in Edge Rose Villa, the maiden would have confessed that she had never had another ideal save Bazen Candish, Rugby boy, Oxonian, Captain, Major, Colonel, Squire. She had spun herself to sleep with impossible possibilities, and stared awake into dreary reality caressing a dream from twelve years of age to forty. Anywhere, from Arms to Parish House and Orphanage, query would find but one response—"Adored, beloved by all!"

His nephew Rowly Feversham came in upon him after luncheon at Candish Court. "Uncle, I want you to help me."

"Yes, Rowly."

If he had helped him, Messrs. Merle, Topleton & Ford could have told you. So could the private accounts of the Colonel, so could the gardener when new graperies were needed, and the coachman when box stalls were to be added, and many other crying and deferred improvements put aside till another year and another. To neglect the apple of one's eye, the property, means that the proprietor has a secret drawer into which many sums are thrust away—a hidden expense, a private encroachment.

The "private encroachment" stood before Colonel Candish, with the air of a man who, if he has demanded much from the world and the individual, repays goldenly by exuberant existence! Feversham was exquisitely attired in riding togs of swagger cut. If his tailor's bill had not been paid, it was no fault of Colonel Sir Bazen!

The Squire greeted his nephew with a warm handshake and an inviting "Well, my dear boy?"

"I want you to help me, uncle!"

Sir Bazen mentally reverted to his balance of the month, and decided how

much he could afford to reserve. "Why! it was only last week that——"

"Oh, damn money!" waved his gallant nephew; "it isn't money this time."

"Not money? Why, what then——?"

"——am I here for? Another reason. May we sit down? Thanks,—I'll keep my pipe."

His uncle chose one of the discarded cigars. Rowley's hat, gloves and riding-crop were on the centre table. He leaned one arm on it and sat smoking, whilst the uncle, still standing, watched him.

"Why, I'm in love, you see, and I want you to help me."

"In *love*! Why, my *dear* chap!" (What marvellous assurance to outburst such a confession blushless and at ease! The Colonel could not cope with it.) "Why, I . . . I mean to say . . . Oh, *no*!"

"You take it harder than debt, sir! After all, it isn't surprisin', is it? It's a wonder I haven't fallen in before. I have, heaps of times, not so deep! *Now* I'm head over heels."

Here Colonel Candish did sit down, staring, red as a boy, pleasantly uncomfortable.

"I want you to help me."

"Gracious heavens, *no*!" exclaimed the other. "I don't know what you mean, sir. *I* help a man in love—*I*?" He laughed softly, and Rowly looked up at him. "And you don't want *money*, you say?"

"No, not now," granted the youth.

"Well, then, if you are in love, that's all about it, isn't it? unless"—he flashed with delightful illumination—"you want to get out of it."

The younger took his pipe out of his mouth. "No, no! I should think not."

"Well?" Colonel Candish helped him.

"But it's far from being all about it, sir. What a novice that shows you!" (the Colonel winced). "What I want is to get her in."

"Oh, to get her in?" assented the gentle voice.

"That's just it! I'll tell you about it, sir. She likes me very well indeed. But she's kept precious close, and they are such a lot of 'em at Macmarron that I never see her alone—not enough, that is to say, to give her a chance to see my good points, to tell her how deucedly fond I am of her and all that sort of thing."

If Rowly Feversham had described a peculiar kind of torture, and pined because he could not be destined to it, it would have been easier of comprehension to the timid officer than this: "*to be alone with the woman of his love and tell her how deucedly fond he was of her!*"

The V.C. hero of fearful *Sohagabul* stood mutely looking down at the young boor.

"Do you *see*?" nodded his nephew.

"Ah!—I—yes—one does, directly, of course!" choked the uncle.

"And so, as she's visitin' the Countess of Macmarron in Blendford, I want you to ask her over here, please, for a few days or so (both of us, of course, and the Countess), and——" But here he stopped short, his speech in his open mouth: his uncle's dismay was evident.

"No, upon my soul, sir! You mustn't ask it," he managed to say. "Couldn't think of it! Couldn't think of it, my dear fellow!"

"Good heavens, uncle! Why not, pray? She's a lady, a charmin' girl, a thoroughbred from tip to tip, sir, bright as a new sovereign, pretty as a peach. Why not ask her? It's all the more needful," he said wilily, "if I'm going to *marry her*, that you should look her over."

Colonel Candish was shocked to his finest. He ventured again a gentle "Oh no: *impossible*!"

"But *why*, sir?"

"I've never had a woman in the house, except Mrs. Shawls," he twinkled a little, "and Mrs. Tethers."

"The worse for your taste," Rowly laughed. "As for Candish, why, it's made for a woman! Little nooks and corners and steps. A girl would rave over it: and *she* will too! She's mad about old things, 'antiques' and an 'artistic atmosphere,' as she calls it."

There was no sign of yielding.

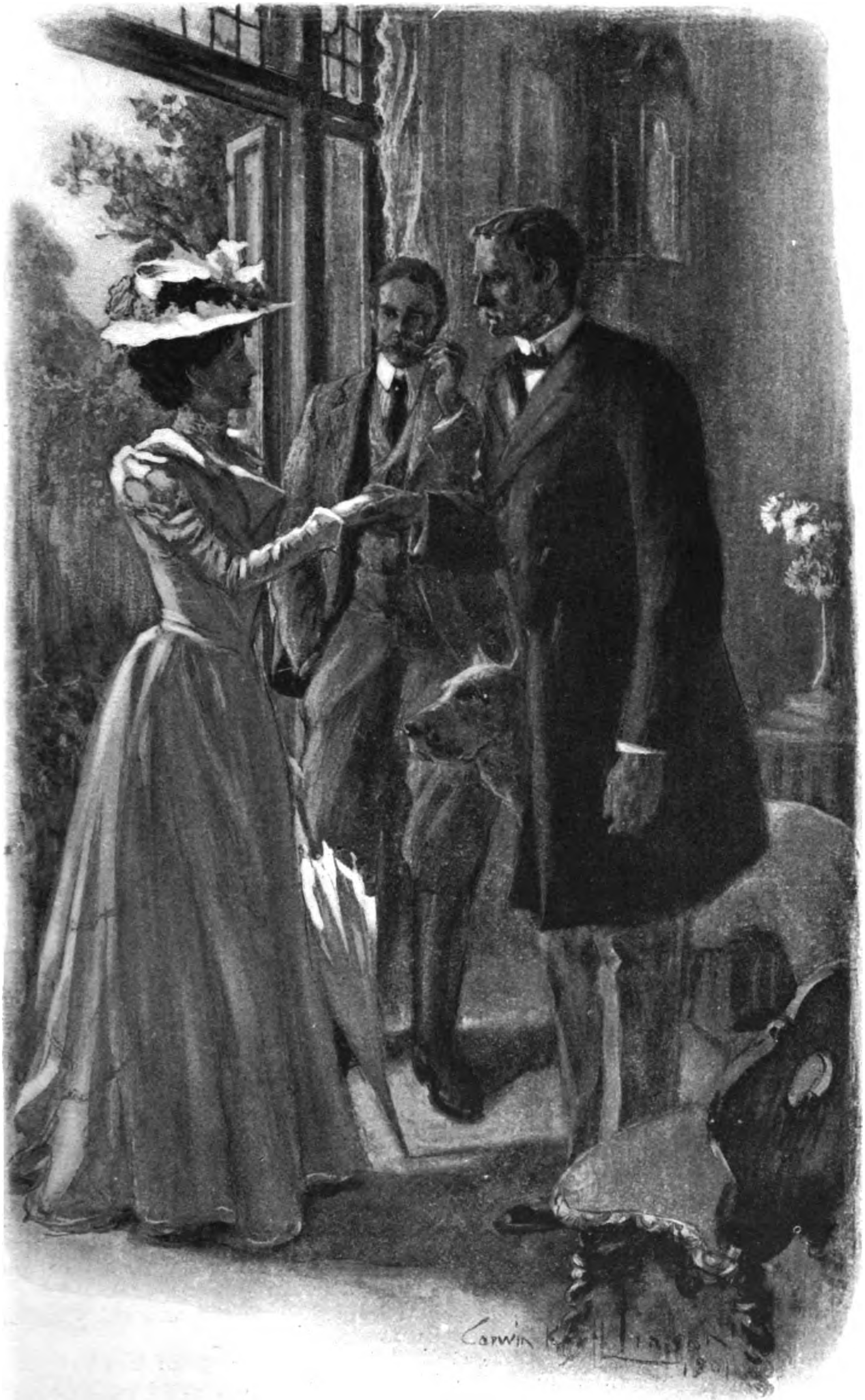
"I say, uncle!" Rowly was in deep earnest, and rose to show it. He shook out his long legs. "If you don't ask her, it's all up with me."

"Up with you?"

"Yes; there's no show at Macmarron. I never thought you'd be the last to help me to happiness."

Here Colonel Candish wavered. "And what makes you think," he posed, "that the young lady would come to Candish?"

"Why, she'd come to see it—to see the place, if nothing else!"



"She extended a hand in a cool white glove to her host."

"Oh, indeed! And not to see you?"

"Well, I'm not blind. She's hit a little, but not hurt. I haven't won her, uncle, but I will if you'll help me out."

He spoke with more energy than the elder man had ever seen him display; it pricked anew his pride in him.

"You shall win her, Rowly!" He came toward the young fellow and gave him his hand. "That is, if I can serve you, I will; but mark you, you are host! It devolves upon you, the burden of the affair. I'm not," he coughed a little, "a ladies' man, you know."

"Oh, I know that!"

"Not a *woman hater* exactly," hastened the other, "but a recluse."

* * * * *

Candish Court grew mellower, richer, more anciently lovely in the late September maturity, turning to ripeness perfect for the taste and approval of the American who was to come and be its guest.

Colonel Candish made a tour of the house twice over, once with Mrs. Shawls and once alone. The woman's perfect order proclaimed "nothing awry" from wine-room to tower, and his difficult taste acquitted her. He apportioned the tower suite to his guest, the adjoining rooms to his cousin, Mrs. Tethers; and, as though going to a Moslem shrine, he tiptoed through the whole in slippers! The windows were wide to the autumn beauty without; and Candish, in golden haze, rolled and dipped and melted away far as eye could see. The Squire stood for a moment in the window, and marked gabled and red thatched roof, the church spires and ten-mile wood to left, now ten miles of glowing autumn brown. A few specks, slow stirring here and there, were sheep on a distant hill, and now and again gleamed out the broad roadway over which a dogcart would soon come bowling his guest and her lover Candish-ward. A melancholy (undoubtedly brought by the autumn, with its ever recurring tendency to consider the winter future instead of the summer past) touched the Squire; he sighed, looked about the pretty room, at the gently blowing window curtains, the chintz and old furnishings, then stepped softly out, cheering himself with a new scrutiny of the *menu* and a direction to Bence about the wines. Later he stood on the terrace, his hands under his coat tails, before the library window; then paced a few nervous steps to left and right, settling his collar and cravat, pulling at his seals, encouraging himself, "whipping up his spirits." He laid his hand on the back of his great dane, who faithfully upheld him in "march" or "rest arms." "Oscar, believe me, I would rather it were the hour before *Sohagabul* than the hour before" — and he said her name — "Barbara Fletcher."

But hours, whether of war or love, arrive to find us more or less prepared; and at this last funk on the part of the V.C. the dogcart rolled up triumphantly. With a ring and a dash that should have inspired his uncle's courage, Rowly Feversham called a familiar salutation; and in a trice, with confused "ah's" and "oh's," and coughs, and stammering, gentle, incomprehensible speech, Sir Bazen Candish had greeted Miss Fletcher.

But there was no funking or crimsoning on the part of the girl, "the tip-top thoroughbred." She extended a hand in a cool white glove to her host, and raised to him without embarrassment a pair of clear brown eyes.

"I'm going to begin to thank you now," she nodded, "for letting me come to this heavenly place."

Rowly was watching her as though he had trotted out his best mount for approval. His head tipped to the side, he was tugging at his long moustache with one hand, the other was thrust in his pocket.

"There! I told you Miss Fletcher would like it."

"*Like it!* It's perfectly entrancing. As for Candish, that queer little town with the inn and everything you are told an English village ought to have, I *know* it won't be there to-morrow! It's sure to be gone in the night, like Jack's bean-stalk. It's too good to last!"

"It *has* lasted, however," said the host in his gentle drawl, "for three hundred years."

"Perfect again!" exclaimed the guest delightedly. "It couldn't be less, of course; it's the real thing. It's grey as a spider-web, but I hope nothing will brush it away."

"And I trust you will like Candish Court as well."

"She's sure to," spoke Rowly. "But let's have some tea, shan't we, before we show her the place or anything else?"

"Do!" assented the girl. "I'm dying for a cup of tea."

The tray was brought, with fresh, crisp toast, shining water-kettle and teapot. Miss Fletcher drew off her gloves.

"You will let me make it for you both?" she said, looking from one to the other with a graceful inclination of her brown head. "I couldn't really have a man fix a cup of tea for me! You would do it beautifully, of course" (she smiled at Colonel Sir Bazen Candish), "as you've made all you've touched here perfect." She swept a gesture toward the park. "Mr. Feversham tells me that you have really created this place."

"*Created!*" he protested. "Oh, how *could* you, Rowly? My grandfathers before me."

"Still," she nodded, "it bears a new stamp here and there, a modern touch that some present hand must have given it. But *this*—the tea" (and she had taken the hot-water-kettle handle already between her fingers), "you must leave *this* to a woman: if she's an old maid she's a tyro about it for herself, and if she's married she's all the more determined to——"

"To what?" asked Feversham.

"Why! *fix it for the man*," laughed the girl.

"I shall be honoured if you will pour it," said Colonel Candish, with old-fashioned politeness. He was already beginning a train of nine days' wonder as to whether his duty to his nephew required him to disappear at once. "Courtesy as host," he argued to himself, "compels me to remain for a few moments longer."

"How do you take it?" she asked.

"*Nature*, if you please."

"Mr. Feversham takes it spoiled by lemon." ("Ah!" thought her host, "how well she knows his tastes already!")

"And you?" he questioned, poising his cup where the red Copeland roses shone up at him from the cup's bottom through the amber liquid—"and you?"

"None at all."

"None at all!" echoed Feversham: "but you said you were 'dyin'' for a cup of tea!"

"To *make*," she said, "since I have to explain."

"Yes, you do, or finish," said Rowly.

"Well, it only needed a tea service at this inevitable five o'clock to complete the English perfectness of it all, and I could not say I didn't take *tea*," she said. "Just think how stupid it would have been!"

"At all events, *you* are not a tyro about your cup of tea," said Colonel Candish.

"Not about *tea*—no," she implied.

"About what, then?" he asked.

"Nothing at Candish," she complimented easily. "I am going to look on at everything, and be nothing that I have ever been before."

"Oh, I say!" broke in Feversham, who was standing near her as she talked, balancing his cup. "Oh, I say, please *do*!"

"Do what?"

"Be as you were."

At his nephew's first warmly interested word Colonel Candish had risen with haste, deserted his tea, and, before the girl was aware, had tripped toward the library window and disappeared into the house. The two were alone.

"Yes." Miss Fletcher, with a gesture of decided impatience, looked up at the tall Englishman. "I shall be decidedly what I have always been before, in some instances."

He reddened. "Oh, please!—I mean to say," he stammered, "you *won't*,—*don't* be."

She burst out into a peal of laughter. "Really, you *are* consistent and lucid!" She rose.

"Do you want to go in and see the house, or go out and see the grounds and stables and graperies and things?" he hurried.

The girl picked up her gloves from the tea-tray and drew them between her fingers. "I think I will go in and fix my hair; I haven't had my hat off since I put it on for that dreadful picnic at ten o'clock this morning, and I must be awfully mussed."

"You aren't, though, a bit," he encouraged. "You are right as a trivet."

"That may be," she nodded; "I don't much approve of them. They sound dreary, and I'm inclined to something more 'dressy.' A trivet! It sounds like a carpenter's shop or a blacksmith's."

"It's a——"

"Please," she held up her hand forbiddingly, "don't tell me what it *is*. I want it a mystery." She was trailing her summer gown toward the library window, Feversham following her.

"Then you won't see the place now?"

"I would rather see it with its master," she said. "It's like going over houses and grounds on a tourists' day, like a sight-seer, otherwise." Here she caught a sight of the rather discomfited face of her companion. "Forgive me," she said, with cruel sweetness, "I'm evidently in one of my bad humours. You know them."

"I hoped you wouldn't get into 'em here, though," he said dolefully.

"I may get out of them," she encouraged, "but don't be too sure."

As they entered the library, Miss Fletcher first and Feversham close in her wake, a lady in black silk and cameos rose from her chair.

"Mrs. Tethers," introduced Feversham, "my uncle's cousin."

"Shall I show you to your room, my dear?" asked the matron.

"Yes, do," assented Rowly; "she's tired to death."

"Your boxes came this morning from Macmarron," said Mrs. Tethers, "and I'll tell Markham."

"Why, didn't Miss Fletcher's maid come?" asked Rowly.

"Yes, yes," fluttered the lady, "I believe she did; so you will feel at home, my dear—quite at home." They were ascending the staircase together by this. Rowly left them, and re-entered the library to light his pipe and calm his excited reflections. As for Miss Fletcher, she scarcely heard the kind purrings of her duenna.

"*Quite at home!*" she was saying to herself, with cheeks burning. "Introduced by Rowly Feversham as though I were his wife on her honeymoon! My *maid*, indeed! What assurance, I must say!" She was in the tower room, and looking out on beauty two hours dimmer and redder in autumn and evening than when Squire Candish had seen it.

She was not in the least fatigued, as her freshness showed her when she turned to the mirror. She would have liked nothing better than to wander out now to view the domain with its lord.

When Colonel Candish left the engaging two upon the terrace after tea-time, he picked up hat and gloves from the hall and went briskly to the stables, ordered himself a two-wheeled trap, and drove a young mare for several miles.

He was regarding himself all this while with surprise. At the first overpowering moment, when the young lady descended from the dogcart on to the court terrace and greeted him, he had seemed to be plunged under water and trying to see through it and talk through it; but suddenly with great success he had sailed up to the surface! And from that moment he had not suffered one pang of the nervous embarrassment that a woman, and above all a lovely woman, had hitherto had the cruel power to cause him. He had been able to look at the girl even when she looked at him; to hear all she said, to enjoy, to reply.

Considering these astonishing facts, he found himself taking a boyish delight in them; he flicked his horse sharply, and the little mare gave him work sufficient for the next mile to restrain his dangerous thoughts from too far overleaping.

"It was, decidedly," he said to himself, "because my heart is so full of Rowly and his hopes." (Being a man of honour Colonel Candish refused this explanation.) "It was because she was so completely mistress of the situation herself!" he further argued. This he found he might loyally accept. "She is completely mistress of all, as she is of Rowly." He looked far and wide, and always upon his own lands. "I will leave it to younger blood. Beauty shall be of it, and in it, and rule over it. For my part, I have always wanted to see the world," thought the Squire.

Mrs. Tethers had been gathered from stagnation in a distant county to make the proper setting of conventionality for the reception of Miss Fletcher. She thrilled when she read the message from her cousin: Rowly is to entertain a young American at Candish. Colonel Sir Bazen did not even mention the sex.

"Of course, Bazen," the lady said to him later, after she had studied the campaign in silence for several days, "you are quite blind about Rowly. You've made an idol of the boy, but no one else has."

"How do you mean?"

"Miss Fletcher's not in love with Rowly."

"You are wrong, Cicely; you mustn't think it."

"I am right," nodded the old lady.

"Why not? He's a fine young chap—no better family in the realm," he bridled.

"Poor as a curate."

Colonel Candish blushed. "She's not mercenary."

"How do you know that? It's not a crime to ask for a competence, is it? Rowly hasn't a shillin' but those you'd spoil him with."

Colonel Candish was agitated. He was flinging his seals about vigorously and couching his eyes under his brows whilst he replied, "He has enough—quite enough to marry on. I shall make a settlement, and he shall have Candish."

"Oh, shall he?" sniffed Mrs. Tethers.

"When I die."

"My dear cousin! you are a young man yourself."

"A young man, Cicely "

"Decidedly," emphasised the lady—"a vigorous man." She sat up very straight, and tapped her thimble on the table with her words. "You've your own life to live."

He shrugged his shoulders. "In *them*," he said—"in *them*," more softly; and continued under the influence of the pronoun, which was in its essence for him not plural; "and if I am to have so long a life they shall not wait for dead men's shoes."

"What?"

"They shall not wait!" said Colonel Candish: "I will give them Candish on their wedding-day, and if I cannot re-enter the service I shall travel. I have of late," he said, "wished very much to see the world."

But Mrs. Tethers did not follow his enthusiasm.

"*Give up Candish whilst you live?*" she emphasised slowly, staring. "Renounce your heritage for—for—— That's the mischief—with no 'entail'!"

"For them, yes."

"You are a simpleton, Bazen!" She gathered up her sewing, for the dressing-bell rang here, and upon their discourse came the tones of the approaching young people who were to usurp the property.

II.

"Miss Fletcher's in your care, uncle." Rowly waited for the trap to take him to the station, six miles distant, and from there he was off for London and a long day of exile.

"My best is at her service, Rowly."

"It's a deuced bother," frowned the young man,—"a whole day to lose, and such a day!" He looked at its early exquisiteness grudgingly. "I hate to think of it wasted."

"We will try to pass the time for her."

"Oh, she'll pass the time quite well enough! She'll pass it too easily!" He poked himself into his top-coat, and fetched his gloves out of its pockets. As the cart drove up he approached the elder gentleman in touching confidence. "Oh, I say," he almost stammered, "speak up for me, sir, if you've a chance; put in a good word or two, can't you?"

Colonel Candish stepped back a bit from the hand on his coat lapel. "*No*," he said, with less of embarrassment than firmness, "I won't."

"Won't!" exclaimed the surprised young man. "Won't you speak a word for me?"

"No, sir, not a word!" His relative looked him steadily in the eye. "Woo yourself! You don't need me. I hate praising evident virtues. I never saw better manœuvres, sir—not a step out, not a gun out of line, not a ragged column! If you've got any reserves, bring 'em up at the last, but you don't need *me*!"

"But I do. Gad! I need everything! I'm a funk at the whole confounded thing!"

"Nonsense!" cheered his timid uncle; "make a bold attack, man."

"I like you there," said poor Rowly: "'a bold attack'—from *you*, sir!"

"Well, well," crimsoned his companion, "that is to say, I——"

The two walked over to the cart. Rowly looked up toward the tower, where his divinity was even then blessing heaven for a day of relief.

"I must be gettin' off, and as you won't stand by me, sir——"

"Oh, yes," said the Colonel, smiling, "*by* you, not *for* you."

"You are as stiff as though you had swallowed your sword."

"I feel more like wearing it.' Whereat the gentleman looked on Candish, smiling slowly into the sun through mists. "I believe I'm homesick for the service."

"I thought you had taken root here, sir."

"I'm not such an old tree yet."

Rowly buttoned his top-coat to the chin and turned up the collar. He sprang into the cart. "Good-bye," he waved, "and if you happen to think better of it——"

"No, no!" called the gentle voice, "but I shan't!"

Rowly was spun away, a compact, absorbed figure.

Miss Fletcher arrayed herself in a ravishing gown, crowned her very dark hair with a very light hat, took a small gay mantle across her arm and her gloves in her hand, and made her appearance below stairs at the distinguished hour of ten, prepared for the emergencies of a day she determined should *not* be wasted. The sun had triumphantly daunted low feathery mists, and rode high; in her cheeks the brilliant colour rode high as well; her eyes were alight; and passing with free, assured carriage through ancient hall and low-panelled drawing-room, she sunned and shone into the dark old library, and the yellow radiance of the autumn morning came with her, bursting through small-paned windows and flooding Candish Court with light.

Colonel Candish sprang up from his chair, his book in his hand. "Good morning!" they both greeted in chorus. "So early!" followed the Colonel, "so early, Miss Fletcher, and Rowly just gone! Five minutes sooner, and he would have had sight of you to bid good-bye."

This touching possibility the young lady ignored. "So late! you mean. Already an hour gone from this marvellous day,—and what shall we do with the rest of it?"

We are at your command—Mrs. Shawls, Bence, the stables, the household, Mrs. Tethers, and myself."

"A retinue," said the girl. "Too many. An American is not used to such following. Mrs. Shawls has already been a boon. Indeed, she is a delightful old person."

"Old!" wrinkled the clear brows of her host. "Old person!"

"Old? yes," quickly caught the girl: "old because she has no future."

"Oh!" Colonel Candish stared. "I don't quite see."

"Why, no one who has more to live *for* than to live back *into*, is old, to my idea," she said; "and after all it isn't *years*, is it? Why, I have seen men and women hopelessly old at twenty, and others at their best at——"

"At—ah, yes, at *what*?"

"Why, at sixty!" She struck high, and planted the number.

He flushed radiantly. "Oh, of course, of course! I expect you are right; and according to your way of looking at it—from, say forty to sixty gives one *quite* a life, doesn't it?"

"Indeed, indeed it does," she affirmed.

Here something in the trend of mind of Colonel Candish made him pull himself up short. He abruptly turned the conversation.

"But since we've to try to make the time pass,"—leaving his study of the graceful young woman before him he walked over to the table and put his book down,—"let me get my hat and stick, and will you . . . are you . . . ?" Here her host's glance at her boots and ruffled skirt made her break into a little laugh.

"My shoes are quite thick enough. I don't like heavy boots, and I just hold up my dress, that's all—quite enough too. If one's things are wet they can always be changed, and I never look like a guy or a boy, when I can avoid it at least."

Colonel Candish and his guest left the house and went out into the very heart of goldness, sweetness, and deliciousness.

His companion appeared to disguise her missing of his nephew, and with a charming courtesy forgot the difference in their ages and made herself a companion such as he had never dreaded to possess. Thrills of pleasure shot through him as with his longer stride he measured time to her footsteps. She floated beside him like a bright white bird.

"You will show me," she said, with the delight of a child, "everything!"

(They had turned from the stables toward the greenhouses.)

"Everything until you are tired." Then he corrected gallantly, "But no, of course before that we will take a trap and drive into the town."

"I want so much to see it—the school, the model cottages, the Working Man's Ideal Library, all—all!"

"Dear me!" he bent his gaze upon her with amazement. "Why, you know Candish!"

"I know Mrs. Shawls," she returned.

"She's vastly prejudiced," said Colonel Sir Brazen; "she's never had another service."

"She begins and ends with a eulogy."

"Ah! you frighten me!" (But on the contrary she put him delightfully at ease; he was ridiculously enjoying it!)

If The Book of Hours of Colonel Candish were illuminated by a master hand, the words October 10th, Anno Domini 19— would be done in glowing garence and every letter of the rest of the chronicle laid on in pure leaf-gold. Given a full-

page illumination for the lovely lady herself: Saint, Madonna even (shrined so closely and so sacredly she was), passing over a lawn of emerald green, her shining robes about her white as prayer. This book the Colonel's devotion would have followed night and day—missal to the highest mass, read with the tender reverence of a brave heart and a pure spirit.

In the housekeeper's room Mrs. Shawls had been interviewed already by the American young lady.

"Tell me," cajoled the girl, "all about Colonel Candish."

"Dear me, miss!" the woman looked at Brightness and Beauty and Youth jealously (but this was Mr. Rowly Feversham's young lady, and jealousy paled forthwith in the heart of the amorous matron). "As if *I* could tell you, miss!"

"Who else, or so well?" flattered the guest. "Haven't you known him always?"

"Candish itself, miss, better," and the woman went on to speak for it, eyes bright, firm cheeks redder even than was their nature. Her hearer applauded.

"Oh, what a splendid character!"

"That it is!"

"Noble, good."

"Brave, miss. You should read of his Indian campaign."

"Read it? where?"

"There's a Miss Wrexy at Candish Roads: she's got every line and word cut out and pasted away."

"Miss Wrexy?"

"Oh, a silly old maid as ever was," snapped the other,—"frimps and fringe and highty-tightiness."

"But the newspaper clippings?"

"Oh, the print! She's got it, miss. *He'd* never tell you himself. He's V.C., you know, and it's beautiful to read how he led his men through the pack lot of those grinnin' 'eathen at *Sohagubul.*"

"But couldn't you borrow it, Mrs. Shawls?"

"*I!* Lord, no!" Mrs. Shawls sniffed—"not of Miss Wrexy."

"Then I shall," declared her visitor, "for I am determined to read it."

III.

Little Miss Wrexy lived so constantly with the impossible that she was quite unable to cope with the real. Her faint blue eyes set apart were the eyes of the mystic; her step was lingering, her movements hesitant. Suddenly spoken to, she started as though from a dream. During the Indian service of its master she had once seen the Court under the ciceroning of Shawls. From room to room the spinster passed, receiving impressions that were to last her life. Mrs. Shawls knew nothing of the soul and heart ascending ambition which she was affably conducting through her master's house. On her part she exclaimed and explained, pointed out and described all the valuable things and the objects of art, trotting a little ahead of the lady, until the two came to the picture gallery, where, ranged in splendid succession, the lords of Candish hung—from the wooden, expressionless Sir Philip Exington Rodney Bazen the first, to the present squire. The housekeeper led her guest's absorbed mind through tales and anecdotes and histories of these noble gentlemen. Miss Wrexy heard nothing of what she said: the very atmosphere for her was full of the personality of the man whom from her humble distance she had worshipped all her life. Before one specimen of splendid English manhood the two soon made their final pause. Mrs. Shawls, her round cheeks rosy red, her doelike eyes humid, her heart quite palpitating under her gown, would have told to any but a dreamer's vision her *own* tender passion for the squire! But Miss Wrexy saw only before her and into the contents of the gold frame. There was the Bazen Candish of all her dreams. She made some tremulous exclamation, dropped her reticule and her cotton gloves; and Mrs. Shawls, whose vision was not that of a dreamer, looked up suddenly, read the pitiful little secret, and despised her forthwith in the honest way in which every true rival should.

* * * * *

In the delicate first edge of the late afternoon, a victoria, spanking cobs all shine and dazzle in point of view of bronze red, fine-skinned horseflesh, trapped in heavy, brass-mounted, crested harness, driven by the irreproachable coachman, supported by Bence, passed through the park, drove gleamingly down the road under the yellow-leaved beeches, spun out of the gateway toward the lanes of Candish. Beside the military gentleman sat Miss Fletcher.

As they passed under the last trees, three leaves, pure bright gold, fell in their fluttering descent into the white lap of Miss Fletcher's gown.

"What marvellous colour!" She lifted them and turned them in her hands. "How nice of them to seek us!"

"A greeting from Candish Court," said its master gallantly. (Thinking of Rowly he added to himself: "A greeting to its mistress.")

"A bright greeting," said the girl. "I shall keep this one," and she chose the clearest yellow, thrusting its fine stem in the maze of lace that fell over her breast.

And little Miss Wrexy, in Edge Rose Villa, on the edge of the green skirt of Candish village, was surprised by a sudden visit. The spanking turn-out whirled up to the door, a cloud of white descended from the victoria, which drove on. The young lady deposited walked swiftly up the bit of path, mounted the steps and rang the bell.

When Miss Wrexy entered her dingy parlour, she found standing between the chimney-place and window a tall lovely young creature.

"Miss Wrexy?" the visitor sweetly inclined: "I'm Miss Fletcher, stopping at Candish Court." (Miss Wrexy knew there was a visitor at Candish.) "Sir Bazen was sure you would let me run in and talk with you."

At the name her hostess looked up towards the door.

"He has gone on to the Parish House, I believe: he says that you are the one person of all to tell me about the schools and the children—and everything," she finished with subtle flattery. Her clear eyes were fixed on the pale orbs of her hostess. Miss Fletcher of a sudden became painfully real to Miss Wrexy, but there was also a happy recollection that she was Mr. Rowly Feversham's young lady, and Jealousy folded her palpitating wings and shut her sea-green eyes.

Miss Fletcher sat down in a very ugly chair, and Miss Wrexy in its fellow faced her.

There were a dozen topics the women might have touched: Miss Fletcher's pretended object — schools, charities, Candish itself, tradition's beauties. As for the maiden lady, the wonders of America, that ineffably far-away and savage land, all the things she had longed to know about, war dances, wigwams, Indian scalps, might be unfolded to her by a native!

"Oh, pray tell me!" she said, fixing her interested gaze on the girl before her, "about the Indians."

"The Indians?"

"You're from North America, are you not?" ventured Miss Wrexy.

"Why, yes," said Miss Fletcher, "I suppose I am."

"Well, I mean to say," faltered the other, "I should like so much to know something of the wild North American Indians."

The girl controlled her smile, and said she had never seen an Indian in her life—not even, she apologised, at a circus: something had always happened to them, they were just coming or had just left. "I fear I am shockingly disappointing," she said regretfully.

"Oh dear no!" said the elder lady, "only I thought that of course——"

Ethnological and geographical research were not for this visit. The girl was bent upon a goal, and with the American's perseverance she went toward it unerringly. Her arms were outstretched upon her lap, her gloved hands falling between her knees played with a ridiculously fine handkerchief and a Parisian *nouveauté* in the shape of a small green purse. Before her sat the other in a dress whose fashion was like "*the light that never was on land or sea.*"

"I take a tremendous interest in Candish."

"She would, of course," commented the hostess to herself.

"And I long to know about its traditions and history, etc."

"There's the 'Candishes of Copeshire' at the library."

"Only it isn't there now," Miss Fletcher nodded confidentially. "It's in my room, bookmarked to a great extent. It's easy enough to find out about the past, but it's the living, you see, that interest me" (charmingly illogical, she forgot her late craze about traditions), "and, possibly, that's one reason I don't take much stock in the Indians. They are mostly dead, you know."

"Indeed?"

"I believe so. They are quite past, at any rate. The present ones are only remnants, good stuff at one time, no doubt, cheap enough now. But here in

Candish is a splendid person, with great deeds in his past, and a beautiful character going on every day; and who knows anything about him—his contemporaries, I mean to say?"

She paused for breath, her soft red lips parted over her pretty teeth. She drew the purse and handkerchief into her lap and played with them there. Little Miss Wrexy, sitting straight as a lead pencil, followed with wrapt attention and more or less difficulty the easy torrent of words poured forth with these strange pronunciations and inflections. Mr. Rowly Feversham was as intimately connected with the girl, in her mind, as though he had brought her in and introduced her.

"Oh, he's a *Candish*, I am sure!" said Miss Wrexy. "I always said so when he was a baby, even though he *does* favour his father's side."

Miss Fletcher stared frankly at wrinkles and thin hair. ("Heavens! how old is she?" she thought.) "If to be a *Candish* is to be a *saint*, he's one through and through," she responded brightly.

Miss Wrexy had heard of Love's blindnesses. She thought of Mr. Rowly's "doings" at the Arms—of the fighting-cocks and terriers in his merry youth. "How the poor girl must love him!" she thrilled pityingly; but she said, "It's good to hear you speak so of him, I'm sure, Miss Fletcher."

"Oh dear no!" (the girl made a pretty little gesture); "*I* am only a reflection of



"*Wherever she was reading, she was deep in it.*"

every one's opinion." But when she spoke again, it was with a tone chilled by a control and an indifference which she threw into it. "As I said, I am interested in the history of Candish and its living people, and for my part I'd rather hear of *Sohagabul* than the traditions of dead heroes."

"Of *Sohagabul!*" Miss Wrexy gave a frightened "Oh!" and shook out of her mistake with actual pain. "Why, *that*," she said, "is *Sir Bazen's Indian Campaign.*"

"I know: I want to hear of it."

The little lady was perfectly silent, too dulled, too shocked for speech. Looking up at her from the purse and handkerchief, the girl saw in a flash her mistake.

"*My dear!* whom did you think I was talking of?—Mr. Feversham?" She dimpled and broke into a ringing laugh. "*Mr. Feversham* a saint! *Rowly Feversham* a hero! Oh dear, oh dear me! *Please* forgive me, but it's too awfully funny. Why, he doesn't even know the position of *Sohagabul*; and it's bad taste to apply to the hero himself for details, isn't it? And since Mr. Feversham is *hopeless* on the subject, you see I came to you." Here she sunned her charmingest smile upon her *vis-à-vis*. "They tell me" (she bent toward her) "*that you've every word cut out and pasted in a book. May* I see it?"

Miss Wrexy was hypnotised. She made no response, nor did she shirk the subject. She withdrew her pale gaze from the girl and rose; going to a little work-table in the corner, she lifted its lid and took out a scrap-book, returning with it in her hand to where her guest stood softly humming a little tune, looking about the hideous room and through the window into the warm late October day.

Continuing under a singular influence, Miss Wrexy laid the sacred volume in the girl's outstretched hands.

"Thanks so much!" She opened the first page, and completely forgot the spinster.

"You will scarcely see there," said the hard little voice. "If you'll sit here, by the window. . . ."

Miss Fletcher took the chair indicated, drew off her gloves, rolled them into one another in a ball, poked them with handkerchief and purse into her lap under the book, and began her perusal.

Miss Wrexy had knitted most of her life, and she got down her grey knitting-work and clicked at it, sitting not very far away.

The light, reddened by sunset, enveloped the girl in the window. The one yellow leaf lay on her breast, a spot of gold. She had been close over her work some five minutes when Miss Wrexy asked: "Where are you reading now?" and she had to ask it twice before the face of her guest was raised and Miss Fletcher told her where. "And where," queried the colourless voice, after a long, long silence, "are you reading now?"

Wherever she was reading, she was deep in it, absorbed, the colour bright in her cheeks. *Sohagabul* was depicted to her at last! A thrilling story, as all will grant who remember the columns given to it in the London *Times*. There were the tales of dead and dying, of escape and strategy, marking that thrilling campaign; tales of the bravery of many and the distinguished bravery of Sir Bazen Candish of Copeshire. She had reached the place where the paper described, with a concise simplicity that gave the deed all its grandeur, the raid of the —th Lancers: how Major Candish, at the head of his men, without sword or pistol or any arms, led a remnant through a tightly packed mass of natives, who, in order to better attack legs of riders and bellies of steeds, were kneeling three thousand strong, scimitars flashing. The Lancers, after a gallop over a blank plain, came upon one of those hidden ravines which the natives had used to conceal themselves. There was nothing to do but to go on. Through this compact mass of steel and hideous barbaric flesh the battalion made its bloody way. Once free to leave the devilish mob behind, and ride for safety, it was found that a young under-officer, the comrade of Major Candish, had fallen, near the end of the horror; and it was not in Candish's mind to leave him with pagan skins to rot, or to heathen disposition. Wheeling his horse, he seized a sword from the hand of the man nearest him, and rode back into the hell. He found the poor body and brought it out in his arms!

In another paragraph was an account of his receiving the Victoria Cross. The girl read it, dashed away her tears, read it again, bent over the book, put her

lips to the print and raised her face all pale with emotion, smiling withal in sweet confusion. She looked at Miss Wrexy, then out of the window, silently for some little time. Then she closed the book and rose; she gathered her gloves and purse together, and in rising let fall her ridiculously fine pocket-handkerchief. This Miss Wrexy found after her visitor had gone. She put it in her work-table, possibly intending to return it; but instead it lay close beside the scrap-book, and in the old maid's possession the two grew yellow and mellow together through the years.

The chains of the horses' trappings clinked in the distance.

"It's the most thrilling thing I have ever read." Miss Fletcher had gained her composure. "Does Colonel Candish know of the existence of this book?"

"I think not."

The carriage drove up to Edge Rose Villa. Colonel Candish, coming as far as the door, bowed to Miss Wrexy, who stood quite far back, and then he escorted Miss Fletcher to the victoria, helped her in, and got in himself. Miss Wrexy saw the girl settle the skirts of her dress, and Colonel Sir Bazen turn toward her.

For a little distance Miss Wrexy's sight could follow the carriage, glistening and shining away; in front of it was the red glow of sunset, and to her it seemed a chariot, bathed in glory, driving into the sun.

What Miss Fletcher said to her host was: "I wonder if you would do me a favour? *Will you wear the Victoria Cross to-night?* I want so much to see the order."

Rowly at dinner found his lady more entrancing than ever. She glanced at him with compunction; it stirred pity, and she threw over to him a kindly smile. Colonel Candish saw it, and took it very kindly for Rowly! Across the table Rowly and Barbara exchanged the banalities and fiddle-faddle of worldly youth. Colonel Candish, thus forgotten, considered Miss Fletcher. Her dark hair was a shadowy setting for white forehead and small ears. Her dress was the colour of the extremest edge of a candle's flame, and from the bodice her shoulders and neck rose white caressed by the shifting light. Colonel Candish in his thought placed the Candish pearls around her throat's sweet column and several of the Candish ancient jewels on a soft resting-place, her gently stirring bodice. He put a band of diamonds in the shadows of her hair.

Suddenly she turned her eyes upon him—stars of all!

"Will you please convince Mr. Feversham that we can pass an afternoon without him?" she asked.

(What jewels could make her brighter!)

Colonel Candish, taken by surprise, covered her from her hair's dark crown to her hands with love. Miss Fletcher's lips, parted with her speech, remained parted a fine instant's edge, and she grew pale.

"Did you get the letter, my love, that came by to-night's post?" broke in Mrs. Tethers.

"I did, thank you." Miss Fletcher turned with relief to the old lady. "My brother is in Candish."

"In Candish!"

"Yes, at the Arms already, I suppose."

Rowly half rose. "At the Arms! We must get him out of that at once!"

"He must of course come here," hurried the host.

"On no account," said Miss Fletcher. "You are very kind, but he wouldn't think of it."

"He'll have to," decided Mr. Feversham. "Do you think that we would let a friend of ours put up at the Arms? Why, it's only for carriers and passers-by and tanners."

"Well," said Miss Fletcher, "in that case he'll be in his element! He seems to fulfil all those requisitions. He's a 'tanner' by trade; he surely is a 'passer-by,' for he's going on to-morrow."

"To-morrow!"

"Yes; and he's a kind of 'carrier,' as he is going to take me with him, so he writes me."

Rowly tried to laugh. "*Oh, I say!* But you're chaffing, of course! I might have known!"

"Indeed I'm not," and Miss Fletcher appeared serious enough. "He's been making a trip through the manufacturing towns of England, and is called suddenly home; of course I can't stop without him."

There was, as she paused, a heavy silence, which the two gentlemen were unable to lift. Mrs. Tethers said, with sincere regret: "Leave us to-morrow, my dear!—did you say to-morrow?"

"I am afraid that I did," replied the guest.

"I shall go myself to the Arms," said the master, "and persuade Mr. Fletcher to return with me."

The ladies had left the room together, and Rowly went over to his uncle, his eyes earnest, his voice shaken with genuine feeling. Indeed you'll not go, I beg, sir: I'll go. Let me."

"But," said the Colonel, amazed, "it's her last night here."

"Just for that," continued the other—"just for that! For God's sake, sir, speak for me now; see her alone."

"Have you spoken yourself, Rowly?"

He laughed bitterly. "Spoken! I asked her after I had known her ten days, and I asked her every day for the first week she was here, until she forbade me, and she was so skittish at it that I was afraid she would shy altogether and bolt Candish."

Colonel Candish mused. "There are your prospects, Rowly."

"Oh, I've urged 'em."

"You have!"

"I've told her how you've spoiled me, and that I knew that you would do the handsome thing for us; and," he continued with great subtlety, "I've told her how set you were on it."

Colonel Candish transfixed him with surprise. "You *told her that I wished it!*"

"Oh, yes, I told her it was why you asked her here, that it was your first thought on earth to . . ."

"Well, well? to what?"

"To see us married."

"Ah, yes; and what did she say to *that*?"

"Oh, she chaffed, as usual! She said 'it *was the only recommendation about it*,' or something of that kind."

Colonel Candish was silent, and Rowly fidgeted.

"I say, I must be going sir, to fetch up the brother, I expect; and you see I'm tied hand and foot, gagged rather."

Colonel Candish held the boy for a moment with his clear gaze. "I'll urge your prospects, Rowly. Don't misunderstand me: I will not woo for you nor for any man, by Heaven."

Rowly stared.

"If she doesn't love you, you don't want her to marry you, do you?" exclaimed the Squire fiercely.

"Yes, for any reason—any way to get her! *She might*" (Feversham stopped and regarded the dignified figure before him for a second, but his desire was too great for delicacy to restrain)—"she *might*," he said slowly, "*do it for Candish.*"

There was a silence.

"Fetch her brother up," said Colonel Candish coldly.

"I will if he'll come, and I'll dawdle at it," said Rowly—"talk to him at the Arms and bring him back by the mill road, to give you time."

"Thanks," said his uncle.

Colonel Candish smoked a cigar, measuring the dining-room slowly to and fro with even steps. His post-prandial weed was distinctly a failure, and he placed his half-smoked *garcia* in the ash-tray, seeking the drawing-room, where before the fire Mrs. Tethers sat alone.

"Miss Fletcher has gone to the gallery. Do you know, the poor girl is quite cut up at leaving Candish?"

The campaign was opening, and the gallant officer clapped hand to his sword. "Ah! in the gallery? I think I'll join her."

"Do; and remember," she raised her finger, "I will never consent to any sentimental sacrifice, Bazen!"

He made no reply, and the parting shot rattled harmlessly to the ground. Colonel Candish left the drawing-room, passed through the halls, and ascended the flight of steps leading to the portrait gallery. Curtains of drapery, soft and old, that crushed to nothing in the hand, hung before the doors. He grasped the *portières*, pushed them back and entered.

At the end of the room was, deep set, a window wide and long, and through the panes the October moon poured its tide until the window nook was white with light as snow. Standing in the radiance was Miss Fletcher, in her gown the colour of the edge of candle's flame; but the colour had warmed nearer to the heart of the fire, for her figure appeared to glow in the pallid stream. Through the window the terrace, the oaks and beeches, and the soft clumps of bushes were seen clear as day. On all this Miss Fletcher was looking quietly. She turned at the entrance of the Master of Candish. Before either had spoken he had come quite near.

"It is cruel of it to be so beautiful to-night. It would have been easier to

have left the Court in the wind and storm."

"You like Candish?"

"Yes, every stick and stone; cottages, model library, the Workman's Ideal Rest—every stick and stone" (she made a gesture toward the without, as though she bade it good-bye).

"But why leave it, then?"

Her profile was all of her face he could see; she became of the moonlight's coldness. The frailness of the woman, the strangeness of the silver sea in which they both stood, helped Colonel Candish to speak.

"Then why leave it, Miss Fletcher?—pray never go."

A tremor like the wind of the aspen shook her. She put one hand on the window-casing and turned her face to him, raising her eyes with a frank look, flashed and withdrawn. It stirred his being to tumult. As at the table, she took him unawares, and he felt himself flush to his brow.



"Her hands were clasped over the Victoria Cross."

When he spoke again his voice was strongly running away with his words. "I want to see you moving through the Court, putting your touch to all; sitting at the table's head making everything young again. I want to see you walking to the Close, in the summer time, in the pretty frocks you wear. I want to see you in the town among the poor and the little children. It is beautiful here," he continued. "Candish is very beautiful: I want beauty to be of it and reign over it." He paused a moment in his quick warm speech. "I want to see you mistress of Candish."

The girl was not of the moonlight now. Her dress, with its earthly sumptuousness, had lured her back to material things. Colonel Candish, manfully withdrawing his eyes, gave a look out at the sleeping terrace. From every part of his nature whence this gentleman had been wont to summon strength and control to meet

his moment's need, he called his forces now. He had but one dash to make for a goal that was close at hand.

"On the day my nephew marries you, Miss Fletcher, I will give him Candish."

Miss Fletcher stirred. "Rowly Feversham! Oh, did you think that I would marry him?" (the ring of her voice was almost an appeal). "Never! oh, never!" She waved from right to left, to the world without and to the ranks of the Candish lords on the gallery walls—"Not even for Candish! It is like you, far too generous—and—impossible." With dignity she bowed her gratitude and refusal. "Mr. Feversham understands that it is perfectly impossible."

Colonel Candish did not interrupt her, and she went on.

"I did wrong to come; I should not have stayed. I said Candish would be easier to leave in the storm, but I can leave it now." She lifted her chin and threw her head back a little, and her face thus raised was a rose for the moon to kiss.

"No" (Sir Bazen's voice was a ring of command full of passion and strength), "you shall not go."

She trembled and shook, unable to withdraw her eyes from him. He covered the few steps between them, and taking both her unresisting hands, drew her slowly toward him. He bent over her, and finding his heart, made for both, had no words to tell either of glory or love, he gathered in silence from the lips of the woman in his arms the rose of the best in the world.

"And yet," she said, as they still stood in the window's depth, "you would have given me to Rowly Feversham!"

"No, by heaven! I don't think in the end I should, but I can't face that boy! I have robbed him of everything."

"Not of me!" tossed the lady.

"Ah, yes."

"I was never his, never—but of Candish! Oh what a wild plan!" Her hands were clasped over the Victoria Cross; she touched the ribbon. "What a strange generosity! Candish," she said, caressing the word. "It was disloyal—an abdication unworthy!"

Looking down at her hands and her hair and her uplifted face, "To you," he said, "I would give everything." Here she put up one hand lightly and covered his eyes. Then she found voice to say, with a little laugh, "It was not to Mr. Feversham, then, that you gave it, so he hasn't even lost Candish!"

"I cannot face Rowly, however," said the Colonel decidedly.

"Leave it to me," said Miss Fletcher, with cruel happiness: "*I* can face him."

"May I?" he exclaimed, with exquisite relief; "may I really leave it to you?"

"You may indeed, hero of *Sohagabul*!" She bent and kissed the order.

"*Sohagabul!* What do you know of it?"

"Too little, too little. Some time you will tell me of it, but not to-night. Dear little Miss Wrexy! I am *sure* she's in love with you. I *suspect* Mrs. Shawls, and I have my *doubts* about Mrs. Tethers! You are the prince of indifferents!"

"No! no!" he exclaimed gallantly; "on the contrary, I must confess to you that I have gone down to my mellow age——"

("Oh, hush!" said the Mistress of Candish.)

"——in love with every lovely woman I ever saw!"

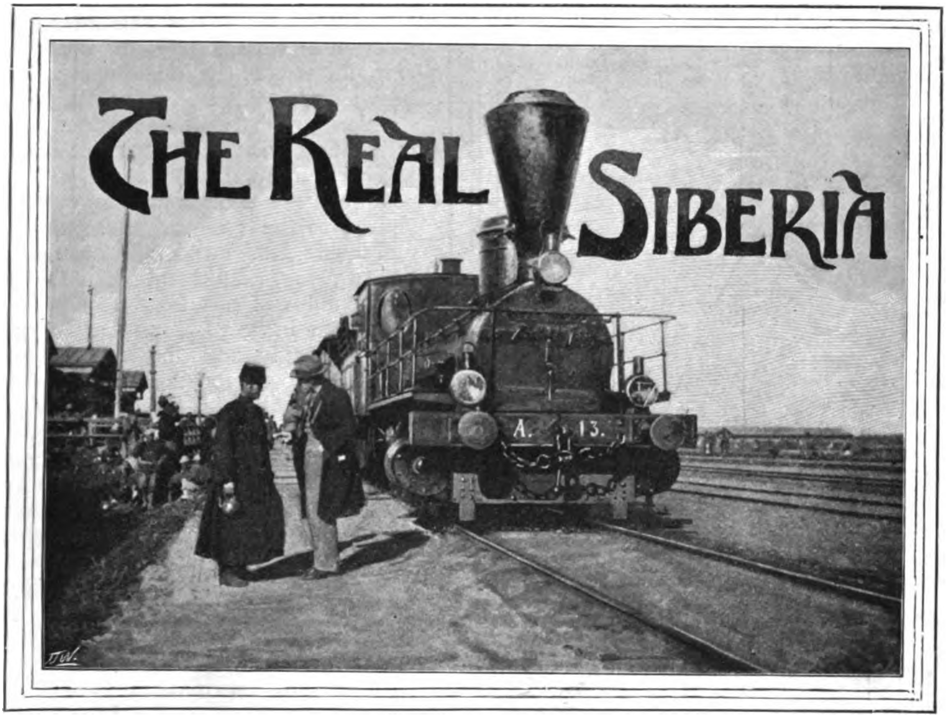
Miss Fletcher would have drawn a little away, but he added, holding her fast "——without ever telling a woman that I loved her until to-night."

"In *love* with them? In *love*?" she murmured.

"A candle to the sun!"

"Ah, well!" said the girl, "lovely women will continue to exist. Do you intend to continue in your gallant career?—Hark!" They stepped apart and listened. "It's my brother's voice: he has come with Mr. Feversham. They must not find us here."

Then the Mistress of Candish, her dark head held high, went swiftly past the lords and ladies of many a day gone by. The Master drew aside the tapestries, she descended the steps, he after her, and the arras swung heavily to. Against the window-panes the moon-flowers brought their white disks; on the lawns the shadows of poplars and beeches, growing longer, followed the moon; and the ancient hall faded into night. The flood of autumn moonshine, gradually paling, slowly drew its radiant silver curtain along the dark oak floor.



A SIX THOUSAND MILES JOURNEY ACROSS SIBERIA.

BY JOHN FOSTER FRASER.

IT was an evening last September in far eastern Siberia, on a paddle steamer that was churning down the Amur river. The day had been hot, and we had panted, and then sworn at the mosquitoes, which were troublesome. But dusk came with balmy breeze, a great balloon of a silver moon rose from behind the Manchurian hills, and the rippling sheen on the water seemed the track the steamer was following. Far ahead gleamed red lights on the Chinese shore and white lights on the Russian.

The steamer was ablaze with electric light, and a pale blue bulb over the bridge was flooding the main deck. A group of young Russian officers, on their way to Vladivostock, were sitting round a table playing cards, and shouting for more *champagnski*, and laughing as only full-blooded young officers can. A stout Russian merchant was playing hide-and-seek with his tiny daughter. From the saloon came the sound, on a tinkling, ill-tuned piano, of "San Toy," strummed by a rather large Jewish lady from Moscow.

An American and I were sprawling on deck chairs, taking it lazily after dinner. When he had smoked one third of his cheroot and chewed off another third he threw overboard the remaining portion, and turning to me remarked: "Say, when you get back to your old England are you going to tell the truth about Siberia?"

I assured him that something like that was my intention. He chuckled. "Why," he said, "if I go back to 'Frisco, after having been in the country where I'd allus thought ice and snow come from, and tell them I've been nearly frizzled in Siberia, and never seen enough snow to cover a ten-cent piece, they'll never believe me. If I told my friends it's just a fine wheat country, that it's just like Wyoming and other places out west, and that there's big hotels with electric lights, and that on the Amur, instead of sledging and being wrapped in furs, we're just as comfortable as on a Hudson River boat, they'd think I was lying. Why, in Moscow I bought a fur coat and skins and big boots. I've never worn them; but I'll have to dirty them up a bit, or else my friends won't believe I've been in Siberia at all."



An official.

The opinion of the friends of that good-natured American is, I fancy, the opinion of most people about Siberia.

Their idea of the great land beyond the Ural Mountains has been obtained from works of fiction, in which blizzards and wolves, and gaunt cruel prisons and fair young captivating damsels sent into political exile play a leading part. There is snow in Siberia; also wolves and prisons and exiles. But if you imagine there is nothing else in Siberia, you will have about as correct a view of the country as a foreigner would in declaring there were always fogs in London, that the place is full of prisons because he happened to lodge opposite a famous building at Holloway, and that the cruelty of our judges was awful because the only time he was in a court he heard a man condemned to receive fifty lashes with the "cat."

I went to Siberia last autumn, willing enough to breakfast, dine, and sup on horrors. I was disappointed.

There was a tremendous expanse of country, but no scenery. The great trans-Siberian railway line, a twin-thread of steel, not very well laid, stretches across a sea of prairie, dipping and heaving with the land; and the only wonder you have is that it actually arrives at towns and doesn't lose itself.

The journey is monotonous. You get over the monotony, however, if you go to the rear car and gaze for four hours at the two rails unwinding beneath you. In that time probably eighty miles of metal have spun out. Then you begin to think how it did that yesterday and the day before, will do it to-morrow and the day after and keep on doing it for a fortnight.

If you look at an eye-stretch of the line it is dreary. But when you think of its length—about 6000 miles—that it was laid rather quicker than a mile a day, that it cost £85,00c,000, and will probably cost half as much more before it is in good working order, you write enthusiastically to your friends, talk glibly about a mighty engineering feat, and drag in the customary comparison to the Great Wall of China.

The building of that railway has knocked on the head all the old romance about Siberia. You no longer travel in tarantass and get jolted till you are so sore you can't stand up and it is painful to sit down; nor in sledge from which you have to fight packs of wolves or keep feeling your nose, your ears and your toes, to be quite certain they have not been bitten off by frost.

You travel luxuriously in that Siberian train. I've travelled in most countries on this much-abused old earth, and I've never travelled more comfortably than on the Siberian express between Irkutsk and Moscow.

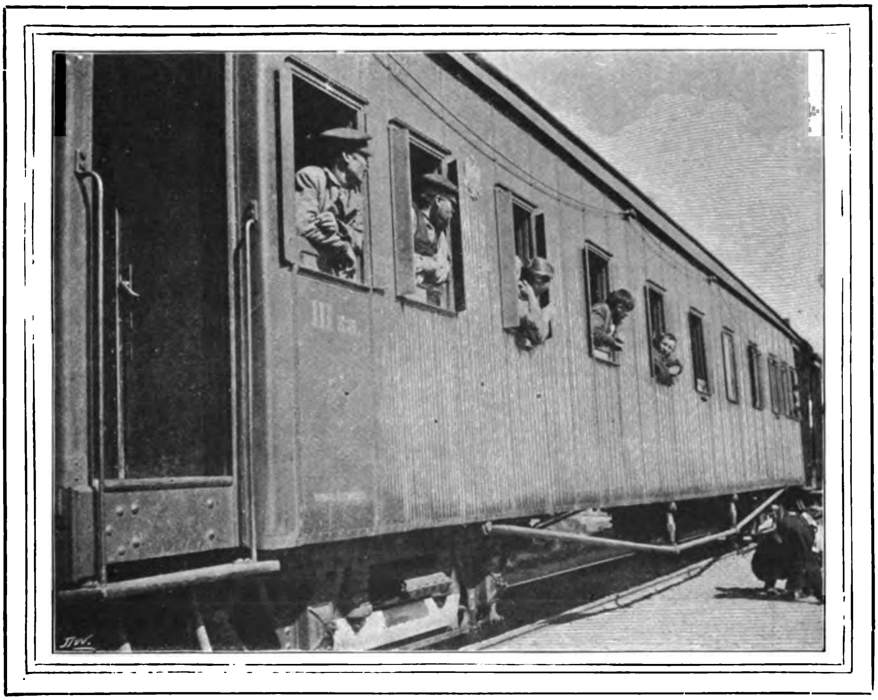
The Russian is a fine fellow, with no national arrogancy about him, good-natured and hospitable; and he doesn't take offence at your chaff. When you become reconciled to his table manners, attune your ear to the extraordinary noises he makes in his throat, and don't mind the way he holds his knife and fork, you will like him. He now and then gets drunk and noisy. But he won't want to fight you because you are a Britisher. He will probably want to kiss you—which is worse.

Nearly every man on the train is in uniform. Indeed, the idea you get of

Siberia is that half the population is engaged in ruling the other half. There are also lady passengers. English ladies have what is called a travelling-dress—a garb understood to have inclinations towards simplicity and serviceability. The Russian lady, however, always travels as though she were going to a garden-party. She has a light-coloured skirt. She sweeps the ground with it, which shows she is not so niggardly and lacking in wealth that she must lift it from the ground. The same feeling prompts her husband when pouring you out a glass of wine to splash it over the tablecloth because you might think him parsimonious, if he took notice that the wine kept below the rim. The Russian lady is never properly attired for travelling if she has not a brilliant blouse and a hat that is a flower-bed in gaiety. When she wants to be very stylish, she has an ulster of green or red plush. When I was tired and wanted distraction I would work out how many sixpenny plush photograph-frames the ulster of a Russian lady would cover.

On the Siberian express you find the coupés clean, the bed-linen all it should be, the light electricity, and the attendant more cringingly obliging than any car-conductor in the world. You will have some difficulty about ventilation, for the Russian abhors fresh air. You will, however, have no difficulty about the bath-room. The Russian occasionally washes, but not often. He has a theory that it is weakening. So you never have to wait.

Siberia is a land interlaced with rivers. And yet, from its spare use, you might think water had to be conveyed from the ocean. I never really knew what an adept I might be in the use of bad language till I came under the evil influence of a Russian washstand. The usual thing is to have half a pint of water hid in the back of what looks like an old-fashioned hurdy-gurdy. There is a sort of gas jet stuck out, and by pressing up a knob a trickle of water is released—usually up your shirt sleeves. Another appliance is one in which the jet points up and the water is set squirting by pushing down a pedal. If there isn't much water in the can behind, there is a feeble dribble. If there

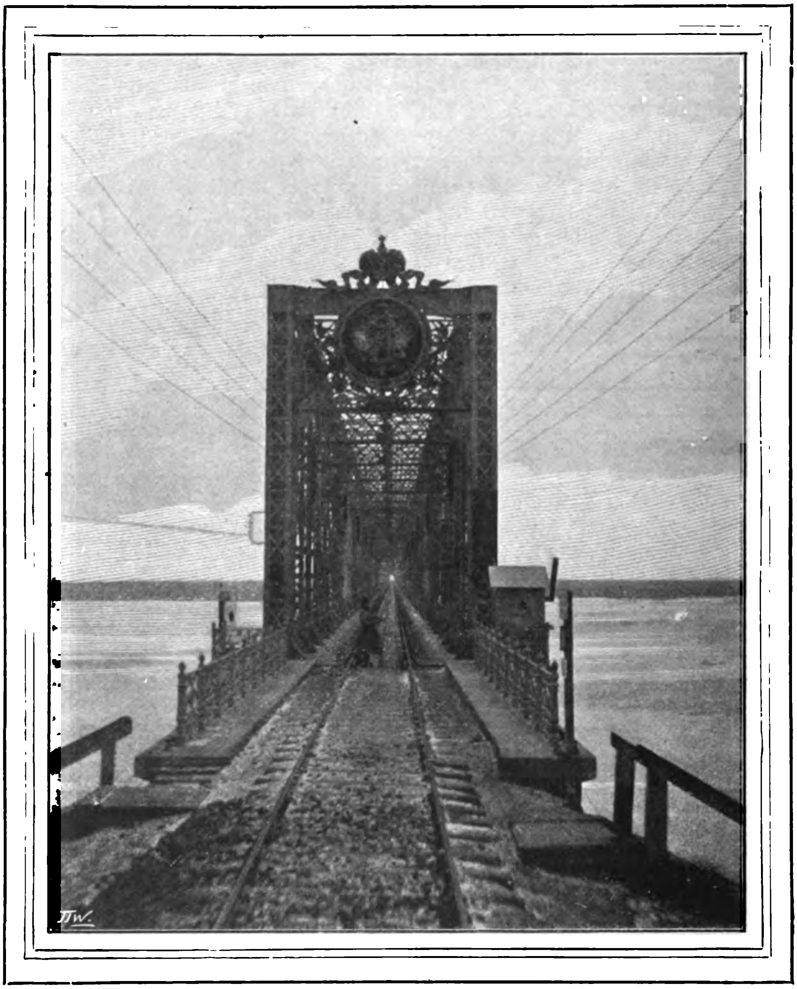


All aboard.

is plenty there is a spray like an exhibition fountain. In any case your language is not what it should be.

The train trundles doggedly across the Siberian steppe. The outside painting of the carriages, so blue, so yellow at the start, gradually softens into a murky grimy brown from the dust of the prairies.

a man, usually a good-conduct convict. When the train is due he stands out with a little green flag signalling the line as clear. He sees the train reach the man with a green flag a verst away, and when the train has passed that man he notices he stands between the metals with the flag arm outstretched. The train comes



A bridge en route.

There is no elaborate system of mechanical signalling along the line. But every verst, that is every three-quarters of a mile, is a little log hut. Between St. Petersburg and Vladivostock there are 9877 such huts. Each hut is within sight of the other. When there is a curve then there are two or more huts to the verst. In each of these huts is

roaring along in a cloud of dust. He looks after the train, outstretches his own flag arm, and sees another man with a flag a verst ahead. He then stands between the metals, his flag fluttering till the train has passed the man ahead. After that he goes back to his hut and his solitary life.

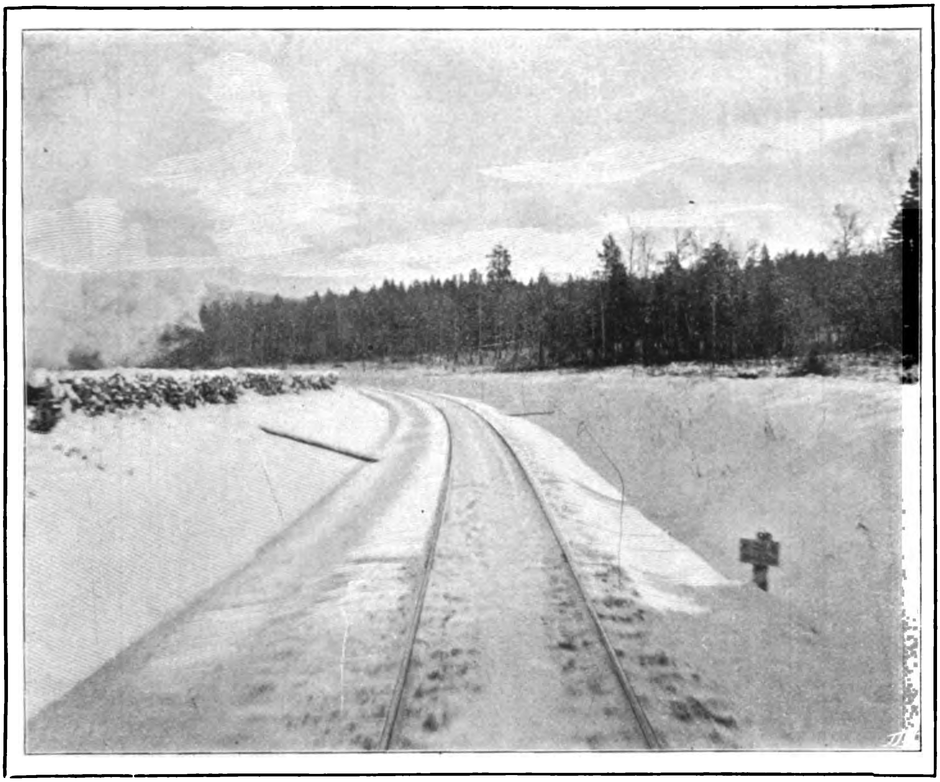
When the flag signal starts at Moscow

it passes from man to man away across the Volga, over the Ural Mountains, right through Siberia, and never stops till Vladivostock is reached, in some twenty or twenty-one days. The only break is in the crossing of Lake Baikal by steamer.

The winter in Siberia is long and fierce, and the wind bites like the tooth of a hungry wolf. Yet winter is a merry time. For weeks the sky has an Italian blueness, and there is not a breeze that would disturb a feather. Then through the towns is heard the jangle of sleigh bells. Ladies and gentlemen, wrapped in cosy furs, whisk by. Concerts and dancing and feasting and love-making are in full swing.

When you go to Siberia in the summer months the people always say, "But why do you come when it is so hot and so dusty, and when everybody is out of the town? Why don't you come in the winter time, when there is an endless round of pleasure-parties?"

There is no long budding springtide in Siberia. Suddenly there comes a thaw; for a fortnight or so the roads are impassable because of slush; then the whole world bursts into flower. The Siberian steppes in June are carpets of radiance. By July the heat is vigorous; in August it is terrific; September brings genial days, the russeting of the trees and a crispness in the air at nights. With October comes sweeping snow again, and a track of country, forty-six times as big as our United Kingdom is, for nearly eight months, blanketed in white.

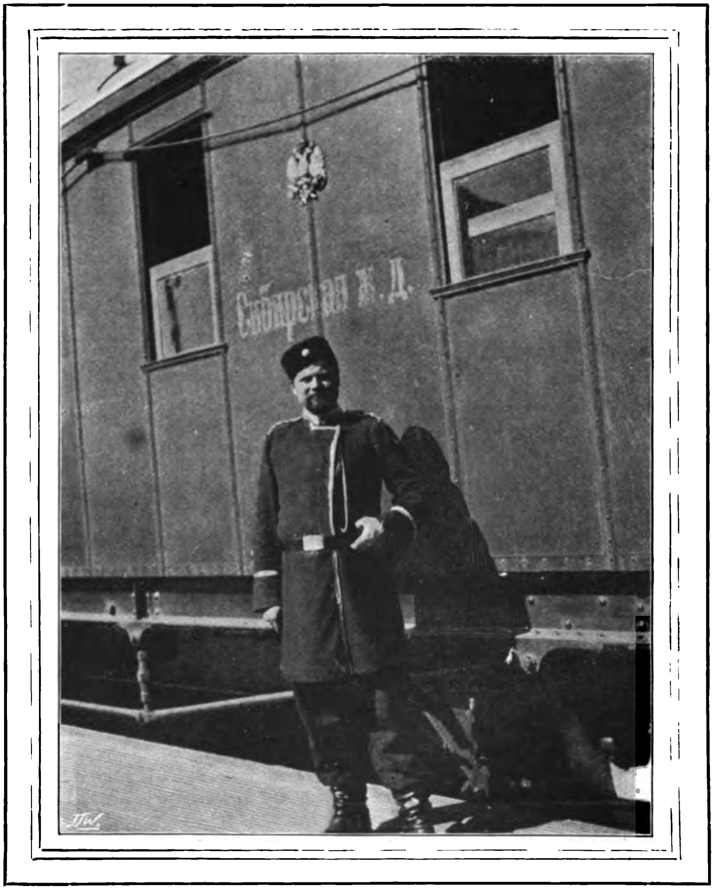


The line in winter.

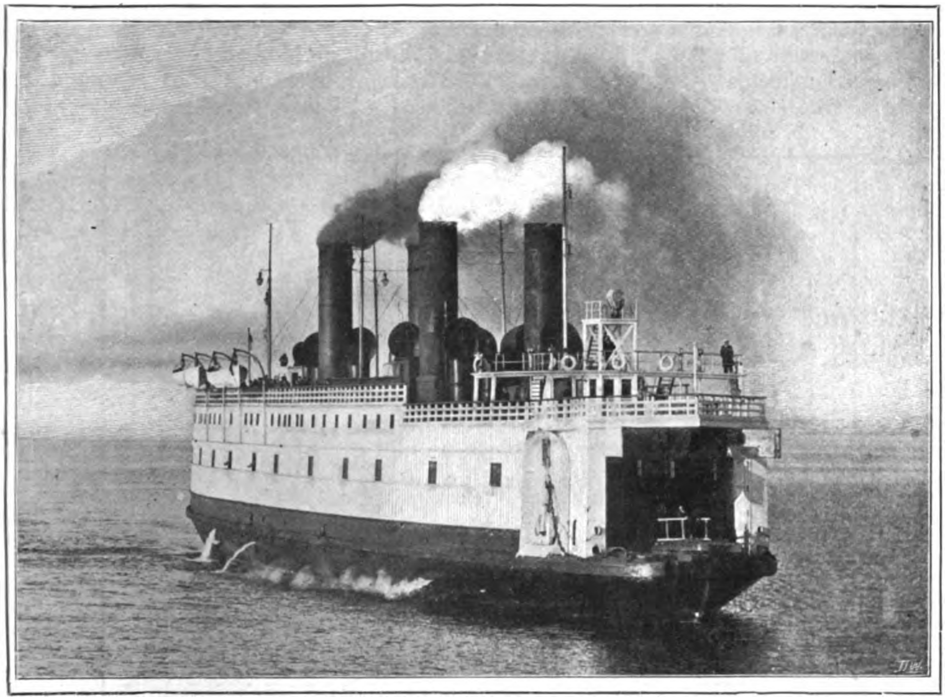
The villages have a "sameness," a dreary monotony, lacking of character, that is depressing. They are all alike, the streets long and gaunt, the houses single-storied, log-built, unpainted save for gaudy shutters, the gateways and the fences decrepit and broken; pigs wallow in the miry roads, and the peasants slouch along with melancholy hang-dog look—altogether places that would drive you mad if you had to stay more than a couple of days in them.

Yet, no matter how mean and dismal and woe-begone a village is, it is always dominated by a fine Orthodox Greek Church. The Siberian peasant is pious. He lies, and he cheats and is lazy; but he observes all the saints' days in the Greek Church calendar, and gives to the priest what he might advantageously spend in soap.

The churches are big, generally with white stucco walls and oriental bulbous domes, which are decorated in blue and red and gold and green, making a garish display. But sometimes the church is quaint, low-walled, with broad, gently sloping roofs, painted soft green; and then a long shaft of a spire, nigh Lutheran in its simplicity, soars upwards, a fragile needle-point. The inside of the church always, or nearly always, blazes with tinsel: huge Byzantine gilt *icons*, so cut that just the figures of the saints are revealed; candles, sometimes stout and long and sometimes puny and short, burn before each holy picture; and at the upper end is the "Holy of Holies," a gilded fence with gorgeous gates from which emerge the priests during service. They wear magnificent robes, which are often greasy around the collar; they make the sign of the cross by the swaying of burning tapers so that the wax trickles on the carpets—a religious act, but very Russian in its lack of cleanliness. The priests are all bearded; their hair falls about the shoulders; their gowns are long and loose-fitting. It is the desire of all Greek priests to be as facially like the Christ as possible. Some of the faces are gentle and intellectual, with an almost divine far-away-ness of expression which makes you often, recalling the accepted likeness of Our Lord, mutter "How like!"



A guard.



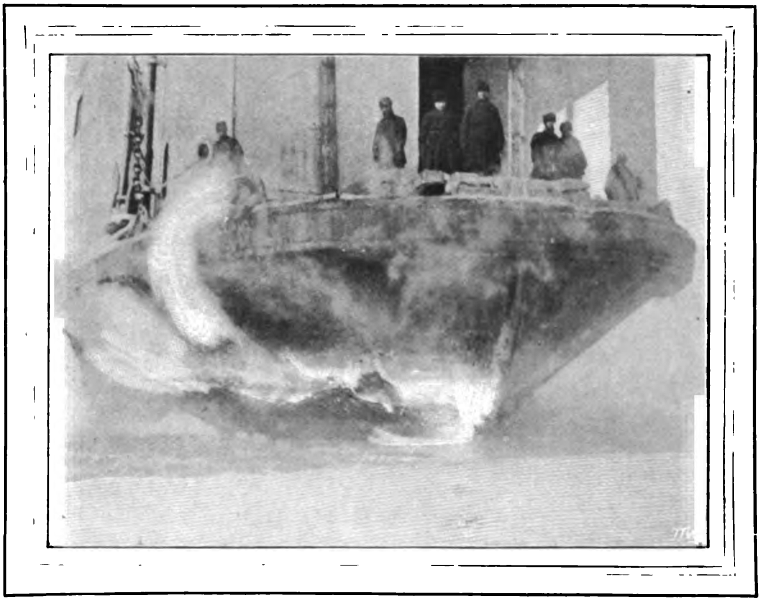
The Boat that carries the train across Lake Baikal.

Going through Siberia, possibly expecting snow and convicts at every turn, you become amazed at something quite different—namely, the colossal agricultural possibilities. In the west you can travel through two thousand miles of the finest wheat-raising soil in the world. You see herds of horses, not large, but sturdy and serviceable. Now and then are flocks of sheep. Often there are great unbarriered pastures with cows grazing. They don't strike you as the finest kine; but the butter—— well, let me explain what has happened at Omsk, the first big city eastwards beyond the Urals.

Four years ago a Dane travelled that way. He tasted the local butter, found it excellent, and being a business man a business idea entered his head. There is a considerable demand for "best Danish" butter in England. So that summer he shipped 4000 buckets of butter to England, and those of us who ate it did so believing it to be really excellent "best Danish." The scheme got abroad. There was positively a stampede of Danish butter firms to Omsk. I found last year representatives scouring the country for four hundred miles round, buying butter from the peasants. The railway authorities were delighted, and built special refrigerator carriages. Last summer Omsk sent to England 30,000 buckets of "best Danish" each week, and the week I was there five great trains, carrying nothing but butter, left for Riga, the port. Fourteen firms are busy with this new butter trade. Thirteen belong to Danes, and one belongs to a Jew.

There was not a single Russian in the business, and that fact explains much. It is the key, indeed, explaining the cause of Siberian slumber for generations. Siberia has everything to give the world in the way of agriculture, but the Siberians are the most wretched agriculturists I have ever come across. Not that the Siberian has not his good points. In many ways he is a finer fellow than the Russian proper. It is only within the last year or two that the tide of immigration has set in, and therefore it is easy to find what provides the Siberian's distinguishing characteristics. He was never a serf, as the Russian was, and therefore one of the first things that strikes you is a streak of independence, a lack of that cringing servility noticeable west of the Urals. He is more than half

convict-descended, and is therefore daring and frequently brutal. The Government has sent crowds of political free-thinkers to Siberia, intellectual, educated men, most of them, whose views have leavened the whole of Siberian life. The consequence is that in Siberia Russian autocracy is discussed almost as freely as it is in London. The fear of spies does not always put a curb on conversations; and, as far as I could gather, so long as anarchism is not advocated, the Government puts no restraint on speech. The Siberian knows his advantages, and he is fond of alluding to himself as a Russian with all the latest improvements.



The track of the ice-breaker.

It was not till the foreigner came along and began talking, that the Russian Government realised that Siberia could be used in any other way than as a place of exile, and that over the Trans-Siberian line something besides soldiers could be conveyed. The result is, so great has grown the traffic, that the line, which was hurriedly thrown down for military purposes, is unable to bear the strain, and therefore, at the expenditure of many millions of pounds, the way is being re-ballasted and much stronger metals laid down. Indeed, just now the Russian powers-that-be are in a fluster of desire to wipe out all that is evil in the record of Siberia, and make the country blossom with happy homesteads. Siberians sight a flourishing future, and for some years have been open in their resentment to their land being the dumping-ground of Russia's criminals. So the practice of sending the criminal riff-raff to Siberia, where of course they settle after their term of imprisonment is over, is gradually being stopped, and Russian wrong-doers are now locally incarcerated.

Glowing inducements are held out to the *moudjiks* of the barren southern steppes to emigrate into Siberia; free passages are provided, and each spring three hundred thousand poor are taken to Chelyabinsk, the first town beyond the Urals, where there are huge buildings for their accommodation until they can be sorted into groups and sent off into the wilderness to start life afresh. Big plots of land are given the new comers; instructors are constantly travelling about showing how best the land can be cultivated; the Government purchase American farming machinery, and let the peasantry have it at cost price, payable on the instalment plan.

Yet, with all this, Siberia is at present little more than a neglected prairie. The fact is, the Russian has not got it in him to be a successful farmer. He has not the

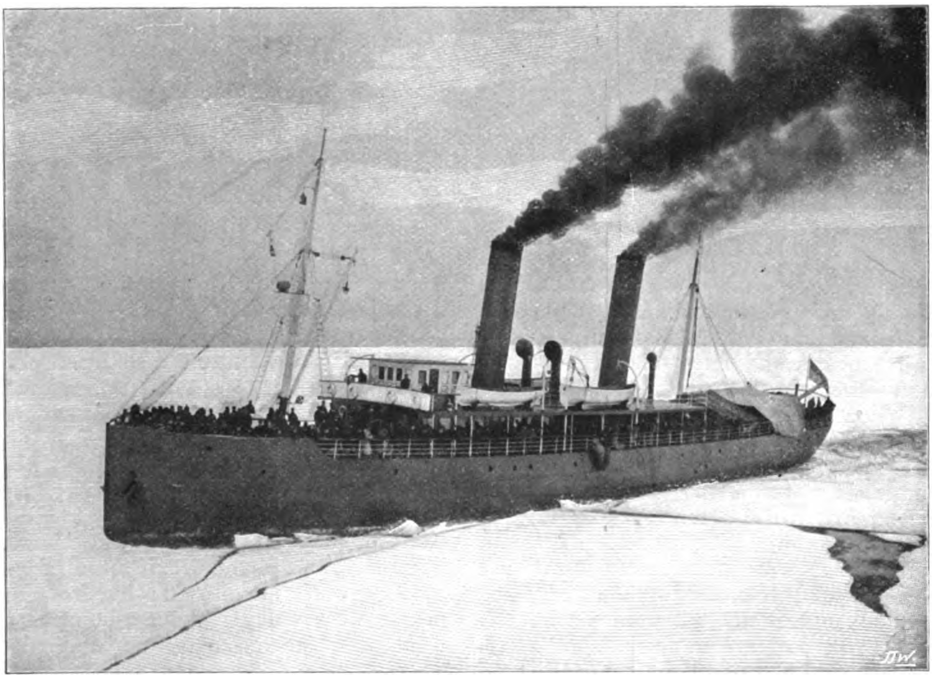
faculty for understanding the nature of soils; manuring is beyond his comprehension—indeed, he would rather not eat food raised on manured land. You never see ranches, as in America. The Russian is fraternal, and he will not live at a farm ten or fifteen miles from a neighbour. He must herd in villages, even though he is obliged to go ten miles to his land. He seizes all opportunities to avoid work. He cannot work to-morrow because it is a saint's-day—there are about a hundred and fifty saints'-days in the Russian calendar—it is no good doing anything on the Saturday because the next day is Sunday, and he is too good a Christian ever to labour on the Sabbath. Monday—— well, no Russian ever started to do anything on a Monday. On Tuesday the weather is bad, and on Wednesday there is something else wrong. So his corn, that he may have cut, lies and rots. There is a famine in prospect. Accordingly he shakes his head and wonders why it is the Almighty is not more kind to him?

He is fond of gaiety, fond of drinking, fond of music, is the Siberian; but he lacks initiative, and even gold is little of an incentive to him. He is something of a fatalist, and if he can get enough food to stave off hunger and enough *vodki* to kill melancholy he doesn't mind.

The Siberian is jealous of the foreigners, chiefly Germans, who come into his country and grow wealthy; but it hardly ever strikes him he might be wealthy also. He scrapes along from year to year. The Russian immigrant soon gets homesick for the southern steppes; and so, though the trains that cross the Urals in spring are full of new-comers, those that recross in the autumn are nearly as full of the discontented returning.

You travel for days over the wide-sweeping, featureless plains, with a slow jolt-jolt on the metals, with long delays at wayside stations, and often not a house within sight, on and on and on until the realisation of what an enormous place Siberia is lays hold of you.

Some night you will arrive at Omsk, or Tomsk, or great Irkutsk, and you do nothing but marvel. Here you find great stations brilliantly lit with electricity, great buffets with swallow-tail-coated waiters, a white-capped cook presiding over the hot dishes, excellent dinners being served, and in drink you can have anything from beer to champagne. Uniformed hotel touts push their cards into your hand,



A winter voyage on the Angara.

and smart porters swing your baggage upon their shoulders.

I have never ceased wondering over these towns, big and busy, thousands of miles east of Moscow, and as like western American towns as they can well be. There are the same wide and dirty streets; the same huge ornate buildings, with shaky shanties as neighbours; the same creaky uneven sidewalks of boards, with intervals of fine concrete and intervals with nothing but slush; the same garish hotels; the same fizzling, spluttering electric lights in the main streets; the same cimmerian darkness, with not a candle to illuminate the way, in the side streets; the same T-square manner of laying out the thoroughfares, and even the same jumble of electric and telephone wires overhead. Everything is new and raw—even the manners of the people.

Though Siberia is not "booming" in exactly the same way the Siberians would have you believe, the coming of the railway has nevertheless been like an invigorating breath over the land. Five or six years ago the Siberian, rather uncouth of feature, with untrimmed beard and hair sheared amateurishly, lounged along in red shirt, which he wore outside his waistcoat, and his trousers stuck inside his boots. Five or six years ago, also, the Siberian woman wore a skirt of nondescript pattern, and the only head-dress was a black shawl pinned beneath the chin.

What a change now! Walk through the street of a Siberian town on a summer evening. The men are dressed in the ordinary western-Europe way, wear dust-coats, have felt hats, gloves, and swing walking-sticks. The ladies are in tailor-made jackets or bright blouses, and their hats are as radiant as those to be seen in a Bank Holiday crowd. Only the poorest people have kept to the garb of a short five years ago.

The town Siberian is delighted with the change, and you are asked as often as you are asked in America, "Well, don't you think this the finest country you've struck?" He is pleased with your praise. If you venture the slightest criticism you are met with the transatlantic reply, "But you should remember we are a new country."



The main street in Omsk.

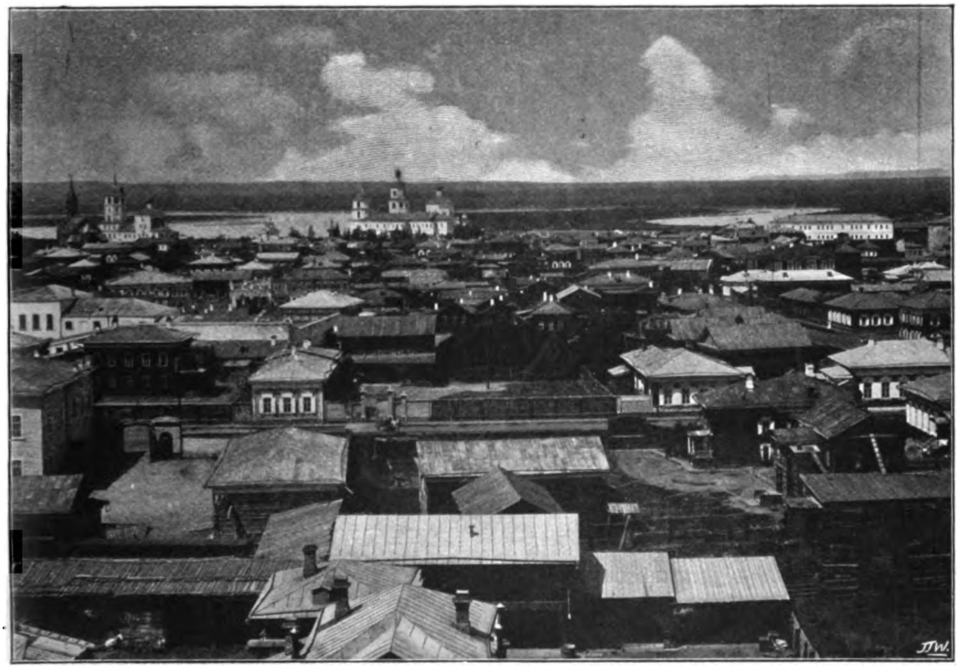
All the towns have big public schools; there are theatres, public gardens, alms-houses, orphanages, museums. I recall one evening last August in Omsk. It was a fête-day, and in the evening the public gardens were illuminated; hundreds of people were walking about arm in arm; there was the customary light-tongued frivolity among the young people, while their elders sat at tables under the trees

drinking lager beer; on a raised platform there was open-air dancing; in one corner of the ground an open-air play was in progress. Then, when darkness fell, there were fireworks, screeching rockets, bursting blue and red stars, golden hail, and as a wind-up, amid thunderous applause, a portrait of the Czar.

I think I shall be excused for having rubbed my eyes often that evening and muttered "This Siberia! This is not like the Siberia I have read about from my boyhood!"

Take Tomsk. Tomsk is the present capital of Siberia, but, as it is fifty miles from the main line and is reached by a branch line, it is being pushed out of its premier position by the city of Irkutsk, farther east. At Tomsk I found great University buildings. Here all the well-to-do youth, and even poor youth—for learning is something of a craze, and so many needy folks stint themselves that the son may have a good education—come from all over Siberia. A technical college was just being completed when I was there. Here it is intended to teach all things practical.

Siberian gold mines are not much in public favour in England. But there is plenty of gold to be got, especially up the creeks fringing the Lena river and southwards in the mountains bordering China. Here again the Russian shows badly. He doesn't understand mining, and he generally loses half the gold when washing out. But even with this there are plenty of millionaire mine owners in Tomsk. Most of them are uneducated men who have never been to Europe and have no desire to go. Life is reckless and gay; debauchery is everywhere; and, as far as I could make out, in Tomsk the man who is not immoral is regarded as the kind of person to be avoided.

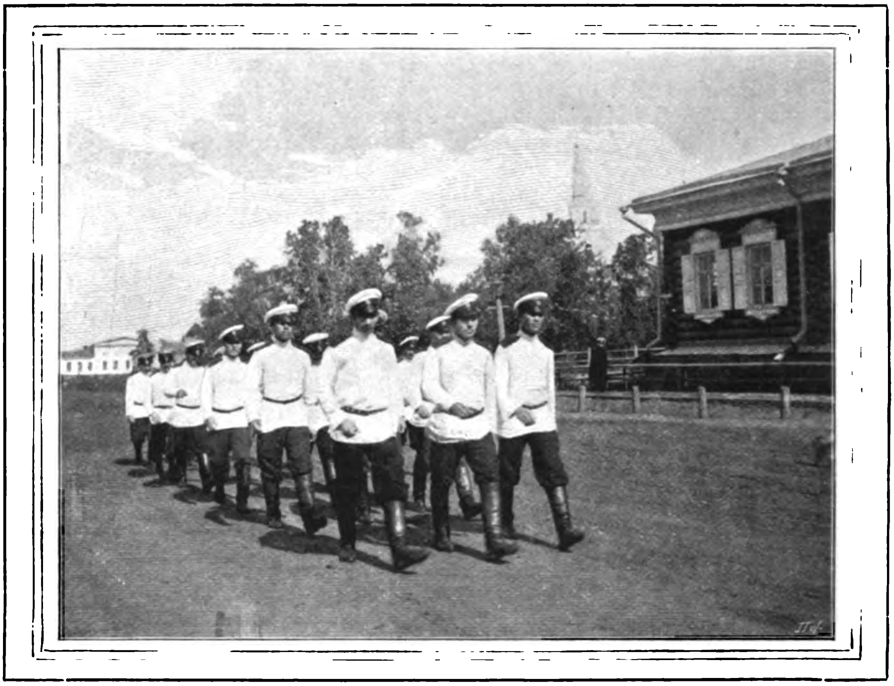


View of Irkutsk city.

The most wonderful city of all is Irkutsk, which has taken to itself the somewhat grandiloquent title of being "The Paris of Siberia." I could easily catalogue fifty things wherein Irkutsk, with its sixty thousand inhabitants, is behind many a European place of the same size. That, however, is not the point. The point is how different it was from everything expected to be found in Siberia.

There are broad streets, with sun-blinds sheltering the windows in scorching summer-time. There are shops which for size would do credit to Manchester or

Birmingham or Glasgow. There are several big hotels. In the evening people walk or drive, and some of the carriages would make you turn round in Park Lane. Ladies and gentlemen are out taking can be stormy in autumn, and in winter months can be choked with ice. But in genial summer a journey on it provides as picturesque views as you will find on the Westmorland lakes.



Russian soldiers.

horse-exercise; a merchant with his American "buggy" goes past, and a fast-trotting horse is in the shafts.

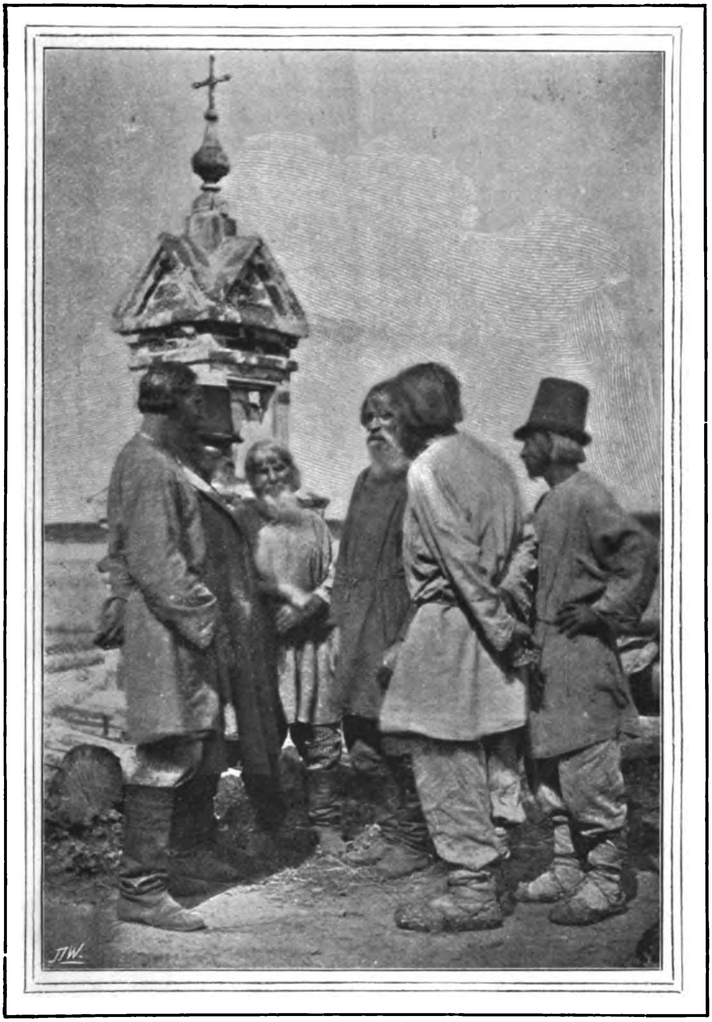
Drop into one big restaurant, and you may possibly find the same group of Neapolitan singers and mandoline players you heard at "Venice in London" some years ago. Drop into another, and you find a *café-chantant* entertainment in full swing, a troupe of French and Polish girls dancing and singing and coming amorg the audience and drinking champagne with whoever cares to pay. Card-playing is everywhere, and it is three o'clock in the morning when gay Irkutsk seeks its bed. And all this is four thousand miles east of Moscow!

Go farther east still. On Lake Baikal you will find great British-built steamers, notably the ice-breaker *Baikal*, which can ferry three trains and eight hundred passengers forty miles across the lake; and the *Angara*, which is used for passenger service only. Lake Baikal

At the very end of the line, at Vladivostock itself, instead of a fortress bristling with soldiers you see a pleasant bay-locked town bustling with business. When I was there the talk was about a house-to-house electric service, and whether, as cabs were so cheap, it would pay to have electric tram-cars!

That trans-Siberian railway has opened up to the world a hitherto mysterious land, and accordingly, as I have said, all the romance has disappeared. Yet, if you keep your eyes and your ears open, you will see and hear much that will provide you with merriment. The struggle being made by the Siberians to throw aside their uncouthness and take to civilised ways is entertaining. The man who wears his shirt outside his trousers and tucks his trousers inside his boots is regarded as uncivilised, and is much looked down upon by his brother who wears his shirt in its proper place and whose trousers come outside his boots.

So anxious are they to cast off their old habits that notices are found in the restaurants stating that customers wearing flannel shirts will not be served; and in the saloon on the Amur boats there is a general request for passengers not to get drunk, and to remember that they belong to a civilised nation.


A group of Siberian peasants.

The Siberian, however, clings to his old habit of always carrying with him his own tea and sugar. I hesitate even to think what would be said if, in a first-class hotel at home, one asked for hot water and thereupon proceeded to produce from the baggage a little parcel containing tea and another containing sugar. In Russia, however, that is the rule and not the exception.

Then, just as an example how the West and the East jostle, you will pass along a well lighted street and suddenly hear a violent clatter. You are astonished what it is until you remember the policeman's rattle which breaks the silence of the night in all Chinese towns. We put rubber on the boot soles of our constables, so that thieves cannot hear their approach; the Siberians provide them with rattles so that the thieves may have plenty of warning.

It doesn't matter where you go, you notice that most of the trade is in the

hands of Jews or in the hands of Russians from the Baltic provinces, and therefore really Germans. The Russian, despite his striving after the ways of the West, is the slowest man on earth. He knows it, and doesn't mind being chaffed about being so dilatory that actually his new year is thirteen days behind the new year of western Europe. Siberia is a good land for the cultivation of patience. The Siberian, having a trait of the Easterner in him, doesn't know the value of time. He cannot tell the difference between one hour and three hours, any more than a blind man can tell the difference between red and blue. Whatever you order, he cries, *Cechas*—literally "within the hour"; but if you get it within two hours you have no reason to grumble. No matter how small the station may be, there are always eight or ten officials. In a post-office it takes six men to sell you a stamp.

Then the dirt--the connection between Russians and dirt has passed into a proverb. A bug is not an animal quite suitable for polite writing, but referring to Siberia without an allusion to the bugs would be like writing a description of Paris and forgetting Notre Dame. They are large and intelligent, and are supposed to bring good luck. I encountered an American who assured me that the only way he could stay their attentions was to shoot them through the heart with his revolver! On the top of that a meek-eyed Englishman proceeded to give a most circumstantial and detailed account how, the previous night, to keep them off he made a ring fence of insect powder about his bed; but the enemy, finding themselves checked, held a conference, climbed the walls, crawled along the roof till right over the bed, and then dropped!



A Tarantass.

BLIND CHILDREN.

BY I. ZANGWILL.

LAUGHING, the blind boys
Run round their college lawn
Playing such games of buff
Over its dappled grass.

See the blind frolicsome
Girls in blue pinafores,
Turning their skipping-ropes.

How full and rich a world
Theirs to inhabit is—
Sweet scent of grass and bloom,
Playmates' glad symphony,
Cool touch of western wind,
Sunshine's divine caress.

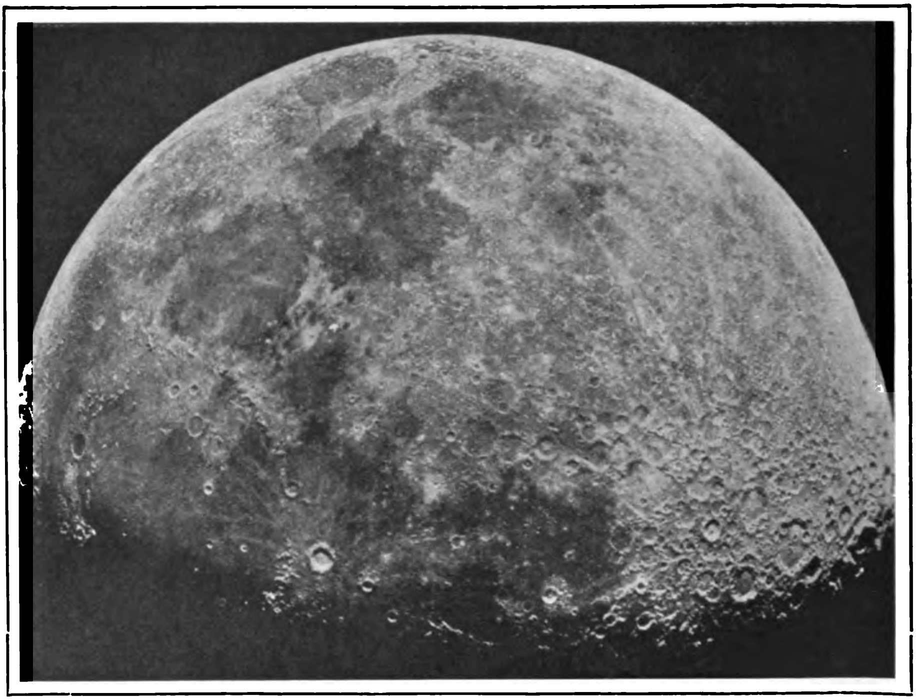
How should they know or feel
They are in darkness?

But—O the miracle!
If a Redeemer came,
Laid finger on their eyes—
One touch, and what a world,
New-born in loveliness!

Spaces of green and sky,
Hulls of white cloud adrift,
Ivy-grown college walls,
Shining loved faces.

What a dark world—who knows?
Ours to inhabit is!
One touch, and what a strange
Glory might burst on us,
What a hid universe!

Do we sport carelessly,
Blindly upon the verge
Of an Apocalypse?



The Moon.

CHANGE ON THE MOON—REAL AND APPARENT.

BY E. WALTER MAUNDER, F.R.A.S.

It is the nearly unanimous opinion of astronomers who have made the Moon their life study that she should not be considered absolutely dead. Two observers have recently declared that they have seen signs of movement on her surface. One says he has noted puffs of black smoke issuing from a crater; the other has remarked white patches believed to be snow, which as the sun rises diminish in size and vanish.

THE Moon was the first object towards which the telescope, after its invention, was turned. The keen delight with which Galileo perceived that the markings on her face, which had been so great a mystery for so long, were really due to mountains and plains, can scarcely be imagined; and the expectation was at once aroused that this sister world, which corresponded in some features at least to our own, would prove more and more like it, the more closely it was examined. The well-known lines of Milton exactly show the general feeling :—

> The moon, whose orb
> Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
> At evening from the top of Fiesolé
> Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
> Rivers or mountains, in her spotty globe.

Mountains were there, beyond a doubt, and it was natural to seek for rivers, seas and oceans as well, and to expect the evidences of changing seasons, of shifting weather, of cloud and rain and frost and snow, and all the meteorology with which we are familiar here. And behind this expectation there lay the hope and desire to find upon this world, so near to us, the evidences of life, of intelligent life, of beings with powers mental and physical corresponding to our own.

This hope of the first students of the moon's surface was soon destined to be disappointed. Better telescopes and a more intimate acquaintance with the lunar surface surely destroyed the early idea of its likeness to our own world. Rivers there were none, and the "seas" and "oceans" were nothing but arid plains which might possibly have once been sea bottoms, but which were now more dry than the Sahara. But this disappointment

was followed by a new hope. If the moon was so unlike the earth, might it not nevertheless be subject to its peculiar changes and have a veritable life of its own?

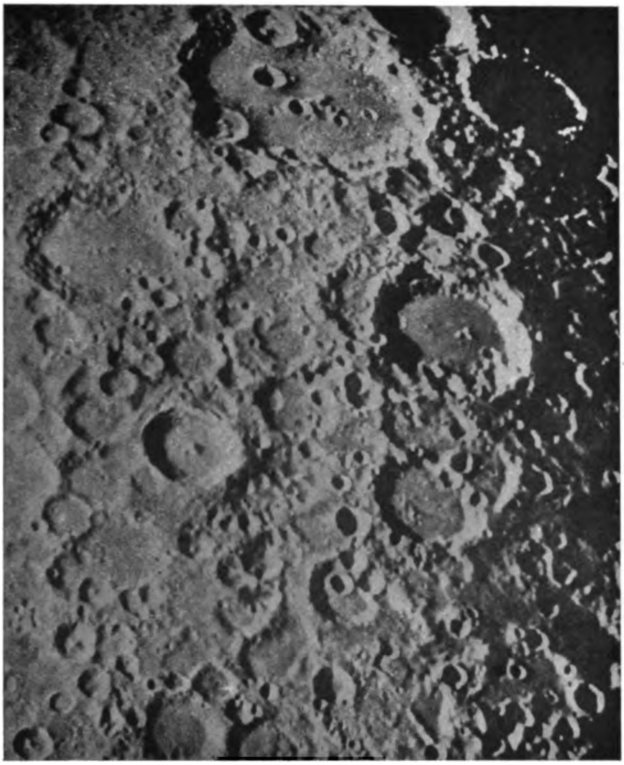
We find this thought presented by the two great astronomers who flourished at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries,—the elder Herschel in England, and Schröter in the Netherlands. The former believed that on more than one occasion he had seen a volcano in the moon in active eruption; the latter, by thousands of patient observations, had convinced himself that changes were not uncommon.

Changes in appearance there certainly are. Two of the photographs which accompany this paper may serve to illustrate one class of these changes of appearance: the changes, that is to say, which are due to variations of illumination, and which are therefore always in progress. The photograph showing "Clavius at Sunrise" was taken a little after first quarter, when the morning sun had just fully illuminated the vast walled plain. That showing "Clavius at Sunset" was taken about the last quarter, when the shadows were beginning to invade the floor of the plain on the east.*

A comparison of the two photographs will give a very good idea of the chief changes which may be witnessed in the illumination of the moon's surface during the progress of the lunar day. If we bring the "terminator"—the line, that is to say, which separates between light and darkness—into the field of view of our telescopes, we shall see that, in the region still in shadow, a few bright points shine out like stars. Could we watch uninterruptedly for many hours, we should see that these would slowly, almost imperceptibly, multiply and grow. As they grow some of them will run together, and here and there arches will be formed, concave towards the east, that is towards the darkness, and convex towards the light. Next, far out in the shadow new stars and points of light appear, and these in turn multiply and spread, until they too form an arch—an arch facing the opposite way to the one first seen, and growing towards it till the two join to form a complete ring. Such a ring, glowing like molten silver against the blackness, will indicate the mountain summits which close in some great walled plain or similar formation. A few narrow gaps may possibly still interrupt the completeness of the ring, where a pass in the mountain range has not yet caught the rays of the rising sun, or where some great peak still throws its shadow on the opposite mountain wall.

As time goes on, the eastern or outer portion of the ring begins to broaden, as the sunlight creeps down the inner slope of the mountain. One or two stars may begin to appear within the blackness encircled by the ring, the peaks of mountains rising from the floor of the plain, which in their turn are beginning to be lighted by the sun. Slowly the light creeps down their sides, slowly it descends down the eastern wall of the plain, until both are fully illumined and the floor itself begins to feel the influence of the approaching day. As the floor lights up, the shadows of the western wall repeat the process, casting the image of the western summit in sharpest silhouette. As the sun comes nearer and nearer to its noon, these shadows shorten and disappear, until the region before us, actually one of the most broken and rugged of the entire moon, and which stands out in both the present photographs with such striking relief, loses all its salient features in the flood of noonday light, and shines under our eyes a flat, uninteresting surface of glowing silver. At the full of the moon, some of the very greatest and most striking of the formations here shown us, disappear entirely. Maginus, the great walled plain north-west of Clavius, which is a most striking object when on the terminator, had, at the time at which the photograph "Clavius at Sunrise" was taken, lost much of the distinctness of its features, and it vanishes altogether at full moon. As Mädler, one of the greatest of seleno-

* The terms east and west necessarily refer to the opposite directions, if we are looking at the moon from the earth, to what they would if we were standing on the surface of the moon itself. I use the terms throughout this paper in the sense which is natural to an observer watching the moon from the earth, not that which would be natural to a spectator on the moon. Consequently in this sense it is the western slopes of the lunar mountains which first catch the rays of the rising sun, it is their eastern slopes which last retain his departing light. In the five photographs of small portions of the moon's surface, the south is at the top, the west is to the left, the east to the right, and the north below.



Clavius at Sunrise.

farther still towards the east; in its turn it is broken up into points of light, which ere long disappear, and night covers the entire region.

If these changes in appearance, due to the succession on the moon of morning, noon and evening, always took place under precisely the same conditions, it would be comparatively an easy task to follow them so thoroughly as in most cases to avoid mistaking them for actual structural change. But this is not the case. There is a very considerable alteration from time to time in the presentation of the moon to us as spectators; for though, broadly speaking, she always turns the same face to the earth, a shift, or "libration," as it is technically called, is continually taking place, by which, first at one edge and then at the opposite, parts of the hidden hemisphere are brought into view. Advantage has been taken of this circumstance to obtain stereoscopic pictures of the moon: pictures, that is to say, which show it as if viewed from two entirely different standpoints, the combination of which in the stereoscope gives the effect of an actual round ball standing out in vivid relief. There is also a change in the presentation of the moon towards the sun, and consequently in the direction which the shadows take. Add to these the differences in the quality of telescopes, and, more important still, the changes which take place in our own atmosphere, through which of course we always have to look when observing, and the difficulty of detecting a real change on the moon's surface, unless there should be one of very great size or striking character, is all but insuperable.

There are a few, a very few, classical instances wherein, after making all deductions, there does indeed seem to be a residuum of evidence in favour of actual change having occurred. One of the best known and best substantiated of

graphers, remarked, "the full moon knows no Maginus."

As the sun begins to decline, the shadows reappear, and with them the ever-increasing sense of ruggedness and high relief. First they begin to creep down the western slope of the eastern wall; the peaks and mountains—if there be any such—that stand in mid floor, begin to throw their shadows westward; the darkness, having marched down the slope, invades the plain, and slowly crosses it. At length, once again, the floor is wholly lost and only the enclosing mountains are seen, a ring of light standing out on the background. That ring is soon broken, here and there, where the shadow of one of the highest eastern peaks may happen to fall, or a mountain pass lies so low as to lose the sunlight much before the peaks beside it. The ring once broken continues to diminish; other breaches are made in it, dividing it up into starry points of light, which one by one lessen and disappear. At last the western half of the ring is gone; the eastern half remains some time longer, but it becomes invaded by the shadows of mountains



Clavius at Sunset.

these refers to the little white spot which is seen on the photograph entitled "The Lunar Alps and Apennines,"—high up near the left-hand side of the picture. This is the crater Linné, the appearance of which since 1866 differed radically from the descriptions and drawings which the best selenographers had placed on record during the earlier part of the century. Even here, —so great is the difficulty of making comparisons between drawings,—the evidence for change is far from being absolute; although, if we take simply the evidence of the makers of the three great lunar maps which the nineteenth century produced,—Lohrmann, Mädler, and Schmidt,—there would be no doubt about it, since the two former and the earlier observations of the third show Linné under one aspect, whilst Schmidt's later observations represent it as we see it to-day. The earlier descriptions give it as a deep and distinct crater some six and a half miles in diameter; now it appears as a white spot some eight miles across under an oblique illumination, with a central crater cone. If change really has taken place here, it would seem to have been due to the crumbling down of the steep walls of the original crater: a change, that is to say, essentially of decay, not of present activity.

In spite of the general immobility of the moon's surface, and of the uncertainty which attaches even to the most strongly authenticated cases of change, the few astronomers who have made our satellite their life study are nearly unanimously of the opinion that she should not be considered as absolutely dead. Slight indications have been noted here and there, no one conclusive in itself; and yet when all taken together possessing some cumulative weight.

Two cases, which have been accorded a considerable newspaper prominence of late, stand in quite a different category. One of these is due to Monsieur Charbonneau, of Melun in France, who declares that he has witnessed puffs of black smoke issuing from a small crater, near Theætetus. Theætetus is a small but deep ringed plain, seen in Photograph IV. due east of the range of mountains known as the lunar Caucasus. A statement of this nature requires very much stronger evidence than has yet been forthcoming in order to render it worth attention The probability is that the observer lacked experience, and mistook—very possibly under bad atmospheric conditions—minute patches of shadow for wreaths of smoke. Real smoke clouds, under the strong illumination to which the moon is exposed, would beyond a doubt have appeared as bright spots and not as dark.

The other observation comes with better authority; here it is the interpretation which is doubtful. Mr. W. H. Pickering—not the gifted and energetic director of the Harvard College Observatory, but his younger brother—took

a series of photographs of the moon in Jamaica a few months ago, and noticed in particular that the great walled plain Plato (the most conspicuous object close to the left-hand edge of Photograph No. I., that of the whole moon) shows a regular progressive change during the lunar day. White patches are seen upon its floor, which, as the sun rises higher above it, diminish in size and vanish; and these Mr. Pickering believes to be snow.

The observation itself may be unhesitatingly accepted. Indeed, there is nothing novel about it. Such changes in the illumination of the floor of Plato are described in all the text-books, and, so far as his observations have yet come to hand, they appear to contain nothing new. But as to the cause of the darkening of the floor of Plato under high illumination, we are still, as we were, without any sufficient means for ascertaining it. We can only say, with a very high amount of confidence, that by no possibility can it be due to the melting of snow.

For to have snow we must have an appreciable atmosphere, capable of sustaining water-vapour; and that the moon has no such atmosphere we know, both from observation and from theory. The sharpness with which a star disappears when the moon passes before it, the intense blackness of all shadows on the lunar surface, the crispness of the horns of the crescent moon, the absolute lack of any spectroscopic evidence for a lunar atmosphere during an eclipse of the sun—an observation which was repeated under the most favourable circumstances by the French astronomers in Egypt during the eclipse of November 11th last—are quite sufficient to rule an appreciable lunar atmosphere out of court.

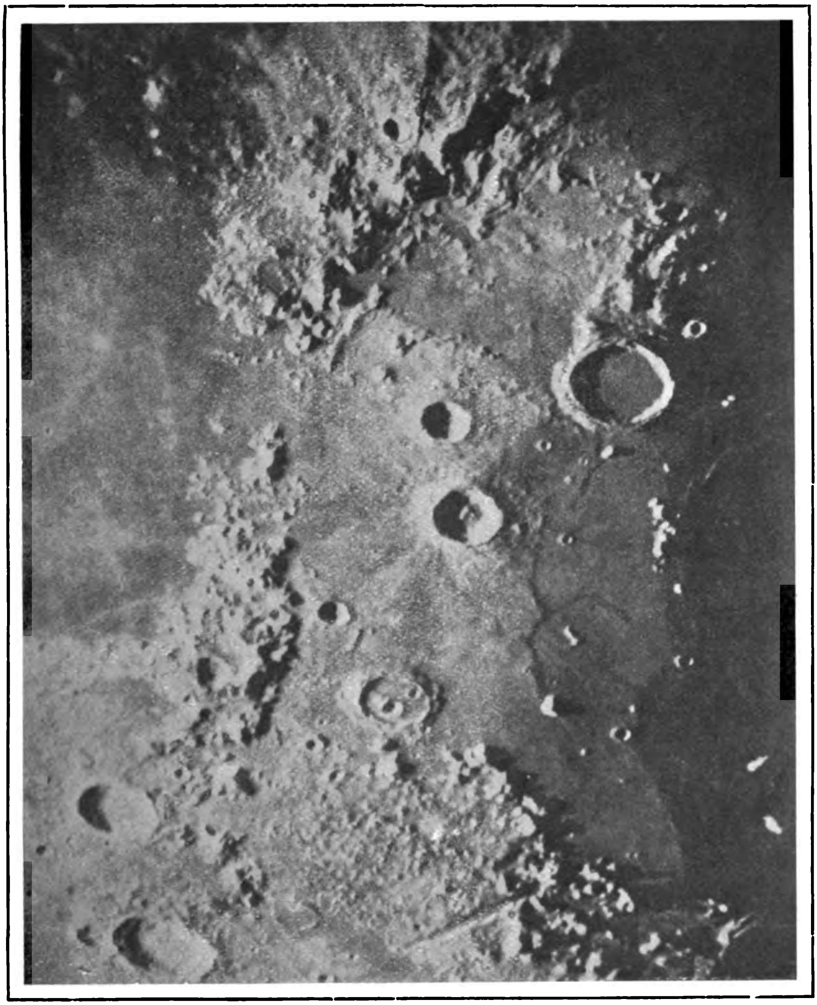
But the theoretical considerations are yet more conclusive. The first point to note is that a lunar atmosphere, if it existed, would be distributed in quite a different fashion from the atmosphere of the earth. Here we find that if we climb a mountain some three and a half miles high—a little higher than Mont Blanc, that is to say—we should have passed through one-half of the atmosphere; the barometer would record for us a pressure but one-half what it had done at sea-level. Were it possible to ascend to twice that height, to seven miles, the pressure would be reduced to one-fourth; and at ten and a half miles, to one-eighth. Not so with the moon's atmosphere. Whatever its density on the surface, we should have to ascend nearly twenty-four miles before that density was reduced to one-half, and to forty-seven before it was quartered. This difference of distribution, if we take account of it alone, would have a very striking effect. For, if the atmospheric density at the moon's surface were no greater than that at forty miles above the earth's surface, at fifty miles above the two planets the moon would have the denser atmosphere, and for all heights above that. The total amount of such a lunar atmosphere would nearly correspond to that above a distance of thirty miles from the earth, though its distribution would be very different, for its density would be much more nearly uniform. Such an atmosphere could not fail to give evidence of its presence in twilight effects, and in softening the extreme hardness and blackness of lunar shadows, but it would be quite incapable of carrying any appreciable amount of water-vapour, or of sustaining any cloud that could possibly make its presence felt across the 240,000 miles which separate us from the moon.

This curious arrangement of the lunar atmosphere, should there be one, is a direct and immediate consequence of the smallness of the force of gravity at the moon's surface. It is a most unfortunate circumstance for the various romancers who have described voyages to the moon and life upon it. Most of these, whether Laurie or Griffiths or H. G. Wells, recognising that there is no sufficient evidence of air above the general surface, have tried to make provision for their travellers, or for the lunar inhabitants, by imagining that a fairly dense atmosphere exists in underground caverns, or in the hollows of deep craters. That could be the case much less on the moon than on the earth. Such an atmosphere would at once expand upwards almost indefinitely, for there would be no sufficient pressure above it to keep it down.

But the last few years have brought into prominence a yet stronger reason for doubting the existence upon the moon of an atmosphere having any features in common with that of the earth. It was pointed out several years ago by Dr. G. Johnstone Stoney that the constitution of the atmosphere of any celestial body must bear a distinct relation to the force

of gravity at the surface of that body. For as a gas consists of molecules that are incessantly moving with great velocity in every conceivable direction, it must happen in the atmosphere of the planet that there are, at any given instant, many molecules moving in the direction of be members of the atmosphere of that planet. Lighter gases would more or less quickly stream away, until the atmosphere was entirely drained of them.

The broad lines of this theory are generally accepted; the details have been much discussed, and are still under



The Lunar Alps and Apennines.

escape. Now, the gases of lowest atomic weight are those whose molecules have the swiftest motion, and the question of the constitution of any planet turns on this point: "What is the atomic weight of that gas whose molecules, at their swiftest speed, are not quite able to overcome the attraction of the planet?" Such a gas, and all heavier gases, might discussion, and different conclusions have been reached as to the gases which are within the grasp of our own Earth, of Venus and of Mars. But the exceedingly low force of gravity at the surface of the moon, roughly speaking but one-seventh of that at the surface of the earth, entirely shuts us out from believing that water-vapour, oxygen or nitrogen, can exist in


Kepler and Aristarchus.

a free state above its surface.* In other words, an atmosphere such as ours, with its attendant meteorology of cloud, mist, rain, hail and snow, has no place there.

.When these considerations are borne in mind, it will be seen that the most probable explanation at present available to us of the changes in the brightness of the floor of Plato, and of the visibility of the "streaks"—fine examples of which are seen in Photographs VI. and V. radiating from the central formations, Copernicus and Kepler—is simply one of the change in the angle of illumination. These changes are certainly not more striking than that which the formation Maginus undergoes, which, so bold and rugged near first and last quarter, vanishes almost entirely at the full.

An old French traveller narrates that when he and his companions were passing through Russia, over and over again he heard the peasants say, as they pointed them out, "Look at those things: they look like men, but they can't talk—they can only make a noise like a dog;" for the Russian peasant was incapable of imagining that there could be any other language than his own. For the last three hundred years, whilst we have been interrogating other worlds by means of the telescope, we have been prone to fall into the same error. We have persistently refused to regard the language in which they spoke to us as any other than the language of our own Earth, and have refused to see anything but terrestrial meteorology, terrestrial physical geography, in the celestial bodies. Even so great an astronomer as Sir William Herschel could imagine mountains and valleys, seas and rivers, vegetation and inhabitants beneath the intolerable heat of the solar photosphere.

That is not the way to learn. We must frankly accept the fact that each of our neighbours will speak to us in his own language, and if we wish to understand him we must learn to interpret it. And herein lies the great value of the beautiful photographs which for several years past M. Loewy, the Director of the Paris Observatory, and M. Puiseux, his assistant, have been taking, and specimens of which are reproduced in this paper. The six photographs selected are: First, one of the moon, very nearly the same size as the original negative taken at Paris. The second and third are of the most broken region of the moon, under the illuminations of sunrise and sunset respectively, to show the difference due to the varying way in which the surface is lighted up during the progress of the lunar day. Incidentally they supply two fine representations of Clavius, one of the most magnificent walled plains in the moon. If transferred to the surface of the earth, that magnificent ring

* The most recent computation excludes even carbonic acid gas; *see* E. Rogovsky, "On Planetary Atmospheres," *Astrophysical Journal*, November 1901.

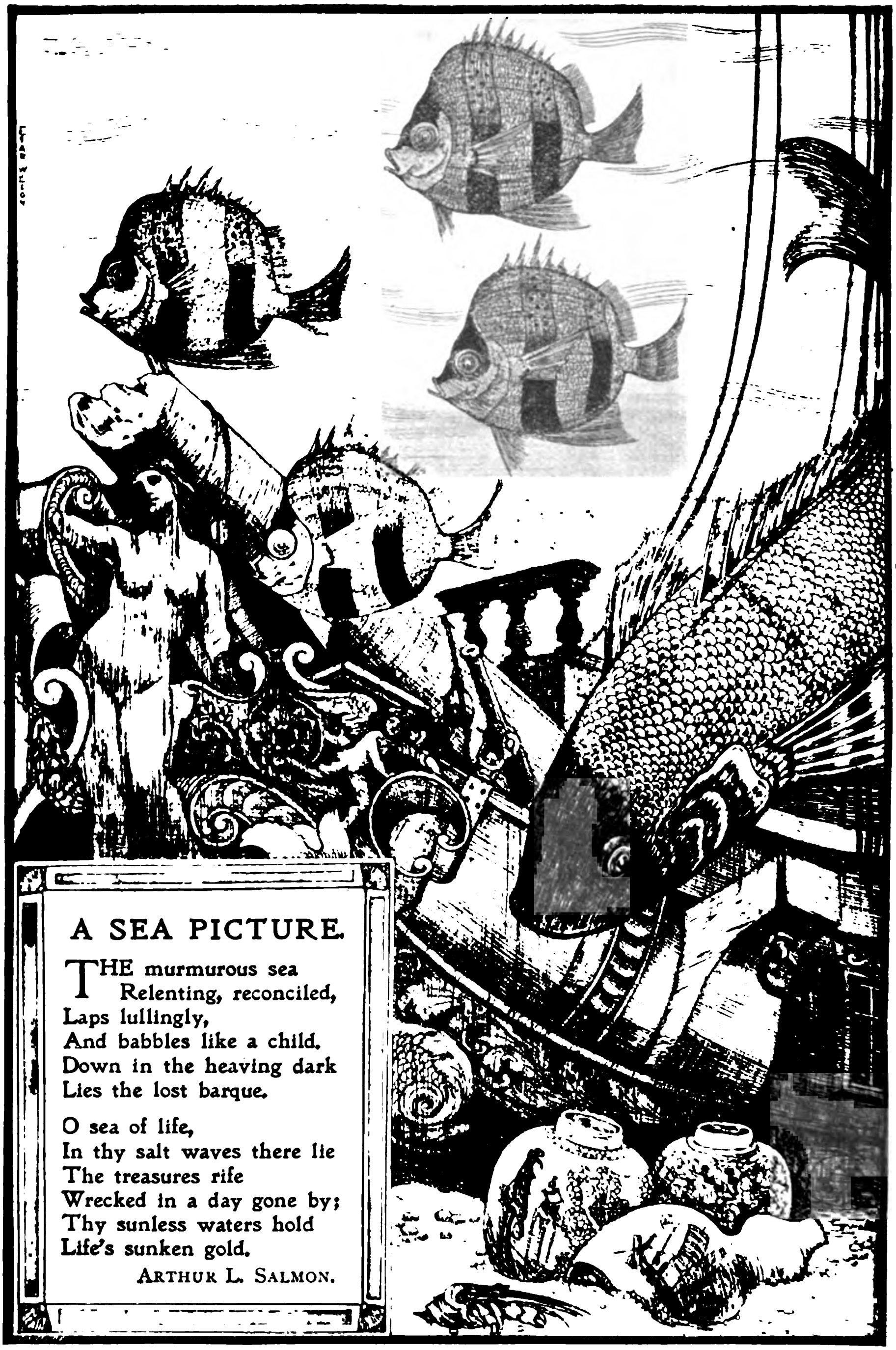


Copernicus.

would more than cover the six northern English counties: it would stretch from the Isle of Man to Whitby, from Holy Island to the Peak; more than one-third of the area of England would be shut in by its rampart. The sixth photograph shows Copernicus, a ringed plain within whose walls the whole of London to its farthest suburbs could be easily accommodated, and leave abundant space for growth. The fifth photograph shows Kepler, a smaller ringed plain than Copernicus, but, like the latter, the centre from whence numerous bright streaks radiate. The bright spot in the lower right-hand corner in the same plate is Aristarchus, the brightest region on the moon, and referred to above as having been mistaken by Sir William Herschel for a volcano, when he saw it on the part of the moon illuminated only by earthshine. The fourth shows part of the chief mountain region of the moon and the two grey plains between which it lies. It has been chosen in order to show Linné and Theætetus, referred to above.

Since, at the longest, a lunar photograph only takes a few seconds to expose, and often very much less, it would seem at first sight as if it were the easiest thing in the world to accumulate good photographs of the moon by the thousand. It is by no means so. It is essential that the moon be at least 40° above the horizon when the photograph is taken, and that the atmospheric definition be absolutely perfect. Then, since a record is needed of the effect of all the different phases of illumination, these have to be waited for, and the occasions when all the conditions are satisfactory are rare indeed. The really first-class negatives in existence at present are therefore quite few in number, and practically are restricted to three observatories—that of Paris, and the two American observatories, Lick and Yerkes; the last named of which has quite recently succeeded in distancing all others in the beauty of its results.

The purpose which MM. Loewy and Puiseux have proposed to themselves in the magnificent series of lunar photographs which they have taken at Paris is not at all to foist terrestrial analogies on the moon, or even to gather evidence of present changes there. Their purpose is the far more truly scientific one of deciphering these "lunar autographs" so as to extract from them the evidence which they really have to give of the moon's present structure and her past history.

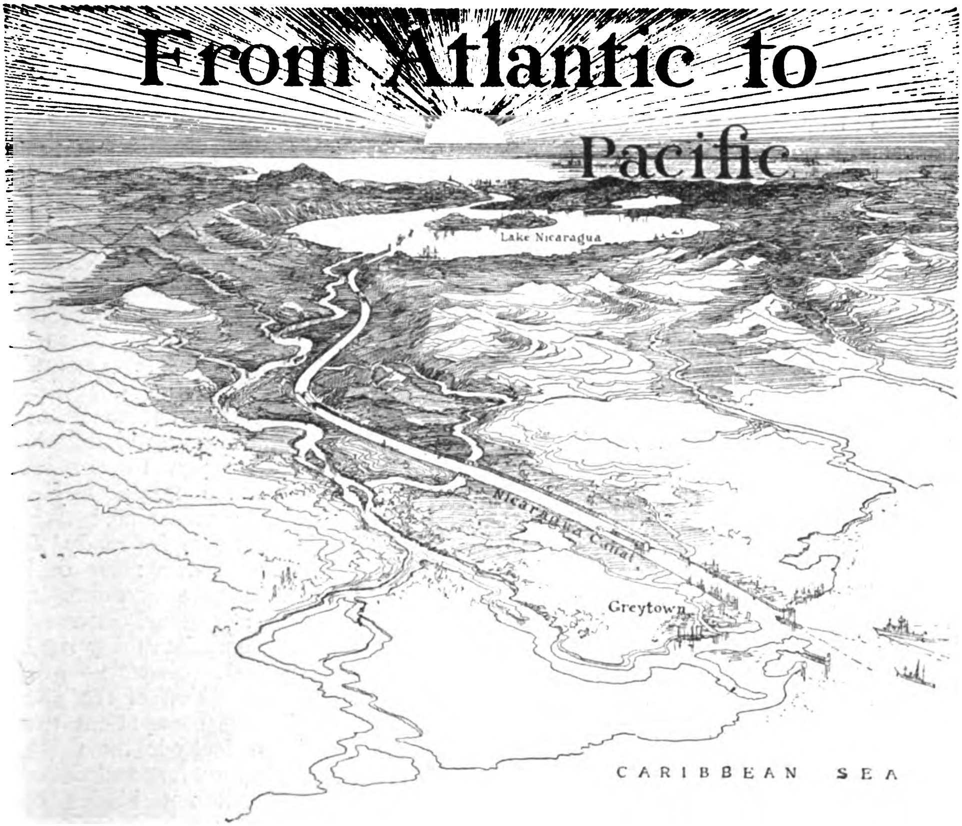


A SEA PICTURE.

THE murmurous sea
  Relenting, reconciled,
Laps lullingly,
And babbles like a child.
Down in the heaving dark
Lies the lost barque.

O sea of life,
In thy salt waves there lie
The treasures rife
Wrecked in a day gone by;
Thy sunless waters hold
Life's sunken gold.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.



THE CANAL TREATY.

THE HISTORY OF A DIFFICULT CONTROVERSY.

BY AN AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT.

THE ratification of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty by the United States Senate concludes an incident which at one time threatened very serious consequences. Nothing less than the continuance of good relations between England and the United States was at issue—a far graver matter, of course, than the building of a canal to unite the Atlantic and the Pacific. And now that all controversy is happily put to rest, it is worth while to ask why it arose, and why it lasted so long, and why Americans took so serious a view of it. I shall omit, so far as possible, technicalities, and try to put the whole business in a clear light, and simply.

THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY.

Fifty-one years ago the two Governments agreed upon what has ever since been known as the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. Mr. Clayton was at the time Secretary of State, the American equivalent for Foreign Minister, and Bulwer was British Minister at Washington. This treaty had several objects, but the fact which concerns us now was the provision requiring the assent of both Powers to the construction of the Nicaragua Canal.*

* As we go to press the news comes that the report of the Isthmian Canal Commission is in favour of the acceptance of the offer of the Panama Company to sell its property to the United States for $40,000,000. The report is unanimous, and is to the effect that, after considering the changed conditions now existing, and all the facts and circumstances upon which its judgment must be based, the Commission is of opinion that the most practicable and feasible route for the canal is the Panama route. The question is now before Congress.—ED. *P. M. M.*

22

It was not meant to hinder the construction of a canal; it was meant to facilitate and promote it. The fact that the treaty ultimately became an obstacle to the building of the only kind of canal the Americans wanted shows how far it had failed of its true purpose. We have long had our eyes fixed on that isthmus, which we regard as an inconsiderate act of Nature. We wanted to turn it into a waterway. The French efforts at Panama stimulated our desire; their failure was to our minds only one argument the more why we should succeed at Nicaragua. A neutral company was formed in 1887, and obtained from Nicaragua an exclusive right of way through the territory of that state. Surveys had been made long before that. The Spanish had spied upon the land in 1522, and the Portuguese in 1550; then in 1781 the Spanish Government mapped out a route for a canal. Central America did the same in 1838. An American tried his hand in 1850, the year of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and the American Government made another survey in 1872. General Grant favoured the canal in 1879, when President; and in 1889 came the ill-omened Maritime Ship Canal Company, which sent out an expedition to begin the construction—an enterprise which ended in brankruptcy four years later. Then members of Congress embarked in the undertaking; bills were introduced, and the project of making the canal a national enterprise took shape.

Panama.

Meantime, Panama and the amazing proceedings of the Panama Company fixed the attention of the world. There also explorations had begun early in the sixteenth century; had been resumed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and then in deadly earnest during the latter half of the nineteenth. Panama had the advantage of a shorter route,—some 50 miles as against the 170 of Nicaragua, from Greytown on the Atlantic to Brito on the Pacific coast,—but with far more formidable engineering difficulties, of which the history of the Panama Company is a record only less remarkable than its record of financial, personal, and political disaster. The reorganised company, of which M. Hutin is president, has for months past been coquetting with the American Government for the sale of the plant and goodwill of the Panama concern.

The Nicaragua Route.

There has, however, always been a sentimental preference for Nicaragua, which was confirmed by the report of the Commission. The cost of the Nicaragua canal would not be less than $160,000,000, and very probably would exceed $200,000,000, upon which the earning of an immediate dividend is problematical. I once heard Sir Frederick Bramwell say of great enterprises in general: "There are no engineering difficulties which we are not prepared to overcome. Give us the money, and we will do what you like. It is for you to consider whether you can raise the money or earn a dividend on your capital."

The San Juan river is ready for canalisation for seventy-two miles of its length; Lake Nicaragua accounts for fifty-six miles more; of actual excavation there would not be more than thirty miles, and the necessary locks present no great difficulties. The opposition of the great trans-continental railways was at one time thought the chief difficulty in the way of passing the necessary bill for construction. That opposition did not hinder the treaty, and may not much obstruct the canal bills. There are railway authorities who take large views, and believe the railways will ultimately profit by the increased volume of business arising out of the canal. But their real plans are not disclosed, and their opposition is likely enough to be secret. On them also public opinion has its influence, and he is a bold man—nay, it is a bold corporation or group of corporations which sets itself against the public opinion of the great body of the American people. The railways might provoke retaliation; they are vulnerable enough, and long arms reach out from Washington. So much for the two routes whose individul merits are now being so keenly discussed here. I now return to history.

Mr. Hay and Lord Pauncefote.

American impatience and vexation at the restrictions imposed on Government by the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty expressed itself in various ways. Aware that there was danger of some violent legislative action, Mr. Hay, something more than



From Atlantic to Pacific: Alternative Canal Routes which have been from time to time under consideration.

a year since, conceived the project of a new treaty in modification of the existing convention—a treaty which should leave the useful facts of the old one in force, but give the United States a free hand with respect to the canal. He drafted such a treaty, and submitted it to Lord Pauncefote, British Ambassador in Washington. By this instrument the requirement of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty that no canal should be constructed without the consent of England was abolished, the canal was to be neutral, free to the world for the passage of all vessels in time of peace or war, and was not to be fortified. Its neutrality was to be jointly guaranteed by the United States and the Powers of Europe. It is remarkable that the convention as agreed to by Lord Pauncefote and the British Government was the convention as drafted by Mr. Hay: not a word altered. It embodied large concessions by England, but no concessions were asked in return from the United States. Some English critics thought there should have been a *quid pro quo*; that advantage should have been taken of this occasion to obtain something for Canada; there being indeed twelve open controversies between the Dominion and the United States. But England did not set about this business in a huckstering spirit. Needless to say that neither Lord Salisbury nor Lord Pauncefote is a man to let pass a legitimate opportunity of winning an advantage for his country or for one of her great colonies; but both regarded this as an occasion for granting to the United States what this Government valued highly, yet was of no real moment to England.

The President and the Senate.

But the United States as a treaty-making power lies under one peculiar disability. By the Constitution, the President has power to make treaties only "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur." The intention of the framers of the Constitution was plain, and the early practice was conformable to that intent. The President, or his Minister, the Secretary of State, negotiated a treaty. The initiative was with him. The completed treaty was submitted to the Senate, which then ratified or rejected it. If amendments were offered, they must be germane to the treaty—amendments, that is, for the better carrying out of the object of the treaty, not amendments intended to pervert or destroy it. Within the last generation or two the Senate has gradually asserted a claim to be consulted, informally, while negotiations were going on, and before the completed instrument was submitted to it. Mr. Charles Sumner, the very distinguished Senator for the State of Massachusetts and Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, was one of the first to press this claim. It grew steadily more urgent. Under President Cleveland the conflict between President and Senate became acute. Under President McKinley, who was ever for methods of conciliation, the claims of the Senate were pressed, and its encroachments on the prerogative of the President became larger. Senator Lodge, in the debate on the Hay treaty, went so far as to say that a negotiated convention as presented to the Senate for its sanction was not a treaty but an inchoate project of a treaty.

The Treaty and the Senators.

These pretensions have to be understood before the fate of the Hay-Pauncefote convention can be clearly understood. Mr. Hay supposed he had secured in advance the adhesion of the Senators whose influence is most essential; of one in particular. During the first week after the treaty had been submitted to the Senate there was no hint of opposition. If a vote had then been taken, the treaty would have been ratified. It was regarded as an important diplomatic success, and was. But presently, Mr. Cushman Davis, then Chairman of the Foreign Committee, bethought himself that he had not been consulted soon enough. He openly complained of it. His wits sharpened by this grievance, he discovered that the treaty was defective; that it did not concede all which America was entitled to demand, and particularly that the right to protect the canal by military force was withheld. He introduced his too famous amendment to that end, which was ultimately adopted by the Senate. Other amendments were adopted: one by which the whole Clayton-Bulwer treaty was "superseded." There prevailed at that time in the Senate, among a bitter minority, a spirit of enmity to England. That spirit strengthened the party of opposition. Amendments

were openly advocated as offensive to England; offensive enough to compel her to reject the amended instrument, as she did. The jingo spirit was active. Speeches were made by certain Senators instinct with hatred to England; speeches which might have meant war had they meant anything at all. They came, for the most part, from Southern Democrats: from that section of the country which, during the Civil War, the English Government seemed for a time disposed to befriend. But gratitude in politics is not a thing to be expected; and since England did not finally interfere by force on behalf of the Confederacy, Southerners in whom the memories of those days are too vivid dislike her, and express their dislike in language which, to say the least, is not conventional.

A Dangerous Crisis.

Upon the rejection of this "amended" treaty by Great Britain, there came a pause. Lord Lansdowne, in communicating to the American Government his inability to accept the mutilated treaty, had stated his reasons with firmness but, of course, in a friendly tone. The reasons were, however, of a nature which held out little prospect of future agreement. A less sanguine Secretary of State than Mr. Hay, or one of less resource, might have abandoned his purpose. But he knew the danger. Now that it is past, I will state it plainly. This present Congress, no less than the last, is bent on having a canal. The last House of Representatives had made no scruple about the bill before them. Well aware that it was drawn in total disregard of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty—drawn as if that treaty did not exist—it had passed that bill by a majority of nearly ten to one. The present House was ready to do as much, and more. Both Senate and House, said men who knew both well, were in the mood to pass a resolution abrogating the Clayton-Bulwer treaty outright. A resolution of that kind would have had no binding force, even if signed by the President. The treaty and the rights of England under the treaty would have survived that act of violence. But the passage of such a resolution would have created a condition of feeling menacing in the extreme to the good relations between the two countries.

Mr. Hay's Courage.

It has been one object of Mr. Hay's diplomacy to preserve good relations. There was but one way of forestalling the intended action of Congress: a new treaty, so framed as to win the assent of the Senate. It seemed an almost hopeless task, but he set about it with the same cheerful courage and unfailing purpose as before. He consulted those Senators whose opposition had proved fatal to the original treaty. He satisfied himself as to what they would accept. He drafted a new treaty on those lines. This draft he submitted to Lord Pauncefote, and Lord Pauncefote took it with him to London last summer, and laid it before Lord Lansdowne. It was seen that the Senate would not abate much from its former demands, but it was seen also that these demands had ceased to be demands and had become proposals. The coarse methods which had found favour with the Senate found none with the Secretary of State. The question had again become a question of diplomacy, to be dealt with by the ordinary methods of diplomacy. There were long negotiations: Mr. Choate conducted them in London on behalf of his Government, and under the instructions of the Secretary of State; with tenacity in respect of the substance, but with conciliation in respect of form. Lord Pauncefote was at hand to inform Lord Lansdowne of the state of American feeling, and of the probable action of Congress in case no treaty should be agreed upon.

The New Treaty.

By degrees, it was found possible to reconcile opposing views, and with some changes of phrase and some modification of terms the new Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was accepted by the British Government. It abrogates the outworn Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, affirms the neutrality of the canal, drops the joint guarantee and makes the United States sole guardian of the neutrality of the canal, secures the free use of it for commercial purposes and for the passage of ships of war by all nations on equal terms. The exclusive right of construction and control rests with the United States; it is an American canal by which the whole world is to profit, and Great Britain first and most of all. In that last clause lies the justifica-

tion of the British Government for what are called its concessions to this Government. It has conceded much, but it has gained much. All the talk about fortifying the canal is beside the mark. No military or naval officer of authority wants to fortify, or considers forts of any military value. If ever a battle be fought for the control of the canal, it will be fought at sea, probably in Cuban waters, close to a British naval base. Here in the United States, at any rate, there is little sign of unseemly exultation over a diplomatic triumph. There is, on the contrary, a disposition to recognise the friendly spirit and true statesmanship shown in England. Animosity to England has ceased to be a winning card in politics — even in close constituencies where the Irish vote may turn the scale. Elsewhere than in England, all obstacles have been smoothed away.

Personal Character in Diplomacy.

In this, as in other great transactions of diplomacy, the personal character of those concerned in them has counted for much. Let us suppose there had been another Secretary of State than Mr. Hay, another British Ambassador than Lord Pauncefote. The result might have been, and probably would have been, quite different. So of the two Presidents who had, in succession, final authority over the negotiations, though not, of course, over ratification. Mr. McKinley gave Mr. Hay a free hand, and gave him also a certain measure of support—loyal but inadequate. It was never in McKinley's nature to invite a conflict with the Senate, or to accept a conflict which he could avoid. One of his best friends said to him during his first term:

"Mr. President, you have one fatal disqualification for your great office."

"What is that?" asked the astonished chief magistrate.

"You have served too long in Congress."

In other words, he was inclined to take legislative rather than executive views; and, when a controversy arose, to concede something of the prerogative he ought, as President, to have maintained. When the Senate showed it was bent on wrecking the Hay treaty, he used but a small part of his authority or influence to support it. So the Senate ran riot, under the lead of Mr. Cushman Davis, of Mr. Morgan of Alabama, and of other jingoes.

The Late Queen and Mr. Hay.

Mr. Hay was so well known in England as Ambassador that I will speak of him only as Secretary of State. He gave up his Ambassadorship reluctantly. The post suited him and he suited the post, as the late Queen's testimony was enough to prove. "The most agreeable of Ambassadors," said Her Majesty of Mr. Hay. But he felt the President's summons to Washington to be a command. The new office imposed itself on him as a duty, and he never looked away from a duty. His tenure of it has been a record of diplomatic successes, of which it is sufficient to mention the *modus vivendi* on the Alaskan boundary, and the "open-door" pledges obtained from the European Powers with reference to China. Note that both these were put in a form which did not require the consent of the Senate. That of itself showed high diplomatic capacity. He is, in truth, a born diplomatist; with those gifts of perception, of flexibility, of knowledge with respect both to affairs and to men, of patience and temper, which are all indispensable to him who would conduct difficult matters to a successful end. And he has the firmness which must underlie all these, and the broad views which alone can make a policy consistent or worth carrying out. Undoubtedly he regarded his first treaty with Lord Pauncefote as his best achievement. He had obtained all his own country needed, and he had asked nothing from England which involved a sacrifice. Yet, upon the destruction of his work by the Senate, he simply renewed his efforts. He appealed again to the spirit of good-will which throughout has animated Lord Salisbury and Lord Lansdowne. There could be no more striking example of what is called, rather pedantically, the personal equation. What Lord Lansdowne had refused to the arrogance of the Senate he yielded to the gentle persuasiveness of Mr. Hay.

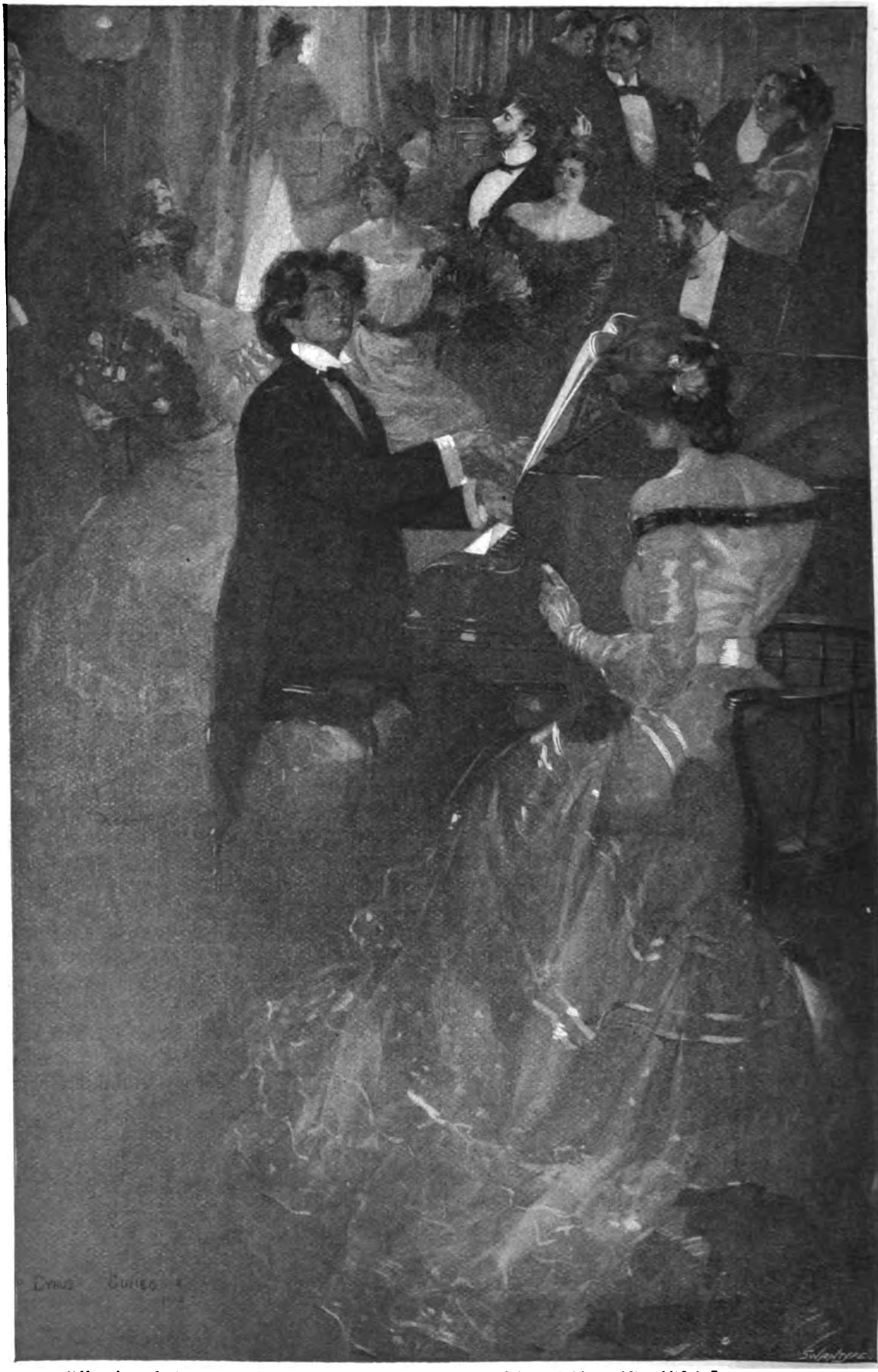
An Ideal Ambassador.

In this, as in so many other questions, Lord Pauncefote showed himself an ideal Ambassador at Washington. Not every Englishman understands clearly the difficulties of that position. We Americans

are an emotional and susceptible people. We take offence easily in matters which are national. The usefulness of more than one Ambassador or Minister has been impaired or destroyed by his failure to consider this fact. Lord Sackville's case is not forgotten; it has ever since served as a warning. Lord Pauncefote, who succeeded Mr. Sackville-West, as he then was, twelve years ago, needed no warning. He understood us, and we him, from the first. We have always been good friends; there was a good basis for friendship in our liking for him and his for us. Of course we never desired nor expected that a British Ambassador should be other than the agent of his own country, the unflinching advocate of her interests; and that is what Lord Pauncefote has been. But of him as Ambassador may be said the same thing as of Mr. Hay while Secretary of State. It has been one of the crowning merits of each to perceive that the interests of the two countries are often identical, and sometimes identical even where they may seem to be opposed. Between two men of that stamp business is transacted with despatch, in a sympathetic spirit, in conformity to large and not narrow views. Lord Pauncefote has had immense experience; he has learning, and power of work, and such powers of mind as give him a mastery over the most complicated affairs. But that is not why he is beloved, or why he holds such a position as made it possible for a jingo newspaper of New York to describe him, while engaged in these negotiations in London this summer, as the Anglo-American Ambassador. He is beloved for his personal qualities, and he is trusted because he is deserving of trust.

President Roosevelt.

But now there enters upon the scene another personality—that of President Roosevelt. Not the least striking fact about this treaty business is that it should have been begun under one President and is ended, by the tragic intervention of an assassin, under another. This new President set his heart on the new treaty. Having no fourteen years of service in the House of Representatives behind him—he was never in Congress—he was hampered by no undue deference to that body. He had given his confidence to Mr. Hay, and, to the President's mind, that put him under an obligation to use all his legitimate authority in furtherance of his Foreign Minister's policy. He did use it. He gave Senators of his own party to understand that the defeat of this treaty would be a blow to his administration. He is said to have told Mr. Mason, of Illinois, that no friend of his, nor any Republican loyal to his party, could vote against it. That he said something to Mr. Mason is certain, and that Mr. Mason, who was against the treaty at first, finally voted for it, is also certain. Let that pass as an example of the way in which the President made his will felt by opponents or by hesitating friends. No testimony to the firmness of the President's will is needed—not on that side was there ever any question of his fitness for rule. But in this treaty matter he has shown as much tact as courage; has shown prudence, moderation, a knowledge of men, and a knowledge of the ways by which men can best be induced to do what he himself thinks they ought to do. His explosive energies are all there, but they now explode at the right moment and for the right purpose. The respect and admiration of his countrymen he has always had; now he has their confidence also, and they clearly see that the overwhelming majority in the Senate for this treaty reflects in some measure the influence of the President.



"Monsieur Cadelle played . . . and sometimes his eyes followed his swift, skilful fingers . . . and sometimes they glanced at Lenore" (*see* CHAPTER III.)

UGLY SOLOMON.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

I.

HE was so ugly that people turned in the street to look at him. He could never efface himself in a crowd. He towered above most members of any crowd, and rising above the square-set shoulders you saw the dark, ugly, striking face, and wondered who the man could be. It was a face you could never forget and never confuse with any other face, and according to your temperament it would repel or attract you.

Lenore could not make up her mind which effect it had on her, and perhaps that is why Solomon Andreas so often caught her looking at him when he dined at her father's house, and after dinner, when he sat and smoked with Mr. Heiden, and talked about politics and law and other dull matters that men love.

Lenore was not an only child, but her sisters were married abroad, and her brothers were out in the world, and for some years she had lived alone with her parents in one of the comfortable old houses overlooking the west side of Regent's Park. The Heidens were prosperous people, but they were Germans, and in some ways their household was unlike an English one. The ladies of the family did not live much in the drawing-room, for instance. They preferred the comfortable ground-floor sitting-room, where they kept their work-baskets and fashion papers, and where Mr. Heiden and his friends used to smoke after dinner. Of course this way of life sounds uncivilised in English ears, but the effect of the evenings on Lenore was civilising. When her mother and she were by themselves they talked of household affairs, of frocks, of people. But after dinner the men-folk talked, and Mr. Heiden did not gather fools round his hearth.

While the men talked and smoked, the women sat by and got on with their embroidery ; and here again the atmosphere of the house was more German than English. The men and women herded together, and yet were separate, had different interests and occupations, and did not meet on an equality. Mrs. Heiden's kitchen was much with her, and in her opinion men's chatter was above the understanding and remote from the interests of a sensible woman. A change of ministries was not as important to her as a change of cooks ; and when she heard Mr. Andreas talk about the Jews going back to Palestine, she wondered how a clever man could be so absurd. She meant to stay in Regent's Park.

But her daughter Lenore, named in a romantic hour after Lenore d'Este, said in her heart what the Princess said : "Ich höre gern wenn weise Männer reden," and so it came to pass that when Solomon Andreas talked, he saw intelligence in her lovely eyes, and the thought grew in his mind that this girl was perhaps a little less ignorant and silly than the other girls he knew, and that he might do worse than marry her.

In no way did he give expression to the thought yet. He seldom addressed her directly, and he took little pains to be in her company. He came to the house as her father's friend, and he often sat with Mr. Heiden while men of his years, but of a lighter temperament, hovered about Lenore, making her the pretty speeches and wooing

her with the polite devotion that girls are supposed to love.

This state of things went on for a year or two beyond the time when Lenore first put up her hair and wore long frocks and stayed downstairs till ten o'clock. She had known Solomon Andreas when she was a little girl in a pinafore; but it was only after her seventeenth birthday that she began to ask herself whether she dreaded or adored him. She had not made up her mind when, just before her nineteenth birthday, he asked her hand in marrage. His proposal surprised Mr. and Mrs. Heiden as much as it pleased them. They accepted it at once.

"Shall I tell Lenore, or will you?" said Mr. Heiden to his wife. "What does he see in the child? Why has he chosen her? It is the crowning joy of my life."

"So it is mine," said his wife dutifully. Then she sighed. "What a pity he is so ugly!" she murmured.

Mr. Heiden looked at her as if she had said something blasphemous. "I will tell Lenore myself," he decided. "Send her here."

Perhaps Mrs. Heiden whispered a word to her child, perhaps she only kissed her with unusual warmth. Anyhow, Lenore's cheeks were flushed and her eyes expectant when she entered the room.

"It is the crowning joy of my life," repeated Mr. Heiden, when he had told the good news to Lenore.

She sat very still and said nothing, and her father could not make out from her manner whether she was unwilling or glad. He had spoken very kindly, but not as if she had any choice; partly because, in his opinion, a girl's marriage is best arranged by her parents, and partly because the match was such a good one. No girl in her senses would refuse it. But Lenore's reticence puzzled him.

"I do not know a better or a cleverer man than Solomon Andreas," he said, half impatiently. "He is a rich man too. You are a lucky girl, Lenore. Not one of your sisters has made such a marriage."

"Why does he want to marry me?" said the girl, staring at the fire. "I shall never be able to read the books he reads or talk his talk. He cannot make me his companion."

Her father smiled. "You have the wit to value him, I see," he said. "Be ready for dinner in good time to-night. He has promised to come."

That ended the interview. Mrs. Heiden came in and congratulated her daughter, and advised her to wear her yellow muslin for dinner to-night; and Lenore said it needed a little attention, and went out of the room to find her mother's maid.

"I think she looks happy," said Mrs. Heiden uncertainly.

Mr. Heiden grunted and took up the evening paper. His wife took up a fashion book and tried to make up her mind about various details of Lenore's trousseau.

"Nothing was said about the date of the wedding," she remarked.

"We can settle all that with Andreas to-night," said Mr. Heiden.

He had put down his paper to answer his wife, and she at once shut up her fashion book. She was longing to talk to her husband.

"When the other girls were betrothed, they were in a state of great excitement," she began. "Why is Lenore so quiet? What did she say to you?"

"She really said nothing at all. When I told her sisters that husbands had been found for them, they asked a thousand questions and laughed and blushed and chattered. Lenore is somehow different."

"She has grown up so much by herself. She is extremely pretty, Ludwig, and I suppose you mean to give her the same dowry as you gave the other girls. It would always be an easy matter for her to make a good match."

"It is *never* an easy matter," said Mr. Heiden, and he looked very much annoyed, and picked up his paper again.

"Of course, Ludwig is quite right," said his wife to herself. "There are not many men in the world like Solomon Andreas. All the same, he *is* ugly, and he must be nearer forty than thirty. If Lenore feels these things, she shall not be made to marry him."

Then Mrs. Heiden went off to her child's room to look at the yellow muslin and to find out whether Lenore minded putting it on for such an ugly lover.

Lenore stood in front of her dressing-table nearly ready. The maid knelt on the floor and seemed to be mending a flounce. The yellow muslin was not an evening gown, because it had a high neck and long sleeves. But it was very thin and elegant, and very

becoming to Lenore. She had tucked some tea-roses in her waistband, and as her mother came in she was trying the effect of a row of pearls round her throat. The maid finished her work in a hurry and left the room. Mrs. Heiden looked at her child and grudged her even to Solomon Andreas. " He is ugly," she said to herself again. She had never thought so much about his looks since she had known him as she had this day. " Your father and I are very happy," she said aloud, " but that is not enough. I want to be sure that you are happy too, Lenore."

" I wish I knew myself," said the girl, and before her mother could speak again a servant interrupted them. Mr. Andreas had come, and was waiting in the drawing-room.

" Let him wait a moment," said Mrs. Heiden, when the servant had gone again. " This is a very serious matter, my child. You must not give a man your word and then take it back. That would be dishonourable. But if you are in doubt—if you think you could not become attached to Mr. Andreas——your father would be distressed and angry—but after all he is your father. What we most desire is your happiness." Mrs. Heiden had tears in her eyes.

The girl put both arms round her mother's neck and kissed her. " I think I am happy," she said, and then she went downstairs.

The drawing-room lamps were lighted, and the curtains were drawn, and the fire burnt cheerfully. Hyacinths scented the air. Although no one used the room much, it had a pleasant look to-night, and Lenore felt herself the child of a pleasant home as she went in. Mr. Andreas stood on the hearth-rug, and it seemed to Lenore as she advanced towards him that her head would just reach his elbow. But he came to meet her, and took her hands in his and drew her down beside him, and then she did not think of his height, but of his eyes, which she had often watched before, because they changed with his mood and even with his talk, and were sometimes satirical and hard and sometimes smiling and kind. To-night, before he spoke, they questioned her.

" You are so pretty, Lenore," he said at last.

" I am glad of that," said the girl ; " it is something."

" And you are very young—nineteen last week—and I am thirty-six. Have you considered that ? "

" I have not had much time," she said. " Father only told me a few hours ago. He is immensely pleased. He thinks there is no one like you."

" So my mirror tells me," said Solomon with mock gravity. Then his manner changed. " It is you who will be my wife," he reminded her. " Can I make you happy ? "

" If you stoop low enough, perhaps you can," said Lenore.

Solomon looked at her in some surprise. You must remember that he had not asked her in marriage because he loved her, but because he considered it time to marry, and because she was the child of his friend. He really had not thought of her with any stir in his heart until she came into the room to-night, and then her beauty alarmed and delighted him. Her expression he did not understand. It was exalted and dreamy, and, as far as he could tell, neither pleased nor sad.

He touched a straying tendril of her hair, and she trembled a little. " The others will be here soon," he whispered. " Give me my answer."

She did not speak. He bent down and kissed her. She did not stir.

" I swear I will make you happy," he said with vigour, and then she looked up and smiled.

They heard steps outside, and Lenore hurriedly put her hands in his and hurriedly took them away again. " I am not clever," she said under her breath. " I know nothing at all. What shall we talk about ? Won't you get tired of sitting opposite a little fool ? "

II.

Six weeks later they were married, and when Lenore drove away with her husband she felt no nearer him than she had done six weeks earlier, before they were betrothed. The time had flown, and the girl had spent little or none of it in her man's company. Mrs. Heiden's notions of a wedding outfit were thorough, and though her daughter was to marry money and live in London, she supplied Lenore with lingerie that would last until her hair turned grey. Then there had been friends on both sides to visit and entertain, and the house to choose and furnish.

"I should not wish to get married often," said Solomon, after a day in a furniture emporium.

But at last the wedding day arrived, and after the ceremony and the reception Solomon and Lenore drove away together, man and wife. Then Lenore realised that the crowded events of the last six weeks, the congratulations and the feasts and the clothes, the sudden bestowal of everything the heart of woman can desire, all the smiles and gifts and wishes, and the hurry, and the great gala at the end, were but the prologue to the real thing, a kindly set-off to the great adventure—her marriage for better or worse to the man at her side. She turned to him, but she did not speak of what was in her mind. She asked him what time they would reach Calais.

"We shall not cross to-night," said Andreas. "You are too tired."

"But—but," stammered Lenore, "they think we shall cross to-night."

"We can do as we like, you know," said Solomon, smiling; and they stopped at Canterbury.

Next day they spent some hours in the cathedral, and then they journeyed on. They went to Italy and stayed six weeks there, and Solomon discovered that his wife had a sweet temper and quick perceptions and a childish awe of him. Her meekness amused him, perhaps pleased him a little, and then troubled him. On one occasion he told her not to say yea and nay even as he did. She thought he was angry, and when his back was turned, she cried. He saw traces of tears when he came home with his hands full of anemones for her, and he sighed. "Are you happy, Lenore?" he said.

"Yes, I am happy," she answered, looking up from her flowers.

"I suppose that is why you sit alone and cry?"

Against his will he spoke with irony, and, as it seemed to her, with severity. He was terrifyingly tall and dark and strong. She had neither the courage nor the art to assert herself in his presence. If he was angry, she bowed her head.

"Shall we go for a drive?" he said. He did not care for driving, but he knew she liked it.

Lenore rose from the sofa. "It is a lovely evening for a drive," she said, and she went to the glass and put on a hat. In a moment she was ready.

But Andreas looked out of the window at the sea. "It is smooth enough for a boat," he said. "We will go on the water." He knew she hated the water.

She said nothing. She was busy with her flowers.

"Leave those," he commanded. "It is getting late."

"If I leave them without water, they will die."

"Let them die, then. Come at once," said he; and she put them down at his bidding and picked up her gloves. But he stood between her and the door, and laughed. "My dear child," he cried, "do you want to save your flowers?"

Her flush and her uplifted puzzled eyes were adorable. He stooped and kissed her.

"I think I have married Griselda," he whispered, and waited while she tended her flowers, and took her for a long moonlight drive, and wondered what in the world he could do to bridge the distance between them. But all the evening Lenore's memory played her a scurvy trick, and went back to a remark made by her husband long ago about the Griselda of Boccaccio and Chaucer and her intolerable submissions. "Abject" he had called her.

"Do you want me to fight you, then?" she said abruptly; and Solomon was obliged to ask what she meant, for the moon and the sea and the mountains were beautiful to-night, and he had forgotten his speech of an hour back.

"You called me Griselda," explained Lenore indignantly, "and Griselda was abject."

"Oh my, oh me!" thought Solomon, "she remembers what I said years ago, and now she is going to revolt out of sheer obedience."

"When I made that remark about Griselda I was not a married man," he reminded her. "If you ask me to-day——"

"Yes—I do ask," whispered Lenore.

His hand had tightened on hers, and she could see his profile in the moonlight, pale and aquiline and largely hewn. Then he turned towards her, and his eyes, though they laughed a little, were kind. "To day—I want her to be the friend of my heart," he said.

But he could not change himself, or her, or their relations to each other, by a word or two, however tenderly he spoke them; and Lenore seemed always to remember that the man she had married was a good deal older

than herself and a man of great abilities, and with a strong will and occasionally a severe tongue. She observed that the world in general regarded him as a person to be feared. Nevertheless, it made her happy to be his intimate companion, and when they went back to London she felt that she had grown, and that the six weeks' holiday had done more for her mind and spirit than the long school years of her childhood.

Mr. and Mrs. Heiden were of course very anxious to see their child after her marriage, and a letter asking the young couple to dinner on the evening of their return reached Lenore in Paris, where Solomon and she were spending the last days of the honeymoon.

"I would rather they had come to us," she said, looking up from her letter. "I wanted to dine in our own house the first evening we are there."

"I hope we shall usually dine at home seven days a week," said Solomon; "but if it pleases your father and mother, we will go to them next Friday."

So on Friday, the evening of their return to London, Lenore dined in her old home again, and sat opposite Solomon at table, as she had often done before; and after dinner the four of them adjourned to the morning-room, and the two men talked of Italian towns and their history, and Lenore told her mother how the women in Paris were doing their hair, and what shape their hats and sleeves were; and when Andreas looked at his watch and said it was time to go, Lenore remembered, with an effort, that she must get up and go with him.

"But there is no hurry," said Mrs. Heiden. "I want you to come upstairs, Lenore, and see your old room. I have had it painted and papered, and it looks very pretty."

Lenore glanced uncertainly at her husband, and his eyes answered her glance with the smile she had seen so often in them lately. She could not resent it, for it was full of kindness; yet it acted on her like a challenge.

"I must see my old room," she said to her mother, and her eyes were now averted from her husband. But he rose when she did.

"You will see it better by daylight," he said. "You can come in to-morrow. Lenore is tired," he explained to Mrs. Heiden. "We left Paris early this morning, and yesterday we had a long day at Versailles."

"I am not a bit tired," cried Lenore, and she ran out of the room and upstairs, followed slowly by Mrs. Heiden, looking perplexed.

The two men sat down again and talked in a desultory fashion, but Andreas saw that his friend's thoughts were straying. At last Mr. Heiden said, in a sort of apologetic tone: "Why did Lenore run off like that, after you had told her not to? I should have expected her to behave better."

Andreas laughed and got up. "I suppose she will be down soon," he said: "I may as well put my coat on; and can we have a cab called?"

But they waited ten minutes in the hall before the ladies appeared, and then Lenore dawdled near her mother and had this and that to say and did not hurry into her wraps. At last she allowed that she was ready, and Andreas opened the door, and there was the cab.

"I'm going to walk," cried Lenore. "I like the air and the moonlight. I thought you knew I meant to walk."

"I'm going in the cab," said Solomon.

"Then I'll walk by myself," deelared Lenore; "I'm not afraid."

It was her father and not her husband who lost his patience. "What has come to the child?" he said in German to his son-in-law. "Put her into the cab and give her a scolding. She was always such a good girl. Why does she carry on like this with you?"

"I suppose she thinks it pleases me," he said, and Lenore knew that he was laughing at her. "Come," he said; and she got into the cab and drove off with him.

When they were near their own home, she grew tired of his silence. "I thought you were going to scold me," she said invitingly.

"I will when you deserve it," he replied, and that enigmatic promise was all she could get out of him.

III.

Solomon Andreas was a hard-working barrister, and he was of course obliged to leave his young wife alone a good deal. He had taken a house close to her old home, so that she should be able to run in and out there in the daytime. At first she was very busy setting her own home in order and learning how to reign over it. But in this country a young woman of means

cannot spend many hours out of the twenty-four on housekeeping. Her servants will not let her. If she did their work, they would leave in a bunch; if she 'knows her place,' she has time on her hands. Some of the usual feminine ways of killing time did not appeal to Lenore. She liked shopping, and she liked seeing her friends, but not all day and every day. She could not spend her morning at the counter and her afternoon at other folks' tea-tables as a matter of course. Her foreign parents, with their retrograde ideas, had never encouraged her to take to cycling or golf. Yet she was too well attuned to her times to sit down contentedly like an early Victorian maid with her Berlin-wool work and a novel in three volumes.

"I should like to have some music lessons," she said one day at breakfast to her husband.

"Very well," said he. "Who used to teach you?"

"Herr Lorch. But I don't want him again."

"Why not?"

"Mrs. Sampson called on me yesterday,' said Lenore. "She wants me to have some lessons from a Monsieur Cadelle, who has just come to London. She says he is a splendid teacher."

"How does she know?"

Her husband's way of asking direct, curt questions was always apt to flurry Lenore. She looked at him helplessly. "I suppose she knows," she said.

"Better make sure," advised Solomon.

"She has asked me to lunch to-day to meet him."

Andreas put down his *Times* and gave the matter a moment's consideration. "Don't let her rush you into it," he said. "You're not a match for Mrs. Sampson."

"But if I like him—if he plays well, and seems clever, may I arrange about the lessons?"

"Certainly," said Solomon at once, for it was surely a thing of small importance. He had forgotten all about it by the time he came home that evening. But he observed that his wife looked unusually cheerful.

"I am to have my first lesson to-morrow," she cried. "He says I have been taught all wrong. The way I hold my hands made him groan. He thinks I have great aptitude, and I have promised to practise four hours a day."

At first Andreas was inclined to bless the new teacher and the new interest. Lenore worked hard at her music, went to afternoon concerts, and bought complete editions of Monsieur Cadelle's favourite composers, Liszt and Chopin. She soon told her husband that she wished to have two lessons a week, and he made no objection. But a little later, when they were considering the guests for a dinner-party, he paused doubtfully at the musician's name.

"Why not ask him to your lunch-party instead?" he suggested. "Then he would meet Mrs. Sampson."

"But all the people you don't like are coming to the lunch-party," objected Lenore. "You have never seen Monsieur Cadelle. Perhaps you would like him."

"A beautiful Frenchman who plays Chopin!" said Solomon, laughing. "Not I. Give me an ugly German who plays Bach. Can't you see that in my face, my dear?"

"Who told you he was beautiful?" inquired Lenore.

"I forget—Mrs. Sampson perhaps. I believe she said he was an Apollo, with the fingers of a Liszt and the sentiment of a Musset. So please ask him to lunch—when I'm out."

"Mrs. Sampson says he thinks me beautiful," said Lenore hardily. "Do you think I am?"

Her hardihood came to an end with her question, and she looked away, avoiding her husband's glance. Otherwise she would have seen that, though a silence followed, he had heard and noted what she said. His face showed surprise and displeasure, and when he spoke she heard the answer to her essay in his tone.

"I am not fond of Mrs. Sampson," he reminded her; "the less you see of her the better."

Lenore looked at herself in the glass when her husband had left the room, and she wished she had not asked him that silly question or made that silly remark. Perhaps he would stop her music lessons in consequence. She watched him anxiously across the dinner-table that night, and mentioned that Monsieur Cadelle had invited her to play a duet with him at his annual concert next spring. "It is an honour, you know," she added: "he only asks one or two of his pupils to play with him."

Andreas said something polite and noncommittal, and went on with his dinner.

Lenore could not judge from his manner whether he liked the idea or disapproved of it.

"Let me see your invitation list again," he said later, when he came into the drawing-room.

Lenore handed it to him.

"We will leave it as it is," he said.

"I am to invite Monsieur Cadelle?"

"Yes."

Lenore wished that Solomon would give his reasons for his change of mind; but though she looked up inquiringly, she did not venture to ask him. Marriage had made strangely little difference in her mental attitude towards the man she had been brought up to revere. They were daily intimate companions, but so, she said to herself, are a sparrow and a lion sometimes. When she watched the ways of other young married women, when she read the latest problem novel, she felt that her awe of her husband was mediæval and unpraiseworthy. She wished her parents had not brought her up on such old-fashioned lines, or that Solomon was not such a difficult person to flout. When she tried it, he laughed at her and had his own way. She had never succeeded in making him angry. "We are just like the lion and the sparrow," she said sadly to herself. "Of course he doesn't esteem me. But what can a poor sparrow do? If she flies in the lion's face, he just blinks."

Lenore looked forward to her dinner-party with some eagerness. It was the first one given by the young couple. She easily made her table pretty with white flowers and Venetian glass, and the beautiful gold and silver given them for wedding-presents; and she easily made herself pretty in a Paris frock that changed as she moved from pink to blue, like a pale sunset sky. She looked at her diamonds, and decided to wear none. She knew that most of her guests would wear a great many.

When she went into the drawing-room, she found Solomon there already, and he looked at her contentedly, but said nothing. A moment later her parents arrived, and Mrs. Heiden went into a rapture over her daughter's toilet, which she could do quite becomingly, as she had not chosen it. Solomon had given it to Lenore in Paris.

"You spoil her," whispered Mrs. Heiden happily to her son-in-law. "But I have never seen her look so pretty. At first I was afraid she felt the change and the loneliness, but lately she has been even brighter than she was as a girl. It has done her good to take up music so seriously. Who is this very handsome young man just coming in?"

"I don't know him," said Solomon, "so he must be Monsieur Cadelle"; and he went forward, and the musician was presented to him by Lenore.

The two men shook hands, and for a little while stood near each other. Monsieur Cadelle was tall, but not so tall as Andreas, and near his broad-shouldered host he looked like a poplar near an elm. He had sloping shoulders, and large white restless hands, and a curly head and languishing eyes. As soon as he could he sheered off from his host and went up to Lenore, and talked to her in undertones until Solomon came across the room and led him to the lady he was expected to take in to dinner.

When dinner was over and the ladies were gone, Solomon took some trouble to talk to Monsieur Cadelle; and he found, as he had expected from the moment he set eyes on him, that the young man did not improve on acquaintance. In the society of men he was ill at ease. His pretty, die-away smile was lost on them, and so were his languorous attitudes, and he could not, in talking to them, suggest adoration in a glance and pursuit in a purring whisper. The only manly topic that seemed to interest him was the absorbing one of speculative investment; and Andreas, while he tried to entertain him, saw his eyes wander to the other side of the table, where two stock-jobbers were discussing a rig in copper. He soon managed to get into conversation with these gentlemen, and Solomon turned, with a sense of relief, to talk to his father-in-law.

When the men went back to the drawing-room, Lenore was standing by the open piano, and Monsieur Cadelle went straight up to her. "You are going to play?" he said to her in French.

"Oh, not to-night," she protested, "when you are here—before all these people."

"But, yes—play," he said, with a teacher's air of authority, and he threw back the lid from the sounding-board.

Lenore looked up at him and then past him at her husband, and she took an eager step towards Solomon. "Shall I play?" she asked.

"Yes, do," said he.

So she sat down and played a nocturne by Chopin that she had just learned afresh. Monsieur Cadelle sat close behind and watched her fingers; and when she had finished, he said it was *très bien*, but he did not smile or linger near her. He walked across the room and sat near a plain, richly dressed young married woman, who at once made much of him, and soon persuaded him to smile again.

Lenore had risen from the piano, and for a moment stood alone; and her husband, observing this, approached her. "Are you going to ask Monsieur Cadelle to play?" he said.

"I don't know," said Lenore uncertainly. "I think he is vexed. I have offended him."

"How?"

"Because—when he told me to play, I asked you. What shall I do?"

"Nothing," said Andreas with emphasis. "Go and talk to your father. He has no one near him, now that Mrs. Trieste has got up."

Lenore was going to take her husband's advice, but she was stopped midway by Monsieur Cadelle. "Madame," he said in her ear, "shall I play to you?"

"It would give us all great pleasure," began Lenore, but the young man interrupted her.

"It is you I would please," said he. "Come with me to the piano. Tell me what to play."

Lenore turned back with him, and for a little while the two stood near the piano together in consultation. Then Monsieur Cadelle sat down and tossed the hair out of his eyes, and his white hands rippled over the keys in prelude, and he looked dreamily at Lenore. "Sit where I can see you. Inspire me," he murmured. He hardly moved his lips as he spoke, but she heard, and coloured a little and sat down.

Monsieur Cadelle played the "Ballade in G minor," and played it very well, and sometimes his eyes followed his swift, skilful fingers, and sometimes they stared at the ceiling, and sometimes they glanced at Lenore.

"So that is Lenore's new music-master?" said Mrs. Heiden to her son-in-law.

"Yes," said Solomon.

"Why couldn't you be content with old Herr Lorch again? He taught the child well enough. She played that nocturne two years ago—with a little less flourish perhaps—didn't lift her hands so high."

"It was Lenore who wanted a change," said Solomon. "I knew nothing about it."

"I suppose you gave your consent?"

"Of course."

"Look!" said Mrs. Heiden. "Lenore is bringing him across the room to me. I have no desire to know him. I detest large white hands. I shall go and talk to Mrs. Trieste."

Lenore tried to intercept her mother, and failed; and when Monsieur Cadelle saw that he was not to be presented to Mrs. Heiden just then, he sidled off to the young married woman he had talked to before and nearly captured as a pupil.

"Why did mamma get up in such a hurry?" said Lenore to her husband. "I wanted to introduce Monsieur Cadelle to her."

"I think she wishes to avoid Monsieur Cadelle," said Solomon.

"Why?"

"She says she objects to large white hands."

Lenore's glance travelled across the room to where the musician sat, or rather lolled. His face was turned from her, and one of his hands supported his curly head.

"He has beautiful hands," she said, with a touch of indignation. "But that was always mamma's way. If a young man is handsome and attractive, she takes a dislike to him."

Lenore spoke with her eyes on Monsieur Cadelle, and when she turned round wondering why Solomon made no rejoinder, she found that he had left her side.

IV.

A man who works as hard as Andreas really sees very little of his wife. Even after dinner he brought his brief-bag into the drawing-room and pored over papers, while Lenore read a novel, or dreamed with a bit of embroidery in her hands. It was dull for her, and he saw it and felt sorry, and did not know how to mend matters. She never complained.

"What have you been doing all day?" he would say to her sometimes; and then she would tell him of a call, or of a shopping, or of a music lesson; and always of so many hours at the piano; and now and then he would ask her to play to him before he set

to work; and she would go to the piano and play sad stealing things that she thought were as beautiful as moonlight, and that he thought cloyed like sweetmeats and misled the soul.

"I wish there was nothing in the world but music," she said one night as she got up from the piano. "I wish one could spend one's whole life like the girl in the picture, sitting at an organ with one's lover close by—never ceasing to play, never obliged to eat and walk and do one's duty. I should like to be a spirit in a world of sound."

"Can you imagine me at your elbow?" asked Andreas; and he opened his brief-bag.

"But the cook has given notice, Solomon," continued Lenore, venturing for once to inflict household matters on him. "She came in this morning, when I was playing the 'Etude in C,' and said she would not live with a parlourmaid who had red hair; and now I shall have to find another cook, and talk about dripping and things. I can't understand why there should be moonlight and dripping in one world; they are irreconcilable."

"That is not your mother's teaching," said Solomon, "or your father's, or mine."

"No," admitted Lenore. "You are all so very sensible. But then I don't think any of you are so deeply stirred by music as I am."

"Yet your mother tells me she could never get you to practise for poor old Herr Lorch," said Solomon.

"He was not an inspiring teacher," said Lenore. "His coat always smelt of tobacco, and he worried about time. Right feeling is more important than time."

Solomon took out his papers, and was soon absorbed in them. His wife opened a novel and looked over the edge of it at her husband's profile. She did not in the least understand her own inclination to provoke him, and yet she constantly gave way to it: talked nonsense, as she had done to-night, talked of Monsieur Cadelle. But she had hitherto found it impossible to rouse Solomon. He remained calm even when, just before the concert, she observed that a day never passed now without her meeting Cadelle. He asked her when the concert would take place.

"I don't think I want you to come to it," said Lenore, when she had told him the date. "I should play badly if I knew you were there."

"I suppose other people will be there."

'But I am not afraid of other people."

"How is that? Are they kinder to you than I am?"

"No, but they think more of me. They think me pretty; some even think me clever."

She looked at her husband, wondering how he would take her self-assertion. She thought he might be angry, but he showed no sign of anger. His eyes were on his book and his mouth was grave.

"I don't think myself clever," she added.

"It is certainly not clever to be afraid of me," said Andreas. "You married me with your eyes open. You knew that I was not a Prince Charming."

Lenore only half understood the drift of her husband's words, and she did not know what to say in answer, so she remained silent. That was unfortunate, because Andreas took her silence as a confirmation of the dread in his heart—the dread that his young wife repented of her marriage with a man as ugly, stern, and sombre as himself. It was no consolation to remember that marriage must needs last as long as life, or to reflect that a woman's gods are often made of tin.

He did not go to the concert, because it was an afternoon one; but soon after he got home, Lenore arrived in a hansom, and Andreas was surprised and displeased to find that Monsieur Cadelle arrived with her. He was in his own room on the ground floor, and he heard the Frenchman's voice in the hall. He waited some time, expecting his wife to come in to him, and he waited in vain. Presently he heard the piano in the room above. He felt impatient and disturbed; he could not fix his mind on his work; and at last, still hearing the piano, he went upstairs. The drawing-room door stood ajar, and, without being seen, he just looked in and found that Monsieur Cadelle was alone. So he went farther on to Lenore's dressing-room. There she stood at the toilet table, still in the white lace gown she had worn at the concert. She was putting some fresh flowers into her waistband, her fingers were hurried, her cheeks were flushed, and she was giving rapid orders to the parlourmaid about the dinner, which she wished to better at the eleventh hour.

"There must be more flowers on the table; you can get them in Baker Street when you order the ices. Get mimosa if it is fresh, and get a pineapple for dessert—and take a cab back—and of course there will be champagne."

"What is all this, Lenore?" said Andreas. "Have you a surprise party?"

Lenore started at the sound of her husband's voice. She had not seen him come in. She dismissed the parlourmaid and then answered Solomon. "It is only Monsieur Cadelle," she said. "I asked him what he was going to do this evening, and he assured me that he did not know, and that it would be very flat after the excitement of the concert. He said he wished his mother was in London, because when he has given a concert he longs to talk about it to some one sympathetic; so —I asked him to come back with me and dine. Do you mind, Solomon?"

"I am afraid I do rather," said Solomon. "I am not fond of Monsieur Cadelle. And why isn't our own dinner good enough for him?"

"It will be our own dinner," said Lenore; "it must be. I've only added one or two things. He told me his mother always made a little feast for him when he had played at a concert or given one, and they used to drink to the success of the next in champagne. Can we have champagne to-night?"

"Certainly," said Solomon; "and perhaps if we send a message across at once, your father and mother will join us."

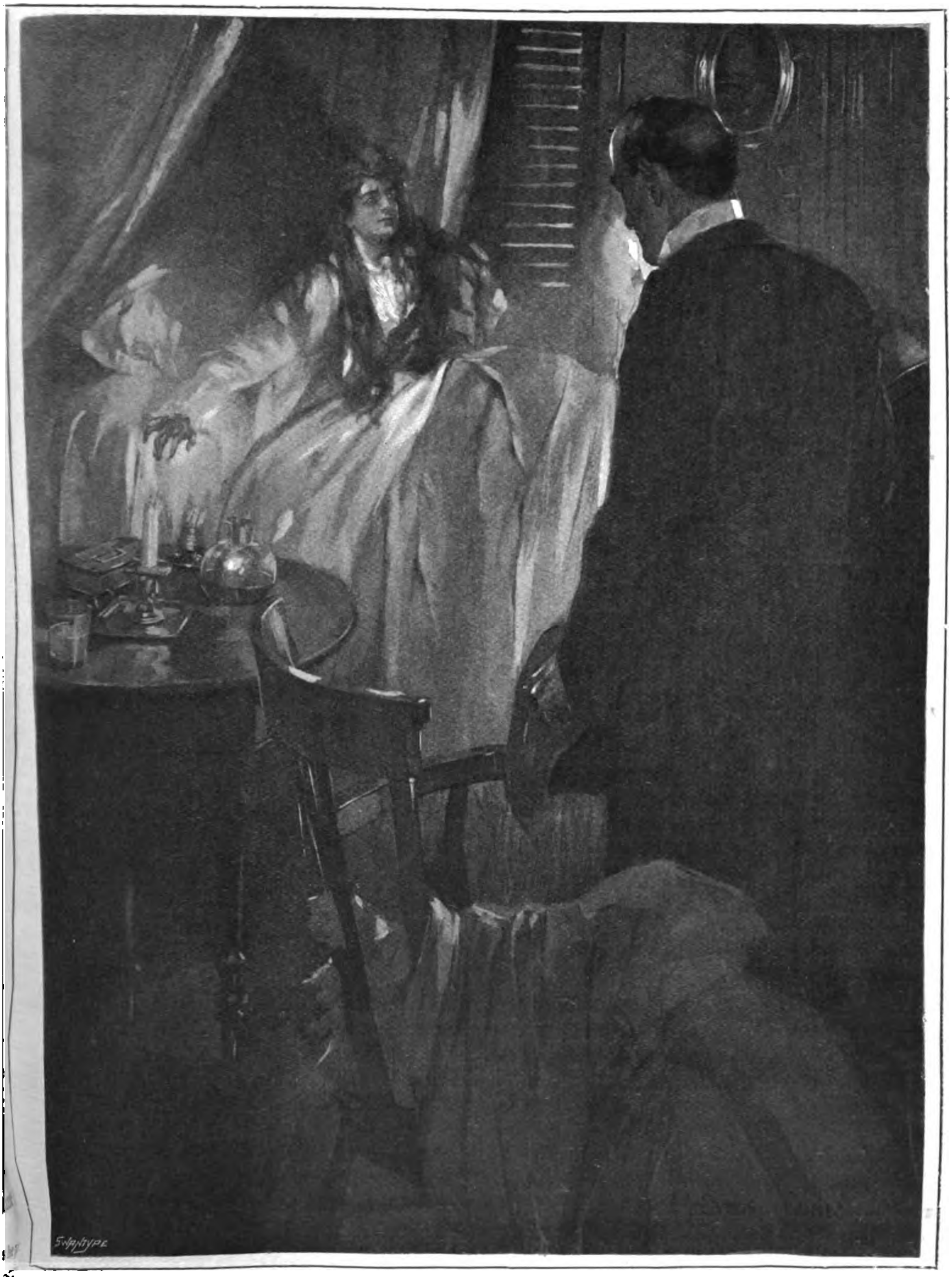
"But mamma doesn't care for Monsieur Cadelle," objected Lenore, for her husband's proposal threatened the atmosphere of the evening. She wanted to listen to Chopin, and then to sit outside on the balcony and talk of the universe in French. Only a week ago they had spent some very agreeable hours in this way, while Solomon was at work downstairs. It is true that towards the end of the evening Monsieur Cadelle had grown rather alarmingly sentimental, but just as he had drawn his chair a little too close, he heard Solomon's step and moved hastily away, and looked absurdly put out. Lenore laughed as she remembered his expression. He had been interrupted in a sentence beginning "*Ange de beauté*," and she could not help wondering how a sentence with such a beginning would properly end.

"My mother and father like coming when we are by ourselves," said Lenore. "We could ask them to-morrow."

"No," said Andreas, "we will ask them to-night."

But the chances were against him. Mr. and Mrs. Heiden expected friends themselves, and could not come. So Lenore had her way and her music and her long murmuring talk amongst the flowers on the balcony. It was empty talk, and the sentimental atmosphere was created by the stars and the flowers and the darkness, rather than by the spoken word. But it angered Solomon to think of his wife up there with the musician crouching at her side and whispering in her ear, like Eve and the toad in Paradise. When he had smoked and written some letters that had to be written, he went upstairs too. He found Lenore hemmed in between the balcony and Monsieur Cadelle. In fact, she sat so close to the geraniums that their sprays fell over her white gown; and her companion's arm rested on the arm of her chair. He just moved it when Andreas appeared. Otherwise he took no notice of his host's presence, and continued to sit with his back turned towards him. Lenore tried to edge a little farther towards the geraniums, and she looked up at her husband. Monsieur Cadelle's impertinent manner angered her, and she did not want Andreas to think she encouraged it. She could not make out just then what he thought, for it was too dark to see his face plainly. He sat down and lighted a cigar, and said nothing. Lenore could see Monsieur Cadelle's face, and it was sulky; but very soon he got up and invited her to play a duet with him. They went inside, and Solomon remained on the balcony; and the duet was soon over, and then he heard their voices, and wondered what they found to say. Presently he heard Monsieur Cadelle's touch on the keys again, but only in a soft, unfinishing ripple—a mere cover, doubtless, for his words and his intolerable glances. Solomon threw away his cigar, and went into the drawing-room. "It grows cold—it grows late," he said; and Monsieur Cadelle rose to his feet and bade madame good-night.

"To-morrow," he said softly, as he pressed her hand; and then he went downstairs, and on his way asked his host for a whisky-and-soda and another cigar. Solomon had no objection to supply him with both, but he objected to so many more minutes of his



"*She sat up with a little cry of surprise and joy*" (*see* CHAPTER VI.)

company. When he had got rid of him, he went upstairs again to Lenore.

"Have you a lesson to-morrow?" he asked.

"Not a lesson exactly," she said, with evident nervousness: "he has asked me to tea, to meet Mrs. Sampson, and we shall have some music."

"To tea? Where?"

"At his rooms in Jermyn Street. He says he often has little tea-parties, but he has never asked me before."

"I would rather you did not go, Lenore," said Andreas.

Lenore looked at her husband, a remonstrance on her lips and disappointment in her eyes. But she saw the command in his face and not the affection and anxiety in his heart. "Very well," she said, and she went to her writing-table and wrote a note, and rang for a servant and sent it to the post without once looking at her husband. Then, still standing at some distance from him, she said she was tired and would go to bed.

He made no attempt to detain her, and so of course she felt very unhappy and cried herself to sleep; and he worked till midnight and felt very unhappy too, and thought she had been ungracious and unloving, and had no idea that she had only been shy, and perhaps a little sorry to lose her tea-party.

But next day at dinner Lenore told her husband she had seen Mrs. Sampson that afternoon. "It is very odd," she said. "Monsieur Cadelle had not invited her at all. He certainly said he had. She came to call on mamma when I was there, and stayed a long time. I suppose he got confused. The concert was very confusing, because every one there wanted to talk to him. Mrs. Sampson says she knows six women who wear locks of his hair. It must be very trying to be fussed over by women in that way."

"It's about what he's good for," said Andreas.

V.

Andreas took no immediate steps to separate Lenore from René Cadelle, partly because the difficulties in the way were great. He could have stopped his wife's lessons, but he could not stop all her chances of meeting the young man. By this time Monsieur Cadelle knew a good many of Lenore's friends. Besides, a sentiment is fed rather than checked by violent opposition. Andreas felt sure that he could not put an end to the matter as effectually as chance or change.

But spring went by and summer came without any sign of change; and on the morning of Lenore's birthday the post brought her a fantasia dedicated to her by René Cadelle. There was her name printed large on the title-page: her name above and his beneath. It provoked Solomon to see them so.

"It is the 'Lenore Fantasia,'" said Lenore, and she smiled a little as she turned the leaves: "I know every note of it. He says it is emblematic. The chief *motif* is something like the Venus music in *Tannhäuser*, and then it changes to a dream melody with a rippling bass, and at the end there is a tangle—*molto furioso—fortissimo*."

"I have to catch an early train this morning," said Solomon. "Will you give me my coffee?"

"Don't you take any interest in an emblematic fantasia that is dedicated to your wife?" said Lenore reproachfully; but she poured out a cup of coffee and placed it near her husband's plate.

"What do you mean by 'emblematic' in this case?" asked Solomon.

"I don't know that I mean anything," said Lenore, after some consideration. "It is Monsieur Cadelle's phrase, and I suppose I just repeated it. He says the dream melody came to him one evening when he was thinking of me."

Solomon took up his *Times*, and Lenore began to open and read her birthday letters. But that was not the end of the "Lenore Fantasia." A week later Solomon had to go with his wife to a dinner given by his aunt, Mrs. Trieste, a wealthy widow. Her only son, Fred Trieste, had recently made a romantic marriage with a cousin on his father's side, a very pretty girl without a penny. The young couple were staying in London just now, and Mrs. Trieste gave dinners in their honour; and when she invited her nephew and his wife she invited, amongst others, the Sampsons and René Cadelle. She sent Lenore in to dinner on the young musician's arm, and Mrs. Sampson she placed on his other side; and Andreas, who sat opposite, observed that Monsieur Cadelle divided his attention equally between his dinner and Lenore.

He neglected Mrs. Sampson, and as the banquet proceeded she began to look sulky.

After dinner, when the men went into the drawing-room, Andreas was rather surprised to receive an invitation from Mrs. Sampson to sit down beside her. To make room for him she dismissed a younger man who admired her, and she must have known that Solomon did not admire her at all. Nevertheless, she beckoned to him, and he had to go. She sat a little apart on a small sofa, and she began to talk about books and plays and pictures, and she appealed to his opinion, and was altogether very flattering and cordial. From where they sat they could see Lenore with Monsieur Cadelle lolling at her side, and Solomon fancied that he could discover on other faces the disapproval he tried hard to keep out of his own. He hoped it was fancy, felt sure it was fact, and spent an uncomfortable quarter of an hour. Presently his cousin, Fred Trieste, strolled towards him, and drew a chair closer to the sofa and sat down. "I can't get near Lenore," he said, "so I've come to talk to you."

"They look very happy," said Mrs. Sampson, in her self-complacent little contralto. "Monsieur Cadelle is apt to forget that there is any one in the room except himself and the woman he delights to honour."

"He looks like a slug near a flower," said Fred Trieste bluntly. "Why does my mother invite him?"

"You see why," said Mrs. Sampson.

Monsieur Cadelle had just risen and seated himself at the piano. He looked round the room, played a few chords in prelude, and fixed his eyes on Lenore, who had moved slightly and was well in his view. Then he lifted his hands as high as his head, brought them down with a bang on the keys, and dashed into a whirling, wailing movement that Mrs. Sampson said was meant to describe a tortured soul. It changed very suddenly to a slow singing melody with a rippling bass.

"Is that a soul in bliss, then?" said Fred Trieste.

"Yes," said Mrs. Sampson, "that is Lenore. This is the famous 'Lenore Fantasia,' you know."

Monsieur Cadelle rose from the piano looking very much exhausted. He wriggled away from a lady who sought to detain him, and sank down beside Lenore again.

"Is the fantasia famous?" said Fred Trieste, who had a fine taste for music. "It is tricky and noisy. Is it a great success?"

"Oh, in that way? I don't know," said Mrs. Sampson. "Of course it has made Lenore famous amongst her friends—amongst Monsieur Cadelle's pupils."

"Surely it is not unusual for a musician to dedicate a work to a pupil," said Solomon. "The pupil hardly deserves fame on that account."

"It is the most usual thing in the world," said Fred Trieste, who saw that his cousin was exceedingly angry. "Hasn't he dedicated anything to you?"

"I am not his pupil," said Mrs. Sampson. "Louis would not allow it."

"You recommended him to Lenore," observed Solomon.

"I have not recommended him lately," said Mrs. Sampson. "Not since—well, not since Lenore has been so famous. But of course, as you say, there is no harm in a dedication, and it is a fine fantasia, in my opinion. I told him to call it *Leidenschaft und Glück*. Mrs. Trieste wants me, I think. I am going to sing."

"And then people say there are no mosquitoes in England," said Fred Trieste when Mrs. Sampson was out of hearing.

Andreas did not speak. He was making up his mind.

On the following day he dined at his father-in-law's house without Lenore. She was going to the opera with the Sampsons, and afterwards to supper at the Autolycus. Solomon went to the Heidens' without an invitation, and they made him welcome.

"We hardly ever see Lenore now," said Mrs. Heiden after dinner. "She is swallowed up by her music and her new friends. Do you often let her go out at night without you, Solomon?"

"I am not always able to go," said Solomon. "I have been very busy lately."

"Then Lenore should stay at home too," said Mrs. Heiden, whose views were indefensibly behind the times. "You leave her too much liberty, Solomon. She is only a child. Do you think that if she was at home still I should let her fly about the town at night with people like the Sampsons and that Monsieur Cadelle. Will they send her back in the carriage?"

"Last time she took a cab," said Solomon.

"You give your opinion very freely," said

Mr. Heiden to his wife. "I have always told you that when once a girl is married her mother has nothing more to say."

"And I have always told you that you were mistaken," said Mrs. Heiden. "I should think I ought to know more than Solomon does about the management of girls. I have brought up five daughters and married them, and he hasn't so much as a sister."

"Would you like Lenore to go to Switzerland with you next Thursday?" said Solomon.

The click of Mrs. Heiden's knitting-needles stopped short, and she dropped her hands and stared at her son-in-law.

"But we are going to be away six weeks," she said.

Never during the thirty years of her married life had she left her husband for six weeks. The exigencies of business had often taken him from her, and she had stayed at home, administered his house, and reared his children.

"Yes," said Solomon, "and when you come back I shall be free. I want to take Lenore to Holland and Belgium this year. She will like the old towns and the pictures."

"But what will become of your house and you? Who will order your dinner?"

"Solomon will get a much better dinner at his club than Lenore gives him at home," said Mr. Heiden. "You have not brought up your youngest child to be a good housekeeper. Last time I was there the plates were cold, and the soup was as thick as porridge, and the gravies and sauces were a disgrace to Lenore."

"It is Solomon's fault," said Mrs. Heiden, taking up her knitting again. "He spoils her. I have always said so. I brought up Lenore as I did the others, but if a girl marries a man who will stand anything—— I should never have expected it of you, Solomon. I was afraid you might be rather hard on the child."

Andreas did not seem inclined to talk much. He lighted a second cigar, and presently came back to the subject of Switzerland. He arranged dates, and took an interest in routes, and spoke of the journey as a certainty for Lenore.

"Did she propose it?" asked Mrs. Heiden.

"No," said Solomon.

"I suppose she likes the idea?"

"I have not spoken of it yet," said Solomon. "I wanted to make sure first that it would be convenient to you."

Mrs. Heiden felt puzzled and anxious, but she went on with her knitting and asked no more questions.

"He is a good man, she said of her son-in-law when he had gone.

"He isn't such a fool as you seem to think him, either," said Mr. Heiden.

"It takes a wise man to manage a girl," said his wife.

"A well-brought-up girl ought to manage herself."

"So she would if there were no men in the world," said Mrs. Heiden.

Her husband brooded over this retort while he put away his cigars.

"Why does Solomon send Lenore to Switzerland?" he asked. "Have they quarrelled?"

"Solomon has told me nothing he has not told you. I have seen nothing you have not seen. What I know you should know."

"I know nothing except that Lenore has a very bad cook," said Mr. Heiden, yawning. "Why don't you tell her to get a better one?"

"I might do that, perhaps," said Mrs. Heiden.

"In fact," continued Mr. Heiden, "if she would attend more to her cook and less to her music——"

"I am not going to mention her music," said Mrs. Heiden resolutely. "That is Solomon's affair."

VI.

It was late when Lenore came home—so late that Solomon had sent the servants to bed and let her in himself.

"Have you come straight from the Autolycus?" he said. "It is nearly two o'clock."

"I'm sorry," said Lenore. "Monsieur Cadelle was there too, you know, and after supper we went back with the Sampsons, and Monsieur Cadelle began playing, and Valerie began singing; and then we all thought we should like a moonlight walk, but Mr. Sampson said at the last moment that he was too sleepy, so I walked as far as Regent Circus with Monsieur Cadelle, and then took a hansom. You see I have borrowed a hat and a dark cloak. I never dreamed that you would sit up."

Lenore looked rather anxiously at her husband, and was relieved to find that he did not seem angry; yet she observed that he looked grave and that he dwelt lightly on what she said, as if he were preoccupied.

"Come into my room," he said. "I want to talk to you."

"Now? But it is so late, Solomon."

"Never mind for once," said he.

She sat down opposite him. It was a room given up to bookcases and a large writing-table and solid leather-covered chairs—a room in which Solomon of late had spent many solitary evenings.

"I have been dining with your father and mother," he began.

Lenore looked up in surprise. "You didn't tell me you were going," she said. "Had they asked you?"

"No, I went unexpectedly. They start for Switzerland next Thursday. They will be away six weeks."

"I must go and see them," said Lenore; "and I am so busy. I am helping Valerie with all her arrangements for next week, and I am rather behindhand with my own. The invitations must go out to-morrow."

"I am afraid I don't know what you are talking about, "said Solomon. "I daresay I ought."

"Surely I have told you about our water picnics. Valerie is taking about twenty people to Henley next Wednesday, and on the Wednesday following I am going to take them to "The Swan" at Streatley. Monsieur Cadelle has been in England two years and has never seen Cleeve Lock."

"It is lucky that your invitations have not gone," said Solomon. "I have been making arrangements for you that would interfere with them."

He knew that he had a difficult thing to do, and he had made up his mind that nothing Lenore said should harden his manner or give an edge to his tongue; but almost against his will the musician's name acted like a call to arms. Lenore heard the determination in her husband's tone, and she took fright at once. "I must keep my engagements," she said.

"You may do as you like all this week," said Solomon. "On Thursday I want you to go with your father and mother to Switzerland."

His quiet way did not persuade Lenore to take this communication quietly. He saw that she was startled and unwilling.

"Go off to Switzerland—without you—for six weeks? Just now, too, when I am so busy. How can I?"

"I think you can," said Solomon.

"But did my father and mother propose it? Do they need me? Are they ill?"

"They are not ill," said Solomon. "I proposed it."

"Why?"

Lenore's voice rang out indignantly, but her glance met her husband's and grew abashed and undetermined. "I don't want to go," she said childishly. "Do you mean that you have arranged it with them before consulting me?"

"I have arranged it with them," said Solomon.

"When did you settle in your own mind that I was to go?"

"Last night."

"Last night?" repeated Lenore in a bewildered way. "Is it as sudden as that? But what happened last night? We dined with Mrs. Trieste."

"Yes," said Solomon.

Lenore waited as if she expected him to say more, but he got up and closed the window and suggested by his manner that he considered the discussion finished. So she got up too. "I won't go away now," she said. "I won't be sent off like a child."

"Lenore," said Solomon kindly, "you are a child, and I have not looked after you very well. But there is an end to that—and to other things."

"Let me stay at home," said Lenore, and now she spoke in a tone of appeal; but no words could have been as unyielding as her husband's silence. "Solomon," said Lenore, intent on an answer, "will you let me stay?"

"I wish you to go," he said.

"You mean that you insist?"

"Oh yes," he said, at the end of his patience, "I insist. It should not be necessary, but if you make it necessary——"

His manner convinced Lenore that any further appeal would be useless. At last the moment she was always half-expecting had arrived. Solomon's will clashed with hers, and his would prevail. What hurt and provoked her most was his reticence. If he had given reasons she could have shown that they were invalid—at least she thought so. But when he confined himself to the issue of orders, she could only say that they

were not agreeable to her, and yet, if he did not relent, submit to them. Deep down in her mind she was willing to submit to Solomon, but she was not in the least willing to leave him. If he had offered to go with her, it would have been a different story. But he was over head and ears in work: all through the ensuing week he hardly saw his wife, and when they were together he took the Swiss journey for granted. Twice she tried to move him from his decision, but found that he remained inflexible and uncommunicative. So she packed her trunks and troubled about her husband day and night, and looked forward with an ache in her heart to their separation.

Nevertheless, she was out and about a good deal, and she met Monsieur Cadelle more than once, and he threatened to put an end to himself when he heard that she was going away for a long time and that he had probably seen the last of her as a pupil. But he turned up alive and smiling for Mrs. Sampson's picnic, and travelled in Lenore's compartment and remained at her side all through the day. No one tried to come between them or to keep them company. Perhaps Mrs. Sampson had given the cue. At any rate, all the events of the day seemed to advertise their intimacy, and Lenore grew a little tired of a duet that had a whole picnic-party as chorus. There were glances that vexed her, and she could imagine smiles and whispers more vexing still. However, she found herself in a boat alone with him after dinner. She had tried to avoid this *tête-à-tête* by moonlight, but Mrs. Sampson had detained her while the others started and then left her to Monsieur Cadelle. He managed, with some difficulty, to take the boat into a deserted backwater, and then Lenore discovered that he was in a very sentimental mood.

"We could easily drown ourselves together here," he said.

"I am not going to drown myself," said Lenore She had never felt so little inclined to respond to his sentiment, or so impatient of his glances, or so anxious to keep him at a distance. On the balcony of her own house, with Solomon close by, it was rather entertaining to be called an *ange de beauté* by a young man whose hair and eyes were undeniably fine. But out here in the moonlight and the silence, Lenore, a little to her own astonishment, found that his manner roused her shuddering dislike, and in some measure her alarm. It troubled her to remember that she could not manage a boat, and that she was dependent on him to take her back to the inn.

"I am sure we ought to turn," she said soon. "The 9.43 is the last up train, and Mrs. Sampson asked us to be at 'The Red Lion' by a quarter-past nine."

"There is no hurry," said Monsieur Cadelle. "What does it matter if we miss the train? It is very pleasant on the river. Let us stay here until we are tired of it."

Lenore stood up in the boat, and very nearly upset it. She frightened Monsieur Cadelle.

"Sit down!" he shrieked; "you'll drown us both."

"I thought that was what you wanted," she said; and he scowled and said something between his teeth in French, then told her to sit down again. But she caught at a stump on the river bank and jumped on to dry land. "I am not going to miss the train," she said. "I shall walk back to the inn."

Monsieur Cadelle watched her for a moment. Then he made the boat fast and jumped out after her.

"I will walk with you," he whispered. "We are on the wrong bank, and we are sure to miss the train. I don't care if we do. To-morrow we can go to Paris. Your husband won't follow us. In this country a man doesn't defend his honour. He asks for damages."

"What do you know of honour?" cried Lenore, and she turned so hastily in her anger that she stumbled against Monsieur Cadelle; and he caught her in his arms, and with a white and burning face he kissed her.

That was the last straw. Lenore's unveiled dislike and distrust were expressed in the determination with which she pushed him from her. They were close to the river, and Monsieur Cadelle only just saved himself from tumbling headlong in.

"Do you know that I cannot swim?" he said savagely; "you have nearly committed manslaughter. Come back to the boat. If you prefer your hideous husband to me, why are we here together?"

Lenore hardly knew whether to laugh or cry at this reproach. She recognised that it was in some degree justified, and she felt ashamed of her folly; and she recognised that she had wounded the young man's vanity, and that he would never forgive her.

He began to row in sulky silence towards the inn. They made slow progress, and Lenore soon became very anxious about the time. She had never been in a boat before, except with Solomon, who was a good oarsman; and she had never seen him flurried and incapable. When at last Monsieur Cadelle reached the landing-stage, no one was visible except an inn servant, and he told them they had better run if they wanted to catch the train. So they ran, and were soon too much out of breath to speak, and hot and uneasy and tired of the day's work.

When they got to the station, Monsieur Cadelle put on a spurt and outpaced Lenore. He emerged on a clear platform, the guard waved his flag; the carriage doors were shut, the train was actually in motion. But amidst indignant shouts from porters to stand back, he managed to wrench a door open and fall unwelcomed into a crowded compartment. Lenore, all dazed and helpless, watched him. As the train receded, she looked at the station clock. It was ten minutes to ten.

She found that there was no other up train that night, but that she could send a telegram to Solomon. She did so, and then walked back to the "Red Lion" and asked for a room. She was most unhappy, for she could not make up her mind what Solomon would think of her escapade. He would certainly be very angry, because her parents would either have to put off their journey or start without her. All the tragic and unpardonable constructions that he might put on her absence were in her mind as she tried to fall asleep. She had seen Monsieur Cadelle in the compartment full of strangers, and now in her fancy she saw him slip away at the terminus without letting Mrs. Sampson know that he was there. Mrs. Sampson would believe that he had remained behind with Lenore; the story would spread like wildfire, and would reach Solomon's ears. She was so tired and miserable that she could imagine him acting on it, as he had acted about the Swiss journey, without giving her a chance of self-defence. Perhaps she would never see him, never live in his home again. His dark, clever face, his strength, his kindness, his unfailing patience, made a haven she loved and desired as she fell wretchedly asleep.

She had slept and dreamed, and waked in a fright and begun to dream again, when the opening door and a flashing light made her think that day had come. She sat up with a little cry of surprise and joy, and held out her arms to Solomon.

"Is it to-morrow?" she said; and he laughed and put his candle down.

"It is nearly two o'clock," said he.

"But how did you get here? Have you had any telegrams?"

"No; I went to Paddington to meet you—I thought I would—and when I found they had left you behind, I thought I would come and look after you. Luckily there was a down train. You have been crying, Lenore."

"I have been crying my heart out. I thought you would perhaps be so angry that you would never want to speak to me again."

"On the contrary," said Solomon, "I felt very anxious to speak to you. But, as you have been crying already——"

He was going to put his arm round his wife, but she put both her hands against it and drew back from him, while she made her confession in a shamefaced voice. "I've been loafing about in a boat all day with Monsieur Cadelle. At first I liked it, and then I hated it and hated him. He made silly speeches, and when I got out and said I would walk home, he got out too—and he kissed me—and I nearly pushed him into the water and drowned him. He can't swim, and he can't row much, so we missed the train. We have quite done with each other. I hope I need never see him again."

"I gathered something of the kind from his manner," said Solomon reflectively. "Mrs. Sampson sent me to him for news of you. She said you had been together all day. He was very rude and sulky. He told Mrs. Sampson that he had serious thoughts of leaving England for ever."

"Can you forgive me, Solomon?" said Lenore; and he drew her to him.

"I ought never to have let it happen," he said. "When I married a child like you——"

"I am not a child any longer," said she. "I am a woman, and your wife; and you will see when I come back from Switzerland——"

"Switzerland!" said Solomon. "But, my dear woman, you have missed your train."



THE OLD WORLD AND THE AMERICAN "INVASION."

A REVIEW OF THE INDUSTRIAL SITUATION.

BY SIR CHRISTOPHER FURNESS, M.P.

IT would be quite out of place to attempt in these pages a lengthened and exhaustive account of the natural, economic and scientific causes of what, for want of a better term, may be called the "American Invasion," which has created so vivid a sensation and apprehension in the Old World.

Almost simultaneously with the appearance of the United States as a conquering and colonising power, Europe has been appalled by the sight of America bursting her bonds and stepping armed cap-à-pied into the arena as an industrial giant of almost irresistible power, with the openly proclaimed determination to conquer the world's markets and gain universal commercial supremacy. Not only are we to receive America's raw materials—cotton, petroleum, grain, timber, copper, etc., as we gratefully do, "not grudgingly, but of necessity"—but we are also to be beaten on our own hearth, and to take by compulsion the manufactured articles, from steel and machinery down to the boots on our feet.

Is this fear justified by facts? Are we doomed to a subordinate commercial position?

The developments of American industry and commerce are so well known, if not fully appreciated hitherto by Englishmen, that one salient and striking instance will illustrate the state of affairs.

Lord Beaconsfield, with his inimitable gift of crystallising a world of facts into a striking phrase, said that the quantity of chemicals consumed by a nation was an index of its progress, prosperity and civilisation. It appears, however, to me that the production and consumption of pig-iron, that indispensable requisite of the world, is a more accurate gauge.

PIG-IRON THE INDEX OF A NATION'S PROGRESS.

The production of American pig-iron in tons is as follows. In—

1860	*1870*	*1880*	*1890*
121,223	1,665,179	3,835,191	9,202,703

1900	*1901 (approximate).*
13,789,242	16,000,000

These marvellous and almost incredible figures are alone a striking record of the astounding progress of industry in the United States of America. They mean that the unparalleled and unique natural resources and industry of the United States have practically increased as 120,000 are to 16,000,000—surpassing the most wonderful record—15,000,000 tons having been consumed in the Union.

It is difficult to realise the labour, knowledge and skill, required for the production—and the immense increase of population for the consumption—of these stupendous quantities; because it

must not be left out of consideration that every ton of this iron has been turned to some useful purpose for the benefit of mankind, in the shape of railways, ships, buildings, and the thousand-and-one uses to which iron and steel are put.

The production of pig-iron in England is in—

1898	*1899*	*1900*	*1901*
8,631,151	9,305,519	8,908,690	8,200,000

A comparison of these with the American figures would account for the spirit of pessimism, of almost hopelessness concerning the industrial future of England, which is so striking in the expressed opinion of to-day.

These figures would seem to indicate that, while America is advancing by leaps and bounds, the United Kingdom is entering on the downward path of industrial decadence; because the American production in 1901 was almost 2½ millions more than in 1900 (notwithstanding two months' strike), whereas the English was nearly one million less (viz. 708,690 tons) in 1901 than 1900.

Gauged by the iron consumption, the United Kingdom, while increasing rapidly in population, is falling off in production and in labour—which means that she is earning less to maintain herself than America, whereas America, with an increasing population, is earning proportionately more money.

How England is Handicapped.

This is indeed a striking state of affairs, and calls for an examination of the circumstances which cause it.

The American has an incalculable advantage in the shape of raw material in boundless profusion: of copper, iron ore, timber, sugar, coal, resin, etc.—all of the best quality—obtainable at a low cost; and above all, of food in unlimited supplies.

America has also, through her production of the precious metals, through her industry and the prolific crops of her soil, a large and accumulated capital. This, combined with a limitless credit and an enormous annual surplus, enables her merchants fully to develop her natural resources. Capital is always obtainable for profitable undertakings, because the nation's attention is practically concentrated on commerce.

But our own resources are so great that, were we not handicapped by excessive mineral rents and royalties, and also by excessive railway rates arbitrarily levied by monopolist railway companies, we could, I am convinced, hold our own against all comers.

As indicating how great a handicap these mineral rents and royalties are to our steel and iron trades, I may say that Mr. C. M. Percy, M.I.M.E., F.G.S., Lecturer at the Wigan School of Mines, in a pamphlet published in 1890 (and the position is much the same to-day), analysed the evidence given before the Royal Commission on Mineral Rents and Royalties; and, as the result of that analysis, he came to the conclusion that the royalties, etc., on coal throughout the United Kingdom averaged 8*d.* per ton.

Including the royalties on ironstone, etc., it would to-day, I believe, be a conservative estimate to put the mineral rents and royalties of this country at £6,000,000 per annum. Sir Charles Mark Palmer, M.P., one of the Royal Commissioners, said that he knew one colliery in Northumberland which, on an output of 650,000 tons a year, paid a royalty of 10*d.* per ton, or upwards of £27,000 per annum.

One of the greatest evils is that of overpaid rents—that is to say, rents paid for minerals which by reason of causes beyond their control the owners cannot work during the term of their lease. "One exceptionally well managed colliery firm in Lancashire," says Mr. Percy, "has alone paid over £300,000. Another Lancashire firm went into liquidation which had paid £80,000 in overpaid mine rent." And he gives it as his opinion that "the actual amount now standing (1890) as overpaid mine rents is certainly hundreds of thousands, and it may be even millions of pounds."

As regards ironstone royalties, Mr. Percy puts them at from 2*s.* 6*d.* down to 6*d.* per ton.

The Enormous Royalties Levied.

Summarising a statement sent him by Mr. John Dennington, Secretary of the Cleveland Mine Owners' Association, Mr. Percy shows that in the thirty-seven years ending 1886, the total output of ironstone for the Cleveland district was 130,909,946 tons, on which £3,000,000 had been paid in royalties. "From this," he adds, "40,000,000 tons of Cleveland pig-iron was made, on which the total amount of

royalty paid on the ironstone, and the coal (and the limestone reckoned at three-halfpence per ton), has been £6,000,000." Again he says: "The mining industry has been depressed . . . for ten years, up to 1888, and during that period wages have been quite low enough, colliery proprietors' and mine workers' profits, taking them all round, have scarcely been visible, and royalty owners have received upon coal and ironstone and limestone certainly not less and probably more than £60,000,000, out of a very considerable portion of which nothing has gone for local rates, whilst the two other parties, colliery proprietors and colliery workmen, have had to pay all local calls. It appears," he adds, "that under a special Act of Parliament ironstone workers are empowered to deduct one-half of all local rates from mine royalties, but this Act does not apply to coal mines." Why not? The working of the royalty necessitates the presence of some thousands of miners. The presence of these miners necessitates public expenditure on such local services as roads, paving, street-lighting, sanitation, police, schools, and water-supply. The miners cannot live in the district, and therefore the royalty cannot be worked, unless such services be provided. Surely, then, it is not asking too much to require that in this respect the receivers of coal royalties shall be put on the same footing as the receivers of ironstone royalties.

Royalties in France and Germany.

Most instructive is Mr. Percy's comparison showing "on the authority of the Royal Commission on the Depression in Trade, how mineral royalties oppress English iron and steel makers, and do not oppress those with whom we have an ever-increasing competition. In Germany," he says, "which in many industries has been of late years a very keen, and too often a successful competitor, the ownership of coal is vested in the State, and also the iron ore. The royalty on coal is fixed at 2 per cent. on the profits of the undertaking, and on iron ore there is no royalty at all. No objection on the part of the owner of the soil is allowed to prevent the mineral on his property being worked, such prohibition being considered as inconsistent with the interests of the nation. In France . . . all coal and ironstone belongs to the State. The fixed rents are indeed nominal, amounting to ½*d.* per acre, and the royalty is based upon 5 per cent. of the profits. Supposing that we in England make 2*s.* a ton profit upon our coal—a sum which would represent, say about £20,000,000 a year: or, even supposing we made no profit at all, our royalty charges would average approximately 8*d.* per ton. But if a German colliery proprietor realises 2*s.* profit a ton, his royalty would be about ½*d.* per ton, and his French rival would have a charge of 1¼*d.* If neither of them made any profits, neither of them would pay any royalty at all." In Belgium and Spain also the minerals belong to the State, and the royalty charges are very light, that on coal in Belgium being 2½ per cent. on the profits.

We may summarise as under his statement of the burdens borne by our three leading industries as compared with the charges upon the same industries on the Continent:—

	France.		Germany.		England	
	s.	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*
Pig-iron (per ton).	0	8	0	6	4	6
Ship plates ,, .	1	1½	1	0	5	9
Steel rails ,, .	0	11	0	8½	5	6

A Warning to the "Gentlemen of England."

In America, as a rule, the minerals are owned by those engaged in working them, and they thus escape royalty charges and all vexatious covenants and restrictions, such as those to which the iron and steel trade is exposed in this country. In addition to this there are, of course, heavy protective duties. But for these, and but for the fact that it has absolute control of such vast mineral deposits, the Steel Trust, which is now threatening our steel and iron trade with incorporation or extinction, could not possibly maintain its proud position. This fact is being more and more clearly realised in the States, where the feeling against the Trusts is gathering strength.

I am not the man to support any wild and revolutionary theories of confiscation, but the mineral rents and royalties of this country are undoubtedly excessive, and I would warn the "gentlemen of England" that property has duties as well as rights, and that if, while shirking those duties, as in the manner of local rates, they impose on trade and industry burdens grievous to be borne, which they

themselves touch not with one of their little fingers, they will only have themselves to thank should such theories become more and more popular. The miners work for the wages they receive; the colliery owners also earn their profits, when they get them, and those profits over a term of years will not average over 5 per cent. on the capital worked. If, therefore, special taxation is to be imposed upon those connected with the mining industry, it should surely be levied upon the royalty owners rather than upon the coal owners and the miners; for it is they, and not the foreigner, who will have to pay the tax upon exported coal.

Education in America and England.

The Americans are blest with a splendid system of education, and their country has some well-equipped and well-endowed universities—thanks to the unparalleled munificence of her rich men; and these educational advantages are applied by the poor and rich alike to their specific callings. I was much struck with the large number of highly educated and well-informed men devoting the knowledge they have acquired to their business; and I could not fail to contrast them with the sons of wealthy Englishmen, who by preference refuse to turn these educational advantages to business. Trade in America is esteemed as a calling; here it is looked upon as a means to a life devoted to games and sport, and to entering a circle of social distinction.

To avail ourselves of every possible improvement it is not only requisite that workmen should be educated, but it is, in my opinion, indispensable that a more practical education should be given those occupying higher places. Although the workmen in many instances invent new tools or discover a method of economising both labour and material, it is the employer who must decide upon the purchase. It is his province to discriminate and gauge such matters at their real value. To do this, technical knowledge is required; and if he lacks the necessary education, or if, instead of applying himself to the practical side of production, he devotes an undue portion of his time during his youth to the elaborate study of the classics, he is handicapped in the world of commerce. These classics, although of great value in preparing the mind and polishing the intellect, will not enable him to cope with the difficulties of the ever-varying phases of manufacture and trade. The eloquence of Demosthenes may have affected Philip, but it would not have perfected the Davy lamp.

The American Business Man.

It is undoubted that the energy, push, and restless activity of the business man and manufacturer is more marked in America than in this country, and keeps him alert as to changes in the trading world, scientific developments and improvements, whereby he becomes a more efficient manager and salesman. To this is added the courage of experimenting, and the acute perception when machinery—though it be new—is deficient and can be improved upon, and the financial resource of daring to reject the comparatively inefficient for an improved type. He grasps the fact that immediate expenditure may result in an ultimate saving of cost; in other words, he realises that only the strongest industrially can survive; that the best and most modernly equipped works, managed by the most enlightened and scientific intelligence, must lead in the commercial struggle of the race for supremacy. His criterion is a profitable result. He does not work on preconceived ideas; he carefully examines them with a free and open mind before rejecting them; he unhesitatingly searches for an improved method, and when found unflinchingly adopts it.

The same enlightened spirit actuates him in his dealings with labour. He assures himself that the wages he pays secure the most efficient work. He allows no patriarchal feeling to cloud his judgment. Where a more efficient workman is obtainable, he is procured, and room is found by displacing the less active and intelligent. He gladly and willingly pays good wages for good services (and whilst recognising a minimum wage, he insists upon a minimum amount of work) and gives a premium for extra labour and efficiency. He pays extra wages, not only for overtime worked, but for extra work done.

The British Workman and the American.

This attracts the best labour not only in America but from Europe. I do not maintain, nor do I think, that the

American workman excels individually the Briton. On the contrary, I am told that frequently in American works, where the premium or bonus system exists, those that earn the highest wages are the Britons.

In the management, he (the American) again procures the best men, and in this capacity I am glad to have also met my own countrymen. Relatively money does not enter into his calculations. He wants the best, and knows there is only one way to obtain and retain it. This is another important factor towards the achievement of his great object—viz., the most successful and highly profitable results possible. Age and length of service are not considered a guarantee of efficiency or a proof of capacity—and, on the other hand, are not a drawback or a disqualification.

The man is chosen for his ability, his energy, and his capacity. He knows what is expected of him—viz., unstinted work, successful organisation and profitable results—and that, if not successful, he will be unhesitatingly superseded.

The American manufacturer has an immense advantage in the transport facilities—*i.e.*, the larger locomotives and waggons, and the heavier trains—which unquestionably tend to cheapen transport, and to give greater facility and speed in handling material. In this respect, however, though immeasurably superior, they, like ourselves, are very far from perfection.

Tools, Trusts, and the Steam Carrying Trade.

I was much struck with the wonderfully planned and organised facilities for handling material: as, for example, at one works they have arrangements by which steamers of six to seven thousand tons are loaded or discharged in a few hours; the exact figures being, for a 6400-ton vessel:

Loading:	time occupied	. 3 hrs. 45 min.
Discharging:	,, ,,	. 34 ,,

Again, the Americans display great ingenuity with tools. They have developed extraordinary cleverness in adapting them to save labour and secure accuracy.

In one branch of commerce, however, America undoubtedly takes inferior rank, and that is in the steam carrying trade—one in which the future is so closely wrapped. So far they cannot compete with us; and in order to ensure to themselves a portion of it, they have passed stringent Navigation Laws forbidding the carriage in foreign bottoms from one American port to another, and they are even talking of excluding us from carrying goods from an American port to the Philippines. It is good that our supremacy is undoubted, because the freight that we earn partly enables us to pay for the foodstuffs we bring, it being immaterial whether our imports are paid for by goods or freight.

Nobody can be interested in American commerce without forming an opinion as to the morality and wisdom of trusts.

I unhesitatingly condemn all monopolies and combinations tending to unnatural prices. They are wrong and against national policy, and, I believe, bound to be ultimately unsuccessful. The United States Government failed to force up the price of silver; the Amalgamated Copper Company has egregiously failed to keep up the price of copper. Any group sufficiently financially powerful can, by accumulating a non-perishable article, temporarily force up the price, but nobody can enable them to sell all these goods at the artificial figure thus reached.

Advice to Englishmen.

To sum up:—

America has greater natural resources than Great Britain. America, spurred by the incentive to make her industry, has been more receptive of ideas than Great Britain; but I see no reason for the tinge of hopelessness that, to me, is such a saddening feature in English writings on this subject.

Englishmen still have courage, perseverance, brains, capital, and the power of learning and improving their methods.

> "Sweet are the uses of adversity,
> Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

We require competition, opposition and adversity to grasp the, to us at one time incomprehensible fact, that we are neither omnipotent nor omniscient, that as our fathers have struggled to obtain supremacy, so we their sons must struggle to maintain it, and be determined that if America's natural advantages are unique and superior to ours, we will be their equals in commercial, mental, physical and

political aptitudes. We can work, think, learn and speculate (I use this word as synonymous with enterprise), and we have a free and just form of Government.

The Poison of Protection.

I recommend high thinking, strenuous mental and physical toil; and I earnestly warn my countrymen against the poison of Protection, which is insidiously being instilled into our veins.

My opinion is, that all public men who desire the welfare of this nation should oppose what I may term the revival of Protection, or the interference of Government in favour of one portion of the community to the detriment of the other. Government (*i.e.* the State) must not take sides, but should leave commerce and industry to work out their own salvation. Opposition and competition are great incentives to progress, work and invention; whereas trades protected by import duties are inclined to become apathetic. The State must maintain law, order, and liberty, defending the weaker by proper supervision of conditions injurious to health and safety of life; but beyond this should not interfere. The object of Protection is to artificially foster by legislation the manufacture at home of certain articles by excluding similar articles produced abroad even at lower prices. Now, the public want to make their money go as far as possible, and to enhance prices in this manner is to inflict a wrong on them.

I contend that Protection in England would not pay commercially. To illustrate: We still hold the fort in ship-building. What is ship-building? It is the bringing together and working up in Great Britain of raw material obtained at the lowest price from different parts of the world—which operation involves a very large expenditure of wages. The steel in steamers is made from ore produced in Spain, Algiers, and Sweden; the brass from Spanish and American copper; spelter is produced in Germany, and tin obtained from Asia; the wood-work is made from lumber imported from Sweden, Russia, Canada, America, and our Colonies; the paint from Spanish, Australian, and American lead; the rope from Russian and Manilla hemp.

Now, to build a steamer at a satisfactory price, and to pay the immense wages bill, these articles must be bought at the lowest possible price. If Parliament, with the object of protecting English lead, iron, copper and tin mines, British forests, etc., were to impose import duties, the cost of the steamers would be increased, the demand would fall off, and the amount distributed in wages would be materially reduced, whereby the whole community would suffer.

The Taxation of Land Values.

Again, many talk glibly on the iniquity of allowing the foreigner to send in cheap sugar, fruit, meat, and other necessaries of life. Is Parliament to be induced to advance the price of these in order to increase the means of a limited class of the community?

If it is desirable that the five million Londoners should have cheaper coal, it is obviously also desirable that they should not have the prices of the necessaries of life increased. Taxation of these necessities is a curtailment of the income of the consumer. It seems to me ridiculous to assert that small import duties are not felt. Can five to twenty million pounds be raised out of our pockets without being felt?

If, then, no tax is to be levied on our exports, and no tax is to be levied on our imports, in the interest of the nation at large, how is the country to pay for the exceptional increased national expenditure? I see nothing for it but to take up the question of taxation of land values—a question too large for me to go into on the present occasion.

Trade must be free and unhampered; a nation cannot sell unless it buys; it cannot protect one class without injuring another. Commerce is barter: the exchange of commodities we have and do not want for those we want and do not possess.

Protection in America.

A striking argument, I think, against Protection is America—the country *par excellence* of Protection. Her manufacturers induced Congress practically to prohibit the import of European manufactures, on the plea that she could not compete. Yet now she, by competing successfully with other nations, proves that her natural and other advantages are superior to those of other nations, some of whom, alarmed at her invasion,

cry out for the prohibition of American imports into their countries.

But it would appear that the last word in this controversy is far from having been spoken. The returns of the Philippine Trade for the last quarter of the year are comforting. They show that the trade supremacy of Great Britain in the islands is increasing. *Imports* are valued at the total of $7,854,333, of which the share of the United States was $1,064,744. *Exports* for the quarter were $5,575,634. Great Britain's share, both home and colonial, is by far the biggest of any country. Of the *Imports* England was responsible for $903,175, British East Indies for $1,057,399, and Hong Kong merchandise—most of which was from British traders there—for $1,509,353. Out of the sum of one and a half million dollars which was collected for duty, English cotton paid all but two hundred thousand. In *Exports* England led the way with 1,867,798—the United States being no less than half a million dollars behind.

Trades Unions.

Protection brings me on to Trades Unions. These, like most other things in this world, have a bad and good side. In my judgment they have enormously benefited the working classes and thereby the whole community. They have made labour the equal of capital: the old class inferiority has vanished, I hope for ever.

Trades Unions have increased the dignity of labour; they have assisted the general development of Co-operative Societies. They have by electing their own Members of Parliament placed their views before the nation, and they have, thanks to the efforts of some of their leaders (some men of wisdom, moderation, foresight, and ability) enabled employers to discuss and amicably settle many points of difference. They have, above all, saved this country from the curse of political strikes and anarchical and destructive movements.

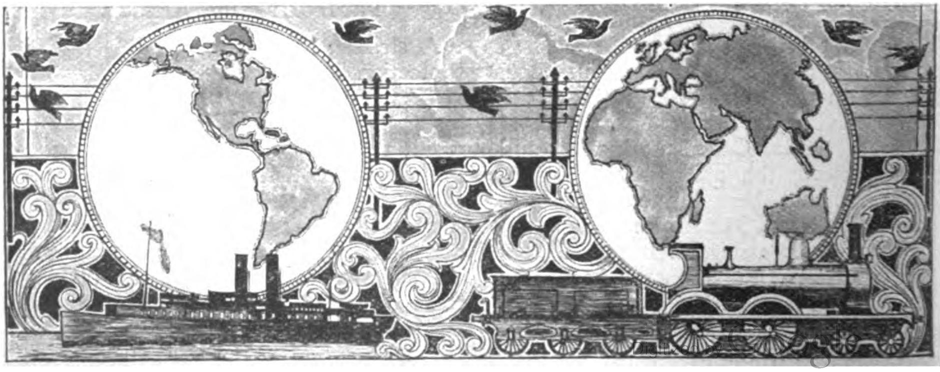
Labour in Great Britain knows that by its organisations their members have obtained, and will obtain, terms that favourably compare with their Continental brethren. The workman here by law can enforce his own terms when they are just.

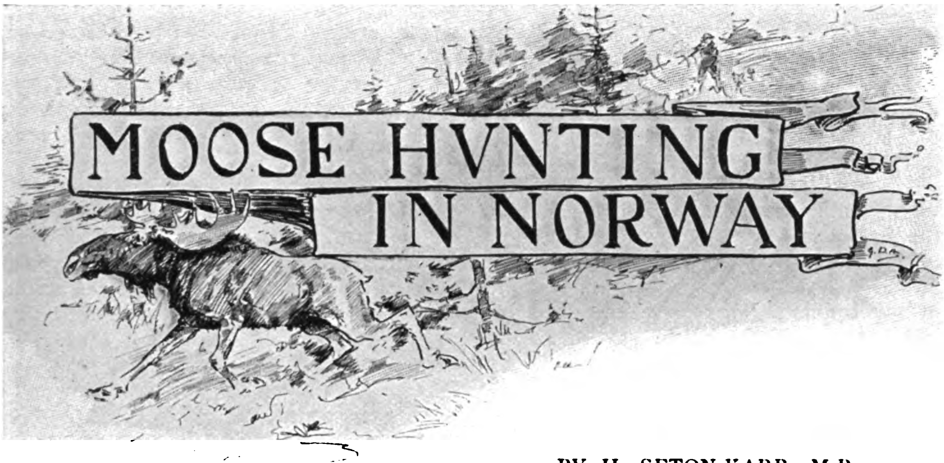
But, alas! there is another side of the shield. Perfection is impossible. The neo-unionism tyrannically opposes the introduction of labour-saving appliances and machinery, and by oppressive and restrictive edicts relating to the management of works, hampers trade, increases the cost of production and sends much work to other countries. This is another and suicidal form of Protection.

The cheaper and better we can produce, the more work we shall have. The more work we have, the more wages we can pay; the more wages we can pay, the better for the working classes and for the whole nation. I feel sure they will ultimately see the force of this argument, and recognise that labour and capital are allies—not foes. Those leaders who fail to advance this doctrine are not true to their calling.

This union of labour and capital, working harmoniously, produces wealth, happiness, and comfort. When they fight, the result is poverty, privation and misery.

If we educate ourselves, if we avail ourselves of those advantages we have; if our masters attend to their business, if our workmen give a good day's work for a good day's wage, we shall not fail to maintain a prominent position in commerce. "Perseverance, self-reliance, energetic effort are doubly strengthened when you rise from a failure to battle again. Persist, persevere, and you shall find most things attainable that are possible."





BY H. SETON-KARR, M.P.

IT is probably unnecessary to inform the intelligent reader that moose and elk are synonymous terms for the largest deer of the northern latitudes of Europe and North America. The wapiti or giant red deer of North America is colloquially called elk out west, but is an entirely different and more graceful animal, with long tined, not palmated, horns. The moose, or elk proper, ranges, I am told, all through Northern Russia (though I have not been there to see), as well as in Sweden and parts of Norway; also, as is well known, through Canada, British Columbia, and parts of the United States, the finest known specimens of moose having been killed in Alaska. From a sportsman's point of view, a good bull-elk is worth some trouble to obtain. He stands nineteen hands or so at the shoulder, weighs about 1,000 lbs., say from 70 to 80 stone clean, carries a massive palmated head; is dark-grey to black in colour; knows well how to look after himself, and, with the exception of the large pachyderms of India and South Africa, is the nearest living approach to the big-game of prehistoric times. His peculiar characteristics are an enlarged, almost prehensile upper lip and nostril, a low-carried head, high withers and great length of limb, also a small pendant of hairy skin under his throat—use unknown. His powers of scent and hearing—his main safeguard against hostile approach—are preternaturally acute, and he appears to have the power of going through thick cover in an extraordinarily noiseless and rapid fashion. His food is the leaf and young twigs of the birch; the bark, leaf, and twigs of the mountain ash, and the young branches of the spruce fir, the latter chiefly in the winter.

When I first visited Norway, some thirty years ago, there was no elk hunting to be had in that country. Too much hunting, too short a close time, and probably some poaching, had there reduced the stock of elk almost to the vanishing point; and the Norwegian Government, with more reason and wisdom than has been displayed by them in quite recent game legislation, enacted an absolute close time for elk for many years, in order to save this fine wild animal from extinction. In spite of some continued poaching—chiefly practised, I believe, in Sweden, whence the elk range to and fro from Swedish forests to Norwegian valleys and birch-clad fjelds—this close time has had its due effect, and for the past twelve years or thereabouts some fair sport with the elk has at times been obtained in Norway and Sweden, and some good heads secured by British and also by German and native sportsmen, during the short season in September when hunting is now allowed. The present elk-shooting season in Norway is from September 10th to 30th.

The weak part of existing legislation is that, though the number of elk allowed to be killed on each farm and Government district is strictly limited, yet no distinction of sex is recognised: cows, equally with bulls, are allowed to be killed up to the number limit. One

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reason for this is stated to be that elk pair; but I find this difficult to believe, and it is naturally a statement almost impossible of proof. The bull-elk, from my short personal acquaintance of his physique, appearance, and habits, does not strike me as an animal likely to be monogamous and a faithful spouse. The theory is also contrary to one's experience of the deer tribe generally. As elk are nowhere too numerous, the cows should, in my opinion, be strictly protected by law, and only bulls allowed to be killed, in order to maintain and increase the stock.

To come now to some details of the sport. Not long since a combination of lucky circumstances brought me to a certain Norske valley that shall be nameless, intent on my first elk-hunt. I had long had experience of woodland stalking, particularly with red deer and wapiti, but had never seen an elk, except in a picture, and naturally looked forward to my first bull with some keenness.

A word here on woodland big-game stalking. It is *sui generis*, a sport of its own, and to some extent requires different tactics and equipment, and even a different kind of skill in rifle-shooting to those and that of stalking in the open—such as in a Scotch deer forest, for example, or on a reindeer fjeld. In the former sport binoculars are generally preferable to a telescope, being handier and with a larger and lighter field. The use of a trained dog is often necessary. The game is usually not seen till well within range. It is more a game of hide-and-seek than of strictly scientific geographical approach, though the power of reading game signs accurately is essential. Last, but not least, the knack of shooting rapidly, as well as accurately, and at moving game, is necessary for success in woodland stalking. In the open stalk the game is seen perhaps for hours before a shot is obtained, which should be a quiet one at a feeding or lying animal unconscious of danger. In woodland hunting fresh signs may be plentiful, but the game is usually invisible until a few moments before the shot, which generally has to be taken at an animal moving or on the alert. What a concentration of excitement is here when "drawing the bead"! It may be the chance of a week or a season at a big beast, for a coveted trophy, which if once missed, may not occur again. The chance has come suddenly, perhaps unexpectedly. All depends on the accurate working of hand and eye within, say, a particular three seconds of time. To take good aim under exciting conditions, and yet to shoot quickly, requires some self-control, and also the training of actual experience of this form of sport, as well as a thorough knowledge of the weapon used. The tyro will either take a snap-shot, as at a woodcock in cover, or else he will fail to get his piece off before the game has moved out of sight. Luck, it is needless to say, plays a considerable part in woodland sport at times. Big-game hunters are usually superstitious, and in many small ways pay homage to the goddess of chance. I had long known that elk-hunting in Norway, as well as in Canada, was an uncertain and somewhat "chancey" business. This, no doubt, is one of its attractions. Sportsmen of my acquaintance have hunted elk for years without getting a good head; and to go a fortnight or so, or even a season, without a shot or a kill, has not been an unheard-of occurrence among Norwegian elk-hunters. It was as well, therefore, to be prepared for disappointment.

We were a syndicate of three, a quadruped and two bipeds. First and most important there was Rover the dog, a prick-eared, curly-tailed, silk-coated Norske collie, whose keen nose and quiet sagacity found the game with unerring instinct. He was held in leash by Ivor the hunter, who knew the ground and had eyes like a hawk for hair or sign; while the writer, the third of the trio, did the shooting with a double ·500 express rifle when opportunity, at uncertain intervals, came. Johan, the landlord, whose house overlooking the river was our headquarters and base of operations, also occasionally accompanied us. He knew the forest, wanted a supply of winter meat, and was desperately keen for blood.

Our stalking-ground was a large tract of Government land, about twenty miles long by ten broad, which I had somewhat unexpectedly secured at the last moment, carrying the right to kill four elk. It was not in a well-known elk district, and had not, so far, been regularly stalked; nor had it as yet yielded the limit of four elk in any one season. The previous year a friend of mine had killed a good bull on the ground.

The opening day saw us in the forest at an early hour. From the river banks the valley was clothed with dense spruce woods, gradually mingling with birch and mountain ash, until, some miles back, and 2,000 feet upwards, the forest changed to birch wood and scrub. Here and there were open yellow marshes, boggy and moss-grown. In the shade of the woods the ground was carpeted with moss and grass, while cranberries, blue-berries, and bilberries grew in profusion, a constant temptation to the thirsty hunter. In places the fir woods opened, and it was possible to see some hundreds of yards here and there. If I can only see a bull-elk, thought I, anywhere within range, surely I can kill him: a great brute, six feet high, and with four times the vulnerable area of a woodland stag! But pride goes before a fall. Within three hours from the start, where the forest changed on the higher ground into mingled birch and pine, we came suddenly into sight of a good bull-elk lying down, and—I did not kill him. No fresh tracks had been seen, but though Rover had in his own method given us previous warning of some kind of game at hand, it was an instance of a practically unexpected as well as a sudden chance. Following the direction of Ivor's pointing finger, I made out the dark outline and massive horns of the first living elk I had ever set eyes on. I can see him now. My rifle-bead was promptly on his shoulder as he rose, a hundred yards away; but some demon of over-caution prompted me to dwell on the aim until he stood upright. It was but a question of seconds. He will stand for a moment, thought I, and give himself away. But not a bit of it. In the act of rising and without a pause he swung round the birch-trees, giving me but a snap-shot at his great grey haunches, and was gone. He was obviously hit, for here was a splash of blood. We followed his trail for a mile or more; but the great hoof-tracks showing strong and deep, with gigantic stride and with no apparent check, gave no hope of a badly wounded elk. We saw no more elk that day, and returned home later on, a somewhat dejected trio. I relieved my feelings on the way back by putting an express bullet through a willow-grouse sitting on a tree. thus providing a meal for Rover; and further consoled myself by killing a seventeen-pound salmon in the river on my return. After dinner I spent an hour or so in vainly endeavouring to explain to the satisfaction of Ivor, the landlord, and myself why I had not taken the chance two seconds earlier "on the rise." The whisky-punch slightly alleviated the situation and soothed our feelings. But that bull was yet to be mine.

Three days later Rover, in the heart of the forest, informed us in unmistakable canine language that we had there and then disturbed an elk in his midday couch. There was the bed, and there the fresh gigantic track, which had been with me in imagination like a nightmare since the first day, showing that a good bull had heard us, or winded us, and departed, noiselessly and swiftly, unheard and unseen. For five mortal hours, led by Rover, we followed that track. Is he never going to rest? An eight-foot stride at least, and for six miles in a straight line, back to the hill where I saw my first bull. Can it be the same animal? I thought. We gave him, and ourselves, an hour's rest for lunch, and so endeavoured to dispel in his mind all suspicion of pursuit. At last he has taken a pull. Yes, here he has walked, has bathed, has stood, has fed. We crawl gently on through dense birch cover. Rover is tired, and for once allows his attention to be distracted by a brood of willow-grouse. They get up in all directions, with a noise and flutter that, apparently, to our anxious senses, can be heard for miles. Our muttered anathemas follow them. Ivor begins to eat berries, and I follow his example. Our hearts sink low. My rifle is twice the weight it was.

A little farther we proceed, and now the wood opens; it is possible to see a hundred yards or more, here and there. Now Rover quickens into unmistakable animation. Every fibre of his handsome dark-grey-coated body, his pricked ears and sniffing nostril, tell us in language as plain as a printed book that he has winded, not spoor, but elk. Our advance is more cautious still. Suddenly, "See here," says Ivor, in a hoarse whisper, standing a yard in front of me, and pointing past a spreading fir-tree with his finger. I spring a yard in front of him, and see through the trees, one hundred and sixty yards or more down the hill, the great dark body we have for days been looking for. A single stride will

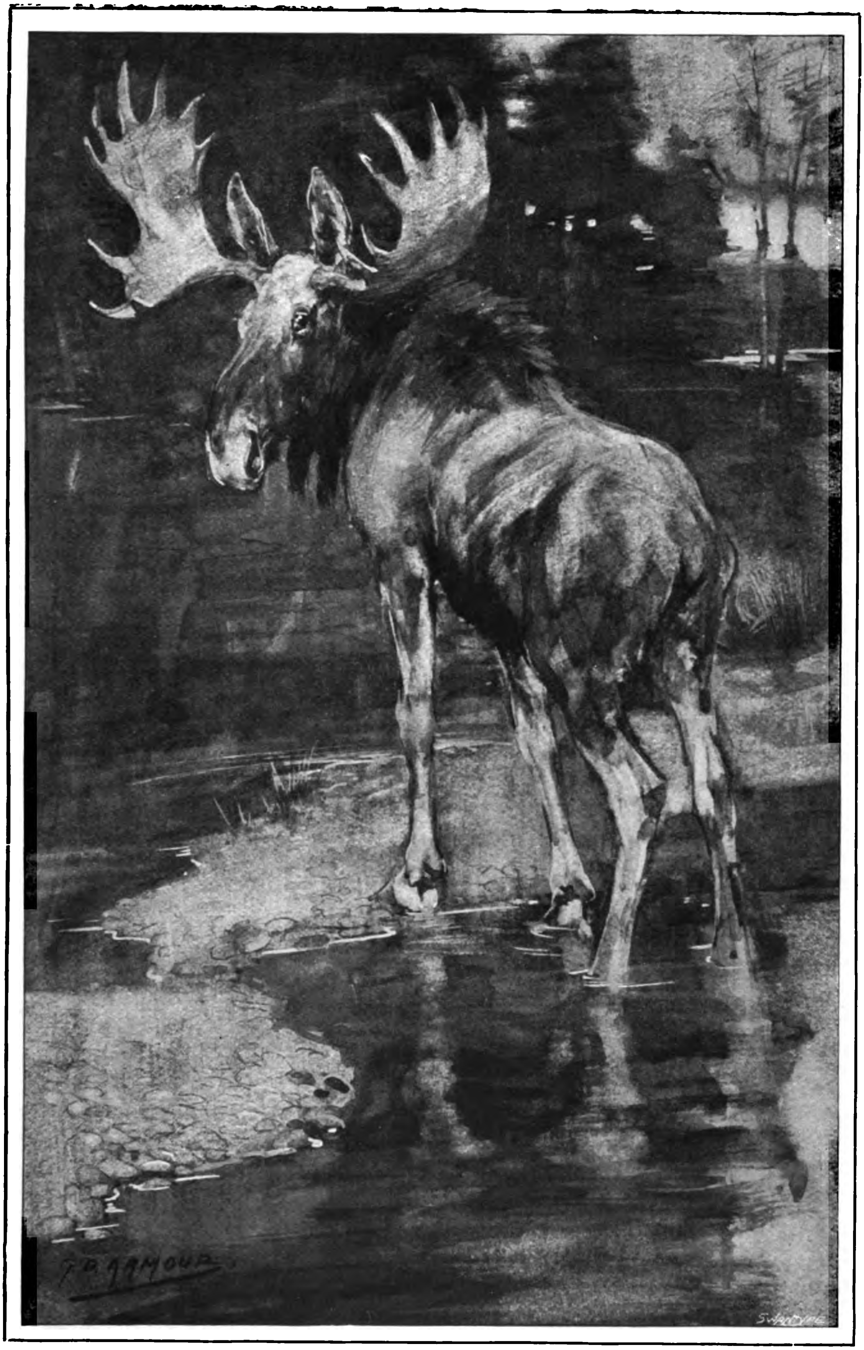
take the elk out of sight. Fortunately his head is behind a tree, and he has not seen us, though he may have heard something; I control with difficulty the impulse to shoot standing, on sight. I sit down, elbow on knee, and draw a full sight on the black side. The distance is too great to take a free shot from the shoulder. I will run, for three seconds, the chance of his moving. It seems ages before I can get the bead steady on his side, before I can or will press the trigger. The smoke clears. Surely he moved very slowly away. We—Ivor, Rover, and I—run down the hill a neck-and-neck race to where he stood when I shot, and on through thick cover for a hundred yards or so. "Der han er!" says Ivor eagerly, as a great bull staggers out from under a thick pine, straight towards us, with the will, though not all the power, to charge. The half-inch expanding bullet, driven by five drams of black powder through a Henry-rifled barrel, had done its deadly work. A second bullet in the chest, a stagger and a fall, and my first bull-elk, a forty-inch thirteen-pointer, lies dead. He was my old friend of the first day, as the fresh thigh wound, plainly made by a ·500 bore bullet, that had just missed the hambone, showed.

We returned home that night in a most cheerful frame of mind, and the whisky-punch, at a subsequent stage of the proceedings, possessed a distinctly more satisfying flavour.

It required the combined efforts of two horses and six men for eight hours to bring the elk home four miles on a sleigh next day, accompanied by an admiring crowd of the valley population. We estimated his weight (clean) at over 1,000 lb. I took his measurements as follows:

Height at shoulder	6 ft. 6 in.
Length along spine from between horns to end of tail . .	8 ft.
Length along spine from nose to tail	10 ft.
Girth behind shoulder . . .	7 ft. 2 in.
Spread of horns, from tip to tip	3 ft. 4 in.
Points	13 ,,

The following day our lucky star was again in the ascendant. Although we did not start early or work hard, all went well. The morning was spent in fishing a lake bosomed in the dark spruce forest about two miles from the house. Above it was a steep and thickly-wooded hill, of which more anon. Ivor knew little or nothing of fly-fishing, and watched with sceptical curiosity as I sat on the edge of the lake putting up a cast. The day was calm, and not a fish was moving. It did not look promising for a bag; but, as luck would have it, throwing into the water to wet the line, almost at my feet, at the very first cast, a good half-pound trout rose, was hooked, and landed. Ivor burst into cheery laughter, and his doubts on the subject of fly-fishing disappeared. A good breeze sprang up, and two hours' fishing from the usual leaky Norwegian boat resulted in a bag of sixteen trout averaging half a pound. After a frugal lunch on the shores of the lake, the rod was laid aside for the rifle, and the elk-hunting syndicate renewed active operations. Rover had been restless all the morning, evidently, as I thought, bored by the fishing. But within a hundred yards of the lake, under the hill before mentioned, we came on the fresh tracks of a good bull. He had fed here this very morning, and in all probability was not far away, as Rover's keen instinct had doubtless already ascertained. We followed slowly on the fresh track, which gradually took us round and then up the steep hill. Here the bull had stripped the leaves of the birch twigs; there he had stepped up a rocky bank six feet high, apparently without an effort. Presently Rover led us, so to speak, from scent to view. We were on a ledge or terrace of the hill, and in front of us was an extra thick grove of fir. Through and beyond it I caught sight of a movement of grey hair, and then to the right, in more open forest, appeared a great bull-elk, galloping swiftly and noiselessly away. He had heard us, and of course promptly remembered a pressing engagement on a distant hill. It was a quick chance at about ninety yards, and for a moment or two I had a fair view of his off-side quartering from me. I drew a quick bead and pressed the trigger. As the report of my first barrel rang through the woods, the bull suddenly turned at the shot and galloped towards the lake, giving me the opportunity of a second barrel at his near side, but with no apparent effect. He vanished in the trees, still galloping hard. Following the trail, we found it plentifully marked with blood. This looked promising for a kill, and Ivor became very sanguine. Knowing



The Alarm.

the chances of this kind of shot, I was more apprehensive; but a lucky fate was with us that day. Some five hundred yards down the hill we found the bull lying stone dead. He had fallen in his tracks. Truly the vitality of these great deer is marvellous. One express bullet had raked his vitals from flank to shoulder. The other, as we afterwards found, had pierced his lungs from side to side. Yet he could gallop, as if unhurt, for a quarter of a mile before he fell. He carried a well-palmated head of sixteen points, with forty-two inch spread of horn, and was a dark-coloured bull of about the same size and weight as the first, but with a better head. Later in the day a procession of four returned home, the stalwart form of Johan, the landlord, leading the van with the head and horns of the bull balanced on his shoulders. We had decapitated our quarry and rowed over the lake with the head. The carcase was brought home later. Johan had undertaken to carry the head home, a mile and a half down hill. He subsequently confessed that this task had taxed his powers to the utmost. Ivor advised as to the route, and carried the trout.

The affairs of the syndicate were now prospering exceedingly. Two good bulls had been obtained in the first week. Only two more to kill, and another fortnight of the season to go. This was too good to last, thought I, notwithstanding that successful achievement had now thoroughly established confidence between rifle, dog, and men.

The next day the party went up to a *sæter*, accompanied by Gertrude, Johan's sister, a strapping, fair-haired Norwegian lassie. Gertrude was housekeeper and cook. On arrival at this *sæter*, we found only one small hut available. A neighbouring hut that we had expected to use was locked, and Johan declined to enter it by force, fearing the wrath of the owner, although I offered to aid and abet in the housebreaking. I had come in tired after a long day in the forest, and wanted to bathe and change. My desire had only to be hinted, and the party, including Gertrude, all waited outside on the doorstep until my toilet was complete. "Where were they all to sleep?" I ventured to ask Johan. "In the hay-house," was the prompt reply. I said no more on the subject, and took possession of the hut, with its solitary bed, which also served as kitchen and dining-room. The hay-house was a draughty wooden shed, some ten feet square, half full of hay and birch boughs, entered by a square hole half-way up its side, wherein two dogs, Ivor, Johan, and Gertrude, and also a casual male visitor who turned up for one night, all contentedly slept side by side during our stay. Nor did Gertrude or the men bring with them any change of clothing or personal luggage, so far as I was able to ascertain. Truly, the Norwegians are a simple-minded and obliging people!

From this *sæter* we hunted the far end of the ground without success. Fresh tracks were occasionally found, generally of cows and calves or inferior bulls, and therefore disregarded, to Rover's intense disappointment and disgust. His canine intelligence, superior though it was, could not grasp distinctions of age and sex. For the next eight days, in spite of perseverance and hard work, we saw no bull-elk. One day our ground was disturbed by a Norwegian ryper-shooter. Being Government land, all and sundry could lawfully go on it in pursuit of ryper and black-game, although the public opinion of the valley was generally against such a practice, it being known that an Englishman had rented the elk-rights.

The morning of one off-day was spent in poaching trout. All severe-minded sportsmen should skip this portion of my tale. Close to our *sæter* was a mountain lake, some half-mile square, from which, up a clear fjeld burn, the trout were running to spawn. Beautiful trout they were, up to two pounds in weight, and very good eating, notwithstanding the late period of the season. I tried fly and minnow over them in vain. They were far too preoccupied, anxiously awaiting a flood which would not come, to look at any lure. But here were three able-bodied men, to say nothing of the fair and stalwart Gertrude, who desired fresh fish for change of diet, and sterner measures in order to obtain them were required and forthwith adopted. The means employed were a "leister," thoughtfully brought from the farmhouse by Johan, who had evidently played the game before, a landing-net, and a long pole. All the morning, like a party of schoolboys, we chased the trout in three or four clear burn pools not far from the

lake, Ivor with the long pole guarding the shallows, Johan with the leister and I with the landing-net. The result was a bag of half a score of speckled beauties, shared about equally by the net and the leister, that fed the party for three days.

It now became necessary to change our hunting quarters. The resources of the *sæter* were exhausted, and we returned to the house by the river, whence the more thickly wooded portion of the ground could again be hunted. In this part of the forest was a very precipitous and densely wooded glen, evidently a favourite resort, along its borders, for elk. Here and there I had seen along this glen the old elk-pits (*elg-grāves*), made by the natives a century or so ago for trapping elk. The outline of these pits was clearly distiuguishable in every case. I saw four or five of them. They were about twelve feet long by nine broad, and though partially filled up, had probably been some twelve feet in depth, with sides so sloped that the bottom of the pit was broader than the top. Probably timber fences led up to them, on the principle of a wild-duck decoy, and they were concealed by branches of trees covered with moss and leaves, and made in likely elk-passes, by the glen already mentioned, or under some steep cliff between valleys frequented by elk. The elk would probably have been driven into these pits, unless they occasionally took the pass of their own accord. Once trapped, escape would have been impossible. It is likely that the pits were staked. In the days before firearms were invented, one can well imagine the utility of these pits in providing the natives with elk-meat for winter use. On one occasion in more recent times (this was Ivor's story) a hunter had wounded an elk, which subsequently fell during the chase into one of these pits. A difference of opinion between the hunter and the maker of the pit as to the ownership of the elk led to the violent death of the pit-maker. No doubt this was a rough-and-ready method of deciding, in a primitive manner, what was really a very nice and difficult question of ownership, and one that in our day would have given ample occupation to the lawyers. One would have thought that the more peaceable, and on the whole equitable, solution of the difficulty, namely, sharing the meat of the elk, might have occurred to the disputants.

The existence of these elk-pits in the locality I was hunting was clear evidence that the ground had been, from time immemorial, a favourite elk-range. Another reason, beside the legislative protection of thirty years ago already mentioned, for the recent increase in its stock of elk has been the incursion into Sweden of the Russian wolf. In severe winters packs of wolves hunt the forests of Sweden, and even cross the border into Norway, and thus drive the elk farther west. The railway from Trondhjem to Christiania acts as a barrier, so the natives say, to the wolf, who will not cross it, but not to the elk, who is not afraid to cross the metal lines. Thus, west of the railway, a wolf-free sanctuary is created for the elk.

On our return to our headquarters by the river, thrilling news of a monster bull-elk was brought to us from higher up the valley. An elderly native of highly respectable appearance vouched for the following facts: that a young farmer had been hunting on the ground adjoining mine; that he had twice encountered a bull-elk of huge proportions and apparently ungovernable temper; that on the first occasion he had wounded the said bull with a Mauser rifle, whereupon the said bull had chased him back to his farm in a most vindictive manner, and his life had only been saved by his dog being slipped, thus distracting the attention of the infuriated animal; that he had again found the bull the second day, this time in the company of a cow-elk; and that he had again been chased by the monster, after firing at and missing him; but on this occasion only for a short distance, as the bull was unwilling to leave his mate. The native hunter's nerve (and ammunition) having now failed him, the services of the syndicate were requested. The hero of the story was subsequently interviewed and cross-examined. He had the hardihood not only to corroborate but also to amplify all the foregoing details. Only four days of the elk-hunting season now remained, but I wanted to see some fresh ground, and determined to devote one day to exploring higher up the valley, and seeing what foundation, if any, there was for this Munchausen tale; as a further encouragement it was suggested that, as the monster bull had now secured a mistress, he would be in a pleasanter and less aggressive frame of mind.

Next day we carrioled about ten miles

up the valley, met the young farmer by appointment to show us the ground, and were taken by him into what appeared to be perfect country for elk. Long stretches of gently sloping forest of fir and birch, gradually rising to steeper birch-clad hill-side and fjeld, gave us good hope of seeing the game we sought, even the apocryphal bull in question. At the foot of a steep hill-side we found the fresh tracks of a good bull-elk, which led us gradually upward to some thick birch groves. The scent grew warm. The weather was still and fine, and we halted an hour for lunch, in spite of Rover's impatience, hoping to catch the elk feeding later on. Presently the advance was resumed with great caution, as the cover was thick; the wind, however, was right. Soon it was evident that Rover had winded elk. After a false alarm, a fallen tree being for a moment mistaken for an elk lying down, Ivor's quick sight discovered an animal couched in a thick birch grove. My binoculars showed me that the square foot or so of grey colour I saw some eighty yards away in the cover was certainly some portion of an elk, but whether of bull or cow it was impossible to see. I took the risk of its being a cow, and, balanced on one foot on a steep hill-side, put an express bullet in the centre of the visible patch of hair. The track we had followed was that of a good bull, and the event justified the risk. Had I waited to look too long, the chance might have been lost, for at the slightest noise the elk would have disappeared like a dream. As the smoke of the shot cleared away, a glimpse of a palmated horn and of a dark grey body was caught sight of for a moment, and a heavy animal was heard crashing through the cover. The usual headlong race of the syndicate down the hill after the elk promptly followed, but another shot was unnecessary. A hundred yards away we came on my third bull in the agonies of death, with an express bullet near or through the heart. Everything, including a luckily placed shot, had come off right. He was a heavy beast, but with an inferior head.

Peder, the farmer, was much delighted, for his share was half the meat; and he promptly went off for a gang of horses and men to bring the carcase home to his farm that afternoon. But this was evidently not the big bull of the story, the one we were after, and the syndicate were not satisfied. However, no more elk were seen that day, except a long-legged cow whom we disturbed later on, and watched trotting for half a mile across an open fjeld to a distant valley. Her marvellously easy action and lengthy stride as she covered rock, bog and birch-scrub at a fifteen-mile-an-hour gait, were a treat to see, and largely explained how it is that elk can vanish away in thick cover, softly and silently like the snark, (or was it the snark hunter?). This cow was the only elk I caught sight of in the open.

We returned home that night rather sceptical on the subject of the big bull. But the sequel remains to be told. Next day was devoted to hunting in the thick woods on my own ground. And a red-letter day, of varied incident, it proved to be. One end of a high fjeld terminated in a steep bluff overlooking these woods, round which bluff we had seen good bull tracks, and had indeed, on a previous day, followed the trail of one phantom monster from dawn to dusk, first over the bluff and across the fjeld, and then back under it, without getting a shot or even a view. I determined on a change of tactics, and went on alone to post myself on the bluff, whence a long and sporting shot straight down hill through the trees could be had at any elk taking that pass. The men—for Johan was out that day—were instructed, after a due interval, to hunt the thick woods underneath with Rover, on the chance of moving a bull who might go under the fjeld and past my butt. The unexpected, of course, happened. I duly reached my post of observation, and, after a casual glance at the woods stretched out for miles below, spent some moments in choosing a good seat and generally settling down for a couple of hours' wait at least, when, on again looking straight down into the trees below, there, a good hundred and twenty yards below me, was the dark back and side, now getting a somewhat familiar sight, of what was obviously a good bull-elk. He had no doubt been lying in the cover below, at my feet, so to speak, had heard something above him, and had risen, as yet uncertain what to do. I could not see his head: it was under a tree; but there was no mistaking the body of a good bull. It was, moreover, an extremely sporting chance. In three days my time was up, and two more bulls



At bay.

yet to kill. My decision to take the shot and chance the size of head was at once arrived at. There was plenty of time to aim in this particular instance, the only difficulty being the danger of shooting over the mark, as it was almost straight down a perpendicular hill-side. During the next twenty seconds or so, the reports of five consecutive shots from my ·500 express rang far and wide over wood and dale, startling Ivor, Johan and Rover, some two miles away, and bringing them hotfoot to the scene of operations. Shots Nos. 1 and 2 were taken with the finest sight on the lowest line of dark flank that I could see; Nos. 3 and 4 as he moved a little with a slightly fuller bead; No. 5 as he was passing out of view behind the trees. Presently I heard the sound of a scuffle, a fall, a dying grunt under the shadow of the pines below me—one bullet at least had found the mark. Then all was still, and I became aware of two more elk below me, a cow and a spike bull, apparently wondering what all the noise above them was about. After an interval, they calmly fed on through the trees and out of sight. But the bull was surely dead. I waited, watching below me for the other members of the syndicate, who presently appeared, Rover straining at his leash. The following conversation, yelled in stentorian tones from cliff above to wood below and back, took place:

"Hallo there, Ivor!"

"Hallo there!"

"There is a dead elk down there in the trees, I think."

A pause, and a search.

"Her han er" (here he is), *crescendo.*

"Er han stor?" (is he big?) *vibrato.*

"En pen oxe" (a good bull).

With a light heart I descended by a long roundabout scramble to the party below, and, in the intervals of lunch, related, to a sympathetic audience, amid cheery laughter, the incidents of the find and kill. He was a fair bull, with a handsome, though moderate-sized, head. Two bullets had raked him downwards from back to breast. One had broken his thigh. Two had missed the mark.

The day was yet young, and more ground remained to be hunted. After lunch Johan returned for horses to bring the elk home, while Ivor and I continued towards the far extremity of our ground in search of the big bull. Then occurred a somewhat ludicrous episode. We had not gone far through the forest, when we heard the baying of a dog in the distance, well in the centre of the wooded hill-side we were approaching, and away from all human habitation. Evidently, some dog from the valley was out hunting on his own account; in all probability baying an elk. For a mile and a half at least we hustled along, till we approached a thickly wooded knoll, in the centre of which a dog was evidently baying something. An old bull-elk, for certain, thought we, held at bay by a Norwegian collie. In some parts of Norway this has been, though now forbidden by law, a not uncommon and fairly successful method of elk-hunting. The bigger the bull, the more readily can he be held at bay by a dog who understands his business and does not approach the elk too closely, while the hunter creeps up within gunshot and slays him. But in this case an elaborate sell was in store for us. Creeping slowly on, soon I saw a remarkably handsome young collie barking under a tree for all he was worth. No elk was in sight. The game, whatever it was, was evidently treed. The dog welcomed our arrival with a wagging tail, and redoubled his noise and exertions to reach—if you please—a squirrel, a common or garden red squirrel, frolicking on the topmost bough of a small spruce fir. It was for this, forsooth, we had traversed a mile or more of forest and marsh in record time, in fact almost at the double, with rifle at the trail and ready loaded. The humour of the situation, and the good looks and pleasant manners of the culprit saved our tempers. It was apparently a hopeless case of canine debauchery and demoralisation.

We returned homewards through a long stretch of fir wood, thinking all sport over for the day, but in this respect were agreeably disappointed. Towards evening, after a long tramp, and not three miles from home, on a densely wooded ridge, Rover suddenly winded elk. We followed his eager lead for a few hundred yards. It happened to be an easy approach, along a level stretch of moss-carpeted forest, directly up wind. Suddenly we passed from scent to view. Ivor, of course, saw the elk first, feeding in a thick patch of trees not eighty yards away. I caught sight of a large grey side, but it was evidently a cow. A bull, we knew, was there, although we had seen no tracks to judge by; for the rutting

season had commenced, and even our dull olfactory nerves had, for the last hundred yards of our approach, told us plainly of the presence of a bull. The position was now exciting. I could see a cow within easy range, knew a good bull was there, but could not see him; and also knew that a false movement or unlucky mistake on our part might scare the game without any chance of a shot. Presently I caught sight, over a small pine tree, of a palmated horn. The cow had fed into full sight, and I did not dare to move, nor did I like to wait; and so, somewhat rashly, I fired through the tree where I thought the body of the bull should be. Through the smoke I saw a good bull gallop hastily round the tree straight towards us, and then suddenly turn and follow the cow, who had of course made off. Whether he first intended to charge, then suddenly changed his intention in order to follow the cow, I am unable to say, but his action looked remarkably like it. Just as he turned, my second bullet caught him fairly on the end of the spine, and he dropped, paralysed, to the shot. A final bullet through the neck finished him, as with hair erect along his crest he rose on his fore legs and made frantic efforts to attack us.

We found no trace of my first shot at him through the tree. It had probably been deflected by a branch, or was a clean miss. Low down in the flank we found an old Mauser bullet wound. This, then, was the monster bull from the neighbouring ground that had driven Peder back to his farm; and whom we had now evidently disturbed in his amours with his mistress. A dissipated old ruffian of a bull he looked, showing all the signs, to more of our senses than one, of having recently led a riotous and dissolute life. He was of large size and long in the limb, with one heavy palmated horn of eight points, and one deformed horn that had apparently been injured in some way during growth. It was also clear, from the condition of his teeth, and from his general appearance, that he was an old bull who, for some years, had "gone back."

I have alluded to the chances of woodland sport. This concluding episode of my season's elk-hunting was an instance in which pure luck played the leading part in a successful find and kill. We had passed within a mile of these elk in the morning, without knowing of their presence in the forest. It was evident that they had been in the same locality for some days, or the infallible Rover would never have passed their tracks. We had crossed the wind above them just too far to give it. It was pure chance and nothing else that we returned in the evening just below them on a side wind, and so approached them undisturbed. But so it happened, and thus the old bull met his fate. Our tale of elk was now complete. The limit of four bulls had been killed on my rented forest, supplemented by a fifth from the neighbouring ground. Johan's bloodthirsty desires were fully satisfied, and his larder, with those of some other deserving natives of the valley, well supplied with winter meat.

Two days later the syndicate was dissolved by mutual consent, but its members parted with that permanent sense of comradeship which combined and successful endeavour, in sport as in other affairs of life, always gives.

I returned home across the North Sea with a pleasant and lasting recollection of three weeks' successful elk-hunting in the spruce forests of Norway.



"The turnkey's daughter was whitewashing the inside of the gaol, for the morrow was her wedding-day."

THE . . . . HUSTLETOWN RIVALS . . .

BY

HOWARD ANGUS KENNEDY.

THE prisoners had all been released, some on credit and others for cash, and the turnkey's daughter was whitewashing the inside of the gaol, for the morrow was her wedding-day.

Here, however, I had better turn Time to the right-about, while I rescue a few earlier facts from the quicksand of history.

Hustletown was as new as a town could be. It had not even been born, though a good deal thought of, when the snow fell. The railway had come along late in the summer, stringing itself across the prairie in a yellow cloud of Chinese labour at four miles a day,—which was not bad, even in a land already levelled by nature. In the autumn the railwaymen had begun to bore for water, thinking to make Fort Wash a junction. They had found no water to speak of, beyond the "sloughs"; but they had struck coal, which was a good deal more to a railway company's purpose. Then a crop of tents sprang up like mushrooms, and the railway people tossed a few truckloads of moist pine planks on the burnt turf, where they lay unstacked until the tent-dwellers were ready to build in the spring.

Old Wire, who kept the gaol, and lorded it over the settlement, as far as the free souls of the miners would permit, was an Englishman, and so was Heathen Hun. Both of them had been "smartened up considerable" on the grindstone of Western life, yet both were loyal to the Village on the Thames. Henry Hunt had once been a Sunday-school teacher, and when he incautiously admitted the fact to Miss Wire, he unwittingly rechristened himself: Heathen Hun was his name from the date of Miss Wire's next evening stroll.

"I wish you wouldn't call your gov'nor 'pap,'" the Heathen had said, paying a midwinter call at the gaol.

"It's no good," growled Wire,—Iron Wire, to give him his full Hustletown title,—"it's no use trying to bring up a girl right, out here where there ain't no manners; so don't you try, young fellow."

"I'm not going to try," said the Heathen. "I haven't got one to try with, but——"

"But perhaps you wish you had," said Bella. And the next moment she wished she had held her tongue, for the young man's face was not tanned brown enough to cover a violent blush.

"Hush your nonsense, and lay the table," said Iron Wire. "Sorry we ain't got anything new since you was here last," he went on, as Bella, with her back to the table, sliced vigorously at the latter end of a side of salt pork. "The butcher didn't call this morning."

Hun knew he was meant to smile at this, and obeyed promptly.

"But pap'll go to Leadenhall market in the morning," chipped in Bella, "and if you come in on Sunday we'll give you a bit of breast off the turkey."

"None of your jokes," growled the old man; and Bella's answer, if she made one, was lost in the sizzling of the pork.

"So long as I can get a slice of your bread," said the Heathen, as Bella took a lump of something out of the oven, "I don't want no turkey."

"Burnt again!" said Wire. "You're

easily satisfied if you call this bread, young fellow."

Well, yes, he was easily satisfied, the young fellow owned to himself, when Bella was cook; and Bella knew it.

"There now, pap," said Bella, pulling a great dish out of the oven and pushing the pork plates along the table to make room for it: "you can't say this is burnt."

"No," said her amiable father, "I can't. If you put it back and call us at two in the morning, it'll be about done, I should think."

Bella looked disappointed. "It's real deep English pie," she said. "I thought it 'd be such a treat for you both."

The old man puckered up his face into his most terrifying frown, struck the butt end of his knife on the board, and said,—"I thought you was making it bigger 'n usual. Young fellow, you know I've always been glad to see you, for the old country's sake; but I don't like this dropping in sort of casual like, and it all arranged beforehand between you two: it's deceitful, I call it. And it's not to see me you come—no fear! Look here," and he hammered the table till the very pie jumped, "you're after this girl of mine. Now, is it straight or is it not, I want to know?"

"Of course it's straight," said the Heathen, bolder than he looked; "and I hope——"

"Stop there," said Iron Wire. "Bella, do you want him or do you not?"

Bella left the carving-knife sticking in the pie, gripped her elbows in her hands, and looked firmly at the wall behind her father.

"There's nothing on that wall to look at, as I'm aware of," said the old man, "except dirt. You'd better whitewash it one of these days instead of gadding about asking young men to tea. You heard what I said. Do you want him or do you not? There's no betwixt and between."

"It depends," she said.

"'Pends on what? Not whether he wants you, for you know that well enough. Whether I can do without you, perhaps? No, I can't, and, what's more, I'm not going to. But you can have him, and I can have you too. He can live here as long as I do. We'll have to enlarge the gaol pretty soon, anyhow, when the mines get opened up. Now then, say the word."

The Heathen left off sawing the table with his knife, and remarked, without looking up: "You might say yes, Bella."

"Yes," said Bella: and that was all, till the pie-dish was empty and Iron Wire went off to patrol the camp. Then the humanities prevailed.

After that the Heathen spent his evenings at the gaol pretty regularly. The cooking wonderfully improved. This reconciled the old man,—not to the young man's regularity, for he took that as a matter of course, but to the "goings on." The goings on consisted of the young couple secluding themselves in the very moderate privacy of the other side of the room, while Iron Wire smoked his pipe with his feet on the stove. The other side of the room was not very much more private when Rhadamanthus disappeared for his nightly patrol.

The gaol was the only real building at Fort Wash, and it contained the only woman. A tent, even banked up to half its height outside with snow, and well furnished within with a red-hot sheet-iron stove, is lacking in domestic joy. Something more than the presence of an accepted lover would have been needed to keep the pioneers of Hustletown out of the fort on a twenty-below-zero evening.

"I tell you what it is, Heathen," said a young Montrealer one winter morning, "if you think you're going to monopolise old Wire's diggings and his daughter both, you're very much mistaken."

"I call it a bit strong to monopolise the daughter, for that matter," chipped in a tall Torontonian, who had joined the Montrealer on a deputation to the Heathen's tent. "It's blame mean, that's what it is. It'll be bad enough when you've married her,—if you're going to."

"Lemme be," grunted Hun from the depths of his blankets. It was early in the morning: ten o'clock or so.

"You lazy lubber!" went on the Torontonian, with a kick. "Old Wire'll make you hustle more'n you've ever done in your life before, when he's got you hitched: no lazing son-in-law for him, I tell you."

A kick is not the less injurious, from the point of view of moral and intellectual damage, because administered by moccasined feet on the outside of six blankets.

The Heathen sat up, feeling that he ought to be angry, though it was a great nuisance. "You get out!" he snorted. "I'd like to see the sort of welcome you'd give a fellow if she'd been fool enough to take on with you, and all the rest of the town turned the place into a public-house."

The Canadians covered him with epithets and went home to fry their breakfast.

In the spring the warm Chinook blew down from the mountains and swept the snow away; while a gang of carpenters strayed along from the east. The pioneers raised mortgages, and thereafter shanties, on the lots where they had encamped, and Hustletown was born and on its legs, the rawest and yellowest mining city of the west.

It must not be supposed that the Cockney, nor yet the two Canucks, went down into the mines to hunt for coal. They could not dig, and would not if they could. To beg they might not have been ashamed, if there had been any one to beg from, but there is no sentiment for the encouragement of loafing in the west. The three young men therefore had to choose their professions in life. This is not such a serious matter in the west as young people are taught to regard it in the east: the decision is anything but irrevocable. Out there, to revoke is as leniently regarded in business as it is severely discouraged at cards. A man may have as many businesses, either consecutive or simultaneous, as he thinks his talents equal to.

The Montrealer had been bred to the law, as far as his long-suffering parents and professors had been able to breed him. He therefore felt qualified for journalism. Investing the remains of his credit in a case or two of third-hand type and a Caxtonian press, he painted *The Hustletown Sun and Badlands Gazette* over his door, and exhibited in his window an advertisement for a compositor—who presently entered on his duties, black from the coal mines. The Torontonian, having had opportunities as "buttons" at a Yonge Street dentist's, displayed over his door the legend "Dr. Jimpson: Painless Dentistry," artistically executed with buffalo teeth stuck in a background of clay. The man from London, having been bred to nothing in particular, felt a clear call to sell whisky, and opened a one-roomed "Hustletown Hotel" on his lot by the railway siding. Of the three, Heathen Hun did by far the most business; but he grieved to find that he was expected to do it on credit. Ready money was scarce among the white men, and almost unheard of among the Indians: the cash system of trade was therefore looked on as an eastern prejudice, and altogether bad form.

To-day Iron Wire had come out for an afternoon stroll instead of his usual nap, as he disliked the smell of whitewash.

"How's the son-in-law coming along?" asked the newspaper proprietor, leaning out of his window and impressing ten inky finger-prints on the sill. Any time he had to spare after the fabrication of news he had to spend helping his compositor to set it up.

"The who?" shouted Wire.

"The Heathen, of course. You don't mean to say he's broken it off?"

"He's not such a fool as that," said Wire. "If any one breaks it off, it won't be him. And if any girl marries him it won't be mine, if he can't show me a better bank book to-morrow than he's shown me to-day. That's all there is about it." The patriarch gripped his beard savagely, as his way was when he had no one else's beard to grip, and marched angrily on.

"If only I'd had a girl like that to work for, you bet I'd have a tidy balance at old Griff's," said the editor to himself as he went on inking the roller.

"How's the son-in-law?" drawled the man from Toronto, waking up in the chair of dentistry that he had dragged out of his surgery on to the doorstep.

"Look here," shouted Iron Wire, "I'm dead sick of hearing about sons-in-law. Sons-in-law, indeed! No pauper's going to be my son-in-law, I can tell him." And off he went, tugging himself along by the beard.

The Torontonian sank back in his chair till the old man was out of sight. Then he bolted into his shack, rummaged a little in the battered trunk where he kept his clothes and groceries, looked round the walls in case he might unwittingly have possessed a looking-glass, stuffed a dirty envelope into his pistol pocket, and stepped out to the bank.

"Mr. Griffin," he began.

The bank agent, dozing with his back against the safe, looked up suspiciously. "It was 'that brute of an old Griff' last time you did me the honour of mentioning my name, so I've heard," he said.

"Well, you did rough me up a bit, I'll allow," said the man from Toronto.

"Guess I'd have to advance the last cent in the safe on your *post obit* to keep you in a good temper," sneered the banker, with the tone of gold speaking to copper.

"Look here," said the dentist, bridling his wrath, "you're here for business, and so am I. The *post obit's* a good one, if my blessed ancestors do live a bit longer than the average; and I've got something else to say this time. If you let me have a thousand dollars I'll marry old Wire's daughter to-morrow. He's not going to let his daughter go begging, you bet!"

"I'm not sure what he might let his son-in-law do, though. And anyhow Mr. Wire is not going to let his daughter commit bigamy. We're not in Utah, you know. You know as well as I do, Bella Wire's fixed up to marry Hunt: I've got an invitation in my pocket."

The dentist grinned. "So have I," he said, "and I'm going, too. I tell you I'm going to marry Bella. I don't ask you to believe me. All I say is, if you satisfy yourself it's coming off, will you hand over that thousand on a gilt-edged A1 O.K. *post obit* for twenty-five hundred on the death of Sir Bunting Blowman,—yes or no?"

"Well," said the banker, ruminating, "the condition does alter the colour of the business a trifle. . . Yes, on that understanding I'll do it at 10 per cent., and risk it."

The man with an ancestor went off whistling, to spend a happy afternoon in his chair.

Heathen Hun served out the drinks that night in an unnaturally absent-minded way, and the only cash customer in the crowd had to ask twice for his change. There was plenty of business doing, too, of the more ordinary kind; and for private but sufficient reasons he judged best not to shut the saloon, or go to the fort, so long as there was a thirst to be quenched.

The dentist was still sitting in his chair when Iron Wire passed on his way back to the fort.

"Say," he drawled, "you're right about sons-in-law, Mr. Wire."

"Oh, I'm right, am I? I suppose I'd be wrong if you said so, Doctor Jimpson?"

"No, I wouldn't go so far as that," yawned the dentist, shifting into a more comfortable position. "But it's this way: it'd be a shame to disappoint Bella, with all preparations made,—cake, and whitewash and all. I tell you what,"—getting up suddenly and speaking with great earnestness,—"I was going to ask Bella myself, only I wouldn't do it till I'd got a decent amount in the bank; and then the other fellow cut in and cut me out. *He* didn't have any scruples about hitching her to a pauper, not he! Well, you see what he is now, and I reckon it's my turn, if you give me a chance. I'll marry Bella to-morrow myself, and plank down $500 on the nail. That is, if she'll have me."

Wire's bony hand rose half-way to his beard, and stopped there, shaking just a little. "You mean it?" said he, threateningly. "Because if you're playing with me I'll—I'll make you tired, young fellow!"

"Mean it? You bet your boots I do."

The old man seemed satisfied, or as near satisfaction as was possible to him.

"As for Bella," he said, "you leave that to me. I'll make it all right. She's a good girl,—and she's cooking a sight better now. You just come around in the morning. No, the other fellow won't be in between-whiles,—no fear of that. Good-night."

On his way home Mr. Wire looked in on the banker.

"Young Jimpson seems pretty flush these days," he observed, indifferently.

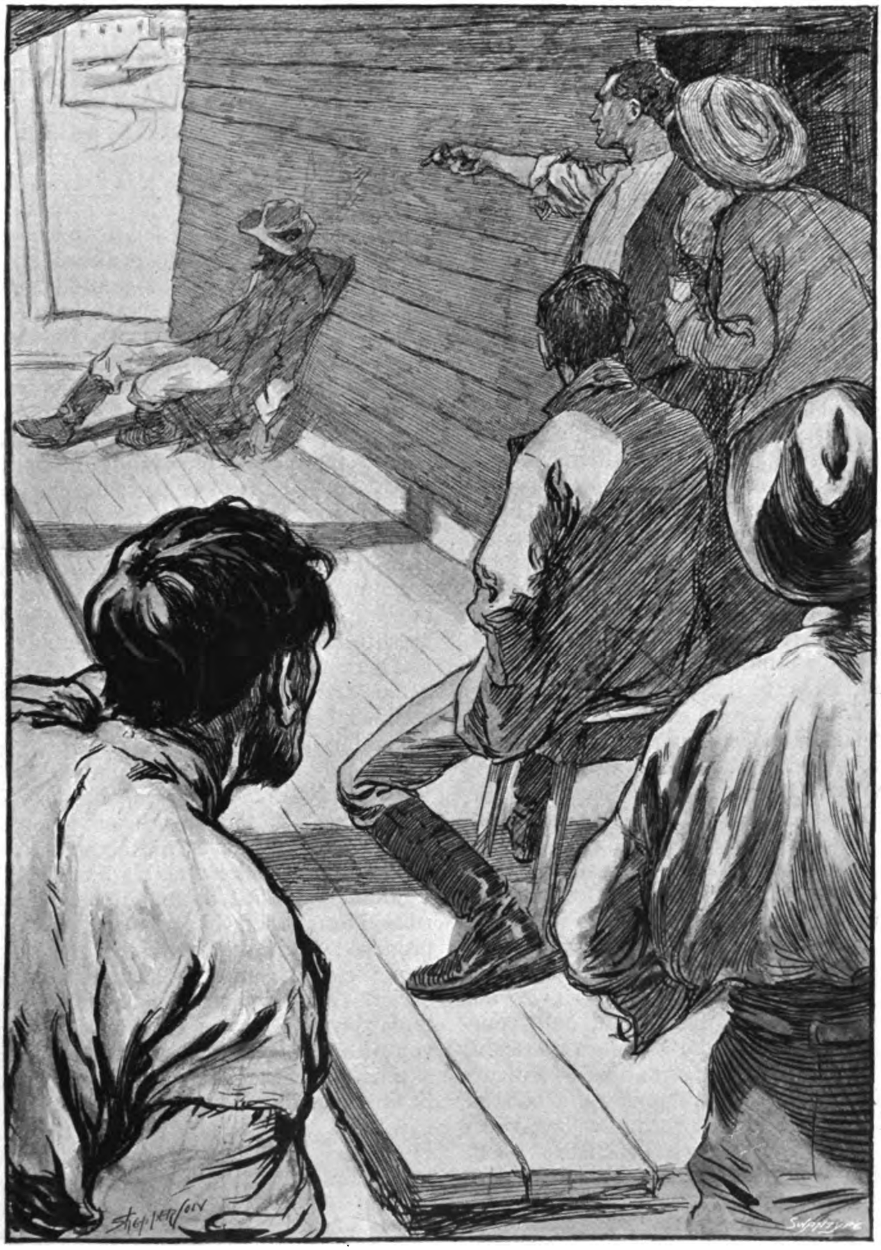
"Yes?" said the banker. "Well, you know, his kin are just rolling in money, down Toronto way."

"I daresay; but I understood they kept the rolling business pretty much to themselves. Come now, Griffin, you know all about it; it's no good letting on you don't. Has he come in for something good? Made it up with old Blowman, eh?"

Mr. Griffin half shut his eyes, and looked cheerfully up to the rafters.

"I don't think I should make too free with my customers' private affairs," he said; "but of course, as it's you—and if you can tell me in confidence why you want to know, you know——"

"Confidence be hanged," said the old man: "I'll tell you and any one else that wants to know. He wants to marry my



"The rim of the farmer's hat hung disreputably over his shoulder, ripped as clean as if by a knife" (see p. 389).

daughter, and he says he can put five hundred into the—into the furnishing and housekeeping arrangements, you understand. Can he or can he not?—that's what I want to know."

"Yes," said the banker, still interested in the roof; "I should say he could, and double it if he wants to."

"That's all," said Mr. Wire. "Good-night,—and thank you."

Mr. Griffin was stewing his tea for breakfast in the morning when the dentist looked in.

"Well," said he, "do you believe now that I'm going to marry Bella Wire?"

"I guess it's all right," said the banker. "Here's the cash,—it's about all I've got in the place; and the line's down, so I can't wire for more; but I don't reckon that'll matter for a day or two."

The Heathen came in as the Torontonian went out. Neither of them stopped to speak, but they looked.

"My eye!" said the Heathen—"cakes and syrup! You do go in for luxury. Business good, eh?"

"Fair to middling," said the banker, helping himself wastefully to the maple juice. "Have some?"

"Don't mind if I do, thanks; but I don't seem to have much appetite this morning."

"That's an uncommon ailment out here," said Mr. Griffin. "Something gone wrong?"

"I should just say! Here's that brute of an old Wire won't let Bella get married because I can't plank down five hundred, though there's any amount owing me. Now, won't you let me have it for a few days, till the Indians get their treaty money?"

"I'm sure nothing would give me greater pleasure—that's right, help yourself, there's lots more—greatest pleasure, if you'll come along with the documents in a week or so; only to-day I'm cleared right out,—and there's no saying when the wire 'll be repaired; there's about twenty miles of it blown down, they tell me."

"The dickens they do! But look here, Griff, I know better—I mean, you wouldn't let yourself be cleared right clean out, like that."

"Oh, wouldn't I, though! We don't do business like your English bankers, all tied up with red tape like a cow to a stake. I'd advance the whole caboose, fry-pan and all, on a mortgage of the moon, if I saw a fair chance of getting possession. It's no use, Mr. Hunt—I'm sorry. But do take another bunch of cakes."

"Cakes be blanked,—and 'Mr. Hunt' be blanked!" exclaimed the Heathen, and switched himself out at the door.

"He's not so far wrong about the Mr. Hunt," murmured the banker as he bent fondly over the hissing pan; "but to curse cakes and syrup! He's in a bad way, sure."

As the Heathen fumbled limply along home, a light-loaded waggon drove up to the saloon. A tired-looking middle-aged man got down, hitched the team to the post, and ordered a bottle of soda-water. The Heathen looked surprised. "Since when have you been going in for luxury?" said he. "Farming on the Badlands must be looking up: or have you struck oil or something? I'm afraid I'm out of that particular brand of fizz; but if you'll be back in a week or two I'll order up a truckload of champagne. I suppose the Badlands Agricultural Society 'll be having an annual banquet as soon as the oil crop's in. What's up, anyhow? Whisky used to be good enough for you."

There was not even the ghost of a smile on the tired man's face. "I couldn't bear s' much as the smell of it, with him lyin' there," said he, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb.

"What? Your pard? Is he sick?"

"As sick as they make 'em—beyond physic. Don't talk to me about whisky. That was the snake that bit him!" He shuddered, and sat down on the edge of what Hun called his verandah. "We promised each other, whichever give in first, the other 'd git a parson to lay him under. I knew you was to be married to-day—you'll forgive me breakin' in on you with this little unpleasantness at such a time—and I reckoned you might be havin' a parson to do the business."

"Don't apologise, old fellow," said the Heathen. "It's quite appropriate; a little unpleasantness more or less don't make a bit of difference, a day like this. There ain't going to be no wedding—unless you happen to have a thousand dollars or so about you."

The farmer did smile at this,—a weary smile,—but thought any more explicit reply unnecessary. "I'm sorry for you as well as about the parson," he said.

"Oh, the parson 'll be here right

enough," said Hun. "I booked him weeks ago, worse luck. He's a missionary chap on the Kick-a-stick Reservation. He ought to be here in a couple of hours."

"Guess I'll drive along and meet him," said the farmer. "It sort o' keeps my mind off of things, if I keep movin'."

"Please yourself about that: I shouldn't exactly choose driving over the Badlands in company of a corpse, myself, if I wanted to keep my mind off things."

"Guess you're right," said the bereaved agriculturist, thoughtfully. "Do you think, now—would it inconvenience you if I left the—him, you know—on the premises?"

"Well, it don't seem exactly much of an attraction for a saloon—a brass band might draw better—but there's not much doing in my line till evening; and there's no need to let any one know he's dead, anyhow. Hoist him out."

They lifted Whisky Joe from the waggon and established him in the canvas folding-chair on the verandah.

"Pull his hat down over his face," said Hun. "There! You'd never know but he was asleep." The surviving farmer untied his team and drove off.

About half an hour later, the editor, having been specially engaged as "best man," finished his unaccustomed toilet—a laborious process, involving a great deal of pumice-stone—and arrived in a state of comparative cleanliness at the dentist's door.

"It's early yet," he pleaded. "Let's go round and patronise the Heathen. It'll comfort him, maybe, and there's no need to tell him anything."

The bridegroom rather held back. "I guess he must have heard," he said. "Bella did take on a bit when I went to get the thing fixed up a while ago. She'd have gone right off to tell him she'd marry him without a cent to his name, if the old man hadn't grabbed her and made her sit still; and though she did seem to give in at last, I guess the old man 'll have to watch her pretty close or she'll go back on us."

"Not a bit of it. Bella's a sensible girl. She's had time to think by now, and you bet she'd a heap sight rather have you than that low-down Cockney. You'll allow that, surely?"

"It does sound likely," Dr. Jimpson admitted, "and I hope it's so, Monty."

"Come along, then; and if the Heathen rages, we'll tell him old Wire 'll lose him his licence,—that 'll shut him up quick enough."

The Heathen was sitting mournfully on his doorstep, with a cold pipe in his mouth.

"Fetch out a bottle of your best, Heathen," said the man from Toronto, pulling a roll of bills out of his pocket to show that he meant it.

Twenties, by jiminy! thought Hun: if I haven't got the wits to get a few of 'em, I'm a tenderfoot. "No end of a run on fancy drinks this morning," he said, without getting up. "There was old Hayseed calling for soda-water, no less, a minute ago. Jaw-breaking's beginning to pay, too, I s'pose."

"What!" cried the editor, "them Hayseed ranchers turned teetotal?"

"Hush your jaw," said the Heathen, dropping his voice. "You might wake Whisky Joe, and he wouldn't like the insinuation. He—he's a bit out of sorts, anyway." Then he led the way in, and did business.

Half an hour later the three pioneers came out, two of them at least a little more highly coloured than when they went in. A bottle and glasses came out with them, and business went on without interruption. A sick miner, in a shanty over the way, roused from a doze by their elevated language, staggered out to look. Four or five loafers gathered round, from nowhere in particular, and watched "the circus" from the other side of the road.

"Say, Joe!" presently sang out the man from Toronto: "wake up, there!"

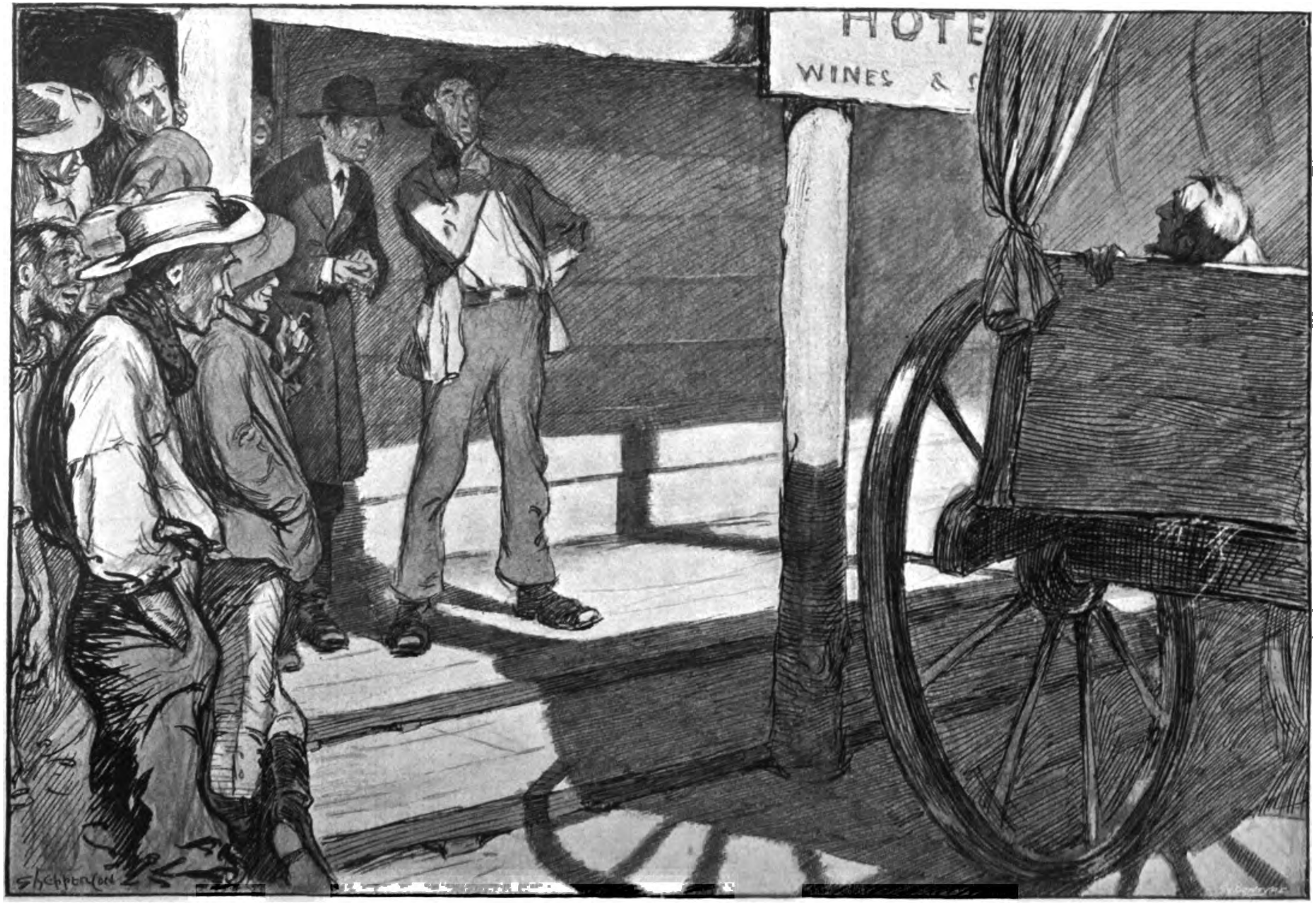
"He is taking the dickens of a nap," said Hun.

"Get up out of that fo-tyule," shouted the doctor. Whisky Joe made no sign.

"Guess he don't want to wake as long as you're around," said the editor. "He never paid that ten dollars you were dunning him for last time he was in town, did he?"

"No, by thunder if he did,—and here he's ordering soda-water like a prince! Told me he was dead broke, too." The doctor's indignation was rising with his colour. "I'll make him pay—I will."

"You're right," chimed in the Heathen; "it's downright mean, I call it, keeping honest, hard-working people out of their money. Come to think of it, he owes me a sight more than ten dollars. Wake



"'Hang yer grandmother!' The voice was weak, compared to Whisky Joe's ordinary roar, but its identity was indisputable, especially as its owner had raised himself on one elbow till his face appeared over the waggon's edge."

up, you old dead-beat, and pay your lawful debts!"

The doctor's wrath, thus reinforced, rose another point or two, and the doctor made as if to rise himself.

"Sit where you are," said the Heathen, with a show of tipsy indignation on his own account, and pulling out his revolver. "I'll shoot the rim off his hat if he sits there much longer."

The doctor jeered. "You!" said he. "You wouldn't dare—not for worlds. You wouldn't dare shoot 'thin a mile of him, you——"

"Wouldn't I? Who are you talking at?"

"A lubberly, cowardly, rum-selling Heathen Cockney—that's who."

The Heathen itched to turn the weapon on his rival, but remembered that he had kept himself sober for a reason. He made believe to hesitate and argue. "I'd do it in half a shake, if——"

"Bah!" said the doctor, struggling unsteadily to his feet. "Give me that shootin'-iron."

"Not a bit of it. Your hand's a-shakin', and you might kill the man. I'll do what I said I'd do."

"Go on and do it, then!" roared the doctor. "Bet you a thousand dollars you don't." With some difficulty he dragged the roll of greenbacks out of his pistol-pocket and flourished them drunkenly over his head.

"Done!" shouted the Heathen. "Monty there 'll hold the stakes."

The doctor threw the bills into the editor's lap, and the Heathen fired. Not in vain had he kept his head clear and his hand firm. The rim of the farmer's hat hung disreputably over his shoulder, ripped as clean as if by a knife. But one of the on-lookers, a New Englander, moved by some eastern sentiment against apparent crime, flung himself officiously on the reckless Heathen, shaking the revclver out of his hand, and began to shove him gaolwards.

"Let me go," cried the prisoner. "It's only a joke, I tell you!"

"Tell that to the twelve apostles, when you see 'em—only you're not likely to, where you're going."

And the amateur constable, who was most inconveniently strong, rushed him away, with an encouraging little crowd on his flank. Even the doctor followed, in an undulating way.

The editor sat still on the edge of the verandah, collecting his wits and any scattered bills that had not fallen on his lap. He looked hazily at the bills, and then he looked at Whisky Joe. "Mighty deaf or mighty drunk," he muttered. Then he looked back at the bills. "Guess it ought to be my turn with Bella now. Doc's lost his bet, so the money's not his, and Hun's not exactly in a position to claim it. Guess I've got the reversionary interest. Got the bills, anyhow," turning them over with uncertain but affectionate fingers. "Guess I'll go and break the news to Bella, and try my luck."

He stumbled to his feet and away in the wake of the crowd.

Where the vital essence, the spirit, the soul (or what you will) of Whisky Joe had been, while its outer frame lay derelict, may perhaps be capable of explanation; but not in Hustletown. Hustletown concerns itself only with facts; and so does this story. The facts, as guaranteed by the only man who can give them with authority, Whisky Joe himself, are these:—

"Well, you see, parson, it was this a-way. I was feelin' mis'rable, hot an' dry, all parched and cracked-like, with a cannon-ball thumpin' up an' down in my chest,—a hundred in the shade, as you might say, an' no air to breathe,—an' swearin' at my pard there 'cause there weren't a drop in the shack,—you ask him if I ain't tellin' gospel truth,—when some one grabbed me by the throat an' said I'd got to go: and it weren't no use fightin'; he smothered me, an' I was off. Well, I slid, an' I slid, might a' been a thousand years, till a clap o' thunder burst right in my ear. I thought it was—you know what any one 'd a' thought, parson: you'd told me often enough what to look for, an' I guess you was right. Well, I thought it weren't any use worryin' at that time o' day, an' I just lay an' waited to see what 'd happen. Then I says to myself, 'By jiminy, that weren't thunder, not if I know the sound of a shootin'-iron.' I set up, an' looked around, an' there I was—I'd slid right up to Heathen Hun's s'loon an' set down on his verandy. Couldn't a' been suited better. I'd a thirst on me like a dry sponge, an' I hollered at him to fetch out the longest drink in the s'loon. He

didn't make no sign, an' I tried my level best to get up and help myself,—I'd a' drunk the whole outfit, I would, if I'd a' got to it. I managed to crawl in at the door, and then I just had to set down on the floor an' take a rest, I was that weak. Then here comes you an' pard a-drivin up. But you might 'a give me a longer drink while you was about it, parson, with a thirst like that on me!"

This is not the latest edition of Whisky Joe's facts, as revised and enlarged from time to time by himself. It is the *editio princeps*, as published originally into the ear of the Reverend Elmer Dix, from the bottom of a waggon rolling over the prairie to Whisky Joe's farm.

For about ten minutes after the haling away of the Heathen, the Reverend Elmer and his client drove up to the saloon.

"Say, Hun!" shouted the farmer.

No answer.

"What on earth has he done with the poor fellow?" said the parson, stepping up to the door and looking in. "Hello! What in the name——"

A human figure sitting propped against the wall turned a pair of tired eyes up to the new-comer's face, and said, with a brilliant effort, "Don't swear, parson! Give me a drink, stiff as you can find it, an' I'll get up."

With some compunctions, but assuring himself that he stood *in loco medici*, the parson supplied Whisky Joe with a glass of his fellow-spirit from behind the bar. The patient, with a little friendly leverage, staggered to his feet, and suffered himself to be laid on the hay in the bottom of his own waggon. His partner helped him in, handily enough, but was too utterly astonished to be polite.

They had driven scarce a hundred yards when the parson called a halt.

"Where did the Heathen go off to, Joe?"

"Never sot eyes on him," said Joe. "Not a soul have I sot eyes on since I woke up."

"That's a shame, now," whispered the parson to the driving partner, "to go off and leave the poor chap alone on the street like that. I'll give the Heathen a piece of my mind. Anyhow, we'd better go back and let him know where Joe's gone."

As they wheeled round, the partner exclaimed, "Blest if here ain't Iron Wire, and the whole town after him! I reckon Hun's been beatin' up a funeral procession for you, Joe. The town 'll be real disappointed, parson."

Sure enough, here came the dictator of Hustletown, marching solemnly at the head of all the day population—all except the Heathen himself. Iron Wire stepped up on the verandah. "Where's the complainant?" said he sternly. "A pretty lot of loons you are, not to bring him along."

The doctor and the editor helped each other up the steps and began to search on their own account, as if Whisky Joe might have crept into a crack in the planks.

"He seems to have gone off somewhere," the editor ventured, doubtfully. "Come to think of it, he hadn't woke up when I came away, so I guess his evidence wouldn't be worth much, anyway."

The gaoler turned savagely on the crowd: but just then the Reverend Elmer Dix came up. Iron Wire approved of parsons, as upholders of authority. "Sorry you didn't come a bit earlier, Mr. Dix. Good-for-nothing saloon-keeper here's been trying to murder a good-for-nothing farmer: murdered him outright, for all I know: shot at him on this very spot. Only what's become of the chap—we're just inquiring."

"You don't mean Whisky Joe?" said the parson.

"Whisky Joe's what we call him: yes, him's the one."

"Why, here he is in the bottom of the waggon, poor fellow!"

"You don't tell me he's dead? Then it's a hanging job for the Heathen, after all!"

"Hang yer grandmother!"

The voice was weak, compared to Whisky Joe's ordinary roar, but its identity was indisputable, especially as its owner had raised himself on one elbow till his face appeared over the waggon's edge. Then he lay back on the hay. "Don't feel like sittin' up long, somehow," he murmured. "I'll thank ye to git me home to the ole shack, pard, as quick as ye can. Only I've seen my own funeral procession, an' that's somethin'," he added, contentedly closing his eyes.

When the partners had driven off, the population washed down its disappointed curiosity with the absent Hun's liquor.

But Mr. Wire signalled the doctor and the editor out of the crowd. "Where's the money?" said he.

The editor hauled the bundle of bills reluctantly from his pistol pocket.

"Does either of you perfessional gents claim to be the proprietor of that little pile at this here moment?"

"It's mine, of course," said the doctor, reaching over for it.

Mr. Wire stepped in between. "How does he happen to have it, then?"

"Just taking care of it," said the doctor.

"As stake-holder," added the conscientious editor.

"How's that?" said Iron Wire.

"Well, Doc here bet the Heathen a thousand he dursn't rip off Whisky Joe's hat."

"And the Heathen did dare, eh?"

"Give me my money," bullied the doctor, making a dash at the bills.

"Get back!" said the old man, grabbing Jimpson's arm and swinging him round like a child. "The Heathen did what he said he'd do, and he's going to have what he's won. You come along and give it him, Mont, if you don't want to give it me."

The editor suffered himself to accompany Mr. Wire, who, with the parson on the other side, strode off homewards.

"Here comes pap," said Bella, interrupting her conversation with the prisoner, whom she had let out of his cell while the gaoler was gone. "Get back in there, quick. It'll be all right, if you've told me the truth."

The gaoler heard the cell bolt run into its place as he came up to the door.

"So that's the way you keep guard," he said, only not so ferociously as his trembling daughter expected. "Never mind: you can let him out again now. . . . Mister Editor, will you kindly hand over to the prisoner any of his property you happen to have about you."

The editor silently laid the bundle of bills on the table, and the prisoner snatched them up from among the neglected pies and cakes.

"I believe you were asked to come to put a wedding through," said Wire to the parson. "I could have done it just as well myself, but I won't disappoint you. Go ahead."

So Bella married the Heathen after all.

TO SLEEP.

(AFTER THE MANNER OF HORACE.)

SLEEP, benign consoler of idle sorrows.
Draperies flame-sown agitate around us,
Quickening dream-thoughts rosy; yet to linger
Haply to-morrow.

Hopes unacknowledg'd, tremulously glowing,
Flatter; audacious memories recalling
How red-heart Springtide's riot in the rose leaves,
Lustily wanton'd,

Fateful: exulting in an evil omen,
Insolent Envy's malice unrelenting
That jocund-seeming radiancy darken'd,
Marr'd for a season.

Silver-helm'd Captain over hosts refulgent,
Sirius, bright victor in airy tourneys,
Strengthen, inspire us: bid a joy triumphant
Crown us awaking!

C. CONWAY THORNTON.



Elizabeth Wells Gallup

THE BI-LITERAL CYPHER OF SIR FRANCIS BACON.

A NEW LIGHT ON A FEW OLD BOOKS.

BY ELIZABETH WELLS GALLUP.

[*Mrs. Gallup professes to find in certain of Bacon's works, the first folio of Shakespeare, and other books of the period, two distinctive founts of italic type employed. All the letters of one fount stand for the letter* a *in the cipher, those of the other for* b. *Hence it is possible to translate, as it were, any given line of type into a series of* abbba, abaab, baaba, abaaa, *and so on, according to the type employed, and thereby to spell out words and sentences in accordance with the principles laid down by Bacon himself in his account of the so-called "Bi-literal" cypher in his "De Augmentis Scientiarum." In a further article which she is now preparing Mrs. Gallup will deal with a number of the individual writers who have taken part in the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy during the last few weeks, whose criticisms, we learn by cablegram, are only now before her. This preliminary paper will enable our readers to acquaint themselves with the nature of Mrs. Gallup's laborious investigations.*—Ed. P. M. M.]

IT is a pleasure to respond to the cabled invitation from the Pall Mall Magazine to write an article upon the "Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy," although I have really never been concerned with it, except incidentally. I did not find myself a Baconian until the discovery of the Bacon ciphers answered the questions in such a final way that controversy should end.

I think my best plan will be to give a clear, authoritative, and somewhat popular exposition of my book, *The Bi-literal Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon*, which was recently very kindly and appreciatively reviewed by Mr. Mallock in the *Nineteenth Century and After*. I had not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Mallock, and his article was wholly a surprise.

In giving to the world the results of my researches, I have felt, as have my publishers, that my work should be left without attempt upon our part to influence or mould opinion in any way other than by setting forth what I have found.

Some one has said, "any man's opinion is the measure of his knowledge." If his knowledge is ample his judgment should be true, and I am well aware there has been little opportunity for men of letters or the reading public to know about this new phase of the old subject.

The book itself is much wider in its range, and much more far-reaching in its literary and historical consequences, than the mere settlement of the Bacon-Shakespeare question. It concerns not only the authorship of much of the best literature of the Elizabethan period, but the regularity of successions to the throne of England; and it transfers the "controversy" from the realm of literary opinion and criticism to the determination of the question whether I have correctly and truthfully transcribed a cipher.

That this will at once meet with universal acceptance is not expected. On the face of things it seems improbable—almost as improbable to the world as the revolution of the earth about the sun was to Lord Bacon, who declared it could in nowise be accepted. "Galileo built his theory . . . supposing the earth revolved. . . . But this he devised upon an assumption that cannot be allowed—viz. that the earth moves." (*Nov. Org.*)

Two limited editions of the book were published, mostly for private circulation, while my researches were going on, but with little effort to obtain public audience, awaiting the time, now arrived, when I could present the first of the cipher writings from early editions of works in the British Museum.

The interest it has excited has been considerable, varying in its expression from more or less good-natured doubts as to my sanity and veracity, from those who are satisfied with first impressions, to the careful examination by such writers as Mr. Mallock and some others who have regarded it as worthy of serious consideration.

For myself, I have been satisfied to wait for the verdict. It will be that I have at great cost put before the public a most detailed and elaborate hoax—or

worse; or that Francis Bacon was a cipher writer and the most extraordinary personage in literature the world has yet known.

Assuming for the moment the cipher as a fact, what are the claims made in it for himself? Briefly, but startlingly stated, they are: That he was the author of the works attributed to Edmund Spenser, and those of Greene, Peele, Marlowe, and Shakespeare, a portion of those published by Ben Jonson, also the *Anatomy of Melancholy* known as Burton's, besides the works to which Bacon's name is attached; that these, instead of being in fact the outpourings of literary inspiration, are literary mosaics, the repository of other literature—much of it then dangerous to Bacon to expose—made consecutive by transposition, and gaining in literary interest by the new relations. The bi-literal cipher gives the rules by which the constituent parts of these mosaics are to be reassembled in their original form by the "word-cipher," so called, a second system permeating the same works and hiding a larger and more varied literature than the first. It is also asserted that Bacon was the true heir to the throne of England, through a secret marriage between the Earl of Leicester and Elizabeth, which took place prior to her accession, while both were confined in the Tower of London; that for obvious reasons of state the marriage could not be announced before the coronation, and that the Queen afterwards refused to acknowledge it publicly; that the unfortunate Essex was in fact his younger brother, and the otherwise inexplicable rebellion was undertaken by Essex to compel from the Queen recognition of his descent, with expectation of the throne if denied to, or not claimed by, Francis.

The personal matter, scattered in the bi-literal cipher through the numerous volumes, is repeated in different forms many times—evidently in the hope that the claims asserted to the throne and the events of his life would be detected and deciphered, from some, if not from all his works, at some future time.

The book itself contains about 385 pages of deciphered matter, written in the old English of the Elizabethan period, and relating to men and things, literary and historical, then existing. It affords the most ample and serious materials for what may be called "the higher criticism"; and such criticism is very cordially invited, for reasons more important than anything concerning my own abilities or personality. The most sceptical will admit industry, and some sort of capability, in producing a work of the kind. It is due to the public that in a presentation of this kind I should offer a *primâ-facie* case.

The question most nearly related to the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, from a literary standpoint, is: Was Bacon's imagination, fancy and ability, equal to the production of such poetic and dramatic literature as is embraced in the Shakespeare plays and other works named? The dicta obtainable from mere comparisons of style are scarcely final. Individual judgments, in this field, are far from conclusive or satisfactory. There is as much difference in style between the laboured, interminable sentences of Bacon's philosophical works and the polished sentences of the Essays as there is between the Essays and the epigrams of the plays.

Bacon has been somewhat out of fashion of late. His philosophy, once strong and new, has been developed into the daily practice of these forceful and effective times, and is now interesting principally to the curious. His life,—reduced by Pope to the inconclusive epigram, "the wisest, brightest, and meanest of mankind,"—ending in his disgrace, does not now attract the average reader, while the compactness of the Essays deters many from a second reading. It is well, therefore, to refresh our minds concerning the man, and the estimation in which he was held before the present-day rush for new things had become so absorbing.

Briefly, the well-considered opinions of those best fitted to judge are, that his abilities were transcendent in every field. Lord Macaulay tells us that Bacon's mind was "the most exquisitely constructed intellect that has ever been bestowed upon any of the children of men"; Pope, that "Lord Bacon was the greatest genius that England, or perhaps any other country, ever produced"; Sir Alexander Grant, that "it is as an inspired seer, the prose-poet of modern science, that I reverence Bacon"; Alexander Smith, that "he seems to have written his Essays with the pen of Shakespeare." Mackintosh calls his literature "the utmost splendour

of imagery." Addison says, that "he possessed at once all those extraordinary talents which were divided among the greatest authors of antiquity . . . one does not know which to admire most in his writings, the strength of reason, force of style, or brightness of imagination." Mr. Welch assures us: "Lord Bacon was a poet. His language has a sweet and majestic rhythm which satisfies the sense, no less than the superhuman wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect." While Henry Taine, a Frenchman, recognising throughout the differences of language the force of the poetic thought, gives us this in his *English Literature* :—

"In this band of scholars, dreamers, and inquirers, appears the most comprehensive, sensible, originative of the minds of the age—Francis Bacon, a great and luminous intellect, one of the finest of this poetic progeny. . . . There is nothing in English prose superior to his diction. . . . His thought is in the manner of artists and poets, and he speaks after the manner of prophets and seers. . . . Shakespeare and the seers do not contain more vigorous or expressive condensations of thought, more resembling inspiration. . . . His process is that of the creators: it is inspiration, not reasoning."

Again, Lord Macaulay tells us: "No man ever had an imagination at once so strong and so thoroughly subjugated. In truth, much of Bacon's life was spent in a visionary world, amidst things as strange as any that are described in the Arabian tales."—"A man so rare in knowledge of so many several kinds, endued with the facility and felicity of expressing it all in so elegant, significant, so abundant, and yet so choice and ravishing array of words, of metaphors and allusions, as perhaps the world has not seen since it was a world," said Sir Tobie Mathew.

The German Schlegel, in his *History of Literature*, calls him "this mighty genius," and adds, "Stimulated by his capacious and stirring intellect . . . intellectual culture, nay, the social organisation of modern Europe generally, assumed a new shape and complexion." While again from Lord Macaulay we quote this: "With great minuteness of observation he had an amplitude of comprehension such as has never yet been vouchsafed to any human being."

In the *Encyclopædia Britannica* we read: "The thoughts are weighty, and, even when not original, have acquired a peculiar and unique tone or cast by passing through the crucible of Bacon's mind. A sentence from the Essays can rarely be mistaken for the production of any other writer. The short, pithy sayings,

> Jewels five words long
> That on the stretched forefinger of all Time
> Sparkle for ever,

have become popular mottoes and household words. The style is quaint, original, abounding in allusions and witticisms, and rich, even to gorgeousness, with piled-up analogies and metaphors."

In the presence of these acknowledged masters in literary judgment, I may well be silent. These quotations might be extended indefinitely. Anything I could add of my own would be repetition. In the face of these well-considered opinions, the flippant adverse judgment of newspaper critics, in the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, thrown off in the hurry of daily issues, may for the present be disregarded. The writers of such articles have never read Bacon well, if at all,—perhaps not Shakespeare thoroughly.

My work in the past eight years of constant study of the subject has led me, of necessity, through every line and word that Bacon wrote, both acknowledged and concealed, so far as the latter has been developed. The work I have done upon the word-cipher in reassembling his literature from the mosaic to its original form has given me a critical knowledge at least, and a basis perhaps possessed by few for forming, to the extent of my abilities, a critical judgment; but I would merely add, that he was, assuredly, master in many fields of which even they who knew him best were unaware.

Granting him these literary powers, was he at the same time a cipher writer? and did he particularly affect this bi-literal method of cipher writing?

For the first I refer, for brevity's sake, to the article on cryptograms in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; and for the second to the original Latin *De Augmentis Scientiarum* (editions of 1623 and 1624), and its very excellent translation by Messrs. Spedding, Ellis, and Heath, where the bi-literal cipher precisely as I have used it is described and illustrated by Bacon in full, with the statement that he invented it while at the court of France.

This was between his sixteenth and eighteenth years. His first reference to it was in 1605. Its first publication was in 1623, after he had used it continuously forty-four years, confining to it his wrongs and woes, and intending, in thus explaining and giving the key, that at some near or distant day his sorrows and his claims should be known by its decipherment.

The cipher, described by Bacon in *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, is simplicity itself, being in principle mere combinations and alternations of any two unlike things, and in practice as used by him consisting of alternations of letters from two slightly different founts of Italic type, arranged in groups of five. This affords thirty-two possible combinations, being eight in excess of the twenty-four letters of the alphabet he used. The free use of these italics is a notable feature in all his literature, and has been the cause of much speculation. Sometimes the differences between the letters of the two founts are bold and marked, often delicate and very difficult for the novice to distinguish, but possible of determination by the practised eye. The differences, especially in the capitals used in the 1623 folio of the Shakespeare plays, are apparent to the dullest vision, and photographic copies of it are in nearly every public and many private libraries, and so accessible to all.

In making up his alphabet the two founts are called by him the '*a* fount' and the '*b* fount,' and the several groups of five, representing each letter of the alphabet he used in the cipher, are as follows: *aaaaa*, *a*; *aaaab*, *b*; *aaaba*, *c*; etc., etc.

After the full exposition of this cipher by Mr. Mallock, a repetition here would seem superfluous, and I will only take space to say that the detailed explanation is to be found in *De Augmentis Scientiarum* in every edition of Bacon's complete works.

One of the interesting incidents of the use of this bi-literal method is, that it did not at all require taking the printer into the writer's confidence. A peculiar mark under the letter would indicate the fount from which the letter was to be taken. The printer may have thought Bacon insane, or what not, but the marking gave him no clue to the cipher.

Perhaps I cannot better illustrate the scope of the researches that have brought out such strange and unexpected disclosures than by giving the bibliography of my work. This will have an attraction for many, who will sympathise with me in the pleasure I have known in working in these rare and costly old books.

The deciphering has been from the following original editions in my possession:

The Advancement of Learning	1605
The Shepheards' Calender	1611
The Faerie Queene	1613
Novum Organum	1620
Parasceve	1620
The History of Henry VII.	1622
Edward Second	1622
The Anatomy of Melancholy	1628*
The New Atlantis	1635*
Sylva Sylvarum	1635*

and also a beautifully bound full folio facsimile of the 1623 edition of the Shakespeare plays, bearing the name of Coleridge on the title page.

In the Boston Library I obtained:

Richard Second	1598
David and Bethsabe	1599
Midsummer Night's Dream	1600
Much Ado about Nothing	1600
Sir John Oldcastle	1600
Merchant of Venice	1600
Richard, Duke of York	1600
Treasons of Essex	1601
King Lear	1608
Henry Fifth	1608
Pericles	1609
Hamlet	1611
Titus Andronicus	1611
Richard Second	1615
Merry Wives of Windsor	1619
Whole Contention of York, etc.	1619
Pericles	1619
Yorkshire Tragedy	1619
Romeo and Juliet	(without date)

From the choice library of John Dane, M.D., Boston:

The Treasons of Essex	1601
Vitæ et Mortis	1623.

From the library of Marshall C. Lefferts, of New York, I had:

Ben Jonson's Plays, Folio	1616
A Quip for an Upstart Courtier	1620

From the Lenox Library, New York:

Midsummer Night's Dream	1600
Sir John Oldcastle	1600
London Prodigal	1605
Pericles	1619
Yorkshire Tragedy	1619
The Whole Contention, etc.	1619
Shakespeare, first folio	1623

* These three bear dates after Bacon's death, and were undoubtedly completed by Dr. Rawley, his secretary, whose explanation regarding them is found on pages 339-40 of the *Bi-literal Cypher*.

tummodò Literas ſoluantur, per Tranſpoſitionem earum. Nam Tranſpoſitio duarum Literarum, per Locos quinque, Differentiis triginta duabus, multò magis viginti quatuor (qui eſt Numerus *Alphabeti* apud nos) ſufficiet. Huius *Alphabeti* Exemplum tale eſt.

Exemplum *Alphabeti Biliterarij.*

A	B	C	D	E	F
aaaaa.	*aaaab.*	*aaaba.*	*aaabb.*	*aabaa.*	*aabab.*
G	**H**	**I**	**K**	**L**	**M**
aabba.	*aabbb.*	*abaaa.*	*abaab.*	*ababa.*	*ababb.*
N	**O**	**P**	**Q**	**R**	**S**
abbaa.	*abbab.*	*abbba.*	*abbbb.*	*baaaa.*	*baaab.*
T	**V**	**W**	**X**	**Y**	**Z**
baaba.	*baabb.*	*babaa.*	*babab.*	*babba.*	*babbb*

Neque leue quiddam obitèr hoc modo perfectum eſt. Etenim ex hoc ipſo patet Modus, quo ad omnem Loci Diſtantiam, per Obiecta, quæ vel Viſui, vel Auditui ſubijci poſſint, Senſa Animi proferre, & ſignificare liceat: ſi modò Obiecta illa, duplicis tantum Differentię capacia ſunt, veluti per Campanas, per Buccinas, per Flammeos, per Sonitus Tormentorum, & alia quęcunque. Verùm vt Incœptum perſequamur, cum ad Scribendum accingoris, Epiſtolam interiorem in *Alphabetum* hoc *Biliterarium* ſolues. Sit epiſtola interior;

Fuge.

Bacon's secret code, which Mrs. Gallup has applied to all her deciphered works.

and from Mrs. Pott, of London, England:

Ben Jonson's Plays	1616
De Augmentis Scientiarum	1624

During the five months spent at the British Museum:

The Shepheards' Calender	1579
Araygnement of Paris	1584
Mirrour of Modestie	1584
Planetomachia	1585
A Treatise of Melancholy	1586
A Treatise of Mel. (2nd. Ed.)	1586
Euphues	1587
Morando	1587
Perimedes	1588
Pandosto	1588
Spanish Masquerado	1589
Spanish Masq. (2nd Ed.)	1589

In the library of Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence I was able to decipher, from the *Treatise of Melancholy*, some pages that were missing from the copy at the British Museum.

I wish here to express my deep obligation to the management of the British Museum, and to those numerous friends I was so fortunate as to make while in London, for their uniform kindness to me—a stranger among them—and for the facilities which they, to the extent of their power, never failed to afford me in my work.

Every italic letter in all the books named has been examined, studied, classified, and set down "in groups of five" and the results transcribed. Each book deciphered has its own peculiarities and forms of type, and must be made a separate study.

The 1623 Folio has the largest variety of letters and irregularities; but the most difficult work was Bacon's *History of Henry the Seventh*, the mysteries of which it took me the greater part of three months of almost constant study to master. The reason came to light as the work progressed, and will appear from the reading of the first page of the deciphered matter, with its explanations of "sudden shifts" to puzzled would-be decipherers.

In the deciphering of the different works mentioned, surprise followed surprise as the hidden messages were disclosed, and disappointment as well was not infrequently encountered. Some of the disclosures are of a nature repugnant, in many respects, to my very soul, as they were to all my preconceived convictions, and they would never have seen the light, except as a correct transcription of what the cipher revealed. As a decipherer I had no choice, and I am in no way responsible for the disclosures, except as to the correctness of the transcription.

Bacon, throughout the Bi-literal Cypher, makes frequent mention of his translations of Homer, which he considered one of his "great works and worthy of preservation," and which had been scattered through the mosaic of his other writings. One of the strongest of his expressed desires was that it should be gathered and reconstructed in its original form.

Perhaps the greatest surprise that came to me in all my work relates to what was found in the *Anatomy of Melancholy*. Several other of the works had been finished before this book was taken up. After a few pages had been deciphered, relating to points in Bacon's history, to my great disappointment the cipher suddenly changed the subject of its disclosures to this:

"As hath been said, much of th' materiall of th' Iliad may be found here, as well as Homer his second wondrous storie, telling of Odysseus his worthy adventures. Th' first nam'd is of greater worth, beautie and interesse, alone, in my estimation, than all my other work together, for it is th' crowning triumph of Homer's pen; and he outstrips all th' others in th' race, as though his wits had beene Atalanta's heeles. Next we see Virgill, and close behind them, striving to attaine unto th' hights which they mounted, do I presse on to th' lofty goale. In th' plays lately publisht, I have approacht my modell closelie, and yet it doth ever seem beyond my attainment.

"Here are the diverse bookes, their arguments and sundry examples of th' lines, in our bi-literall cipher."

These "arguments," or outlines, are intended as a framework about which, with the aid of the keys given, the fuller deciphering from the printed lines is to take form through the methods of the word-cipher.

The presence of lines, identical—or nearly so—with those of Homer, have been noted by close students in all the works now named as belonging to Bacon, and it has needed but to bring the lines together from their scattered positions, transpose names and arrange the parts

in proper sequence, to form the connected narrative.

I can best illustrate this—and it will be of interest to those fond of the classics--by adding a few of the lines from some of my unfinished and unpublished work, before I had discovered the bi-literal cipher in the typography of the books I was using. I will say regarding this part of my incomplete work, that a very considerable portion of the material for the first four books of the fuller translation of the *Iliad* had been collected and arranged in sequence by the word-cipher before the work was laid aside, four years ago, on account of the discovery of the bi-literal, the development of which, it became at once apparent, was of first importance. These directions regarding it occur in the Bi-literal Cypher:

"Keepe lines, though somewhat be added to Homer; in fact, it might be more truly Homeric to consider it a poeme of the times, rather than a historie of true events." (p. 168.) ". . . In all places, be heedfull of the meaning, but do not consider the order of the words in the sentences. I should join my examples and rules together, you will say. So I will, In the 'Faerie Queene,' booke one, canto two, second and third lines of the seventh stanzo, thus speaking of Aurora, write:

Wearie of aged Tithones saffron bed,
Had spreade, through dewy ayre her purple robe.

"Or in the eleventh canto, booke two, five-and-thirtieth stanzo, arrange the matter thus, to relate in verse the great attacke at the ships, at that pointe of time at which the great Trojan took up a weighty missile, the gods giving strength to the hero's arme: it begins in the sixth verse:

There lay thereby an huge greate stone, which
 stood
Upon one end, and had not many a day
Removed beene—a signe of sundrie wayes—
This Hector snatch'd and with exceeding sway."
(p. 169.)

Illustrative of the argument, the incident in Book I., where the priest Chryses "was evilly dismissed by Agamemnon," the bi-literal epitome reads:

"And th' Priest, in silence, walk'd along th' shore of the resounding sea. After awhile with many a prayer and teare th' old man cried aloud unto Apollo, and his voice was heard."

In the fuller translation by means of the word-cipher, the lines collected from the different books result in the following rendering of the passage:

"The wretched man, at his imperious speech,
Was all abashed, and there he sudden stay'd,
While in his eyes stood tears of bitterness.
The resounding of the sea upon the shore
Beats with an echo to the unseen grief
That swells with silence to the tortur'd soul.
Apart upon his knees that aged sire
Pray'd much unto Latona's lordly son:

"Hear, hear, O hear, god of the silver bow!
Who'rt wont Chrysa and Cilla to protect,
And reignest in this island Tenedos,
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Thy graceful temple aiding to adorn,
Or if, moreover, I at any time
Have burn'd to thee fat thighs of bulls and goats,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat—
O Phœbus, with thy shafts avenge these tears."

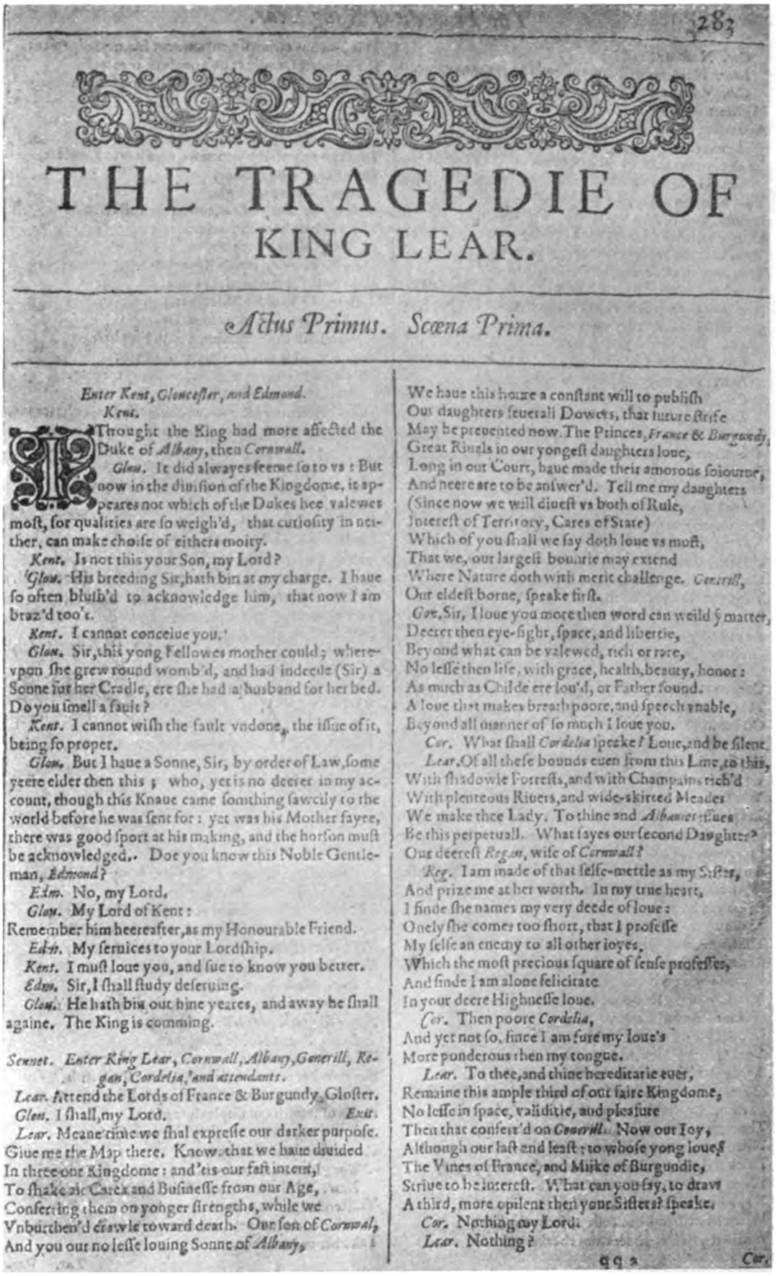
A little farther on, after Achilles had "summon'd a councill" and charged Calchas to declare the cause of the pestilence, Bacon's lines—that he warns the decipherer to retain, "though somewhat be added to Homer"—gives the altercation thus:

To whom Atrides did this answer frame:
"Full true thou speak'st and like thyself, yet,
 though
Thou speakest truth, methinks thou speak'st not
 well.
It is because no one should sway but he
He's angry with the gods that any man
Goeth before him; he would be above the clouds,
His fortune's master and the king of men,
And here is none, methinks, disposed to yield:
For though the gods do chance him to appoint
To be a warriour and command a camp,
Inserting courage in his noble heart,
Do they give right to utter insults here?"

There interrupting him, noble Achilles
Answer'd the king in few words: "Ay forsooth!
I should be thought a coward, Agamemnon,
A man of no estimation in the world,
If what you will I humbly yield unto,
And when you say, 'Do this,' it is perform'd.
I, for my part—let others as they list,—
I will not thus be fac'd and overpeer'd.
Do not think so, you shall not find it so:
Some other seek that may with patience strive
With thee, Atrides; thou shalt rule no more
O'er me."

The translation by George Chapman, Book I., page 20, line 11, reads:

"All this, good father," said the king, "is comely
 and good right;
But this man breaks all such bounds; he affects,
 past all men, height;
All would in his power hold, all make his subjects,
 give to all
His hot will for their temperate law: all which he
 never shall
Persuade at my hands. If the gods have given
 him the great style



THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Kent, Gloucester, and Edmond.

Kent.

I Thought the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany*, then *Cornwall*.

Glou. It did alwayes seeme so to vs: But now in the diuision of the Kingdome, it appeares not which of the Dukes hee valewes most, for qualities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither, can make choise of eithers moity.

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord?

Glou. His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I haue so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd too't.

Kent. I cannot conceiue you.

Glou. Sir, this yong Fellowes mother could; whereupon she grew round womb'd, and had indeede (Sir) a Sonne for her Cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault vndone, the issue of it, being so proper.

Glou. But I haue a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, some yeere elder then this; who, yet is no deerer in my account, though this Knaue came somthing sawcily to the world before he was sent for: yet was his Mother fayre, there was good sport at his making, and the horson must be acknowledged. Doe you know this Noble Gentleman, *Edmond*?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glou. My Lord of Kent:
Remember him heereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

Edm. My seruices to your Lordship.

Kent. I must loue you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deseruing.

Glou. He hath bin out nine yeares, and away he shall againe. The King is comming.

Sennet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Generill, Regan, Cordelia, and attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, Gloster.

Glou. I shall, my Lord. *Exit.*

Lear. Meane time we shal expresse our darker purpose.
Giue me the Map there. Know, that we haue diuided
In three our Kingdome: and 'tis our fast intent,
To shake all Cares and Businesse from our Age,
Conferring them on yonger strengths, while we
Vnburthen'd crawle toward death. Our son of *Cornwal*,
And you our no lesse louing Sonne of *Albany*,
We haue this houre a constant will to publish
Our daughters seuerall Dowers, that future strife
May be preuented now. The Princes, *France & Burgundy*,
Great Riuals in our yongest daughters loue,
Long in our Court, haue made their amorous soiourne,
And heere are to be answer'd. Tell me my daughters
(Since now we will diuest vs both of Rule,
Interest of Territory, Cares of State)
Which of you shall we say doth loue vs most,
That we, our largest bountie may extend
Where Nature doth with merit challenge. *Generill*,
Our eldest borne, speake first.

Gon. Sir, I loue you more then word can weild ẏ matter,
Deerer then eye-sight, space, and libertie,
Beyond what can be valewed, rich or rare,
No lesse then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor:
As much as Childe ere lou'd, or Father found.
A loue that makes breath poore, and speech vnable,
Beyond all manner of so much I loue you.

Cor. What shall *Cordelia* speake? Loue, and be silent.

Lear. Of all these bounds euen from this Line, to this,
With shadowie Forrests, and with Champains rich'd
With plenteous Riuers, and wide-skirted Meades
We make thee Lady. To thine and *Albanies* issues
Be this perpetuall. What sayes our second Daughter?
Our deerest *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall*?

Reg. I am made of that selfe-mettle as my Sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,
I finde she names my very deede of loue:
Onely she comes too short, that I professe
My selfe an enemy to all other ioyes,
Which the most precious square of sense professes,
And finde I am alone felicitate
In your deere Highnesse loue.

Cor. Then poore *Cordelia*,
And yet not so, since I am sure my loue's
More ponderous then my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine hereditarie euer,
Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome,
No lesse in space, validitie, and pleasure
Then that conferr'd on *Generill*. Now our Ioy,
Although our last and least; to whose yong loue,
The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie,
Striue to be interest. What can you say, to draw
A third, more opilent then your Sisters? speake.

Cor. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. Nothing?

qq 2 *Cor.*

Facsimile page of the first folio of Shakespeare, from the copy in the British Museum.

Of ablest soldier, made they that his license to revile
Men with vile language?" Thetis' son prevented him, and said:
"Fearful and vile I might be thought, if the exactions laid
By all means on me I should bear. Others command to this,
Thou shalt not me; or if thou dost, far my free spirit is
From serving thy command."

I also refer my readers to the translation by William Cullen Bryant; to that by William Sotheby, M.R.S.L., and to the Earl of Derby's translation.

It is true that the presence of the biliteral cipher in any work does not prove authorship, being merely a matter of typography which can be incorporated in any printed page, as it was in fact in Ben Jonson's writings, for Bacon's purposes. But when it is worked out, and its chief purpose is found to be to teach the word-cipher, and that the latter produces practicable results such as given above, the confirmation of both ciphers is unmistakable. On the other hand, the word-cipher is a complete demonstration of the fact that the author of the interior work was the author of the exterior.

I am not infrequently asked, and it is a very natural question, why should Bacon put translations of the Iliad and Odyssey in his works, when neither required secrecy? I quote a sentence from the *Bi-literal Cypher* (p. 341), deciphered from *Natural History*:

"Finding that one important story within manie others produc'd a most ordinarie play, poem, history, essay, law-maxime, or other kind, class, or description of work, I tried th' experiment of placing my tra'slations of Homer and Virgil within my other Cypher. When one work has been so incorporated into others, these are then in like manner treated, separated into parts and widely scatter'd into my numerous books."

In this connection I will add another extract from *Advancement of Learning* (original edition, 1605, p. 52):

"And Cicero himselfe, being broken unto it by great experience, delivereth it plainely: That whatsoever a man shall have occasion to speake of (if hee will take the paines), he may have it in effect premeditate, and handled in these. So that when hee commeth to a particular, he shall have nothing to doe, but to put too Names, and times, and places; and such other Circumstances of Individuals."

In other words, Bacon first constructed, then reconstructed from the first writing, such portions as would fit the "names and times and places, and such other Circumstances of Individuals," about which he wished to build a new structure of history, drama, or essay. The first literary mosaic, containing dangerous matter, as well as much that was not, was transposed—the relative position of its component parts changed—to form the one we have known. The decipherer's work is to restore the fragments to their original form.

As intimated at the beginning, the value of anything I could say upon the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy resolves itself into a question of fact—Have I found a cipher, and has it been correctly applied?

I repeat, the question is out of the realm of literary comparisons altogether. Literary probabilities or improbabilities have no longer any bearing, and their discussion has become purely agitations of the air: the sole question is—What are the facts? These cannot be determined by slight or imperfect examinations, preconceived ideas, abstract contemplation, or vigour of denunciation.

During a somewhat lengthy literary life, I have come to perceive the sharp distinction between convictions on any subject and the possession of knowledge. I know it is no light thing to say to those who love the literature ascribed to Shakespeare, "You have worshipped a true divinity at the wrong shrine," and the iconoclast should come with knowledge before he assails a faith.

The limits of this article will not permit me to do more in the way of illustration; but I beg to assure the English public that I speak from knowledge obtained at a cost of time, money, and injury to eyesight and health greater than I should care to mention.

I am satisfied that my work will not be disregarded; but instead, given a respectful, kindly and intelligent examination in Great Britain, the home of Shakespeare and Bacon.

I say nothing at this time of the validity of all the claims Bacon has made; but if they are accepted there will presently be accorded to one of the line of English kings the royal title of "the greatest literary genius of all time."



Count von Bülow.

COUNT VON BÜLOW: THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR.

HIS PERSONALITY AND HIS POLICY.

BY PH. GOLDSCHMIED.

"BUT, gentlemen, you do not know me yet," exclaimed the Chancellor, Count von Bülow, in the Reichstag not long ago, in response to repeated ironical interruptions from the Left. The Chancellor is right. We do not know him yet, and it is obviously his ambition to puzzle the various parties of the Empire, for a long time to come, with the riddles of his personality and his policy. Count Bülow's political character cannot be disposed of in a few catch phrases; he is himself a decided opponent of all stereotyped party cries, and foils most skilfully every attempt to exploit him for party interests. Born in Mecklenburg, the land *par excellence* of incarnate Junkerdom with its great virtues and still greater vices, Count Bülow is anything rather than a Junker. His political horizon has been far too extended by residence, during the greater portion of his life, in foreign countries. One might almost describe him as a Cosmopolitan, and this he undoubtedly is in his love for art, science, and literature. In politics only is he marked with the decided national impress which is indispensably necessary for his high task. But even here he is averse from all Chauvinism, and it was for this reason that the Pangermans regarded him with profound distrust until his recent speech against Mr. Chamberlain somewhat conciliated them, thus probably achieving its main object. As a whole his character and methods of thought present an utter contrast to the rough, uncouth manners of the Pangermans—those modern Teutons, who, especially in the Austrian species, but partly also in Germany, seek to remind us of the ancient Germans of Tacitus.

As a young diplomatist, Bülow, unlike his predecessors in office, had the opportunity in various countries of gaining experience and impressions which a mind peculiarly susceptible to all that is beautiful has enabled him to retain for life. He studied, as a youth, in Lausanne—which was certainly unusual; and his diplomatic career was begun in Rome under the guidance of the confidant of Bismarck, Robert von Keudell. This circumstance proved an essential factor in Bülow's development, for in Rome, and especially in the house of Keudell, who himself was more than a dilettante in music, he met not only the representatives of intellectual Italy but also all the most distinguished men in German art and literature,—those yearly pilgrims to Rome, the Mecca of art. From Rome von Bülow went as Secretary of Legation to St. Petersburg, thence to Vienna, and in 1877 to Athens. There he revelled in the beauties of ancient Greece, but his stay was all too brief; to his regret he was soon recalled to Berlin to act as Secretary at the Berlin Congress, to which his father had been delegated as third plenipotentiary.

His early Life.

After the Congress von Bülow was sent to Paris, where he was attached to the Embassy for six years, the longest period he ever spent at one post. From the French capital he was sent back to the East as Councillor of Embassy in St. Petersburg. His sojourn there was of decisive importance for Bülow's whole life, for it was in St. Petersburg society, where the fair-haired and courteous Mecklenburger enjoyed great popularity, that he saw again and married the Countess Dönhoff, born Princess of Camporeale, whom he had met years before at Rome at the house of her celebrated mother, Donna Laura Minghetti. From St. Petersburg Bülow was removed to Bucharest, and thence, this time as Ambassador, to Rome. Under him the Palazzo Caffarelli became one of the rallying points of the political and intellectual *élite* of the Eternal City, and the political alliance between Italy and Germany was cemented in the intimacy and lively exchange of views which, under the ægis of the art-loving ambassadorial pair, was effected between the notable men of modern Italy and the representatives of German art and science who visited Rome.

At Rome.

When von Bülow in 1897 was summoned to Berlin in order that he might take over the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, he said, in a farewell address to the members of the German colony of Rome, that he departed unwillingly from the city which he loved with all his soul; he felt, he observed, like Odysseus, for was he not deserting fortunate and peaceful shores to embark on a stormy voyage across seas beset with reefs and shallows? It was only natural that von Bülow should be overcome with melancholy at the thought of leaving the city whose beauties no one admired more than he; but he knew that he was being summoned to higher spheres of activity, and in his inmost heart the prospect filled him with proud rejoicing. For one of the most prominent characteristics of von Bülow is his ambition—indomitable ambition in the good sense of the word. He had known for a long time that the Emperor William, with whom he has very much in common, had selected him for prospective office, and consequently he had long followed domestic events in Berlin with a degree of attention and eager interest which his position as Ambassador did not alone account for. Reliable friends had always kept him posted up in all that concerned the progress of political and court life in Berlin. He was thus able to obtain a clear insight into the intricate confusion of the German party kaleidoscope, so that when he came to Berlin he was well prepared not only for the conduct of foreign affairs but also for the office of Imperial Chancellor. And this was essential; for at the head of the Government stood the aged Prince Hohenlohe, then seventy-eight years old. Already the successorship to the post had become the object of a furious if secret race, in which the favourite, had he failed to prepare the ground in time, might easily have been passed close to the winning-post. And so von Bülow reached the topmost rung of the ladder of German bureaucracy; but he has still to struggle to maintain his position, and this struggle accounts for many things—particularly his endeavour to be on good terms with all parties. He knows too well that if he is to sit safely in his ministerial saddle he cannot afford to have the Conservatives

Made Chancellor.

of Germany for his enemies. He remembers the warning example afforded by Caprivi, who was made a Count for his services in bringing about the conclusion of the commercial treaties, and within a few months was manœuvred out of office by the opponents of those very treaties.

Bülow, the Man.

Count von Bülow is an excellent diplomatist, and a man of fascinating courtesy and most winning manners—qualities which facilitate in no small degree the performance of his responsible office. His friends assert that his long residence in Paris and Rome contributed to develop in him that art of light, witty *causerie*, that cheerful, sunny temperament which was lacking as well in Count von Caprivi as in Prince von Hohenlohe, at all events in his later years, and especially in Baron von Marschall. When he *wishes*, Count von Bülow can be the personification of amiability. He presents, therefore, a certain element of danger, more particularly to the representatives of that great power—the Press, the significance of which he appreciates to its fullest extent. When with courteous smile and outstretched hand he advances towards his visitor and in cordial accents gives expression to his regret that, owing to the pressure of his official duties, he is unable to find the time necessary for a more frequent intercourse with the Press: when he then, with apparently unbounded frankness, enters into a discourse on current political topics, replies without hesitation to all observations, and seeks to overcome objections by apt arguments, it is difficult even for the most stubbornly "Oppositional" Saul not to be converted, for the moment at all events, into a Governmental Paul. And after the Chancellor has taken leave, in the same cordial way, of his visitor, the latter finds it no easy task to collect and sift his thoughts, and to distinguish between the words of the cunning diplomatist and the courteous host.

Traits and Stories.

Of course the Chancellor betrays no secrets to his visitors, nor does he pretend to do so, but he often returns confidence for confidence. I do not believe that he would ever designedly take in anybody who trusts him. Some time ago he said to a politician visiting him: "You may rely upon me! I shall never lead you astray purposely. I may, perhaps, say to you, 'My dear sir, I *cannot* answer your question,' or, 'I *won't* answer it,' but I shall never intentionally return you a false answer." And indeed, Count von Bülow really appears to act on that principle, of course not without making most extensive use of the "I *won't*" and "I *can't*." In this connection the following episode is amusing. It has the advantage, not only of being true, but also of furnishing testimony to the Chancellor's amiable way of avoiding awkward questions. The editor of a big paper, *X*, who had just delivered himself of a furious attack on the tariff policy of the Government, paid a visit to the Chancellor for the purpose of "pumping" him concerning this question. Count von Bülow smilingly observed: "I read in the *X Gazette* a few days ago that the strength of the Chancellor's parliamentary position lay solely in the fact that nobody knows what he is really aiming at. The writer hit the nail on the head, and you will therefore understand that I prefer not to weaken my position."

Political Foes.

The Chancellor differentiates in no respect between newspapers which support and those which oppose him, just as from the very outset he placed himself on a footing as regards his political opponents fundamentally different from that occupied, for instance, by Bismarck. One of the most striking peculiarities of public life in Germany is the transference of political antagonism into the arena of social and private life. It is a remnant of the times when the Junkers ruled with undisputed sway. Prince Bismarck remained on friendly terms with deputies only as long as they supported him; however intimate they might have been, he ceased all personal intercourse on the day when they joined the Opposition: witness the examples of Lasker, Bamberger, Forckenbeck. It is otherwise with Count von Bülow. As soon as he came to Berlin he also sought personal acquaintanceship with the leading members of the Opposition, well knowing that personal intercourse blunts many an edge. Even towards the Socialists he avoided in the Reichstag the harsh tone invariably adopted by the Conservatives. Personal relations with the leaders of Social Democracy he naturally did not cultivate: for this German political life is not yet ripe; but though he refrained it was, I

am sure, only out of consideration for the prejudices prevailing in the highest circles. He himself is far too enlightened not to smile in secret at these prejudices. As a man of the world he is well aware that the Socialists of to-day are not the bloodthirsty revolutionists many believe them to be, and that the Socialist movement in itself harbours many a good kernel which a wise Government might exploit with success. The "enemy of the Empire," invented by Bismarck to stigmatise all who opposed his policy, does not exist for Bülow, and Conservative irritation has more than once been roused by his failure to browbeat the Socialists and Radicals in approved Bismarckian style. Count Bülow sees in the members of all parties first the *German* and afterwards the party man. The "enemy of the Empire" is, therefore, unknown to him.

Contrasted with Bismarck.

He has indeed introduced an entirely different method of political battle from that employed by the Iron Chancellor. The fourth Chancellor is composed of other material than was the Titan who welded the Empire with blood and iron, and to the end of his days wielded the heavy hammer for the protection of his creation. Where Bismarck used to rush into debate with a parliamentary battle-axe, Bülow uses the daintier but not less dangerous rapier; where Bismarck exerted the full weight of his passionate temperament, the marvellous strength of the *Uebermensch*, Bülow always remains the polite orator, outwardly polished and tranquil, from whose mouth words flow like honey. Whilst Bismarck in his excitement struggled for words, and nervously fumbled with his handkerchief and hitched at the high collar of his uniform, now and then taking a sip of Mosel and water, Bülow, even in the parliamentary tribune, is always the amiable, obliging speaker, whose chief weapons are sarcasm and irony. The contempt of man which Bismarck displayed Bülow also has, but whereas the Great Chancellor carried this so far that the judgment of his fellow-creatures was a matter of supreme indifference to him, and he did not care a rap for popularity, Bülow lays the utmost value on the applause of the masses, and gives himself great pains to achieve popularity. Here we are confronted by a feature in the Chancellor's character which is not altogether without danger for him.

The Chamberlain Speech.

Count von Bülow has a very fine ear and a keen eye for the current popular opinion, and where political wisdom forbids him to take account of this in his actions he none the less pays tribute to it, at least in words, wherever he can. He revels in parliamentary applause; his rhetorical power grows when he feels that he has carried the majority with him, just as certain actors play all the better when abundant applause is accorded them. If von Bülow in this way frequently makes sacrifices to the spirit of national Chauvinism by repeating with sonorous pathos patriotic catchwords, such as Germans fearing God and God alone in this world, and emphasises the right—which nobody, by the way, disputes—of the German nation to determine its own fate, he always gives me the impression that he is laughing in his sleeve at his audience and at the applause which he had shrewdly foreseen. For he is much too wise not to perceive the hollowness of these commonplaces, which serve him so well as a means to an end. This striving for popularity, as I indicated above, furnishes an explanation for the much-discussed speech against Mr. Chamberlain, which was in every respect a concession to the Anglophobes, and in many points nothing less than a *sacrificium intellectûs*, for Count von Bülow was quite aware of the exaggerated interpretation placed on Mr. Chamberlain's utterances. On this occasion the fact was also manifested that von Bülow, though he is acquainted with almost all the countries of Europe from personal experience, does not know England. He had plainly underestimated the effect of his speech in England, otherwise he certainly would not have gone so far merely for *les beaux yeux* of the Anglophobes.

Bülow as a Speaker.

Count Bülow's voice is not exactly what one would term rhetorically beautiful; it is somewhat "fleshy," the intonation is sharp and military, but the voice carries very well, and every word is audible in the most distant corner of a house not famous for its acoustic properties. He is fond of quotations, and exhibits his predilection in this respect not only in his public speeches but also in private conversation. Goethe is his

favourite poet, and he quotes him with zest; but he is also able to draw at will from the utterances of French, Italian, and English poets and statesmen. He possesses an unusual fund of humour, and appreciates humour in others. He is therefore able to laugh heartily at witticisms, even when their point is directed against himself and the Government. He has further a decided fondness for small parliamentary skirmishes, which yield him cheap triumphs, as in them he is able to exhibit his dexterous command of dialectics. It has been repeatedly observed in the Reichstag that, after he has delivered an important speech, the counterblasts of Herr Richter or Herr Bebel, the Radical and Socialist leaders, do but incite him to another effort designed to weaken the effect of their parliamentary attacks. How he rejoices when he gets the laugh on his own side by exhibiting the Radical gladiators in the contradictory light of inconsistent utterances! Where von Bülow laughs, Bismarck used to grow angry; and as he knew that anger was not good for him, he acquired the habit of rising and ostentatiously leaving his seat whenever Richter began to speak. It cannot be gainsaid that von Bülow's style of parliamentary eloquence harbours this danger: that it may be easily worn out. People accustom themselves gradually to the light tone of elegant banter, as well as to his pathos, and they are already beginning to apply a more critical standard to the contents of the Chancellor's utterances. The speech, for instance, in which he introduced the Tariff Bill was a disappointment for friend and foe alike; whereas his most recent speech, concerning the Triple Alliance and the international situation generally, may bear comparison with the masterpieces of Bismarckian rhetoric.

His Policy—what is it?

What is Count von Bülow's policy? The question is difficult to answer, since, as I have already pointed out, he endeavours to cast a veil over his ultimate aims. Despite his flirtations with the Agrarians, I regard him as a man of comparatively Liberal sentiments. But Bülow is an opportunist. When he sees that he cannot secure the adoption of his views he takes up an attitude of wise reserve. Moreover, his position is not yet sufficiently firm to allow him to attempt ruthlessly to put into execution his individual ideas. For the present he considers it easier to govern with the existing majority than to force an issue in the political struggle and endeavour to create a new majority. He will therefore in all cases favour a compromise rather than a fight. It is possible, and even probable, that when he feels that his position is more secure he may exhibit himself in other colours; for beneath this jovial exterior and behind the mask of the witty *causeur* there undeniably exists a nature of great strength and energy. Meanwhile it remains of course to be seen whether the striving for popular applause may not prove an obstacle to the further development of his statesmanship.

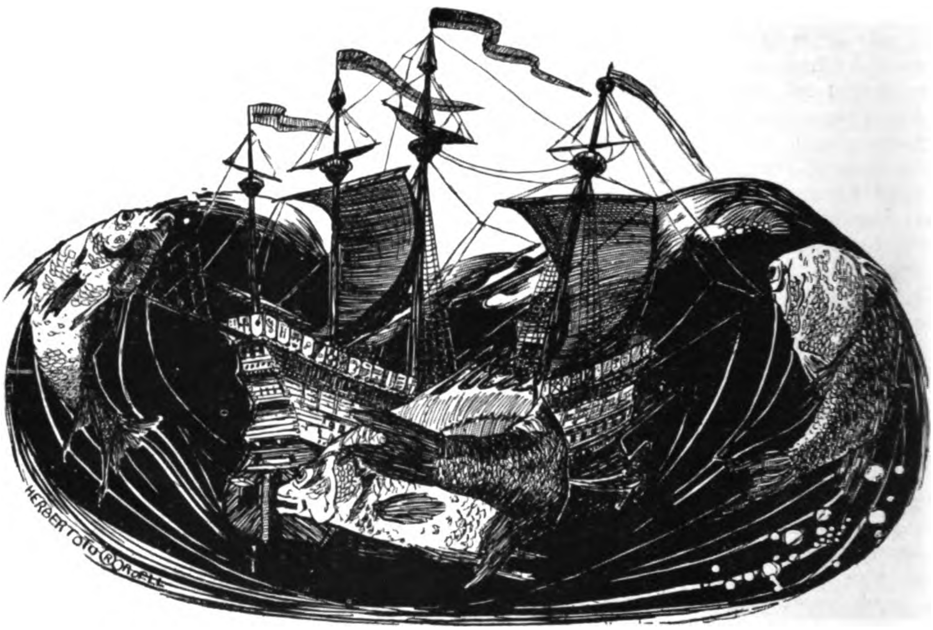
Germany and Great Britain.

As far as foreign policy is concerned Bülow undoubtedly is one of the best diplomatists whom the new German Empire has produced. He is cautious, but does not shrink on occasion from the boldest measures—as witness the sudden occupation of Kiao-chau. Trained in the school of Bismarck, he naturally holds fast to the fundamental principles of Bismarckian policy, although he is anything but a blind worshipper of the first Chancellor. He is indeed a sincere admirer of Bismarck, but this has not prevented him from recognising the great statesman's weak points, especially in questions of domestic policy. Bülow's father was a great friend of Russia, and the present Chancellor likewise regards as the main task of a sound German policy the maintenance of good relations between Germany and Russia. When he speaks, especially in private, on these matters, it is difficult not to believe that he is also a warm friend of England. But in this respect it is hard to decide whether the Chancellor is expressing his own views or those of his Imperial master. On the whole he is not exactly regarded as Anglophile. At all events he perceives, like all wise politicians, that Germany, now that she has, since Bismarck's retirement, inaugurated a Weltpolitik, and thus greatly augmented the points of friction with other Powers, must lay stress on the cultivation of good relations with England, on whose good-will Germany—her Chancellor knows—is dependent in various parts of the world. The other day, when Count Bülow's speech about the Triple Alliance called forth so many comments at home and abroad, the Chancellor is said to have expressed himself about as

follows:—"It is really amusing! The second Chancellor was charged with having cut off the 'Russian wire'; the third Chancellor that from Berlin to London; and I myself am now represented as if I were going to smash the Triple Alliance, so that Germany would be splendidly isolated. In reality, however, I strive for the maintenance of the Triple Alliance and of the existing good relations between Germany and the other Great Powers."

Bülow and the Emperor.

It is self-evident that neither Count Bülow nor his predecessors have been in a position to achieve results that may even distantly be compared with those vouchsafed to Prince Bismarck. But, apart from the consideration that statesmen of this magnitude are not granted to every generation, it may be pointed out that the position of Prince Bismarck in later years was incomparably easier than that of Bülow, not only by reason of his own personality, but also by reason of the disposition of his Imperial master. Prince Bismarck was practically the ruler of Germany, for the old Emperor trusted him implicitly. Bismarck was consequently able to carry forward his policy untroubled by apprehensions concerning his relations with the monarch. In fighting the Opposition in Parliament he was not compelled to bother about the impression his utterances might create in higher quarters—as long as the Emperor William I. was alive. But he himself learned finally what it meant to have an impulsive nature like that of the Emperor William II. over him. Scarcely two years had elapsed before his lack of adaptiveness and of self-denial brought about his fall. Caprivi owed his dismissal to the same deficiencies. Bülow, on the contrary, possesses in a high degree the qualities that were missing in his predecessors. He is a statesman who walks with easy confidence on the polished floor of the court. He chooses instinctively the right moment for withdrawing his person in order that the person of the Emperor may shine with the more effulgence. He understands how to push the car of state so that the Imperial occupant does not observe it. If Bülow had not adopted the diplomatic career, and become Chancellor, he might have made a most perfect master of court ceremonies. Prince Bismarck, on the contrary, would have been quite unfitted for such a part. Here lies the fundamental difference of their characters. Prince Bismarck once said: "The Chancellor bears sole responsibility for all the actions of the Emperor"; the Chancellor is, as he put it, "the only ministerial garment which the Emperor possesses." Bülow also holds fast to this principle, and keeps vigilant watch that no third party intrudes between himself and the Emperor. This was the main reason why he shook off Herr von Miquel. Next to his undeniable capacity, his cheerful temper and his love of art and science, which also distinguishes the Emperor in a pronounced degree, have contributed to facilitate his relations with the monarch. Moreover, he stands closer to the Emperor in a human sense, in that he is many years younger than his predecessors. Last, but not least, the number of capable men in Germany, who are able to hold the strings of domestic as well as of foreign policy, is so limited that the Emperor and the Empire would experience the greatest embarrassment if for some reason or other Count Bülow were to disappear to-day from the political stage.



TYPHOON.

BY JOSEPH CONRAD.

CHAPTER V.

HE listened. Before his eyes the engines turned with slow labour, that in the moment of going off into a mad fling would stop dead at Mr. Rout's shout, "Look out, Beale!" They seemed to wait in an intelligent immobility, stilled in mid-stroke, a heavy crank arrested on the cant, as if conscious of danger and the passage of time. Then, with a "Now, then!" from the chief, and the sound of a breath expelled through clenched teeth, they would accomplish the interrupted revolution and begin another.

There was the prudent sagacity of wisdom and the deliberation of enormous strength in their movements. This was their work—this patient coaxing of a distracted ship over the fury of waves and into the very eye of the wind. At times Mr. Rout's chin would sink on his breast, and he watched them with knitted eyebrows as if lost in thought.

The voice that kept the hurricane out of Jukes' ear began: "Take the hands . . . ," and left off unexpectedly.

"What could I do with the hands, sir?"

A harsh, abrupt, imperious clang exploded suddenly. The three pairs of eyes flew up to the telegraph dial to see the hand jump from FULL to STOP, as if snatched by a devil. And then these three men in the engine-room had the intimate sensation of a check upon the ship, of a strange shrinking, as if she had gathered herself for a leap.

"Stop her!" bellowed Mr. Rout.

Nobody—not even Captain MacWhirr, who alone on deck had caught sight of a white line of foam coming on at such a height that he couldn't believe his eyes—nobody was to know the steepness of that sea and the awful depth of the hollow the hurricane had scooped behind the running wall of water.

It raced to meet the ship, and, with a pause, as of girding the loins, the *Nan-Shan* lifted her bows and leaped. The flames in all the lamps sank, darkening the engine-room. One went out. With a tearing crash and a swirling, raving tumult, tons of water fell upon the deck, as though the ship had darted under the foot of a cataract.

Down there they looked at each other, stunned.

"Swept from end to end, by God!" bawled Jukes.

She dipped into the hollow straight down, as if going over the edge of the world. The engine-room toppled forward menacingly, like the inside of a tower nodding in an earthquake. An awful racket, of iron things falling, came from the stokehold. She hung on this appalling slant long enough for Beale to drop on his hands and knees and begin to crawl as if he meant to fly on all fours out of the engine-room, and for Mr. Rout to turn his head slowly, rigid, cavernous, with the lower jaw dropping. Jukes had shut his eyes, and his face in a moment became hopelessly blank and gentle, like the face of a blind man.

At last she rose slowly, staggering, as if she had to lift a mountain with her bows.

Mr. Rout shut his mouth; Jukes blinked; and little Beale stood up hastily.

"Another one like this, and that's the last of her," cried the chief.

He and Jukes looked at each other, and the same thought came into their heads. The Captain! Everything must have been swept away. Steering gear gone—ship like a log. All over directly.

"Rush!" ejaculated Mr. Rout thickly, glaring with enlarged, doubtful eyes at Jukes, who answered him by an irresolute glance.

The clang of the telegraph gong soothed them instantly. The black hand dropped in a flash from STOP to FULL.

"Now then, Beale!" cried Mr. Rout.

The steam hissed low. The piston-rods slid in and out. Jukes put his ear to the tube. The voice was ready for him. It said: "Pick up all the money." Bear a hand now. I'll want you up here." And that was all.

"Sir?" called up Jukes. There was no answer.

He staggered away like a defeated man from the field of battle. He had got, in some way or other, a cut above his left eyebrow—a cut to the bone. He was not aware of it in the least: quantities of the China Sea, large enough to break his neck for him, had gone over his head, had cleaned, washed, and salted that wound. It did not bleed, but only gaped red; and this gash over the eye, his dishevelled hair, the disorder of his clothes, gave him the aspect of a man worsted in a fight with fists.

"Got to pick up the dollars." He appealed to Mr. Rout, smiling pitifully, at random.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Rout wildly. "Pick up . . . ? I don't care. . . ." Then, quivering in every muscle, but with an exaggeration of paternal tone, "Go away now, for God's sake. You deck people 'll drive me silly. There's that second mate been going for the old man. Don't you know? You fellows are going wrong for want of something to do. . . ."

At these words Jukes discovered in himself the beginnings of anger. Full of hot scorn against the chief, he turned to go the way he had come. In the stokehold the plump donkeyman toiled with his shovel mutely, as if his tongue had been cut out; but the second was carrying on like a noisy, undaunted maniac, who had preserved his skill in the art of stoking under a marine boiler.

"Hallo, you wandering officer! Hey! Can't you get some of your slush-slingers to wind up a few of them ashes? I am getting choked with them here. Curse it! Hallo! Hey! Remember the articles: *Sailors and firemen to assist each other.* Hey! D'ye hear?"

Jukes was climbing out frantically, and the other, lifting up his face after him, howled, "Can't you speak? What are you poking about here for? What's your game, anyhow?"

A frenzy possessed Jukes. By the time he was back amongst the men in the darkness of the alleyway, he felt ready to wring all their necks at the slightest sign of hanging back. The very thought of it exasperated him. *He* couldn't hang back. They shouldn't.

The impetuosity with which he came amongst them carried them along. They had already been excited and startled at all his comings and goings — by the fierceness and rapidity of his movements; and more felt than seen in his rushes, he appeared formidable — busied with matters of life and death that brooked no delay. At his first word he heard them drop into the bunker one after another obediently, with heavy thumps.

They were not clear as to what would have to be done. "What is it? What is it?" they were asking each other. The boatswain tried to explain; the sounds of a great scuffle surprised them; and the mighty shocks, reverberating awfully in the black bunker, kept them in

mind of their danger. When the boatswain threw open the door it seemed to them that an eddy of the hurricane, stealing through the iron sides of the ship, had set all the coolies whirling like dust: there came to them a confused uproar, a tempestuous tumult, a fierce mutter, gusts of screams dying away, and the tramping of feet mingling with the blows of the sea.

For a moment they glared, blocking the doorway. Jukes pushed through them brutally. He said nothing, and simply darted in. Another lot of Chinamen on the ladder, struggling suicidally to break through the battened hatch to a swamped deck, fell off as before, and he disappeared under them like a man overtaken by an avalanche.

The boatswain yelled excitedly: "Come along. Get the mate out. He'll be trampled to death. Come on."

They charged in, stamping on breasts, on fingers, on faces, catching their feet in heaps of clothing, kicking broken wood; but before they could get hold of him Jukes emerged waist deep in a multitude of clawing hands. In the instant he had been lost to view, all the buttons of his jacket had gone, its back had got split up to the collar, his waistcoat had been torn open. The central struggling mass went over to the roll, dark, indistinct, helpless, with a wild gleam of many eyes in the dim light of the lamps.

"Leave me alone—damn you. I am all right," screeched Jukes. "Drive them forward. Watch your chance when she pitches. Forward with 'em. Drive them against the bulkhead. Jam 'em up."

The rushing of these men into the seething 'tween-deck was like a splash of cold water into a boiling cauldron. The commotion sank for a moment.

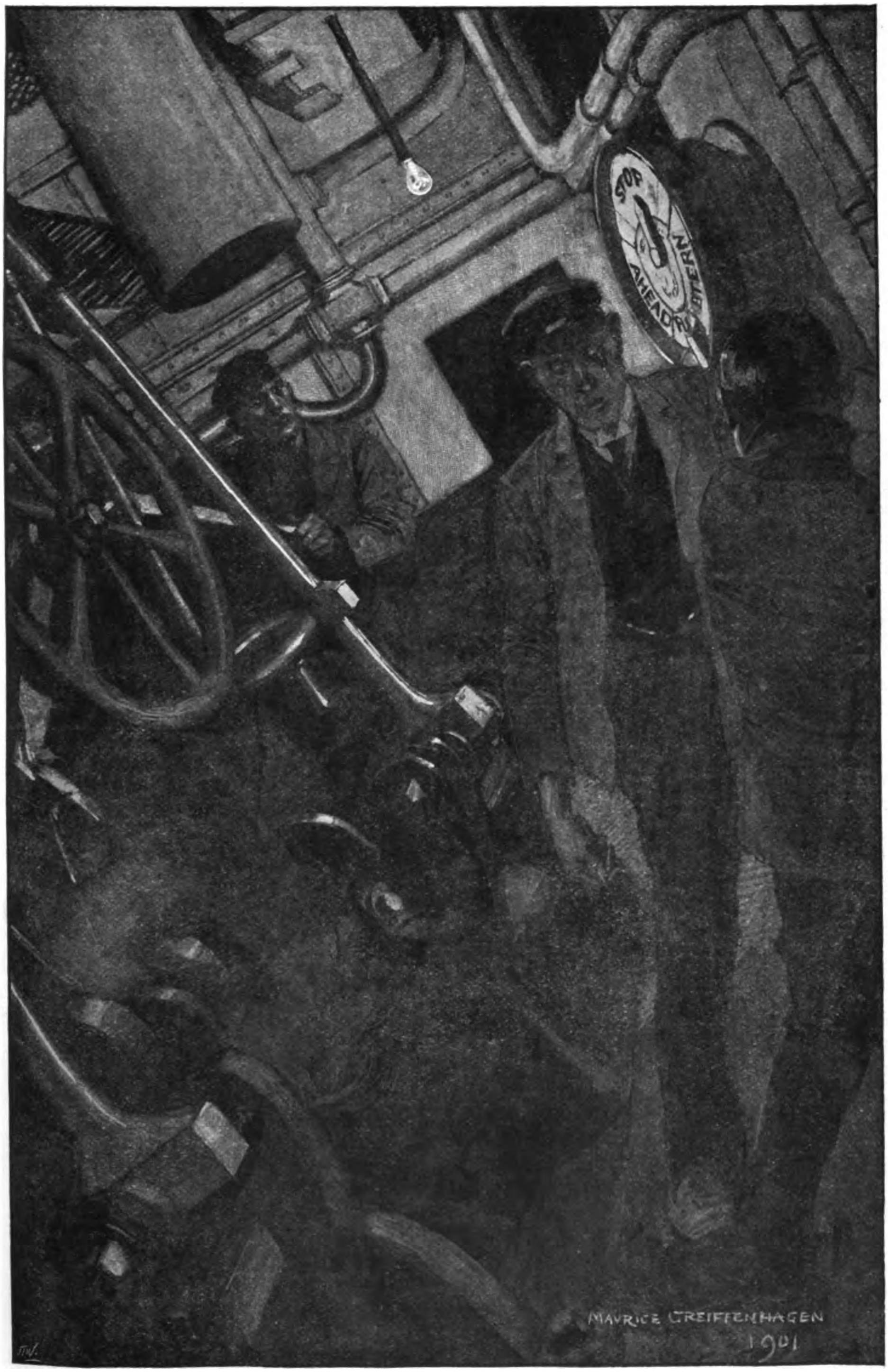
The bulk of Chinamen were locked in such a compact scrimmage that, linking their arms and aided by an appalling dive of the ship, the seamen sent it forward in one great shove, like a solid block. Behind their backs small clusters and loose bodies tumbled from side to side.

The boatswain performed prodigious feats of strength. With his long arms open, and each great paw clutching at a stanchion, he stopped the rush of seven entwined Chinamen rolling like a boulder. His joints cracked; he said, "Ha!" and they flew apart. But the carpenter showed the greater intelligence. Without saying a word to anybody he went back into the alleyway, where he found several coils of cargo gear—chain and rope. With these life-lines were rigged.

There was really no resistance. The struggle, however it began, had turned into a scramble of blind panic. If they had started after their dollars they were by that time fighting only for their footing. They took each other by the throat merely to save themselves from being hurled about. Whoever got a hold anywhere would kick at the others who caught at his legs and hung on, till a roll sent them flying together across the deck.

The coming of the white devils was a terror. Had they come to kill? The individuals torn out of the ruck became very limp in the seamen's hands: some, dragged aside by the heels, were passive, like dead bodies, with open, fixed eyes. Here and there a coolie would fall on his knees as if begging for mercy; several, whom the excess of fear made unruly, were hit with hard fists between the eyes, and cowered; while those who were hurt submitted to rough handling, blinking rapidly without a plaint. Faces streamed with blood; there were raw places on the shaven heads, scratches, bruises, torn wounds and gashes. The broken porcelain out of the chests was mostly responsible for the latter. Here and there a Chinaman, with his tail unplaited, nursed a bleeding sole.

They had been ranged closely, after having been shaken into submission, cuffed a little to allay excitement, addressed in gruff words of encouragement that sounded like promises of evil. They sat on the deck in ghastly, drooping rows, and at the end the carpenter, with two hands to help him, moved busily from place to place, setting taut and hitching the life-lines. The boatswain, with one leg and one arm embracing a stanchion, struggled with a lamp pressed to his breast, trying to get a light, and growling all the time like an industrious gorilla. The figures of seamen stooped repeatedly, with the movements of gleaners, and everything was being flung into the bunker: clothing, smashed wood, broken china, and the dollars too, gathered up in men's jackets. Now and then a sailor would stagger towards the doorway with his arms full of rubbish; and dolorous, slanting eyes followed his movements.



"He and Jukes looked at each other."

With every roll of the ship the long rows of sitting Celestials would sway forward brokenly, and her headlong dives knocked together the line of shaven polls from end to end. When the wash of water rolling on the deck died away for a moment, it seemed to Jukes, yet quivering from his exertions, that in his mad struggle down there he had overcome the wind somehow: that a silence had fallen upon the ship, a silence in which the sea knocked thunderously at her sides.

Everything had been cleared out of the 'tween-deck—all the wreckage, as the men said. They stood erect and tottering above the level of heads and drooping shoulders. Here and there a coolie sobbed for his breath. Where the high light fell, Jukes could see the salient ribs of one, the yellow, wistful face of another; bowed necks; or would meet a dull stare directed at his face. He was amazed that there had been no corpses; but the lot of them seemed at their last gasp, and they appeared to him more pitiful than if they had been all dead.

Suddenly one of the coolies began to speak. The light came and went on his lean, straining face; he threw his head up like a baying hound. From the bunker came the sounds of knocking and the tinkle of some dollars rolling loose; he stretched out his arm, his mouth yawned black, and the incomprehensible guttural hooting sounds, that did not seem to belong to a human language, startled Jukes as if a brute had tried to be eloquent.

Two more started mouthing what seemed to Jukes fierce denunciations, and the others stirred with grunts and growls. Jukes ordered the hands out hurriedly. He went last himself, backing through the door, while the grunts rose to a loud murmur and hands were extended after him as after a malefactor. The boatswain shot the bolt, and remarked uneasily, "Seems as if the wind had dropped, sir."

The seamen were glad to get back into the alleyway. Secretly each of them thought that at the last moment he could rush out on deck—and that was a comfort. There is something horribly repugnant in the idea of being drowned under a deck. Now they had done with the Chinamen, they again became conscious of the ship's position.

Jukes on coming out of the alleyway found himself up to the neck in the noisy water. He gained the bridge, and discovered he could detect obscure shapes as if his sight had become preternaturally acute. He saw faint outlines. They recalled not the familiar aspect of the *Nan-Shan*, but something remembered—an old dismantled steamer he had seen years ago rotting on a mudbank. She recalled that wreck.

There was no wind, not a breath, except the faint currents created by the lurches of the ship. The smoke tossed out of the funnel was settling down upon her deck. He breathed it as he passed forward. He felt the deliberate throb of the engines, and heard small sounds that seemed to have survived the great uproar: the knocking of broken fittings, the rapid tumbling of some piece of wreckage on the bridge. He perceived dimly the squat shape of his captain holding on to a twisted bridge rail, motionless and swaying as if rooted to the planks. The unexpected stillness of the air oppressed him.

"We have done it, sir," he gasped.

"Thought you would," said Captain MacWhirr.

"Did you?" murmured Jukes to himself.

"Wind fell all at once," went on the Captain.

Jukes burst out: "If you think it was an easy job——"

But his captain, clinging to the rail, paid no attention. "According to the books the worst is not over yet."

"If most of them hadn't been half dead with sea-sickness and fright, not one of us would have come out alive," said Jukes.

"Had to do what's fair by them," mumbled MacWhirr stolidly. "You don't find everything in books."

"Why, I believe they would have risen on us if I hadn't ordered the hands out of that pretty quick," continued Jukes with warmth.

After the whisper of their shouts, their ordinary tones, so distinct, rang out very loud in the amazing stillness of the air. It seemed to them they were talking in a dark and echoing vault.

Through a jagged aperture in the dome of clouds the light of a few stars fell upon the black sea, rising and falling confusedly. Sometimes the head of a watery cone would fall on board and mingle with the rolling flurry of foam on the swamped

deck; and the *Nan-Shan* wallowed heavily at the bottom of a circular cistern of clouds. This ring of dense vapours, gyrating madly round the calm of the centre, encompassed the *Nan-Shan* like a motionless and unbroken wall of blackness inconceivably sinister. Within, the sea, as if agitated by an internal commotion, leaped in peaked mounds that jostled each other, slapping heavily against the ship; and a low moaning sound, the infinite plaint of the storm's fury, came from beyond the limits of the menacing calm. Captain MacWhirr remained silent, and Jukes' ready ear caught suddenly the faint, long-drawn roar of some immense wave rushing under that thick blackness, which made the appalling boundary of his vision.

"Of course," he started resentfully, "they thought we had caught at the chance to plunder them. Of course! You said—pick up the money. Easier said than done. They couldn't tell what was in our heads. We came in, smash—right into the middle of them. Had to do it by a rush."

"As long as it's done . . . ," mumbled the Captain, without attempting to look at Jukes. "Had to do what's fair."

"We shall find yet there's the devil to pay when this is over," said Jukes, feeling very sore. "Let them only recover a bit, and you'll see. They will fly at our throats, sir. Don't forget, sir, she isn't a British ship now. These brutes know it well, too. The damn'd Siamese flag."

"We are on board, all the same," remarked Captain MacWhirr.

"The trouble's not over yet," insisted Jukes prophetically, reeling and catching on. "She's a wreck," he added faintly.

"The trouble's not over yet," assented Captain MacWhirr, half aloud. . . . "Look out for her a minute."

"Are you going off the deck, sir?" asked Jukes hurriedly, as if the storm were sure to pounce upon him as soon as he had been left alone with the ship.

He saw her, battered and solitary, labouring heavily in a wild scene of mountainous black waters lit by the gleams of distant worlds. She moved slowly, breathing into the still core of the hurricane the excess of her strength in a white cloud of steam—and the deep-toned vibration of the escape was like the defiant trumpeting of a living creature of the sea impatient for the renewal of the contest. It ceased suddenly. The still air moaned. Above Jukes' head a few stars shone into the pit of black vapours. The inky edge of the cloud-disc frowned upon the ship under the patch of glittering sky. The stars too seemed to look at her intently, as if for the last time, and the cluster of their splendour sat like a diadem on a lowering brow.

Captain MacWhirr had gone into the chart-room. There was no light there; but he could feel the disorder of that place where he used to live tidily. His armchair was upset. The books had tumbled out on the floor: he scrunched a piece of glass under his boot. He groped for the matches, and found a box on a shelf with a deep ledge. He struck one, and puckering the corners of his eyes, held out the little flame towards the barometer whose glittering top of glass and metals nodded at him continuously.

It stood very low—incredibly low, so low that Captain MacWhirr grunted. The match went out, and hurriedly he extracted another, with thick, stiff fingers.

Again a little flame burst before the nodding glass and metal of the top. His eyes looked at it, narrowed with attention, as if expecting an imperceptible sign. With his grave face he resembled a looted and misshapen pagan burning incense before the oracle of a Joss. There was no mistake. It was the lowest reading he had ever seen.

Captain MacWhirr emitted a low whistle. He forgot himself till the flame diminished to a blue spark, burnt his fingers and vanished. Perhaps something had gone wrong with the thing!

There was an aneroid glass screwed above the couch. He turned that way, struck another match, and discovered the white face of the other instrument looking at him from the bulkhead, meaningly, not to be gainsaid, as though the wisdom of men were made unerring by the indifference of matter. There was no room for doubt now. Captain MacWhirr pshawed at it, and threw the match down.

The worst was to come, then—and if the books were right this worst would be very bad. The experience of the last six hours had enlarged his conception of what heavy weather could be like. "It'll be terrific," he pronounced mentally. He had not consciously looked at anything by

the light of the matches except at the barometer; and yet somehow he had seen that his water-bottle and the two tumblers had been flung out of their stand. It seemed to give him a more intimate knowledge of the tossing the ship had gone through. "I wouldn't have believed it," he thought. And his table had been cleared too: his rulers, his pencils, the inkstand—all the things that had their safe appointed places—they were gone, as if a mischievous hand had plucked them out one by one and flung them on the wet floor. The hurricane had broken in upon the orderly arrangements of his privacy. This had never happened before, and the feeling of dismay reached the very seat of his composure. And the worst was to come yet! He was glad the trouble in the 'tween-deck had been discovered in time. If she had to go after all, then, at least, she wouldn't be going to the bottom with a lot of people in her fighting teeth and claw. That would have been odious. And in that feeling there was a humane intention and a vague sense of the fitness of things.

These instantaneous thoughts were yet in their essence heavy and slow, partaking of the nature of the man. He extended his hand to put back the matchbox in its corner of the shelf. There were always matches there—by his order. The steward had his instructions impressed upon him long before. "A box . . . just there, see? Not so very full . . . where I can put my hand on it, steward. Might want a light in a hurry. Can't tell on board ship *what* you might want in a hurry. Mind, now."

And of course on his side he would be careful to put it back scrupulously. He did so now, but before he removed his hand it occurred to him that perhaps he would never have occasion to use that box again. The vividness of the thought checked him, and for an infinitesimal fraction of a second his fingers closed again on the small object as though it had been the symbol of all these little habits that chain us to the weary round of life. He released it at last, and letting himself fall on the settee, listened for the first sounds of returning wind.

Not yet. He heard only the wash of water, the heavy splashes, the dull shocks of the confused seas boarding his ship from all sides. She would never have a chance to clear her decks.

But the quietude of the air was startlingly tense and unsafe, like a slender hair holding a sword suspended over his head. By this awful pause the storm penetrated the defences of the man and unsealed his lips. He spoke out in the solitude and the pitch darkness of the cabin, as if addressing another being awakened within his breast.

"I shouldn't like to lose her," he said half aloud.

He sat unseen, apart from the sea, from his ship, isolated, as if withdrawn from the very current of his own existence, where such freaks as talking to himself surely had no place. His palms reposed on his knees, he bowed his short neck and puffed heavily, surrendering to a strange sensation of weariness he was not enlightened enough to recognise for the fatigue of mental stress.

From where he sat he could reach the door of a washstand locker. There should have been a towel there. There was. Good . . . He wiped his face, and afterwards went on rubbing his wet head. He towelled himself with energy in the dark, and then sat still with the towel on his knees. A moment passed, in which no one could have known that there was a man sitting in that cabin. Then a murmur arose.

"She may come out of it yet."

When Captain MacWhirr came out on deck, which he did brusquely, as though he had suddenly become conscious of having stayed away too long: the calm had lasted already more than fifteen minutes—long enough to make itself intolerable even to his imagination. Jukes, motionless on the forepart of the bridge, began to speak at once. His voice, blank and forced as though he were talking through hard-set teeth, seemed to spread out on all sides into the darkness, deepening again upon the sea.

"I had the wheel relieved. Hackett began to sing out that he was done. He's lying in there alongside the steering-gear with a face like death. At first I couldn't get anybody to crawl out and relieve the poor devil. That boss'en's worse than no good, I always said. Thought I would have had to go myself and haul out one of them by the neck."

"Ah, well," muttered the Captain. He stood watchful by Jukes' side.

"The second mate's in there too, holding his head. Is he hurt, sir?"

"No—crazy," said Captain MacWhirr, curtly.

"Looks as if he had a tumble, though."

"I had to give him a push," explained the Captain.

Jukes gave an impatient sigh.

"It will come very sudden," said Captain MacWhirr, "and from over there, I fancy. God only knows, though. These books are only good to muddle your head and make you jumpy. It will be bad, and there's an end. If we only can steam her round in time to meet it . . ."

A minute passed. Some of the stars winked rapidly and went out.

"You left them pretty safe?" began the Captain abruptly, as though the silence were unbearable.

"Are you thinking of the coolies, sir? I rigged life-lines all ways across that 'tween-deck."

"Did you? Good idea, Mr Jukes."

"I didn't . . . think you cared to . . . know," said Jukes—the lurching of the ship cut his speech as though somebody had been jerking him around while he talked—"how I got on with . . . that infernal job. We did it. And it may not matter in the end."

"Had to do what's fair, for all—they are only Chinamen. Give them the same chance with ourselves—hang it all. She isn't lost yet. Bad enough to be shut up below in a gale——"

"That's what I thought when you gave me the job, sir," interjected Jukes moodily.

"——without being battered to pieces," pursued Captain MacWhirr with rising vehemence. "Couldn't let that go on in my ship, if I knew she hadn't five minutes to live. Couldn't bear it, Mr. Jukes."

A hollow rising noise, like that of a shout echoing in a rocky chasm, approached the ship and went away again. The last star, blurred, enlarged, as if returning to the fiery mist of its beginning, struggled with the colossal depth of blackness hanging over the ship—and went out.

"Now for it!" muttered Captain MacWhirr. "Mr. Jukes."

"Here, sir."

The two men were growing indistinct to each other.

"We must trust her to go through it and come out on the other side. That's plain and straight. There's no room for Captain Wilson's storm-strategy here."

"No, sir."

"She will be smothered and swept again for hours," mumbled the Captain. "There's not much left by this time above deck for the sea to take away—unless you or me."

"Both, sir?" whispered Jukes breathlessly.

"You are always meeting trouble half way, Jukes," Captain MacWhirr remonstrated quaintly. "Though it's a fact that the second mate is no good. D'ye hear, Mr. Jukes? You would be left alone if . . ."

Captain MacWhirr interrupted himself, and Jukes, glancing on all sides, remained silent.

"Don't you be put out by anything," the Captain continued, mumbling rather fast. "Keep her facing it. They may say what they like, but the heaviest seas run with the wind. Facing it—always facing it—that's the way to get through. You are a young sailor. Face it. That's enough work for any man. Keep a cool head."

"Yes, sir," said Jukes, with a flutter of the heart.

In the next few seconds the Captain spoke to the engine-room and got an answer.

For some reason Jukes experienced an access of confidence, a thing that came from outside like a warm breath, and made him feel equal to every demand. The distant muttering of the darkness stole into his ears. He noted it unmoved, out of that sudden belief in himself, as a man in a shirt of mail would watch a point.

The ship laboured without intermission amongst the black hills of water, paying with this hard tumbling the price of her life. She rumbled in her depths, shaking a white plummet of steam into the night, and Jukes' thought skimmed like a bird through the engine-room, where Mr. Rout—good man—was ready. When the rumbling ceased it seemed to him that there was a pause of every sound, a dead pause in which Captain MacWhirr's voice rang out startingly.

"What's that? A puff"—it spoke much louder than Jukes had ever heard it before—"on the bow? That's right. She may come out of it yet."

The mutter of the winds drew near apace. In the forefront could be distinguished a drowsy waking plaint passing

on, and far off the growth of a multiple clamour, marching and expanding. There was the throb as of many drums in it, a vicious rushing note, and like the chant of a tramping multitude.

Jukes could no longer see his captain distinctly. The darkness was absolutely piling itself upon the ship. At most he made out movements, a hint of elbows spread out, of a head thrown up.

Captain McWhirr was trying to do up the top button of his coat with unwonted haste. The hurricane, with its power to madden the seas, to sink ships, to uproot trees, to overturn strong walls and dash the very birds of the air to the ground, had found this taciturn man in its path, and, doing its utmost, had managed to wring out a few words. Before the renewed wrath of winds swooped on the ship, Captain MacWhirr was moved to declare, in a tone of vexation, as it were: "I wouldn't like to lose her."

He was spared that annoyance.

On a bright sunshiny day, with the breeze chasing her smoke far ahead, the *Nan-Shan* came into Fu-chau. Her arrival was at once noticed on shore, and the seamen in harbour said: "Look! Look at that steamer. What's that? Siamese—isn't she? Just look at her."

She seemed, indeed, to have served as a target for the secondary batteries of a cruiser. A hail of minor shells could not have given her upper works a more broken, torn and devastated aspect: and she had about her the worn, weary air of ships coming from the far ends of the world—and indeed with truth, for in her short passage she had been very far—sighting, verily, even the coast of the Great Beyond, whence no ship ever returns to give up her crew to the dust of the earth. She was incrusted and grey with salt to the trucks of her masts and to the top of her funnel; as though (as some facetious seaman said) "the crowd on board had fished her out somewhere from the bottom of the sea and brought her in here for salvage." And further, excited by the felicity of his own wit, he offered to give five pounds for her—"as she stands."

Before she had been quite an hour at rest, a meagre little man, with a red-tipped nose and a face cast in an angry mould, landed from a sampan on the quay of the Foreign Concession, and incontinently turned to shake his fist at her.

A tall individual, with legs much too thin for a rotund stomach, and with watery eyes, strolled up and remarked, "Just left her—eh? Quick work."

He wore a soiled suit of blue flannel with a pair of dirty cricketing-shoes; a dingy grey moustache drooped from his lip, and daylight could be seen in two places between the rim and the crown of his hat.

"Hallo! What are you doing here?" asked the ex-second-mate of the *Nan-Shan*, shaking hands hurriedly.

"Standing by—chance worth taking—got a quiet hint," explained the man with the broken hat, in jerky, apathetic wheezes.

The second shook his fist again at the ship. "There's a fellow there that ain't fit to have the command of a scow," he declared, quivering with passion, while the other looked about listlessly.

"Is there?"

But he caught sight on the quay of a heavy seaman's chest, painted brown under a fringed sailcloth cover, and lashed with new manila line. He eyed it with awakened interest.

"I would talk and raise trouble if it wasn't for that damned Siamese flag. Nobody to go to—or I would make it hot for him. The fraud! Told his chief engineer—that's another fraud for you—I had lost my nerve. The greatest lot of ignorant fools that ever sailed the seas. No! You can't think . . ."

"Got your money all right?" inquired his seedy acquaintance suddenly.

"Yes. Paid me off on board," raged the second mate. "'Get your breakfast on shore,' says he."

"Mean skunk!" commented the tall man vaguely, and passed his tongue on his lips. "What about having a drink of some sort?"

"He struck me," hissed the second mate.

"No! You don't say!" The man in blue began to bustle about sympathetically. "Can't possibly talk here. I want to know all about it. Struck—eh? Let's get a fellow for your chest. I know a quiet place."

Mr. Jukes, who had been scanning the shore through a pair of glasses, informed the chief engineer afterwards that "our late second mate hasn't been long in

finding a friend. A chap looking uncommonly like a bummer. I saw them walk away together from the quay."

The hammering and banging of the needful repairs did not disturb Captain MacWhirr. The steward found in the letter he wrote, in a tidy chart-room, passages of such absorbing interest that twice he was nearly caught in the act. But Mrs. MacWhirr, in the drawing-room of the forty-pound house, stifled a yawn—perhaps out of self-respect—for she was alone. She reclined in a plush-bottomed and gilt hammock-chair near a tiled fireplace, with Japanese fans on the mantel and a glow of coals in the grate. Lifting her hands, she glanced wearily here and there into the many pages. It was not her fault they were so prosy, so completely uninteresting—from "My darling wife" at the beginning, to "Your loving husband" at the end. She couldn't be really expected to understand all these ship affairs. She was glad, of course, to hear from him, but she had never asked herself why, precisely.

". . .They are called typhoons . . . not in books. . . . The mate did not seem to like it . . . couldn't think of letting it go on. . . ."

The paper rustled sharply. ". . . A calm that lasted over twenty minutes," she read perfunctorily; and the next words her thoughtless eyes caught, on the top of another page, were: "see you and the children again. . . ." She had a movement of impatience. He was always thinking of coming home. He had never had such a good salary.

It did not occur to her to turn back overleaf to look. She would have found it recorded there that between 4 and 6 a.m. on December 25th, Captain MacWhirr did actually think that his ship could not possibly live another hour in such a sea, and that he would never see his wife and children again. Nobody was to know this (his letters got mislaid and lost so often)—nobody but the steward, who had been greatly impressed by that disclosure. So much so, that he tried to give the cook some idea of the "narrow squeak we all had" by saying solemnly, "The old man himself had a dam' poor opinion of our chance."

"How do you know?" asked contemptuously the cook, an old soldier, "He hasn't told you, maybe?"

"Well, he did give me a hint to that effect," the steward brazened it out.

"Get along with you! He will be coming to tell *me* next," jeered the old cook over his shoulder.

Mrs. MacWhirr glanced farther, on the alert. ". . . Do what's fair. . . . Miserable objects. . . . Only three, with a broken leg each, and one . . . Thought had better keep the matter quiet . . . hope to have done the fair thing. . . ."

She let fall her hands. No: there was nothing more about coming home. Must have been merely expressing a pious wish. Mrs. MacWhirr's mind was set at ease, and a black marble clock, priced by the local jeweller at £3 18*s.* 6*d.*, had a discreet stealthy tick.

The door flew open before a girl in the long-legged, short-frocked period of existence, who flung into the room. A lot of colourless, rather lanky hair was scattered over her shoulders. Seeing her mother, she stood still, and directed her pale prying eyes upon the letter.

"From father," murmured Mrs. MacWhirr. "What have you done with your ribbon?"

The girl put her hands up and pouted.

"He's well," continued Mrs. MacWhirr languidly. "At least I think so. He never says." She had a little laugh. The girl's face expressed a wandering indifference, and Mrs. MacWhirr surveyed her with fond pride.

"Go and get your hat," she said after a while. "I am going out to do some shopping. There is a sale at Linom's."

"Oh, how jolly!" uttered the child impressively, in unexpectedly grave vibrating tones, and bounded out.

It was a fine afternoon, with a grey sky and dry sidewalks. Outside the draper's Mrs. MacWhirr smiled upon a woman in a black mantle of generous proportions, armoured in jet and crowned with flowers blooming falsely above a bilious matronly countenance. They broke into a swift little babble of greetings and exclamations both together, very hurried, as if the street were ready to yawn open and swallow all that pleasure before it could be expressed.

Behind them the high glass doors were kept on the swing. People couldn't pass, men stood aside waiting patiently, and Lydia was absorbed in poking the end of her parasol between the stone flags. Mrs. MacWhirr talked rapidly.

"Thank you very much. He's not coming home yet. Of course it's very sad to have him away, but it's such a comfort to know he keeps so well" Mrs. MacWhirr drew breath. "The climate there agrees with him," she added beamingly, as if poor MacWhirr had been away touring in China for the sake of his health.

Neither was the chief engineer coming home yet. Mr. Rout knew too well the value of a good billet.

"Solomon says wonders will never cease," cried Mrs. Rout joyously at the old lady in her armchair by the fire. Mr. Rout's mother moved slightly her withered hands lying in black half-mittens on her lap.

The eyes of the engineer's wife fairly danced on the paper. "That captain of the ship he is in—a rather simple man, you remember, mother?—has done something rather clever, Solomon says."

"Yes, my dear," said the old woman meekly, sitting with bowed silvery head, and that air of inward stillness characteristic of very old people who seem lost in watching the last flickers of life. "I think I remember."

Solomon Rout, Old Sol, Father Sol, The Chief, "Rout, good man"—Mr. Rout the austere and paternal friend of youth, had been the baby of her many children—all dead by this time. And she remembered him best as a boy of ten—long before he went away to serve his apprenticeship in some great engineering works in the North. She had seen so little of him since, she had gone through so many years, that she had now to retrace her steps very far to recognise him plainly in the mist of time. Sometimes it seemed that her daughter-in-law was talking of some strange man.

Mrs. Rout junior was disappointed. "H'm. H'm." She turned the page. "How provoking! He doesn't say what it is. Says I couldn't understand how much there was in it. Fancy! What could it be so very clever? What a wretched man not to tell us!"

She read on without further remark soberly, and at last sat looking into the fire. The chief wrote just a word or two of the typhoon; but something had moved him to express an increased desire for the companionship of the jolly woman. "If it hadn't been that mother must be looked after, I would send you your passage money to-day. You could set up a small house out here. I would see you sometimes then. We are not growing younger . . . ."

"He's well, mother," sighed Mrs. Rout, rousing herself.

"He always was a strong healthy boy," said the old woman placidly.

But Mr. Jukes' account was really animated and very full. His friend in the Western Ocean trade imparted it freely to the other officers. "A chap I know writes to me about an extraordinary affair that happened on board his ship in that typhoon—you know—that was in the papers two months ago. It's the funniest thing. Just see for yourself what he says. I'll show you his letter."

There were phrases in it calculated to give the impression of light-hearted, indomitable resolution. Jukes had written them in good faith, for he felt thus when he wrote. He described with lurid effect the scenes in the 'tween-deck. ". . . It struck me in a flash that those confounded Chinamen couldn't tell we weren't a desperate kind of robbers. 'Tisn't good to part the Chinaman from his money if he is the stronger party. We need have been desperate indeed to go thieving in such weather, but what could these beggars know of us? So, without thinking of it twice, I got the hands away in a jiffy. Our work was done—that the old man had set his heart about. We cleared out without staying to inquire how they felt. I am convinced that if they had not been so unmercifully shaken, and afraid—each individual one of them—to stand up, we would have been torn to pieces. Oh! It was pretty complete, I can tell you; and you may run to and fro across the Pond to the end of time before you find yourself with such a job on your hands."

After this he alluded professionally to the damage done to the ship, and went on thus:

"It was when the weather quieted down that the situation became confoundedly delicate. It wasn't made any better by us having been lately transferred to the Siamese flag; though the skipper can't see that it makes any difference—'as long as *we* are on board'—he says. There are feelings that this man simply hasn't got—and there's an end of it. You might just as well try to make a bedpost understand. But apart from this it is an infernally

lonely state for a ship to be going about the China seas with no proper consuls, not even a gunboat of her own anywhere, nor a body to go to in case of some trouble.

"My notion was to keep these Johnnies under hatches another fifteen hours or so; as we weren't much farther than that from Fu-chau. We would find there, most likely, some sort of a man-of-war, and once under her guns we were safe enough; for surely any skipper of a man-of-war—English, French or Dutch—would see white men through as far as row on board goes. We could get rid of them and their money by delivering them to their Mandarin or Taotai, or whatever they call these chaps in goggles you see being carried about in sedan chairs through their stinking streets.

"The old man wouldn't see it somehow. He wanted to keep the matter quiet. He got that notion into his head, and a steam windlass couldn't drag it out of him. He wanted as little fuss made as possible, for the sake of the ship's name and for the sake of the owners—'for the sake of all concerned,' says he, looking at me very hard. It made me angry hot. Of course you couldn't keep a thing like that quiet; but the chests had been secured in the usual manner and were safe enough for any earthly gale, while this had been an altogether fiendish business I couldn't give you even an idea of.

"Meantime, I could hardly keep on my feet. None of us had a spell of any sort for nearly thirty hours, and there the old man sat rubbing his chin, rubbing the top of his head, and so bothered he didn't even think of taking his long boots off.

"'I hope, sir,' says I, 'you won't be letting them out on deck before we make ready for them in some shape or other.' Not, mind you, that I felt very sanguine about controlling these beggars if they meant to take charge. A trouble with a cargo of Chinamen is no child's play. I was dam' tired, too. 'I wish,' said I, 'you would let us throw the whole lot of these dollars down to them and leave them to fight it out amongst themselves, while we get a rest.'

"'Now you talk wild, Jukes,' says he, looking up in his slow way that makes you ache all over, somehow. 'We must plan out something that would be fair to all parties.'

"I had no end of work on hand, as you may imagine, so I set the hands going, and then I thought I would turn in a bit. I hadn't been in my bunk ten minutes when in rushes the steward and begins to pull at my leg.

"'For God's sake, Mr. Jukes, come out! Come on deck quick, sir. Oh, do come out!'

"The fellow scared all the sense out of me. I didn't know what had happened: another hurricane—or what. Could hear no wind.

"'The Captain's letting them out. Oh, he is letting them out! Jump on deck, sir, and save us. The chief engineer has just run below for his revolver.'

"That's what I understood the fool to say. However, Father Rout swears he went in there to get a clean pocket-handkerchief. Anyhow, I made one jump into my trousers and flew on deck aft. There was certainly a good deal of noise going on forward of the bridge. Four of the hands with the boss'en were at work abaft. I passed up to them some of the rifles all the ships on the China coast carry in the cabin, and led them on the bridge. On the way I ran against Old Sol, looking startled and sucking at an unlighted cigar.

"'Come along,'" I shouted to him.

"We charged, seven of us, up to the chart-room. All was over. There stood the old man with his sea-boots still drawn up to the hips and in shirt-sleeves—got warm thinking it out, I suppose. Bun-hin's dandy clerk at his elbow, as dirty as a sweep, was still green in the face. I could see directly I was in for something.

"'What the devil are these monkey tricks, Mr. Jukes?' asks the old man, as angry as ever he could be. I tell you frankly it made me lose my tongue. 'For God's sake, Mr. Jukes,' says he, 'do take away these rifles from the men. Somebody's sure to get shot before long if you don't. Damme, if this ship isn't worse than Bedlam! Look sharp, now. I want you up here to help me and Bun-hin's Chinaman count that money. You wouldn't mind lending a hand too, Mr. Rout, now you are here. The more of us the better.'

"He had settled it all while I was having a snooze. Had we been an English ship, or only going to land our cargo of coolies in an English port, like Hong-Kong, for instance, there would have been no end of inquiries and bother, claims for damages

and so on. But these Chinamen know their officials better than we do.

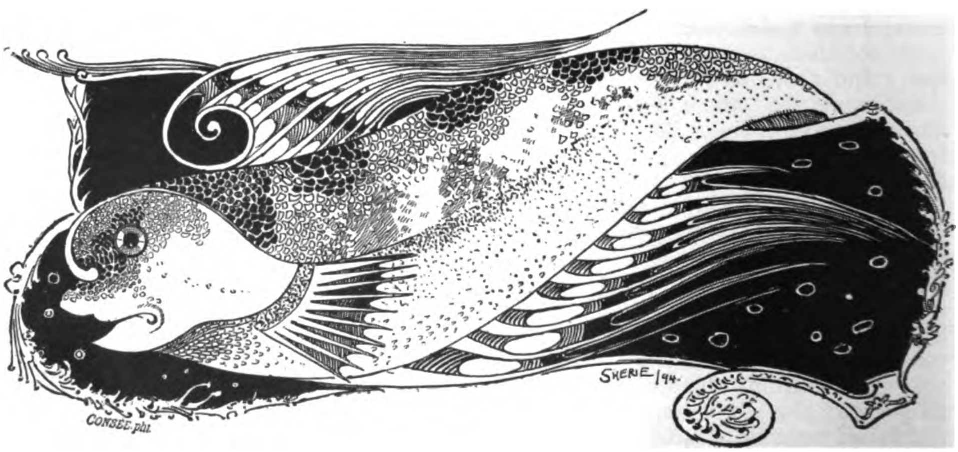
"The hatches had been taken off already, and they were all on deck after a night and a day down below. It made you feel queer to see so many gaunt, wild faces together. The beggars stared about at the sky, at the sea, at the ship, as though they had expected the whole thing to have been blown to pieces. And no wonder! They had had a doing that would have shaken the soul out of a white man. But then they say a Chinaman has no soul. He has, though, something about him that is deuced tough. There was a fellow (amongst others of the badly hurt) who had had his eye all but knocked out. It stood out of his head the size of half a hen's egg. This would have laid out a white man on his back for a month: and there was that chap elbowing here and there and talking to the others as if nothing had been the matter. They made a great hubbub amongst themselves, and whenever the old man showed his bald head on the foreside of the bridge, they would all leave off and look at him from below.

"It seems that after he had done his thinking he made that Bun-hin's fellow go down and explain to them the only way they could get their money back. He told me afterwards that, all the coolies having worked in the same place, and for the same length of time, he reckoned he would be doing the fair thing by them as near as possible if he shared all the cash we had picked up equally among the lot. You couldn't tell one man's dollars from another's, and if you asked each man he was afraid they would lie, and he would find himself a long way short. I think he was right there. As to giving up the money to any Chinese official he could scare up in Fu-chau, he said he might just as well put the lot in his own pocket at once for all the good it would be to them. I suppose they thought so too.

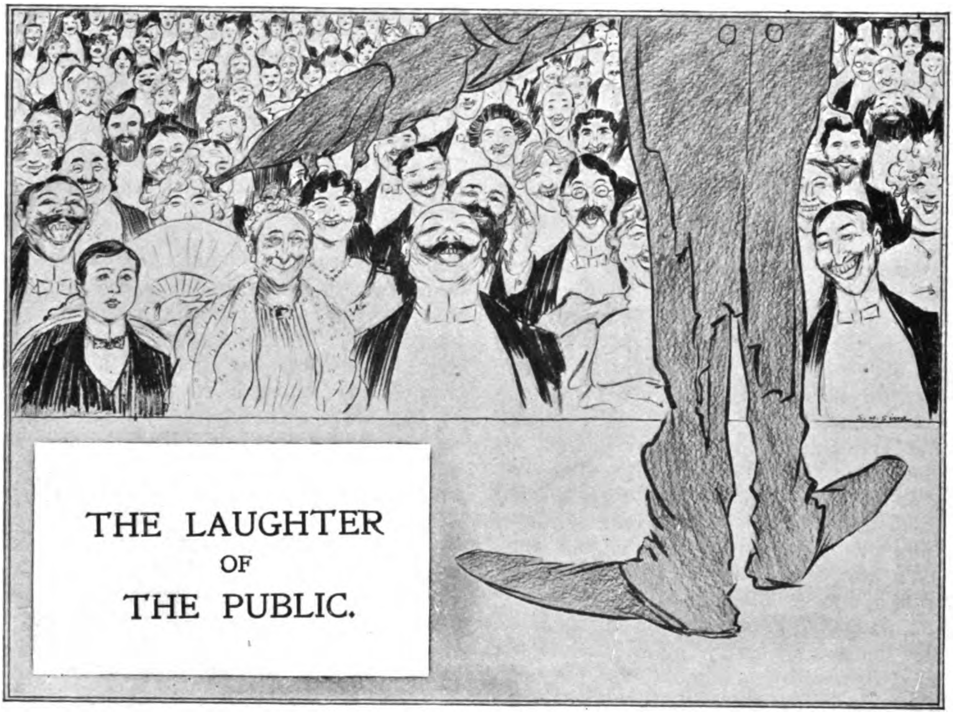
"We finished the distribution before dark. It was rather a sight: the sea running high, the ship a wreck to look at, these Chinamen staggering up on the bridge one by one for their share, and the old man still booted, and in his shirt-sleeves, busy paying out at the chartroom door, perspiring like anything, and now and then coming down sharp on myself or Father Rout about one thing or another not quite to his mind. He took the share of those who were disabled himself to them on the No. 2 hatch. There were three dollars left over, and these went to the three most damaged coolies, one to each. We turned-to afterwards, and shovelled out on deck heaps of wet rags, all sorts of fragments of things without shape, and that you couldn't give a name to, and let them settle the ownership themselves.

"This certainly is coming as near as can be to keeping the thing quiet for the benefit of all concerned. What's your opinion, you pampered mail-boat swell? The old chief says that this was plainly the only thing that could be done. The skipper remarked to me the other day, 'There are things you find nothing about in books.' I think that he had not done badly for such a stupid man."

THE END.



THE ROUND TABLE.



THE LAUGHTER OF THE PUBLIC.

BY MAX BEERBOHM.

THEY often tell me that So-and-so has no sense of humour. Lack of this sense is everywhere held to be a horrid disgrace, nullifying any number of delightful qualities. Perhaps the most effective means of disparaging an enemy is to lay stress on his integrity, his erudition, his amiability, his courage, the fineness of his head, the grace of his figure, his strength of purpose, which has overleaped all obstacles, his goodness to his parents, his devotion to his wife, the kind word that he has for every one, his musical voice, his display of all the most lovable qualities in human nature, his utter freedom from aught that in human nature is base; and then to say what a pity it is that he has no sense of humour. The more highly you extol any one, the more eagerly will your audience accept anything you may have to say against him. Conversely, the longer the list you give of his defects, the richer the soil for your final seed of praise. Perfection is unloved in this imperfect world, whereas for imperfection comes instant sympathy. Whereas any excuse is good enough for exalting the bad or stupid brother of us, any stick is a welcome weapon against him who has the effrontery to have been by Heaven better graced than we. And what weapon could match for deadliness the imputation of being without sense of humour? To say that a man lacks that sense is to strike him with one blow to a level with the beasts of the field—to kick him, once and for all, outside the human pale. What is it that mainly distinguishes us from the brute creation? That we walk erect? Some brutes are bipeds. That we do not slay one another? We do. That we build houses? So do they. That we remember and reason? So, again, do they. That we converse? They are chatterboxes, whose lingo we are not sharp enough to master.

On no possible point of superiority can we preen ourselves save this: that we can laugh, and that they, with one specific exception, cannot. They (so, at least, we assert) have no sense of humour. We have. Away with any one of us who hasn't!

Belief in the general humorousness of the human race is the more deep-rooted for that every man is certain that he himself is not without sense of humour. A man will admit cheerfully that he does not know one tune from another, or that he cannot discriminate the vintages of wines. The blind beggar does not seek to benumb sympathy by telling his alms-givers how well they are looking. The deaf and dumb do not scruple to converse in signals. "Have you no sense of beauty?" I said to a friend who, one day, in the Louvre, suggested that we had been standing long enough beneath the Winged Victory. "No!" was his simple, straightforward, quite unanswerable answer. But I have never heard a man assert that he had no sense of humour. And I take it that no such assertion ever was made. Moreover, were it made, it would be a lie. Every man laughs. Frequently or infrequently, the corners of every man's mouth are drawn up into his cheeks, and through his parted lips comes his own particular variety, soft or loud, of that noise which is called laughter. Frequently or infrequently, every man is amused by something. Every man has a sense of humour, but not every man the same sense. A may be incapable of smiling at what has convulsed B, and B may stare blankly when he hears what has rolled A off his chair. Jokes are so diverse that no one man can see them all. The very fact that he can see one kind is proof positive that certain other kinds will be invisible to him. And so egoistic in his judgment is the average man that he is apt to suspect of being humourless any one whose sense of humour squares not with his own. But the suspicion is always false, incomparably useful though it is in the form of an accusation.

As a weekly critic of drama, embittered against the public because it can and does, in my opinion, mar the art which it ought to be making—that one art which without its help hardly can be made—I have often accused the public of having no sense of humour. To Ishmael, with his hand against all men, and every man's hand against his, some license in controversy is due. That pathetic hand may be pardoned, surely, for snatching up a weapon unsanctioned by the rules of the game. Nevertheless, my conscience pricks me to atonement. Let me withdraw my oft-made imputation, and show its hollowness by examining with you, reader (who are, of course, no more a member of the public than I am), what are the main features of that sense of humour which the public does undoubtedly possess.

The word "public" must, like all collective words, be used with caution. When we speak of our hair, we should remember not only that the hairs on our heads are all numbered, but also that there is a catalogue raisonné in which every one of those hairs is shown to be in some respect unique. Similarly, let us not forget that "public" denotes a collection not of identical units, but of units separable and (under close scrutiny) distinguishable one from another. I have said that not every man has the same sense of humour. I might have said truly that no two men have the same sense of humour, for that no two men have the same brain and temperament and experience, by which the sense of humour is formed and directed. One joke may go round the world, tickling myriads, but not two persons will be tickled in precisely the same way, to precisely the same degree. If the vibrations of inward or outward laughter could be (as some day, perhaps, they will be) scientifically registered, differences between them all would be made apparent to us. "Oh," is your cry, whenever you hear something that especially amuses you, "I must tell that to" whomever you credit with a sense of humour most akin to your own. And the chances are that you will be disappointed by his reception of the joke. Either he will laugh less loudly than you hoped, or he will say something which reveals to you that it amuses him and you not in quite the same way. Or perhaps he will laugh so long and loudly that you are irritated by the suspicion that you have not yourself gauged the full beauty of it. In one of his books (I do not remember which, though they, too, I suppose, are all numbered) Mr. Andrew Lang tells a story that has always delighted and always

will delight me. He was in a railway-carriage, and his travelling-companions were two strangers, two silent ladies, middle-aged. The train stopped at Salisbury. The two ladies exchanged a glance. One of them sighed, and said, "Poor Jane! She had reason to remember Salisbury!" . . . That is all. But how much! how deliciously and memorably much! How infinite a span of conjecture is in those dots which I have just made! And yet, would you believe me? some of my most intimate friends, the people most like to myself, see little or nothing of the loveliness of that pearl of price. Perhaps you *would* believe me. That is the worst of it: one never knows. The most sensitive intelligence cannot predict how will be appraised its any treasure by its how near soever kin.

This sentence, which I admit to be somewhat affected, has the merit of bringing me straight to the point at which I have been aiming: that, though the public is composed of distinct units, it may roughly be regarded as a single entity. Precisely because you and I have sensitive intelligences, we cannot postulate certainly anything about each other. The higher an animal be in grade, the more numerous and recondite are the points in which its organism differs from that of its peers. The lower the grade, the more numerous and obvious the points of likeness. By "the public" I mean that vast number of human animals who are in the lowest grade of intelligence. (Of course, this classification is made without reference to social "classes." The public is recruited from the upper, the middle, and the lower class. That the recruits come mostly from the lower class is because the lower class is still the least well-educated. That they come in as high proportion from the middle class as from the less well-educated upper class, is because the "young Barbarians," reared in a more gracious environment, often acquire a grace of mind which serves them as well as would mental keenness.) Whereas in the highest grade, to which you and I belong, the fact that a thing affects you in one way is no guarantee that it will not affect me in another, a thing which affects one man of the lowest grade in a particular way is likely to affect all the rest very similarly. The public's sense of humour may be regarded roughly as one collective sense.

It would be impossible for any one of *us* to define what are the things that amuse him. For him the wind of humour bloweth where it listeth. He finds his jokes in the unlikeliest places. Indeed, it is only there that he finds them at all. A thing that is labelled "comic" chills his sense of humour instantly—perceptibly lengthens his face. A joke that has not a serious background, or some serious connection, means nothing to him. Nothing to him, the crude jape of the professional jester. Nothing to him, the jangle of the bells in the wagged cap, the thud of the swung bladder. Nothing, the joke that hits him violently in the eye, or pricks him with a sharp point. The jokes that he loves are those quiet jokes which have no apparent point—the jokes which never can surrender their secret, and so can never pall. His humour is an indistinguishable part of his soul, and the things that stir it are indistinguishable from the world around him. But for the primitive, untutored public, humour is a harshly definite affair. The public can achieve no delicate process of discernment in humour. Unless a joke hits it in the eye, drawing forth a shower of illuminative sparks, all is darkness for the public. Unless a joke be labelled "Comic. Come! why don't you laugh?" the public is quite silent. Violence and obviousness are thus the essential factors. The surest way of making a thing obvious is to provide it in some special place, at some special time. It is thus that humour is provided for the public, and thus that it is easy for the student to lay his hand on materials for an analysis of the public's sense of humour. The obviously right plan for the student is to visit the music-halls from time to time, and to buy the comic papers. Neither these halls nor these papers will amuse him directly through their art, but he will instruct himself quicklier and soundlier from them than from any other source, for they are the authentic sources of the public's laughter. Let him hasten to patronise them.

He will find that I have been there before him. The music-halls I have known for many years. I mean, of course, the real old-fashioned music-halls, not those depressing palaces where you

see by grace of a biograph things that you have seen much better, and without a headache, in the street, and pitiable animals being forced to do things which Nature has forbidden them to do—things which we can do so very much better than they, without any trouble. Heaven defend me from those meaningless palaces! But the little old music-halls have always attracted me by their unpretentious raciness, their quaint monotony, the reality of the enjoyment on all those stolidly rapt faces in the audience. Without that monotony there would not be the same air of general enjoyment, the same constant guffaws. That monotony is the secret of the success of music-halls. It is not enough for the public to know that everything is meant to be funny, that laughter is craved for every point in every "turn." A new kind of humour, how obvious and violent soever, might take the public unawares, and be received in silence. The public prefers always that the old well-tested and well-seasoned jokes be cracked for it. Or rather, not the same old jokes, but jokes on the same old subjects. The quality of the joke is of slight import in comparison with its subject. It is the matter, rather than the treatment, that counts, in the art of the music-hall. Some subjects have come to be recognised as funny. Two or three of them crop up in every song, and before the close of the evening all of them will have cropped up many times. I speak with authority, as an earnest student of the music-halls. Of comic papers I know less. They have never allured me. They are not set to music—an art for whose cheaper and more primitive forms I have a very real sensibility; and I am not, as I peruse them, privy to the public's delight in them—my copy cannot be shared with me by hundreds of people whose mirth is wonderful to see and hear. And the bare contents are not such as to enchant me. However, for the purpose of this essay, I did go to a bookstall and buy as many of these papers as I could see—a terrific number, a terrific burden to stagger away with. I have gone steadily through them, one by one. My main impression is of wonder and horror at the amount of hebdomadal labour implicit in them. Who writes for them? Who does the drawings for them—those thousands of little drawings, week by week, so neatly executed? To think that daily and nightly, in so many an English home, in a room sacred to the artist, sits a young man inventing and executing designs for *Chippy Snips*! To think how many a proud mother must be boasting to her friends: "Yes, Edward is doing wonderfully well—more than fulfilling the hopes we always had of him. Did I tell you that the editor of *Natty Tips* has written asking him to contribute to his paper? I believe I have the letter on me. Yes, here it is," etc., etc.! The awful thing is that many of the drawings in these comic papers are done with very real skill. Nothing is sadder than to see the hand of an artist wasted by alliance to a vacant mind, a common spirit. I look through these drawings, conceived all so tritely and stupidly, so hopelessly and helplessly, yet executed—some of them—so very well indeed, and I sigh over the haphazard way in which mankind is made. However, my concern is not with the tragedy of these draughtsmen, but with the specific forms taken by their humour. Some of them deal in a broad spirit with the world-comedy, limiting themselves to no set of funny subjects, finding inspiration in the habits and manners of men and women at large. "HE WON HER" is the title appended to a picture of a young lady and gentleman seated in a drawing-room, and the libretto runs thus: "*Mabel:* Last night I dreamt of a most beautiful woman. *Harold:* Rather a coincidence. I dreamt of you, too, last night." I have selected this as a typical example of the larger style. This style, however, occupies but a small space in the bulk of the papers that lie before me. As in the music-halls, so in these papers, the entertainment consists almost entirely of variations on certain ever-recurring themes. I have been at pains to draw up a list of these themes. I think it is exhaustive. If any fellow-student detect an omission, let him communicate with me. Meanwhile, here is my list:—

Mothers-in-law
Hen-pecked husbands
Twins
Old maids
Jews
Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Niggers (not Russians, or other foreigners of any denomination)

Fatness
Thinness
Long hair (*worn by a man*)
Baldness
Sea-sickness
Stuttering
"*Bloomers*"
Bad cheese
"*Shooting the moon*" (*slang expression for leaving a lodging-house without paying the bill*)
Red noses

You might argue that one week's budget of comic papers is no real criterion—that the recurrence of these themes may be fortuitous. My answer to that objection is that this list coincides exactly with a list which (before studying these papers) I had made of the themes commonest, during the past ten years, in the music-halls. This twin list, which results from separate study of the two chief forms of public entertainment, may be taken as a sure guide to the goal of our inquiry.

Let us try to find some unifying principle, or principles, among the variegated items. Take the first item—*Mothers-in-law*. Why should the public roar, as roar it does, at the mere mention of that relationship? There is nothing intrinsically absurd in the notion of a woman with a married daughter. It is probable that she will sympathise with her daughter in any quarrel that may arise between husband and wife. It is probable, also, that she will, as a mother, demand for her daughter more unselfish devotion than the daughter herself expects. But this does not make her ridiculous. The public laughs not at her, surely. It always respects a tyrant. It laughs at the implied concept of the oppressed son-in-law, who has to wage unequal warfare against two women. It is amused by the notion of his embarrassment. It is amused by suffering. This explanation covers, of course, the second item on my list—*Hen-pecked husbands*. It covers, also, the third and fourth items. The public is amused by the notion of a needy man put to double expense, and of a woman who has had no chance of fulfilling her destiny. The laughter at Jews, too, may be a survival of the old Jew-baiting spirit (though one would have thought that even the British public must have begun to realise, and to reflect gloomily, that the whirligig of time has so far revolved as to enable the Jews to bait the Gentiles). Or this laughter may be explained by the fact which alone can explain why the public laughs at *Frenchmen*, *Germans*, *Italians*, *Niggers*. Jews, after all, are foreigners, strangers. The British public has never got used to them, to their faces and tricks of speech. The only apparent reason why it laughs at the notion of *Frenchmen*, *etc.*, is that they are unlike itself. (At the mention of *Russians and other foreigners* it does not laugh, because it has no idea what they are like: it has seen too few samples of them.) So far, then, we have found two elements in the public's humour: delight in suffering, contempt for the unfamiliar. The former motive is the more potent. It accounts for the popularity of all these other items: *extreme fatness*, *extreme thinness*, *baldness*, *sea-sickness*, *stuttering*, "*shooting the moon*" (as entailing distress for the landlady), and *red noses*. The motive of contempt for the unfamiliar accounts for two of the remaining items: *long hair* (*worn by a man*) and "*bloomers*." Remains one item unexplained. How can mirth possibly be evoked by the notion of *bad cheese*? Having racked my brains for the solution, I can but conjecture that it must be the mere ugliness of the thing. Why any one should be amused by mere ugliness I cannot conceive. Delight in cruelty, contempt for the unfamiliar, I can understand, though I cannot admire them. They are invariable elements in children's sense of humour, and it is natural that the public, as being unsophisticated and therefore childlike, should laugh as children laugh. But any nurse will tell you that children are frightened by ugliness. Why, then, is the public amused by it? I know not. The laughter at *bad cheese* I abandon as a mystery. I pitch it among such other insoluble problems as *Why does the public laugh when an actor and actress in a quite serious play kiss each other? Why does it laugh when a meal is eaten on the stage? Why does it laugh when any actor has to say "damn"?*

If they cannot be solved soon, such problems never will be solved. For Mr. Forster's Act will soon have had time to make apparent its effects. Soon the public will proudly possess a sense of humour as sophisticated, reader, as ours.

IN THE TIME OF SINGING BIRDS.

BY CHRISTIAN BURKE.

THERE'S a murmur and stir in the under-world,
  A hurry of life to greet the sun—
The little green leaves are wide uncurled,
  And primroses open one by one ;
The boisterous winds blow kind and soft
  As they feel the kiss of the rainbow showers,
And the merry brown larks sing high aloft,
    And woods are alight with flowers.

You seemed so weary, O Earth, and old,
  A feeble traveller scant of breath,
With the blood in your veins grown dull and cold
  You dwelt in the Shadow-land of Death !
And then, on a sudden, we scarce knew when,
  You rose with the break of the first Spring day
And laughed in the face of forgetful men
    And passed on your royal way !

You whispered a word to the wand'ring breeze,
  And the almond-blossoms their petals shed,
And soon will laburnum and lilac trees
  Give place to the hawthorn white and red :
There's a mating of birds and bleating of flocks,
  The ploughman goes whistling up the dawn—
And the river is leaping o'er fern-fringed rocks
    Like a creature newly born !

Come out, O dwellers in cities bred—
  The dewy meadows are cool and sweet,
There's a cloudless canopy for your head,
  A daisied pavement to rest your feet :
And the gold that you hoard in mint and mart
  Is surely a poor and passing thing
To the Heaven-stored wealth of Nature's heart
    In the first glad days of Spring !



THE WAYS OF THE WORLD.

THE NEW ENGLISH ACADEMY.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

AWAY upon the northern fringe of London, somewhere about the border-line, if border-line there be, where the wild and desolate spaces of nature meet the wilder and more desolate suburban streets, there lies an object which bears the unusually poetic name of "Watkin's Folly." It is a thing profoundly interesting, and not easily to be met with in any other area or in any other age but ours. It is a modern ruin. For so fast does the pulse of time beat now (as if the universe itself were in a fever) that things in an hour grow a thousand years old, conquests are supposed to be instantaneous, continents are promised us like cakes for a Christmas morning, and our very ruins are recent. But this particular ruin, which stands in Wembley Park, is the unfinished foundation of a tower which was intended to be higher than the Eiffel Tower; and the dismal and fantastic phantom of it rose before me when I heard of the New English Academy.

For the first and most urgent question which ought to arise in connection with the Academy is the simple question, Why are we instituting it? If we are instituting it because of our zeal for learning, because of our passionate absorption in the things of the mind, it is well. But if we are instituting an English Academy because there is a French Academy, because other nations have institutions of this kind, and of varying degrees of excellence, and we must have one better than all the rest, then there lies over all our plans and triumphs the shadow of "Watkin's Folly." The Watkin Tower in Wembley Park was founded unquestionably and decisively with the idea that France had produced the highest iron tower in the world, and that we must build one higher. The ideal was, of course, in itself a gross and infantile ideal, like the ideal of having the largest national collection of lost walking-sticks, or producing the man who had grown the longest of all possible beards. But, such as it was, it had been done by France triumphantly and well, and the attempt to better it was of the very essence of vulgarity. To do something which you do not want to do, which it is no part of your personal plan or instinct to do, but which the triumph of some one else has stung you into doing, is to confess the most fundamental weakness. It is, indeed, to confess a weakness which lies at the very heart of competition. For competition in this sense is not so much a war between men desiring to conquer as a war between men afraid of being conquered; it is not a battle of brave men, but a battle of ferocious and insatiable cowards. If we are instituting an Academy or instituting anything else because we think that if we do not we shall be trampled underfoot by other peoples who do possess such educational institutions, then it is idle for us to indulge in any such aim. A great deal of rhetorical eulogy has been lavished upon the tendency which goes by the name of emulation. But it has seldom been noticed that emulation has in its very nature something inconsistent with originality. Emulation is imitation, and in its wildest triumphs it can never be anything else.

It is really astonishing how little

patriotism we have in these days in this matter. Our aim is not to carry out our own great national instincts and institutions to their highest possible outcome, but to do everything that every other nation has done better than they have done it. It is not enough for us that we have the oldest record of political liberty in the world, that we have the greatest dramatist in the world, that we founded the physical science of the world, that we founded the political science of the world, that we founded America, and produced Darwin. We must not only be English, we must be more French than the French, more German than the German, more exquisitely and successfully Zulu than the Zulu himself. We must have conscription, a larger and more disciplined army than Russia. We must have, at all costs to culture and dignity, a bolder and more commercial journalism than America. We must have, whatever our motives and whatever our objects, an Academy of literature in Great Britain equal to the Academy of France. This is emulation which is the pompous name of imitation. It is a madness, and of a madness by its very nature there is no end. The same spirit would rebel against the fact that we had not a church as large as St. Peter's, or a pit as large as the Roman Amphitheatre; the same spirit would even object that we had not a desert as large as the Sahara, or a beast as large as the Indian elephant. The same spirit would end by erecting in London a tower more sloping than the Tower of Pisa, and directing the London Water Companies, on pain of a death, already well merited, to organise on the Serpentine something far more impressive than Niagara.

It is the haunting suspicion that this spirit is really the spirit at the back of the proposal for an English Literary Academy which constitutes the one real doubt and dread about its fulfilment. That this suspicion is no idle or fanciful one, any man who possesses any insight or historical imagination can test for himself by reading the current publications, which announce the causes which have led to the proposed foundation of the new Academy. The ground specifically stated in all the notices which I have seen is, that we suddenly awoke to the necessity of such an institution on discovering that we were not represented properly at a Paris Exhibition. In further proof of this I may quote the actual words. "The steps by which this desirable consummation has been reached were briefly as follows: At a meeting of the representatives of the chief European and American Academies held at Wiesbaden in October 1899, a proposal was drawn up for the organisation of an International Association of the principal Scientific and Literary Academies of the world. This scheme provided for the division of the Association into two sections: viz., a section of 'Natural Science,' and a section of 'Literary Science,' the term 'literary' being used to indicate the sciences of language, history, philosophy, and antiquities, and other subjects, the study of which is based on scientific principles, but which are not included under the term 'Natural Science.' While the Royal Society of London represented the United Kingdom at the Association in the section of Natural Science, no existing institution was at that date deemed competent to attend on behalf of this country in the section dealing with historical, philosophical, and philological research. In consequence of this defect in the existing English Institutions, these branches of study in the United Kingdom were not represented at the first meeting of the 'International Association of Academies' held in Paris in 1900." Again, as another paper expresses it, "At the congress of representatives of the chief Academies of the world, held in Wiesbaden little more than two years ago, it was decided to form an International Association of the chief Literary and Scientific Academies of all countries, . . . then the blank in our midst due to the absence of any outstanding Literary Academy such as every other nation of eminence is proud to possess, made itself felt."

Everywhere, in short, in the journalistic encomiums lavished upon the new scheme, there is this universal and distinct implication that we are founding something which we not only never possessed before, but never desired before, because we have realised that many other nations possess it. We are ordering it, not as a great decorative genius would order a new scheme of decoration, but as a man anxious to be in the fashion would order a new cut of frock-coat.

Now, if the English Literary Academy is to do anything permanently, and

represent any real achievements which will finally do honour to our country, it is absolutely necessary to ask first and foremost, Is this a proper spirit in which to inaugurate a great centre of learning? If we grant that the French Academy is a great institution representing the classic ideal and common literary enthusiasm of a great nation, is it conceivable that an imitation of such an institution can be piled up in a couple of years by a people who have no enthusiasm for its real object? Learning is an enthusiasm; it is as much an enthusiasm as first love, and it is as dull and common if the colours have gone out of it. If we have this enthusiasm we can found the Literary Academy; if we have it not we can found nothing but a fiasco.

Consider for a moment how ridiculous it would be if we imagined that we could adopt the other great institutions of foreign countries, because we happened to think that they would fill a gap in our national power and protection. Suppose we said, "The peasantry of France and Italy have an enormous advantage in being united in a deep and emotional religious belief, beautified by a hundred graceful legends, adorned with impressive statuary and sublime architecture. Let us also have such a religion. Let the people of Great Britain immediately adopt a deep and emotional belief. Let the *Daily Mail* and the *Sun* be instructed to disseminate graceful legends. Let Mr. Whiteley immediately have a contract for providing thirty ancient cathedrals and a hundred miraculous statues. Let us, in short, found a new religion, and spare no time or expense." Or suppose that we said, "The mysterious stoicism of the Chinese is a great power: let us without a moment's loss of time become mysterious and stoical." Or that we said, "The Hindoos are abstracted and unworldly: we will not only be the richest and most practical nation, we will also be abstracted and unworldly." Or that we said, "The followers of the Mahdi are furious, and die for their faith: let us try and get into the habit of dying furiously for our faith." In one or every of these cases, what would be the answer given by any one who saw into the deeps of human nature? The answer would be, "These things are not done in a day. Many battles, full of the bodily risk of life, go to make up the confidence of the fanatic of the Soudan; many buffetings and humiliations go to make up the meek disdain of the Hindoo; many wars and conflagrations burn in the lights round the statue of the Madonna. If you wish to succeed as a Mahdist you must believe in the Mahdi; if you wish to succeed as a Hindoo speculator you must believe in speculation; if you wish to have a church you must believe in the church." That answer we can probably all endorse; and we can possibly add this corollary also, "If you wish to have a school of learning you must as a nation love learning." The love of learning is quite possible to a nation; it is a perfectly normal, though not a universal human passion. In the great writers of the Middle Ages, such as Dante, and in the Renaissance (which was the culmination of the Middle Ages quite as much as or more than a revolt from it), we find everywhere this conception—that Latin and Greek are as delightful as beer and skittles, that Grammar is not only one of the requirements of youth, but actually and literally one of its pastimes. It is a point that has been seldom noticed, but I have little or no doubt that if the Church of the Middle Ages did, as its enemies assert, discourage learning, it discouraged it as often as not because it was really a form of pleasure and almost of voluptuousness, which bred worldliness and vanity and intemperance.

Scholarship was so much of a delight that it was even a dissipation, and where the modern youth has to be birched to its lessons, the youth of that time had to be birched away from them. It was while the glow of this great boyish pedantry was still upon the world that the French Academy was founded. It was founded by aristocrats while aristocrats had still a tinge of culture, and were not ashamed of being well read as well as well bred. And it has been continued ever since by a nation which has always preserved the belief in its own intellect, in its own knowledge, amid the wreck of every other conceivable belief. It is difficult for us in England to conceive of a sanctity denied to kings, priests and emperors, but never taken away from professors. But such has been the history of France. It has rebelled against Europe; it has rebelled against God; it has rebelled even against rebellion. But it has never rebelled against the great tradition of

learning, which it gained when, in the darkest midnight of the dark ages, students nailed philosophical theses against the walls of the College of the Sorbonne. The crown which St. Louis wore was trampled underfoot; the faith for which St. Louis fought was called a jugglery and a lie. But the French Academy, founded by Cardinal Richelieu, bridged the abyss of the Revolution, and remains powerful and distinguished at the present hour.

Now, the question is, Do we possess and have we any chance of possessing a great scholarly enthusiasm of this kind? If we do possess it, it is indeed astonishing that any one should object to the foundation of an English Academy. But if we do possess it, it is infinitely more astonishing that the English Academy does not exist already, and has not existed for centuries. If we do not possess it, the artificial institution of such an Academy can only make us ridiculous in the eyes of the world. The eulogists of the scheme evidently infer that the absence of such an institution in some degree humiliates us before the other nations. The absence of such an institution does not humiliate us; the failure or insignificance of such an institution would humiliate us to the lowest depths. An academy of learning is not necessary to a nation, any more than a great school of painting, or a concession in China, or a House of Peers. Nations have thriven, and been wise and valiant and enduring, and laid the whole world under everlasting obligations, without any of these things. But there is one thing which is supremely necessary to a nation, and that is its own soul. In so far as the soul of France is in love with learning, it produces a great learned institution. In so far as the soul of England is in love with other things, it will gain everything and lose nothing by seeking first to bring those things to perfection. A nation does indeed borrow, and borrow wisely from other nations, but only when it has itself felt the need of something which the other nation can provide. But it must not borrow because other nations possess something and it is standing before all men naked of that thing. In other words, it must not borrow as the promoters of the English Academy proudly boast that they are borrowing.

In order to illustrate this distinction, it may be as well to take two examples which happen to be singularly cogent and illuminating, and which both come not only from the recent intellectual history of England, but from that very area of education and learning which is covered by most of the discussions. I will take first an example of how lamentably we have collapsed when we acted upon this principle of filling up our gaps with foreign expedients, which we neither desired nor understood. I will take, secondly, an example, constantly referred to by the promoters of the English Academy, of how brilliantly and how solidly we succeed when we are as a nation working at things for which we are sincerely concerned.

This is by no means the first occasion on which Englishmen have been called upon to take unwonted steps in the direction of learning under the pressure of a kind of panic of appearing badly equipped or out of date. The whole of our popular education was undertaken thirty years ago, when the whole nation was stricken with a panic that we were being left behind in the competition of culture and commerce. We were rapid and decisive, as we are when we know what we want; we were industrious and excited, and full of proposals for codes and grants and standards. But we had one slight defect: the defect was that we did not ourselves care one single straw about education. We cared about keeping the lead in trade; we cared about avoiding the repetition of the Gordon riots; we cared about not looking foolish in the face of the nations; but the thought of caring for education never even crossed our minds: that the very word education involved a great idea—that it meant the utmost possible use of a vast material of human nature—was never our principle, because it was never our motive. We wished to educate the dustman, sometimes because we wished to make him a better dustman, sometimes because we wished to make him a worse rioter; but never because we wished to make him, in the full moral and intellectual sense, a good man. And because we set about the task of education without caring a straw for education, the inevitable result has followed—the result that our popular education is the most noisy, the most perplexing, and the most futile of all the problems of the modern world. A hundred examples might be given, but two will suffice. In what country that even

knew enough Latin to understand the word "education" could it ever have been a joke, even a Tory joke, against the Board Schools that they were reported to provide pianos to assist in the vocal training of the children? Any people with a glimmering of culture would have seen that music was right if a thousand other things were wrong.

The other example can be sufficiently briefly indicated. So little did the English people care about education, so little did they even realise that it existed and was a topic full of fascinating diversities, that when they were elected to discuss it, they branched off at the earliest possible moment to a subject out of which they could get some interest and some party divisions, and devoted, heaven alone knows how many sessions, to the discussion of theology.

The case of our popular education is a standing menace to us on any and every occasion on which we adopt any course or erect any institution merely in the spirit which is evident in the preliminary statements of the British Academy; that spirit is evident in its nature. It may be defined as a spirit of savage and hostile imitation. We have attempted to educate our citizen without really caring about him, without having indeed any emotion except a desire to score off the citizens of other countries. We cannot have loved the Englishman in our educational policy; for how can any one who understands the nature of love believe that we love any man, and refuse him a song, or a picture, on the ground that it is only a luxury? The moral, indeed, of this matter is, that we must as a nation get rid at all costs of this notion that we can do things without thinking about them, that we can achieve the triumph without knowing any of the details or feeling any of the enthusiasm. We have already, perhaps, suffered somewhat too much from the notion that war is a kind of automatic machine in which we merely put a penny in the slot and an Anglo-Saxon destiny does the rest. If we wish to conquer bold and serious men we must take some interest in the great science of war, in its abstractions and in its facts, and we must not mind if the facts sometimes go against us. In the same way, if we wish to have a church we must be prepared to sacrifice something to it and to realise its importance apart from material things. If we wish to have a British Academy we must be prepared to sacrifice something to it and to realise its importance apart from material things. But we proceeded on the diametrically opposite principle. We, as a nation, cared nothing for a classical tradition in literature, and perhaps for our own purposes we were right. We allowed our geniuses to fight among themselves in an irresponsible and exciting chaos. We produced all our greatest men of letters, from Shakespeare to Keats, without the sanction of universities or any centres of learning. We did not want an Academy; we produced a crowd of great critics and creative writers without it. But one day it dawned upon us that France and one or two other nations had an Academy. "Then," in the words of the newspaper, "the blank in our midst due to the absence of any outstanding literary Academy, such as any other nation of eminence is proud to possess, made itself felt."

Lastly, there is an example on the other side which will show in a truer light the enduring genius and magnanimity of our people. Everywhere we find in the Academy announcements an allusion to the Royal Society as the parallel institution. The Royal Society is in truth a standing example of the success which attends action upon the opposite principle to that upon which the Academy is advocated. The great Englishmen who made English science in the nineteenth century one of the glorious possessions of mankind did so because they loved their work for its own sake. Darwin did not trouble about filling up gaps or making a show for us before Europe. He loved science as every creed and every woman should be loved, for herself only. It might be enough to make Huxley and Tyndall turn in their graves, perhaps, to say that they were both mystics; but mystics they emphatically were. They believed in a transcendental value in the thing called truth, the practical value of which to mankind has never been proved, and never can be proved. They were as mystically scrupulous concerning the last fraction in the calculations about one of the stars in the nebula of Andromeda as about the calculations of the small-pox hospital. They loved truth truly, and as a bride is loved, and therefore they covered their nation with glory.

NURSERY PICTURES.

BY S. H. SIME.



"There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe."



THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY

AS OTHERS SEE US.

BRITISH STATESMEN THROUGH AMERICAN GLASSES.

PERSONAL STUDIES OF LORD SALISBURY, LORD CURZON, LORD CROMER, SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, LORD LANSDOWNE, SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, MR. ST. JOHN BRODRICK, AND MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM.

[*The following is a second article from the pen of a well-known American publicist, who for many years has given close attention to British politics.*—ED. P. M. M.]

Lord Salisbury.

NOT many Englishmen are less understood in the United States than Lord Salisbury, whether he be discussed as Lord Salisbury or as Prime Minister. I suppose most of us set out with a prejudice against a Conservative because he is a Conservative: perhaps because we are ourselves, in some important ways, among the most "conservative" people in the world. We call him a Tory, and let him go at that. Time was when the name fitted well enough, but it fits no longer. There are few Tories; there is no Tory party, there is no great body of Tory public opinion in England, if you except the country squires and the country parsons, to which that name can be applied rightly. Between the Lord Robert Cecil of forty years ago and the Marquis of Salisbury, who to-day governs the British Empire, there is a far greater interval than the interval of time. If we look at the two men in their relations to us, as we naturally may, the difference is complete. Lord Robert Cecil was our enemy. Than Lord Salisbury we have few better friends among Englishmen of great place. We have, perhaps, a longer memory than we need for enemies and injuries, and when we have adopted a prejudice we cling to it; and we have been slow to forgive the Lord Robert Cecil who wrote and spoke in behalf of the break-up of the Union from 1860 to 1865. We think of him, or did think of him, as the impersonation of the aristocratic hostility to the Republic which we rightly resented then, and resent still. But we forgave Mr. Gladstone, whose enmity was far more effective than Lord Robert Cecil's. Why do we not forgive the other? Is it because the one was labelled Tory and the other Liberal? Or is it because Mr. Gladstone wrote an article of recantation in an American magazine, and his great rival did not?

When Mr. Blaine went to London he took with him a very complete assortment of anti-English opinions and sentiments, and he had a very particular dislike for Lord Salisbury, who was then Foreign Minister. To his surprise he was very well received in London: the English did not trouble themselves to remember too much about his Anglophobia. He was asked to many houses, including some of the best, and went. He was asked, as any visitor of distinction would be, to the Foreign Office party given by Lady Salisbury as wife of the Foreign Minister. He refused to go. "I have attacked Lord Robert Cecil," said the late Secretary of State, "in terms which make it unfit for me to be his guest." In vain was it pointed out to him that the party and invitation were official, that all the chief political opponents as well as supporters of the Government were asked, and finally that it was Lady Salisbury's party, and that her husband's name did not appear on the card. He would not go. He refused for the same reason to meet Lord Salisbury privately. How long ago that seems, and how unlike the easier spirit of to-day! The truth is that the English do not, as a rule, carry public dispute into private life. Lord Salisbury would have welcomed Mr. Blaine, just as he has welcomed most of the public men of his time to whom and by whom in public life, whether in England or abroad, he has been opposed.

If Lord Salisbury has had among all ministers and statesmen of foreign powers

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a steadfast opponent, it was Li Hung Chang, who died only the other day. None the less, when the great Chinaman came to England, did the great Englishman welcome him. As it happened, each liked the other; but the welcome would have been the same had the contrary been true. They met often and cordially. Lord Salisbury gave the Chinaman a garden-party at Hatfield, and treated him almost—not quite—as a royalty. That is to say, all the other guests (the list including almost everybody of social distinction) went down from London by an earlier train, and were all assembled before Li Hung Chang arrived. Lord Salisbury drove to the station to meet him, and brought him to the house. On the steps of the garden entrance stood Lady Salisbury waiting to greet him—a mistake, no doubt, for the Chinese did not understand the customs of Western Europe with respect to women, and the expression on this Oriental's face when he beheld his hostess was peculiar. A marquee had been pitched on the terrace which looks over the beautiful Hertfordshire hills, and in this tent Li Hung Chang held a reception. Many of the most eminent men of the company were presented to him: among others Sir William Harcourt, the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons. Sir William's political rank and importance were duly explained in advance. Li asked the usual questions, adding that he supposed the duties of such a leader were responsible and difficult. Sir William said they were, and in his turn asked a question or two.

"Is there any opposition in China?"

"There are people who are disaffected to the Government."

"But who are the leaders of this opposition?"

"There are none. We cut their heads off."

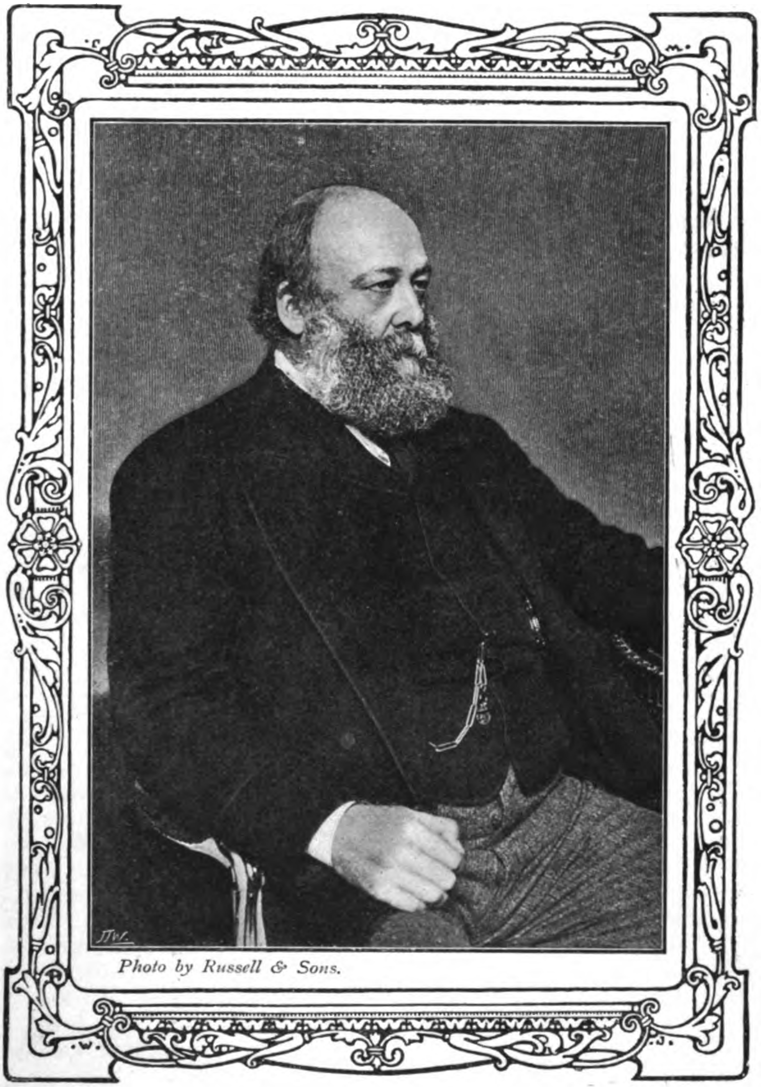
With which this interesting conversation came to an end, Sir William's head remaining on his shoulders.

Ever since Lord Lansdowne succeeded Lord Salisbury as Foreign Minister in 1900 the political gossips have from time to time given out that Lord Salisbury was about to resign his office as Prime Minister on account of ill-health. But he has not resigned, and, while it may well be that he would gladly lay down the burden he has borne so long, I know of no reason for expecting his early resignation. His health is alleged as a reason, but it is certain that his speeches show no decay of intellectual energy. He is in his seventy-second year. Palmerston died Prime Minister at eighty-one. Gladstone was seventy-five when he withdrew in 1894. Lord Russell resigned the premiership at seventy-four, Lord Beaconsfield at seventy-six, and the Duke of Wellington remained in office till he was seventy-seven. They are a tough race, these English statesmen. They must be. Hardly ever does a man attain great eminence in English public life who has not extraordinary physical as well as intellectual powers.

"A glutton for work" is the description of Lord Salisbury by his friends. Lord Randolph Churchill, when Secretary of State for India, was asked whether the details of that office were not difficult to master. "Details," answered Lord Randolph: "you don't suppose I attend to details!" In which respect, as in many others, he was unlike his chief. Said an official who had long worked under the Foreign Minister: "You may often see him take his work away with him. Often he deals himself with a mass of papers, where an ordinary Minister would be content with a *précis*." Despatch-boxes of course follow him. They follow every Minister. But there are two sorts of Ministers—those who deal with the business, and those who let it accumulate. The late Lord Granville was one of the latter; he liked to let things drift.

There is a story, not too authentic, that when Lord Salisbury and Disraeli were looking after British interests at the Peace Congress of Berlin, in 1878, Prince Bismarck was asked what he thought of Lord Salisbury. "Oh," replied the German Chancellor, "Salisbury has brilliant abilities, but the Jew's the man." But the Jew is dead and his successor is still living, and beyond doubt there remains, since Bismarck's disappearance, no statesman in Europe who has either Lord Salisbury's experience or his authority. His name is almost greater on the Continent than at home. England has had no Foreign Minister who was his equal since Palmerston; nor was Palmerston his equal in that kind of knowledge which gives a Minister authority, irrespectively of the power behind him. Palmerston was the John Bull in flesh and blood,

with a touch of arrogance which served his country well in doubtful enterprises. If one quality of character be more conspicuous than another in Lord Salisbury, it is patience: a profound belief, as Philip II. of Spain had, in the efficacy of time. He will not be hurried. In all his diplomacy and under all kinds of pressure you will find the same note, the same tranquillity, the same confidence in returning reason among rulers or people whom for the time it has deserted. His fault as a diplomatist, or at any rate as a despatch-writer, is his inability to resist making a point. When Mr. Olney told him that the fiat of the United States was law all over the North American continent he could not refrain from reminding Mr. Olney that Great Britain was an older and greater North American Power than the United States. The retort rankled; it increased Mr. Cleveland's exasperation and excitement.



The Marquis of Salisbury.
From a portrait taken some years ago.

There are in his speeches celebrated examples of the same fatal facility of phrase-making. But what speeches! Not

among the greatest of the orators, his oratory is an appeal to the intellect perhaps higher in kind than that of any contemporary; and pre-eminently an appeal to the cultured intellect. In felicity none ever excelled him, nor in that symmetrical precision of statement which convinces by mere lucidity. He speaks in the House of Lords with bent head, the shoulders also bent, the whole figure stooping. The most telling sentences come quietly from those half-closed lips. He has, or cares to practise, few of the arts of the orator except finish of diction and impregnable solidity of thought. Rhetoric he has, and a splendid rhetoric, but always subdued to his purpose. There are no fireworks for fireworks' sake. In the Lords he speaks to a hushed audience, seldom responsive, perhaps incapable of energetic emotions. On the platform the audience rises to him, but he scarcely ever responds to their enthusiasm. His reserve seems impenetrable, his sense of duty touching the matter on which he discourses amounts to a religion. There is, indeed, a suggestion of the missionary in his deep and never ostentatious fervour. Mr. Gladstone's real ambition in life, it has been said, was to be Archbishop of Canterbury. He would have set fire to the Church if he had been. But one can think of Lord Salisbury as a Keeper of the King's conscience and Chancellor of the realm: not, indeed, like Becket or Wolsey, yet with their notion that ecclesiasticism was of prime interest to the kingdom. The Churchman is strong in him. It might be doubtful, as between Church and State, which of the two he would feel first.

His talk shows, so far as talk can, the same qualities as his oratory, in a minor key; and in both there is a distinction which is something more than personal. The Cecils have been a great family for near four hundred years, and the latest and greatest of them is a living witness to the truth of that doctrine of transmitted capacity and character which we call heredity. In the House of Lords, in the Foreign Office, in the council chamber, in the drawing-rooms of Arlington Street, and in his home at Hatfield, Lord Salisbury is ever the *grand seigneur*. Let the good American, to whom social and political equality is an article of religious faith, forgive him. He "cannot otherwise," as Luther said.

I will ask the reader to go so far as to imagine that he has had the good fortune to see Lord Salisbury at Hatfield, amid such surroundings of architecture, scenery, a lovely interior, and great historical memories as perhaps no other house in England can equal, Or, for the sake of discretion, let him suppose he has an appointment at the Foreign Office. In either case he may have such glimpses of the *man* as no public occasion can afford. The door opens, and there enters a figure impressive first of all by its size and by the massiveness of the head—still more by beauty of manner. Absolute simplicity, a total want of self-assertion, a total indifference to the effect he is producing, or rather a total ignorance that there is such a thing as an effect to be produced, that perhaps will strike an American used to a certain degree of stage-effect on the part of certain Americans eminent in in public life. You see that this man is simply himself, perfectly natural, with a natural dignity which makes all effort needless. The face is broad, heavily moulded beneath a broad forehead of which the arch rises high. The eyes are not large, deep rather, steady, penetrating, a secret fire in them ready not perhaps to blaze forth but to burn. He sits comfortably in a corner of the sofa, and talks as if he were thinking aloud, which you may be quite sure he is not. Nature first and then diplomacy have taught him discretion, till discretion has become a second nature. He is perhaps the busiest man in England, but there is no sign of haste or impatience. What he has in hand that he will do, swiftly; not resting, not hasting, completely; and then some other thing in the same manner. The voice is low: noisy talk or high-pitched tones are seldom heard in England. It was said of one unlucky man who had ambition and facts that he could never get on at Court because he never could subdue his voice. I never heard of another. Lord Salisbury's sentences are smooth and of even flow; considered, reserved without the appearance of reserve. The river flows strong and still, or, like Matthew Arnold's Axus:

. . . . brimming, and bright and large.

Of course it is a pleasure to listen. You think yourself, as you are, in contact with a mind which has altered the course of events again and again in England and

the world over. Large views, firmness, settled opinions, touches of genius, these you would expect. Then you find they may all be consistent with sweetness and light, and that to listen to conversation of this kind is an illumination. In truth, reserve or no reserve, your hour will have given you an insight into affairs, a knowledge of the governing forces of the country, and a perception of the character of him who governs, never otherwise attainable.

I add a purely domestic trait: Since Lady Salisbury's death the master of Hatfield takes charge of Hatfield. He administers that wonderful house and great estate, as he administers the Empire, with unfailing attention to business. Each morning he sees his housekeeper and some of the head servants, so that the working of each department is known to him, as is the working of the departments over which his colleagues in his Cabinet preside. He has his children about him; they are children no longer. His attachment to them has brought reproach upon him—the foolish reproach of nepotism, because he has thought some of them, as they are, fit for important public posts. The Radical wits have labelled them the "Hotel Cecil"; among whose tenants are included, of course, his nephews, the two Balfours, and his son-in-law, Lord Selborne, and his son, Lord Cranborne. Nor is it Lord Salisbury's fault if another son, Lord Hugh Cecil, has made a name for himself in the House as an orator and a champion of the Church. Nor does anybody allege that any of these are unfit: their sin is that they are Cecils or connexions of the Cecils.

As a host, Lord Salisbury is kindliness itself; and Hatfield, at any rate, never suggests the Hotel Cecil, but the home of the Cecils, and, for the time being, of his guests. Yet his real preoccupation is public business, and personal interests sit lightly upon him in the presence of affairs. There is a story which the Foreign Office people are fond of telling. One day, in the midst of a diplomatic crisis, papers were brought to him by Mr. X, and were discussed. Exit Mr. X, and enter Mr. A, who is Lord Salisbury's official shadow; and this dialogue occurs:—

LORD SALISBURY: "Mr. A, who is that intelligent young man who has just gone out?"

MR. A: "That is Mr. X, one of your lordship's private secretaries."



Photo by Stereoscopic Co.

Lord Curzon.

The Viceroy of India.

THE Viceroy of India is an Englishman who must interest Americans, if only because he has an American wife; and must interest them if he had not. Five years ago, Mr. George Nathaniel Curzon, as he then was, might have been reckoned among the statesmen of the future. He has passed out of that category. His early promise of distinction was long since made good, both in Parliament and in the Foreign Office, both in England and in the East—that illimitable, mysterious East which he long since took to be his province, as Bacon said he took all knowledge to be his province. He is a born traveller; born with the spirit of adventure, born with eyes to see. "The eye sees that which the eye brings means of seeing," said Carlyle. It is often the defect of Englishmen (and perhaps ours also) that they do not make an imaginative use of the facts they master: they are prone, in Burmah or in Persia, to take the English point of view. No such

reproach can be made against this particular Englishman. He studied China and Persia and Afghanistan in the Oriental spirit. His books are books of practical statesmanship as well as of travel. It is hardly too much to say that during these years he served an apprenticeship to the Viceroyalty of India; and during earlier years also.

He was one of the Master of Balliol's favourites; and that acute observer of men and things chose his favourites carefully. His appreciation was far more intellectual than sympathetic. He left his own mark on them, as the University of Oxford leaves, and as Balliol College leaves, each its own mark on those who come most completely under the influence of each. There, as later in the House of Commons, Mr. Curzon showed that he could master a subject. Nobody ever accused him of superficiality; it was rather a complaint that he knew too much, and showed too plainly that he knew it. The House of Commons resents this display in one of the younger members. He was called a "superior person," and to him, as to Jowett, was applied the satirical line, "What I know is not knowledge. . . ." It was for some time doubtful whether he would live down this reputation of omniscience. But he did, and the House grew to respect and like the man it was for a time disposed to deride. He had too true a sense of humour to be unaware of his own defect—if excess of knowledge and an excessive use of it can be called a defect. His manner softened. He became less superior. Through this external glitter and all these accomplishments and acquired gifts shone a real sincerity of nature. He loved hard work—loved it too well for his own health. He had the passion for exact truth and fulness of knowledge which Huxley had: it was a master passion. With it went a singular flexibility. When in the East he could be, as I said, Oriental—as Oriental as the best of them; and sincerity is not primarily an Oriental quality.

When Mr. Curzon went to Afghanistan as a private traveller—against the remonstrance of the Indian Government, which believed he was going to his death—he did not disdain to practise the wiles of the wily people whom he visited. It might have been a tragedy, but he chose to play it as a comedy. On entering Afghanistan he arrayed himself in a uniform to which no parallel or precedent could be found except in the Grand Duchy of Gerolstein, with Offenbach as Master of Court ceremonies. It was necessary to convince the Afghans that he was a personage, and the Afghan mind could not conceive anybody to be a personage who did not present a splendid exterior. In plain garb, he might have been robbed and murdered; but the marauding bands which beset his path thought twice before they assaulted a wayfarer glittering in scarlet and gold.

But when he became Viceroy of India he ruled that imperial dependency in the spirit of England and not of the East. Then at last he could give play to his natural passion for justice and order. The splendours of the position sat well upon him; but still more to his mind was the opportunity of governing two hundred and forty millions of mixed races and religions by the one immutable law of truth and righteousness—the law of equal rights for all. There at last you see the real man. In three years he has reformed the administrative system, reformed the methods of official business throughout India, inspired a great civil service with conceptions of duty even higher than they were, has dealt with a great famine, and has forestalled the famines of the future by a new scheme of irrigation on a gigantic scale. The Viceroy of India has probably in his own hands more personal power and power of initiative than any ruler in the world. Lord Curzon has used it to the full for bettering the government of India and the conditions of his people of India. Three years ago he was, as a great authority called him, "a splendid experiment." To-day he has won a permanent place among the greatest Viceroys India has known. They say he is fond of magnificence. He ought to be. To rule an Oriental people according to notions of democratic simplicity is far more difficult than to rule them in splendour. It is probably impossible. But, as a matter of fact, and in spite of those lurid narratives which have illumined the columns of Sunday newspapers, Lord Curzon has added nothing to the elaborate etiquette of the Viceregal Court which prevailed long before he began to bear sway at Calcutta.

How much is it permissible to say of women who have conspicuous positions

in public life, and yet are not themselves burdened with its duties except in so far as they are social duties? Not all would like it, perhaps. Lady Curzon, as wife of the Viceroy of India, has her share in the ceremonial as well as in the private life of Lord Curzon. We all know her as of American birth, but do we all realise all that the English see so clearly? Said an Englishwoman only the other day: "Lady Curzon's family in their origin belonged to what we should call the middle class. They rose by their own merit. Now, in England a girl who in similar circumstances had passed into the Viceregal State would scarcely have been all that this American is. She would have lacked distinction. Lady Curzon has not only beauty and cleverness, but the indefinable something which is associated with birth and ancestry. She is *grande dame.*" Need we add anything to that? She who said it is herself what she so truly called Lady Curzon.


Photo by Stereoscopic Co.

Lord Cromer.

The Maker of New Egypt.

LORD CROMER is known to Americans and to the rest of mankind as the Englishman who, under the modest title of Consul-General, has governed Egypt for some twenty years, and by almost imperceptible stages has made it in effect, though not in name, an integral part of the British Empire. It is a great work; but I am concerned for the moment not with the work, but with the man who has done it. And, after all, the more colossal the work done the more one is disposed to ask, What manner of man is he who has achieved this great thing? Till I met Lord Cromer I imagined him above all things a diplomatist, skilled in the methods of the slippery people among whom he wrought. It was a complete error. Meet him and not know who he is, you might think him a great railway President like Tom Scott, a great financier like Mr. Morgan, a great industrial chief like Mr. Carnegie. The business stamp is on him. That quiet manner hides a peremptory purpose. His easy tone is not at all inconsistent with abrupt ways of thinking and of expressing his thought. He has suavity, but it is not sustained and never-failing, like that of the trained diplomatist—like the late Lord Dufferin's, for example. His simplicity of manner, you see, is not assumed, but natural. You reflect a little upon his extraordinary career, and you presently come to perceive that his mastery over Turks and Egyptians is due, not to his excelling them in those qualities which are characteristic of them, but to his own qualities as an Englishman and as Lord Cromer, or (for a long time) as Sir Evelyn Baring. With people of crooked minds nothing is so effective as straightness. To match the suppleness of the Oriental the best weapon is an unbending backbone.

I don't think Sultan or Khedive ever understood Lord Cromer. It was not important they should. What was important was that they should respect and fear him; and that lesson they learned early, and have never been permitted to forget. He had to deal with Europeans almost as slippery as the Osmanlis; and he dealt with them on the same principle. The French Consul once complained to him that the British troops, with their music and marching, disturbed him. "I hear them now outside your palace," he added. Said Lord Cromer, "It's because they are there that you are here": an undiplomatic reminder to the Gaul that his Government had declined its own

share of the responsibility of keeping order in Egypt, and left the whole burden on Great Britain. There were no more complaints. The incident became famous in Cairo, and the impression of it indelible. His twenty years of difficult rule have left him a young man at sixty: erect, alert, equal to his work, equal to physical fatigue,—"I don't care how far you ask me to walk," he said the other day in Scotland,—cheerful, confident, kindly, inflexible. You can't quite understand the ascendency of England in Egypt till you have seen the Englishman to whom it is due; then it seems the most natural thing in the world and, given Lord Cromer, inevitable.

Sir William Harcourt.

The events of 1886, and, above all, Mr. Gladstone's great apostasy from the old Liberalism, have had far-reaching personal as well as political consequences. It is the former with which, for the purposes of these articles, I am chiefly concerned, and I will take one of the most striking and, I will add, one of the most regrettable. Before 1886 Sir William Harcourt and Lord Rosebery were personal friends. When Sir William was Home Secretary in Mr. Gladstone's second administration, Lord Rosebery was his Under Secretary. That need not have meant anything more than a political solidarity; but there was much more than that. The two men were intimate and their families were intimate. Sir William and Lady Harcourt were frequent guests at Mentmore, the great house in Buckinghamshire which came to Lord Rosebery by his marriage with Miss Hannah Rothschild, whose father, Baron Meyer de Rothschild, built it amid 6,000 acres of park estate, and filled it with treasures of art. The two men who were by-and-by to grow so far apart had many traits in common and many ties between them. Both were students of political history in a sense wider than is common in modern political life. Each had the touch of political genius, or of genius for politics, which lifted him above the atmosphere saturated with that kind of politics known as practical. Even in that atmosphere historical scholarship is not thrown away; and, if it had been, neither of the two would have cared, since both loved this kind of learning for learning's sake. Both knew the gift of leadership. Both had the qualities which go to the making of the accomplished orator—using the word orator in a comprehensive sense.

Opposite circumstances gave a different bent and development to the genius of each. Lord Rosebery was never in the House of Commons; his oratory therefore became by necessity the oratory of the platform, with its incessant appeal to the intelligent public; with all the arts and graces of oratory which has to persuade, to conciliate, to move, and to captivate great audiences. Sir William has spent all his public life in the House of Commons, and his oratory is pre-eminently the oratory of debate. He is controversial, argumentative, a master of sudden repartee, skilled in every art of attack and defence, delighting in combat, the equal of the best, the superior of all but one or two of the very best throughout the whole of the last generation. I speak of him as a debater, and really I do not feel sure that, considered purely as a debater, either Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone had a more admirable method, or more often came off victorious in that warfare of giants in which they all engaged. Sir William never hesitated to measure himself with either, and the prize fell sometimes to one, sometimes to the other. Of living members of the House, Mr. Chamberlain alone can be thought his rival, for Mr. Balfour is unequal and it needs a great occasion to bring out his powers. To Sir William, as to Mr. Gladstone, all occasions are equal; yet it is no paradox to add that the greater the occasion the higher each of those great gladiators has risen.

Again, the analogy holds between Sir William and Lord Rosebery if you think of them as talkers. Of living experts in the rare and difficult art of conversation, these two are the first. Each talks, as Dr. Johnson said of Burke, from a full mind. The years between the two are twenty; yet what has age to do with the matter, when the powers of the younger have ripened, and those of the elder are not merely unimpaired, but have all the freshness and impulse of youth? Emerson thought conversation one of the chief ornaments of life, and one of the best things it has to offer. Yet he lived, for the most part, either the life of a recluse or among men of books, and neither seclusion nor the library can be the scene

of the greatest conversational triumphs. Given equal natural gifts, it is the man who touches life on the most sides whose talk is the richest. When you heard Sir William and Lord Rosebery together you might think that nothing could surpass the relations of each to his children are one more analogy, and in the life of neither is anything more beautiful. To neither in these days will the statement of any analogy or comparison be grateful; the breach between them is too wide.



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Sir William Harcourt.

them in range and precision and splendour; until Mr. Gladstone also entered the arena, or until you met any one of the three alone, and in the mood to pour out his soul for the mere sake of pouring it out. Then you might think this last the most perfect of all. Perhaps it is going too near the boundary line, but But I prefer to think of them as the friends they once were.

I don't care to travel the steps by which this friendship grew cold and then ceased to be a friendship. Politics, political rivalry, political ambition, and the disturbance of what seemed settled conditions of political life, were the cause of the

trouble. Ought Sir William and not Lord Rosebery to have been Prime Minister in 1894? Did the Leader of the House of Commons give a loyal, ungrudging support to the Leader of the Party? Was either to blame, or were both, or was neither? and were both the victims of circumstance and the sport of conflicting irresistible forces? Who can answer these questions? It is more than enough to ask them.

Sir William Harcourt is entitled, of course, to be considered by himself, and not with reference to friend or enemy. A man who has been again and again a Cabinet Minister, who has led the House of Commons as it likes to be led, with authority and yet with tact, who is a jurist, a great financier, a great debater, and who but for circumstances would have been Prime Minister,—he surely needs no bracketing with anybody to bring out the points of his tremendous individuality. He has always been, I like to think, beloved of Americans; and not only because he married the daughter of one of the most American and most brilliant Ministers our Government ever sent abroad. Lady Harcourt's father, Mr. Motley, was one of those men of letters who held an early place in the tradition which made eminence in literature a reason for high diplomatic honours. He knew England, and England knew him and loved him. He gave his daughter to an Englishman little known in those days except as a leading counsel at the Parliamentary bar. Perhaps no man foresaw to what political heights he was to rise. Surely none guessed that this born aristocrat of ancient lineage was to bring in, and carry, and impose upon his country as a permanent part of its finance, the most democratic budget of his own or any other time. It was, in truth, even more socialistic than democratic. I offer you that fact as illustrative of the man. Perhaps none other paints him so well. He trod underfoot all the prejudices and sympathies of class—of his own class—in order to relieve other classes from what he no doubt thought an excessive burden of taxation, and lay it upon the shoulders of landowners and millionaires, the former already overburdened. Consider the detachment of mind necessary to such a feat as that. Consider the courage. Consider, too, the intellectual hardihood of it, and the profound sense of political expediency which underlay such a scheme. Perhaps the then Chancellor of the Exchequer was alone capable of that audacity, and he only because he was Sir William Harcourt.

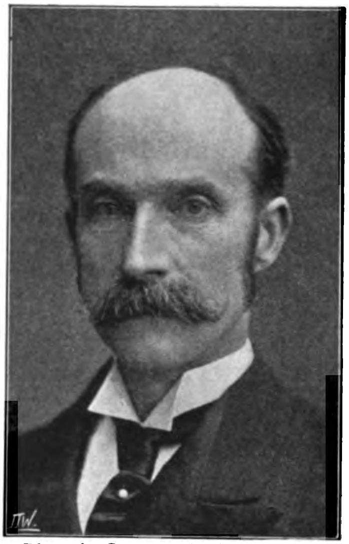


Photo by Stereoscopic Co.

Lord Lansdowne.

Lord Lansdowne.

LORD LANSDOWNE became rather suddenly of immediate interest to Americans. He passed from the War Office, where to us he was no more than any other Cabinet Minister, to the Foreign Office, where his relations with this country are of the most direct kind, and may be of incalculable importance to both countries. We want to know, therefore, not only whether he is a friend to this country, but in what form his friendship is likely to express itself. Mr. Chamberlain, for example, is a friend to this country, but his good-will, which is undoubted, has more than once expressed itself in a way which did not tend to promote good-will on this side. Not only good-feeling is needed, but tact in showing it—a just regard for the susceptibilities of the people to whom it is shown. It is this supreme gift of tact

which Lord Lansdowne possesses. He has it in private, and a man does not put off all his individual nature when he becomes Minister. He is renowned in London and elsewhere for charming manners. Now, whether "manners maketh man" or not, the man is judged by his manner. Lord Lansdowne has held great posts—has been Viceroy of India, and much else; and wherever he has been, among so many various races and classes, he has been popular. It is hardly too much to say that he has made himself loved.

It is a true kindliness of which this charming manner is the outward symbol. You feel that he would rather do you a kindness than not, and that he is the last man likely to offend his neighbour, whether by intention or—which is a sin different only in degree—by inadvertence. I should call him a born diplomatist, and he has had also the training of a diplomatist. Ask his tenants at Bowood, in Wiltshire. Ask even the tenants on his Irish estate—for he is an Irish as well as English landlord. You will hear the same account from both: a good landlord, not only just but considerate, a benefactor and friend to his tenants and to all those to whom he has to be a kind of minor Providence. Ask our friends across the border, in that great Dominion which covers nearly half the North American continent, over which he once ruled as Governor-General. He knew how to win the affections of that difficult people—difficult if only because they are of two races and two religions. Challenge him, and he can be a dangerous enemy—firm, stern, eager in attack: Lord Wolseley can testify to all that. This gentleness of bearing denotes no lack of manly qualities—it denotes the contrary; both in this particular individual, and generally among a people with whom self-assertion is infrequent.

Who does not think it of good omen that, at what may be a crisis in our diplomatic relations with England, her Foreign Minister should be a man of this stamp? Both nations need, and both have, a man who by nature prefers conciliation, prefers compromise, is capable of seeing the other point of view, and has a sense of what is fair as between competing interests. I suppose it is not generally known that, while Lord Pauncefote's retirement was thought to have been resolved on, there was some question of Lord Lansdowne as his successor. Happily for both countries, Lord Pauncefote remains, and, happily also for both, Lord Lansdowne is in charge of the foreign affairs of Great Britain. There is no office in which personal qualities count for more, or have a more direct bearing on the course of affairs. And Lord Lansdowne's personal qualities are those which best fit him to deal with a controversy between friends and between kin.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.

In Cabinets, as elsewhere, it is the *man* who counts, and counts for more than the office. Mr. Chamberlain is one proof of it, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is another. "The will, that is the man," said Emerson. Sir Michael is Chancellor of the Exchequer. He keeps the purse of the nation; and the power of the purse in these days is, by the consent of everybody, the final power. But whether he were Chancellor of the Exchequer or Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, he would be a power in the Cabinet. For Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is and has ever been one of those men who know their own minds, and who have the courage to make other men know it and respect it. He holds mere office cheap in comparison with his convictions. He is in office to make his convictions prevail; if he cannot do that, out he will go. It does not follow that he is unpracticable or incapable of working with other men. He has proved by many years of service that he can. But he has a financial conscience which will not stretch very far. If it were necessary to believe the current gossip of London, he has often refused to put into the Estimates the sums which his colleagues of the great spending departments, the War Office and the Admiralty, thought needful. He has at times, if not habitually, "starved" the services. But gossip about such matters is seldom worth much, and Sir Michael has lately and publicly and in very plain words denied those stories. He has found the money to carry on the war in South Africa, and poured it out unstintedly. Nevertheless, he has been a check. He might be called what the late Mr. Washburn, afterwards Minister to Paris, used to be called in the House of Representatives—the Watch of the Treasury.

He has the advantage—it is sometimes a very great advantage—of a hot, imperious temper. The cynic of society says his colleagues are afraid of him. It is not easy to conceive of Mr. Chamberlain or the Duke of Devonshire as afraid of many English landlords in these days of depressed agriculture, are supposed to make his salary convenient to him, has nothing to do with the matter. The English pay their chief Ministers $25,000 a year, or rather more than three times



After the portrait by F. Sandys at Whitehall.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.

anybody, or likely to be turned from their duty by a threat of resignation. Still, it is known that Sir Michael would resign a dozen times over sooner than agree to spend money profligately, or impose taxes he thought unnecessary. The fact that his private circumstances, like those of so the sum which the United States thinks sufficient for its best public servants. If it were ten times that sum, it would not weigh with him. I do but repeat what his friends and enemies say of him. Surely it is a high testimony, and surely the man of whom it is believed is the

greater power in the State because it is believed.

Of course he makes enemies. When he led the House of Commons, as he did with inflexible determination and some disregard of his followers' susceptibilities, the Irish detested him. Mr. Parnell found him an immovable rock in his path. He led, perhaps, rather too much as a colonel of cavalry leads his regiment into action. Obstacles to him were things to be swept away. Not an orator, he can speak, and speak well; sometimes the more effectively because he pays little heed to rhetoric. As you listen to him you feel that you are in presence of a force; of a man to whom speech is only an instrument, a means, not an end. You cannot conceive of him as sacrificing his cause to an epigram—a reproach which has been addressed to a very distinguished living American. Yet of epigram he is capable enough, as Mr. Parnell more than once found to his cost, and others than Mr. Parnell. He keeps his more amiable characteristics for the adornment of private life. What he cares for in public life, the gifts which he chiefly uses in public life, are those of a more austere kind. His appeal is to the reason, not to the heart. He moves on straight lines. He bends his black brows on an opponent or on an audience in the same spirit. He is not there to coax either of them, but to convince, to quell, to subdue, to bring them over into his own camp, whether as allies or as captives. I imagine few men holding high office are less loved, or care less to be loved or to win the affection of those about them. I am sure none is more respected.

Mr. St. John Brodrick.

The number of comparatively young men who have come to the front during the last ten years is at least as great in the Unionist party as in the Liberal. Among them is Mr. St. John Brodrick, now His Majesty's Secretary of State for War, in succession to Lord Lansdowne, the present Foreign Minister. His friends have long known him and spoken of him as "St. John," and perhaps it is not a bad sign when, among intimates, a man long since of mature age goes by his christian name. Always painstaking, exact, capable of much patient toil, capable of mastering his subject, he was ever a good example of the higher order of civil servant in England, where the Civil Service is a profession and a permanent career.

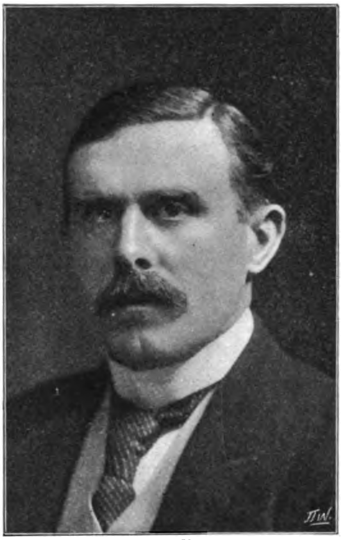


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. St. John Brodrick.

He had from the beginning a departmental mind, and has it still; but he has more than that. He came into the War Office at a difficult moment, in the midst of a great and greatly mismanaged war. He had simultaneously to put many crooked things, in actual warfare, straight, and to reorganise the military system of Great Britain—no light tasks, either of them. He had, at the same time, to meet all comers in the House of Commons, all kinds of criticism and attack. Criticism no Minister escapes, nor any great Ministerial scheme. Mr. Brodrick has shown in these complicated circumstances good temper and resource. A genial nature stands him in good stead. He speaks well in the House, clearly and to the point; shrewdly also, and has a power of exposition which makes a difficult or technical matter intelligible

to the average House of Commons mind.

There came upon him in the unrelaxing pressure of all these duties a domestic calamity like that which earlier befell Lord Salisbury. It was characteristic, not only of the two men but of English public life, that neither of them flinched. The King's Government, to quote once more the celebrated phrase of the Duke of Wellington, had to be carried on; and was. Lady Hilda Brodrick had that position in English society which, as in so many other cases, enabled her to be a real help to her husband in his political career. Probably nowhere else in these days is a wife, to put it bluntly, so useful a partner to a public man as in England. If the *salon* no longer exists, the country-house exists, and London drawing-rooms exist; and if none of them existed, a clever and capable woman with charm of manner and of character would soon create something to take their place. So in Mr. Brodrick's behalf were steadily at work those subtle influences which, in a different way, are not less potent than when a card for Almack's meant a vote in a doubtful division, or when Lady Palmerston's invitation was sufficient to soften the scruples of some nominal supporter of the Government who took the unwarrantable liberty of thinking for himself. Lady Hilda came of a family renowned for social gifts: a daughter of that Earl of Wemyss who at eighty-three is still one of the youngest men of the time—versatile, energetic, original, and absolutely independent in speech and thought. Not to her husband only was the death of such a woman a calamity; it brought sorrow to that splendid society in which she played a part so brilliant. But the Wheel of Things, as Mr. Kipling has it, rolls on, and the Minister of War knows nothing of the private grief of Mr. Brodrick. Again I say that is the admirable spirit of public life in England; and a spirit not less admirable has of late been seen in the United States: why may I not mention Mr. Hay as an example of it?

Mr. George Wyndham.

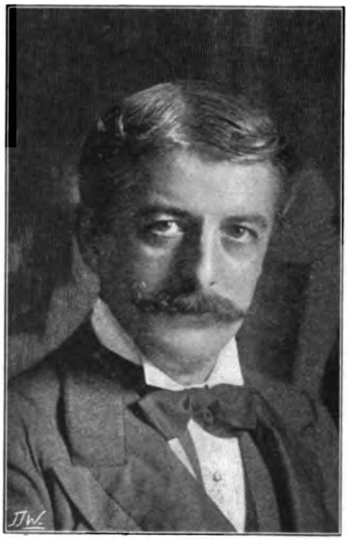


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. George Wyndham.

Another and younger among these rising or risen young men is Mr. George Wyndham, now Chief Secretary for Ireland: often, if not always, the most trying post in which a young man, or an old one, can be placed. He is the ruler of Ireland. The Lord-Lieutenant, to whom he is Chief Secretary, is not much more than a figure-head, or may not be. Mr. Wyndham comes of the family which, with many titles of its own to distinction, became celebrated two years ago in the art world through Mr. Sargent's wonderful painting of the three Wyndham sisters, Lady Elcho, Mrs. Adeane, and Mrs. Tennant. He is cousin to the present Lord Leconfield, husband to the Countess Grosvenor, and one of the best-dressed men in the House of Commons. To these titles to regard he adds others, perhaps more individual. He is a man of contrasts; an habitual urbanity of demeanour hiding a certain fire in his inmost soul which, on due occasion, breaks out and adds something to the general temperature of the House.

I may as well take Mr. Wyndham as an illustration of that high sense of obligation to the State, which leads so many Englishmen to serve the State, and serve it well, having nevertheless every

inducement to idleness. Of that strenuous life which President Roosevelt would have us admire, there are in few countries more examples among the class so often called the leisured class. Mr. Wyndham might, if he liked, be purely ornamental. He prefers to be useful. He accepts duties which to many would seem thankless; asking for no thanks, but just doing them because they are duties. He carries on the tradition, centuries old in England, that the higher a man's place in the social scale the more imperative are the duties devolving upon him. The word "duty" recurs often. How should it not, when it permeates the life of England, and is, with her most privileged sons, so often a synonym for sense of honour? To use it of a great statesman or great landowner, true and accurate though it would almost always be, would perhaps give the American reader a less vivid sense of its meaning and extent than if I apply it, as I do, to a young man like Mr. Wyndham, before whom still lies the best part of his political life. Very likely he never thought of it himself, or never thought it a thing worth notice. That also is characteristic of his class. Ambitious they may be, and so much the better; but they don't do things for effect. Mr. Wyndham, like the rest, has simplicity. It is not the men born into good society, but the men who have climbed into it, who are eager to call attention to their position.

LOVERS.

BY R. M. EASSIE.

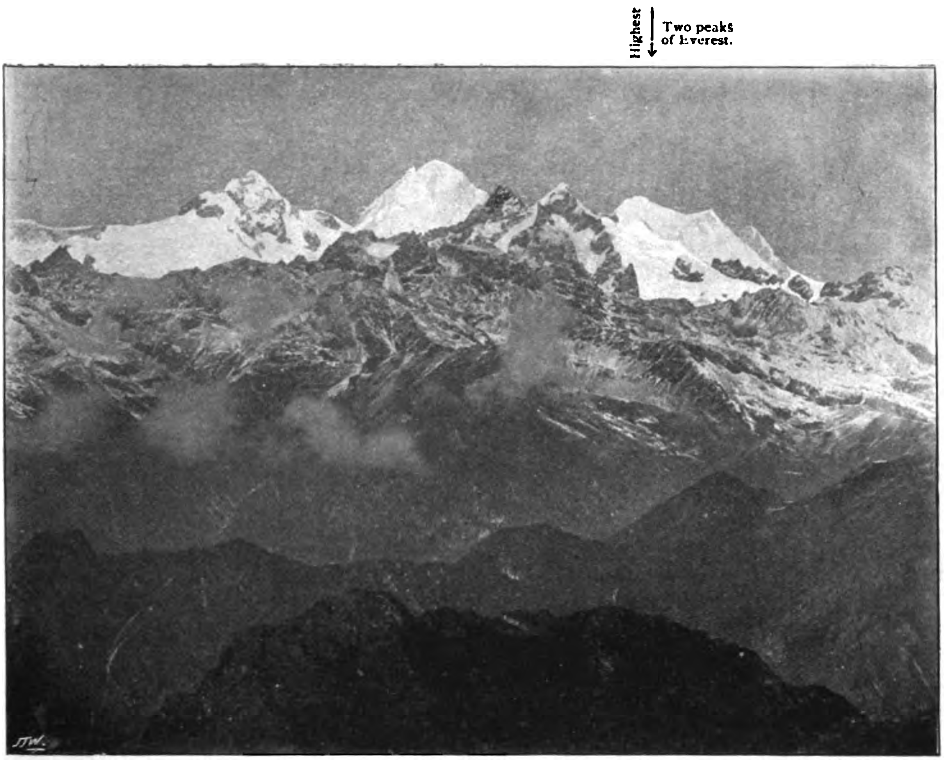
SHE had a suitor once upon a day,
Who sought her guardians in a niggard way,
And bargained this and that with Yea and Nay:
"My lands are here," said he,
"And hers lie near," said he;
Then to the maid he rode address to pay.
"You wish our lands," spake she,
"To join our hands," spake she:
"Love by the acre, sir, hath feet of clay!"

She had a wooer once upon a time,
Who lilted love on his Parnassus climb,
And flew into her fancy on a rhyme.
"Goddess divine!" sang he,
"And Mistress mine!" sang he,—
With nought he proved his love but words sublime.
"Marry! you think," laughed she,
"That love is ink," laughed she:
"To wed a pen, good poet, were a crime!"

She had a lover, and she has him now,
Who neither recked a rood nor sang a vow,
Nor asked a woman when, nor lawyer how.
"'Tis thee I love," cried he,
"By Heaven above!" cried he,
"'Fore nought but Heaven above and thee I bow."
"This rings me true," quoth she,
"Good men are few," quoth she:
"Marry, we must be wed, sir, I and thou!"



Rhododendrons in the Zomu Valley.



Makalu and Mount Everest from the Chunjerma Pass.

A HOLIDAY TOUR IN THE HIMALAYAS

THE TOUR OF KANGCHENJUNGA.

BY DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD.

[ILLUSTRATED BY THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF SIGNOR SELLA.]

MRS. THRALE in the eighteenth century spoke of Switzerland as "the Derbyshire of Europe." In a similar vein, comparing great with small, we might call Sikhim "the Switzerland of India." Lovers of Kashmir, however, would probably object that that title has already been disposed of. Let us be content, then, with "the Switzerland of Bengal." Darjiling, the chief sanatorium of Calcutta, is now only twenty hours by rail from the capital, and it is about the same distance from the snows as Chamonix from Mont Blanc, or Bern from the Jungfrau. But just as Addison at Bern was content with the view of what he, with an Englishman's contempt for exact geography, called "the Mountains of the Grisons," so the temporary sojourners at the Indian health-resort do no more, as a rule, than ride to the Nepalese frontier for a glimpse of the highest measured peak in the world, the Jomokankar of pundits, the Gaurisankar of German geographers, and the Mount Everest of British surveyors. In vain does the Government publish a list of "bungalows," or rest-houses, and of practicable routes, for the use of travellers. Difficulties of transport caused by the state of the roads in the interior of Sikhim, and the consequent cost of any journey off the few horse-tracks, and the fear of local fevers, leeches, and such-like pests, keep off the tourist, while the comparative lack of game discourages the sportsman. Still another obstacle has to be reckoned with: Sikhim, unlike the ranges beyond Kashmir, is

within the zone of the rains, and the summer visitor may wander for weeks under a canopy of mist and in a perpetual shower-bath, while after October snow falls on all the ridges and middle passes. The season for mountaineering is limited, therefore, to two months in autumn.

My party, consisting of Professor Garwood and myself, the two Signori Sella, one of whom is well known as a mountain photographer, and an Alpine guide, arrived direct from Europe at Darjiling in the first days of September 1899. Our object was to make the complete tour of Kangchenjunga, which had never up to that time been completed by Europeans. Various difficulties had lain in the way of its accomplishment. The region north of the mountain, "uninhabitable by man or domestic animals," according to Sir J. Hooker, is large and lofty, and provisions must be carried for its passage, which took us twenty-four days. The passes being impracticable for animals, an unwieldy transport-train of coolies is necessary; and, as several travellers have learnt by experience, coolies drawn from a subtropical region have not unreasonable objections to wandering in the snow, and little scruple in deserting their employers. Again, many high passes, including one of the highest in the world, variously represented in official reports and maps at from 20,000 to 22,300 feet, have to be traversed. They were reported to be arduous, though we found them (with the exception of the Jonsong La, which is about equivalent to the Alpine Strahleck) not more difficult than the St. Theodul or the Col du Bonhomme. Last, but not least, there was the political difficulty, since all the western slope of Kangchenjunga is in Nepal, and that country is a forbidden land to Europeans.

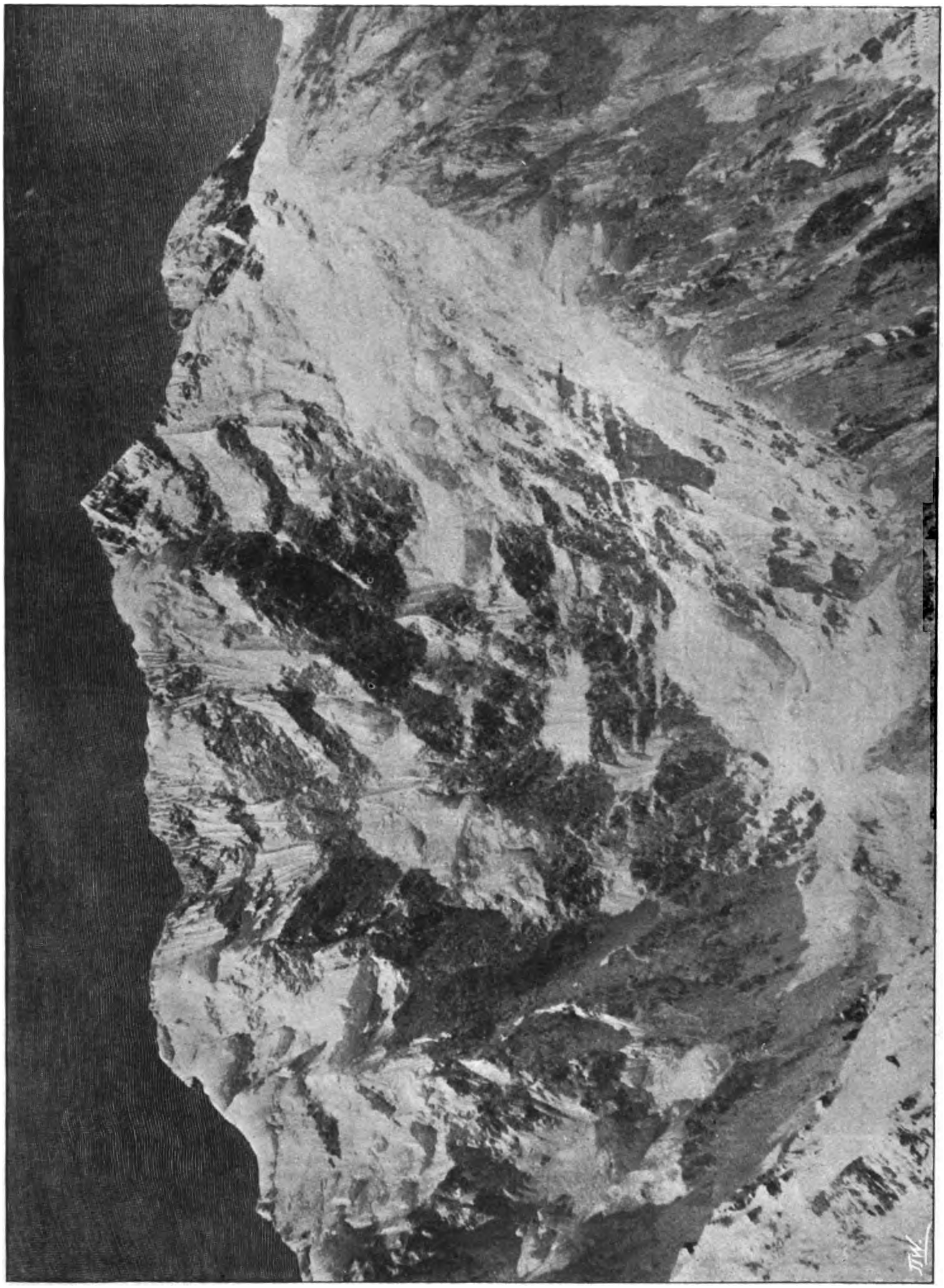
I trusted to the friendliness of the local officers of the Indian Government to find me coolies and some one competent to control them; while circumstances favoured us in avoiding the frontier difficulty. We entered Nepal through the uninhabited wilderness where Sikhim, Tibet, and Nepal meet; so that when we came to the first village and met the first Nepalese official we appeared as a party lost in the snows, who desired nothing better than to return by the shortest track to British territory.

It would not be in place here to describe Darjiling, its glorious panoramic landscape and picturesque population. That has been done quite recently by Major Waddell, in his "Among the Himalayas," and also by the late Mr. Steevens. But I may summarise my first impressions in a few sentences. At Darjiling India is out of sight. Imagine a small Malvern, perched on Monte Generoso, and inhabited chiefly by more or less fashionable English ladies and fantastic Mongolians. Picture Kangchenjunga as Monte Rosa doubled in size, the centre of a mountain group of a singularly happy composition, flanked by the snowy wall of Kabru and the icy cupola of Pundim.

The little railway carries daily its freight of health-seekers from the moist heat and mouldy palaces of Calcutta up to the fresh air of seven thousand feet and the pleasant villas of the hill station. It is a disappointment to the traveller who wishes to penetrate to the snows to find that, unless he follows the circuitous Singalila ridge, his next step must be a descent nearly to sea-level again. For a whole week, whether he goes due north to Jongri, at the southern base of Kangchenjunga, or rides parallel to the Teesta Valley under its eastern spurs, he will be constantly engaged on ups and downs of several thousand feet. Marvellous subtropical forests, dashing waterfalls, exquisite flowers, gorgeous butterflies, will meet at every turn his bewildered eyes. As he gets higher, profound gorges wooded from crown to base with pines and rhododendrons, and fenced in by mighty cliffs, will seem to bar the way. It is only within the last few summers that these defiles have been pierced by rough horse-tracks leading to the Tibetan frontier.

The villagers of the upper pastoral region, beyond the gorges, though now politically British, are essentially Tibetan in their manners and customs. The scarf symbolic of welcome is handed to the traveller by the deputation of leading inhabitants that meets him on the road; they loll out a row of tongues at him by way of greeting.

Such a village is Lachen, 8,800 feet above the sea, where we left civilisation and paths to plunge into the heart of the mountains. It consists of a scattered group of brown wooden huts, planted above the gorges in an open valley among flowery pastures. We found the people a friendly and cheerful folk, and the headman's son, who came with us and attached himself



Kangchenjunga from above the Zemu Glacier.

to me as a body-servant, was one of the nicest boys I have ever met.

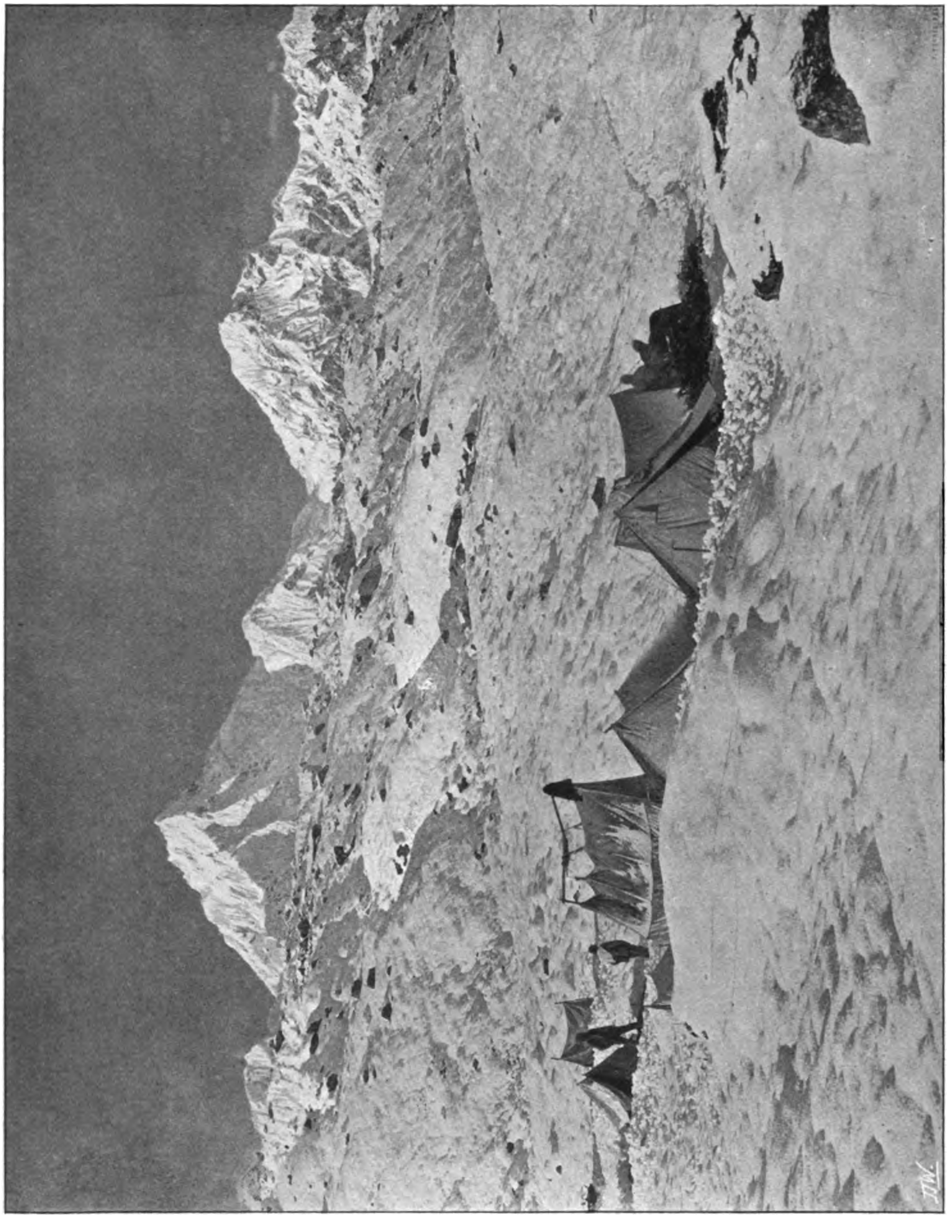
Some three miles above Lachen the torrent which drains the greatest of all the glaciers of Kangchenjunga, the Zemu, joins the Teesta. Hooker endeavoured to reach the glacier at its head, but was stopped by the denseness of the forest. No one, not even the officials, could tell us whether we could get through. So we sent on some Goorkha Pioneers—Irregular Police—who were to hack and hew a way through the jungle.

At Zemu Samdong—the Zemu Bridge—we left, somewhat reluctantly, the broad Tibetan track, and plunged into a dripping thicket where there was little or no sign of any previous passage. It was raining—the end of the rains; for the most part we were over our ankles in water and rotting vegetation. We tramped along in the gloom of the dank woods, sustained by the thought that we were close upon the shining tablelands of the High Himalaya. For two days we fought our way through the forest, sometimes buried in an entanglement of red rhododendron stems, twisted and writhing, draped with long beards of lichen; now forcing a way along and almost in the bed of the superb torrent, which fell in a continuous rapid between walls of verdure; now climbing high to cross a lateral stream, beside which we found a rude shelter and mounds covering stores of lily-roots, which the natives use in place of potatoes.

On the third day, after rounding a corner, we came in sight of a long grey dyke closing the valley. This was the end of the great glacier, the ice of which is almost completely cloaked by the granite it has brought down with it from the cliffs of Kangchenjunga, eighteen miles off. We spent most of that morning in building a bridge over the torrent between two great boulders which almost met; and then, climbing under the southern hillside, reached a point on the moraine whence we could look for miles up the broad stream. Next morning we for a time had glimpses of the still far off ice-peaks, but in the forenoon fog descended, and we could not see a hundred yards before us while we crossed the glacier to its left bank. Advancing beside the ice in a dell between its moraines and the mountain side, we reached on the fifth day from Lachen a broad sloping meadow, seamed by countless watercourses, a perfect spot for a camp, since there was still enough dwarf scrub for firing. The next morning all was clear: we found ourselves in an amphitheatre, with Kangchenjunga towering in all its glory of tier upon tier of precipices immediately opposite us, and glaciers streaming on either side from the lesser peaks to feed the trunk stream. A few exquisite flowers, chiefly anemones and gentians, remained, to show what the wealth of bloom had been in early summer. I promised myself a botanical collection, little dreaming of what the morrow would bring forth.

Meantime we all started on different errands—I to explore, Garwood to shoot, and the Sellas to photograph. With our Alpine guide, I found without any difficulty a way, now over the rough ice, now on the steep slopes and moraines beside it, till I could almost touch the great cliffs of Kangchenjunga. I could see up a corridor of snow to the 19,300 feet gap at the base of the long eastern ridge which is conspicuous from the neighbourhood of Darjiling. In a few hours I might have reached it, but the weather was ominous. The blue sky turned first pale and then yellow; a thin veil of haze obscured but did not hide the mountain outlines, taking strange iridescences where the sun shone through it. Despite the altitude—about 17,000 feet—the air was very still and warm, with no touch of mountain keenness. I felt the approach of storm, and we fled back to camp. The great peaks kept ominously clear, with that peculiar grim, grey look snows assume before a tempest breaks. Presently I noticed a dense low mist swirl up from the direction of the Teesta Valley and rush towards us along the lower glacier. We ran, in order to get clear of the moraine before the cold blast hit us. It was followed closely by blinding snow. Presently shouts were heard, and the weird figure of our Darjiling Sirdar bounded through the mist, brandishing umbrellas. Ten minutes later I was prostrate in my tent and realising that it is not so easy to run a quarter of a mile at the height of the top of Mont Blanc as it is at sea-level.

For over forty hours we and the few coolies who had accompanied us to this upper camp were held prisoners. The snow fell continuously, until on the second morning we had over three feet undrifted round our tents. Keeping a path open



Lower Camp on the Zemu Glacier.

between them was our only but sufficient occupation. Cooking was naturally almost impossible. We supposed at the time that this was an ordinary freak of the notorious climate of Sikhim. It was in truth an exceptional outburst—the great storm that wrecked the villas and the tea-gardens of Darjiling—and was reported as an earthquake by an imaginative press, which at the same time disposed of us under a hypothetical avalanche.

It is hardly possible, as Alpine climbers know, to climb peaks, or even force new passes, after any heavy fresh snowfall. When Himalayan heights have to be dealt with, the difficulty is even greater. On first venturing beyond our tents, it seemed as if to move at all, even on the level, for any distance would be beyond our power. To add to our troubles, the thick gloom suddenly lightened, the mists melted, and we found ourselves under a scorching glare in a world of dazzling and unbroken brightness. Everywhere the facets of the new-fallen snow reflected the vertical sunshine. Never have I felt such marvellous heat as in this white frozen wilderness.

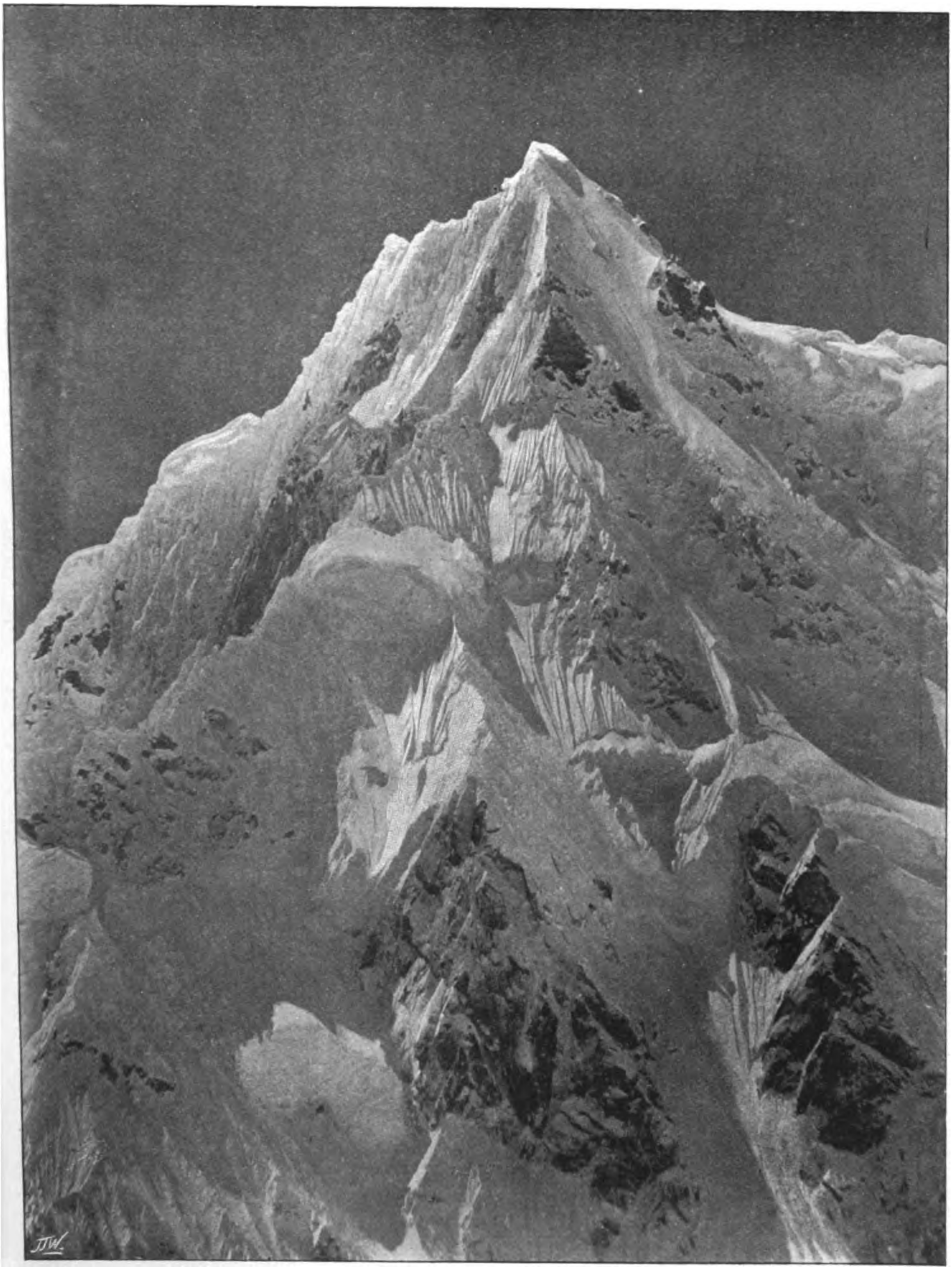
Somehow or other, by changing leaders constantly, a path was beaten, and we crawled on along the levels we had marched up so easily three days before. A stream had kept its course open, and we waded in it wherever possible. At last we got to the lower camp, also deep in snow, rejoined the bulk of our coolies, and learnt that three men who had been reported lost were safe.

The immediate consequence of this disastrous storm was that Garwood was knocked up for three days, while Vittorio Sella and I had our faces so burnt that when, four weeks later, we were met by a relief party with fresh provisions, its leader reported that he found us "safe but wounded." The more serious result was that we had to give up any attempt to force a new pass from the head of the Zemu Glacier to Nepal, and to work round slowly towards the Jonsong La, the lofty pass (estimated officially in 1894 at 22,000 feet) which is the only known route from Sikhim into Nepal, north of Kangchenjunga.

This change of plan involved crossing two passes of over 16,000 feet, known to the natives, and offering no difficulty in summer. We waded across them as best we might in the deep snow. But I must hurry over this part of our journey. Compensation for our toil was afforded by the constant views of the stupendous snow-peak known as Siniolchum. Though only 22,570 feet high, it is, owing to its symmetrical and slender form, and the extraordinarily lavish arrangements of snow and ice on its crest and sides, the most superb triumph of mountain architecture. Cornices of snow, semi-transparent to the Indian sunshine, overhang its ridges; bosses of ice cling like shining armour to its steep shoulders. It is to other snow-peaks what Giotto's Tower is to the rest of Italian campanili.

We were still in the basin of the Teesta. From the second pass, called the Thé La, (*La* signifies "pass" in Tibetan) we descended into the valley of its western source, called Lhonak or "the Black South" by the Tibetan shepherds, who alone visit it during the three summer months. At the time of our visit they had all departed; nor did we see anything of the *dokpas*, or robbers, said by the pundits who have traversed this region in the service of the Indian Survey Department, to haunt its passes. It was almost a disappointment, for we had half a dozen irregular Goorkhas and their bayonets at our disposal.

The landscape of Lhonak resembles the scenery of the lower valleys as little as that of the Upper Engadine does the scenery of the Bregaglia. Lhonak might be called the Engadine of Sikhim; for, like the Engadine, it has three months summer and nine months winter, and snow falls even in July. But it is far less habitable than its Alpine rival. The pasture is thin and scanty, and, though good enough for yaks, would not at all fulfil the requirements of Swiss cows. In the broad valley, or on the uniform stony slopes that form a foreground to the encircling snows, not a tree or a shrub as high as a table is to be seen. It is a land of moraines, the monuments of departed glaciers. Their vast dykes stretch along the hillsides, or cross the valleys; or enclose old lake-beds—muddy levels, brightened here and there by sky-reflecting pools or the bright hues of gentians and blue poppies. Lhonak, at its extreme head, reaches a level of about 17,000 feet, and is blocked by extensive glaciers, except in one place, where a relatively easy if rough pass, the Chortenima La, leads towards Shigatze, in Tibet proper. The district is, in fact, No



Siniolchum.

Man's Land, being British by treaty, but Tibetan by occupation so far as it is ever occupied.

After the great storm the weather fortunately held fine for some weeks, while we addressed ourselves to the "very difficult" Jonsong La of the Survey. By the standard of Alpine climbers it is not at all a difficult pass, and I should be sorry to endorse the height last officially assigned to it (22,000 feet); but it is a very high pass, certainly over 20,000 feet, and it must be laborious at the best of times. After the great snowfall it was barely practicable for coolies; it required all our perseverance and patience and a constant supply of fresh leaders to beat a track. From the river of Lhonak to the first grass in Nepal we were five days. For a whole week we camped in deep snow. Our progress was rendered slower by the sad prejudice of the Sikhim coolie against early rising. Nothing short of physical violence will induce him to stir till the sun's rays reach him; then he uncurls and rises, not to climb but to cook, for he requires a hot breakfast before starting. By that time the sun has grown powerful and the snow soft. His day's marches, consequently, are of the briefest; any fairly active Englishman carrying a heavy knapsack would as a rule put three of them into one.

About noon on the third day of ascent we gained the "La," a narrow snow-crest that forms the neck between two fine peaks. Here we were saluted by our pioneer, the Pundit Rinsing, with the news that he had lost his way, and that our gap was not the true pass. For a few minutes there was a considerable confusion of tongues, but Garwood and I had more faith in our own topographical insight than in Rinsing's memory, and the order was given to go on.

We now turned our backs on the vast map-like panorama of the snows of Tibet, the spearhead of Chomiomo and the dome of Kangchenjhow, and set our faces to the strange adventure before us. We were at the head of a deep snowy corridor, falling rapidly to an apparent *cul-de-sac*, overshadowed by the vast north-western slope of Kangchenjunga, a new sight to European eyes and cameras.

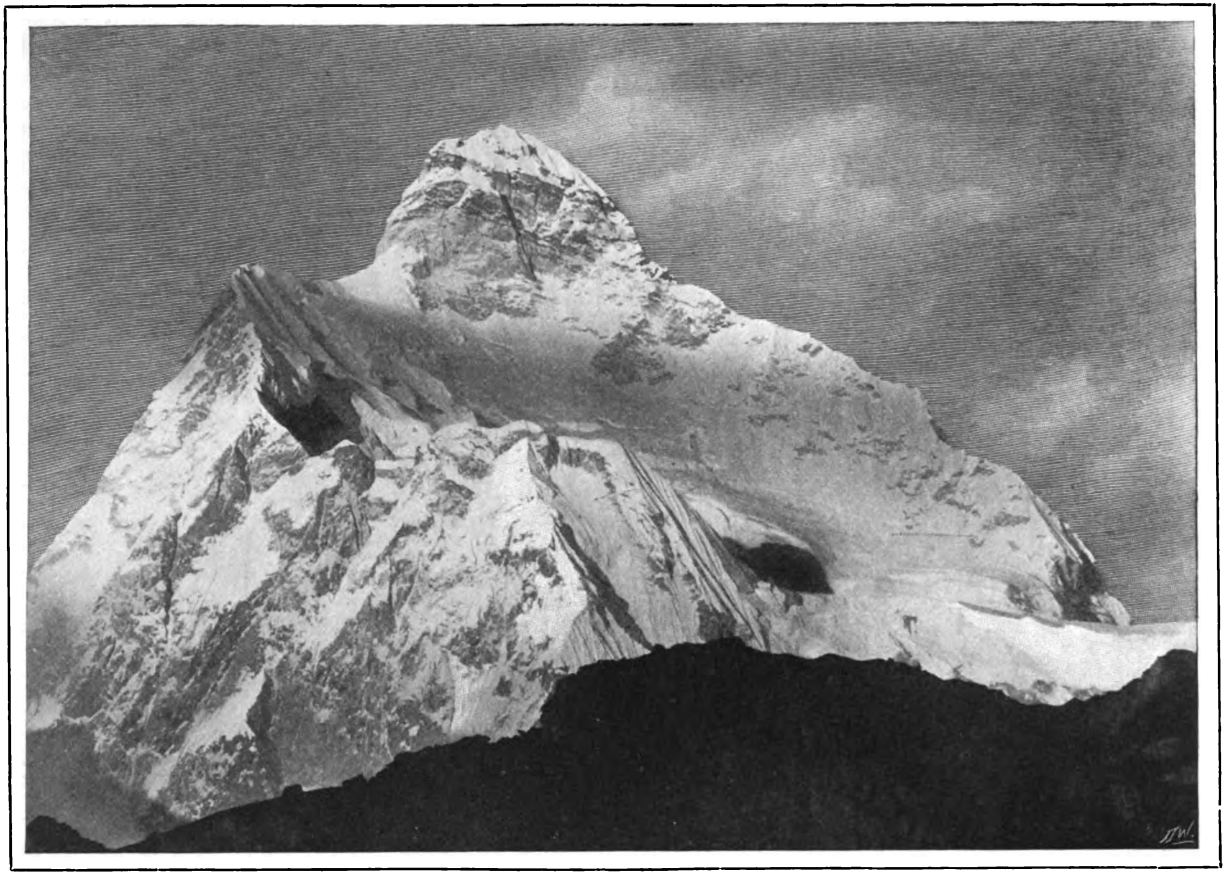
The mountain is less precipitous than on its other sides, and glaciers fall between bold buttresses in long broken stairs from a white terrace immediately below its final ridge. It might be compared to Mont Blanc as seen from above Cormayeur, were it not built on a much vaster scale. Our coolies loitered so persistently that we were forced to camp among some snow-hummocks little more than a thousand feet below the pass. The temperature inside our tent that night was 5° Fahrenheit, or 27 degrees of frost.

The descent of the glacier was a very tedious affair, and occupied two whole days. Sometimes we were threading the labyrinthine unevennesses of the snowy surface, sometimes scrambling across steep banks of ice overlaid with loose and broken boulders. A moment's attention to the scenery had to be paid for by a broken shin. Fortunately the pace of our followers gave us opportunity for frequent halts.

At last we reached bare grass, and, what was still more welcome, brushwood. The coolies sang for joy, and we all shared their relief at our escape from the land uninhabitable by man or beast, and "the gods and demons in great numbers," with whom native superstition has peopled it.

The meeting-place of the streams that unite to form the great Kangchen Glacier (16 miles long and only second in size to the Zemu Glacier) is a spot destined to future fame. Here will be the mountaineer's hut and finally hotel; hence, before the century is ended, will start the climbers of Kangchenjunga. It is a delightful spot: a little meadow lies between the grassy moraine and the mountain side; in the foreground the great ice-sledge, carrying its burden of grey ruin from the mountain tops, travels imperceptibly downwards, now and again dropping with a crash some gigantic block of granite. Beyond the glacier, hardly half a mile off, the enormous range lifts itself to the sky; craggy buttresses alternate with broad icefalls, deep tumbling bays of snow with peaks as thin as the Eiger and more formidable than the Meije.

We were now in Nepal, and a pleasant valley led us for many miles round the base of the great western outlier of the group, Jannu, to the village of Khunza. The glacier accompanied us for a full day's march—some ten miles. But there was turf studded with edelweiss by its side. At the opening of the first lateral valley we passed some deserted sheds. At the next confluence we came on a hamlet of stone huts, such as are common



Jannu, from the Chunjerma Pass.

in the Italian Alps. This, the Kambachen of maps, was also deserted; the villagers had retired to the winter village lower down the valley.

Here Jannu, only the top of which had been visible from the pass, suddenly revealed itself in the clear sunrise hour. It is the rock-peak—the Matterhorn—of the group: a gigantic wall of rock with a round tower at one end, and under its northern base a deep horseshoe of precipices, out of which issues a grey glacier which thrusts its ugly head, raised on vast dykes of moraine rubbish, across the valley.

Below the moraines the scenery entirely changed. We entered a forest, the first trees we had seen for three weeks, and the landscape and vegetation were almost Alpine. After a time we came on meadows where gaily tasselled yaks were browsing, on the opposite side of the river we saw some brown cottages, and at a sudden turn we came on a farmer and his family. Some woodcutter, unseen by us, had brought down news of our arrival, and a sound commercial instinct had suggested to the good people that a caravan from the snows would provide good customers. They brought us milk and eggs. The women had put on their best clothes and all their jewellery, and the younger ones were comely enough in the Mongolian style, but they firmly resisted the advances of our photographers.

An hour later we reached Khunza, a village of some two hundred inhabitants, to which is attached a monastery. Its houses are scattered about a long meadow, once the bed of a lake dammed up by a glacier which protruded from a side valley. Immense cliffs tower overhead, forests hang, fold on fold, on the upper slopes. Clear streams rush out of the ground and turn what look like churns, but are large prayer-wheels. A long low wall of inscribed stones, such as is found near every place of pilgrimage in Tibet, marks the sanctity of the spot. We had some anxiety as to our reception, for we were trespassers in a forbidden land; but the population were our friends in so far as we were their customers. The only representative of Government was a Custom-house officer, a Brahmin from the plains, who, having eased his conscience by delivering a mild protest against our passage, and forbidding provisions to be sold us—a prohibition which met with very little attention, squatted shivering in his linen clothes before my tent.

We now turned south-east, and crossed a succession of passes from 15 to 16,000 feet high, from one of which we had a superb view of the whole of eastern Nepal, as far as the peak Tibetans call Jomokankar and English surveyors Mount Everest. Perched among the snows on our wintry height, we looked down over the richly coloured zone of autumnal woods and the eternal summer of the tropical forests. Close at hand the great company of peaks that surround the valley of the Arun rose before us in white and shining lines, while distance lent a more golden tinge to the far-off heights of central Nepal. Kangchenjunga was concealed, but Jannu, great and grim, towered the monarch of the scene.

Space will not allow me to do more than record that we completed our tour by recrossing into Sikhim by the Kangla, that we then visited the Guicha La, a pass at the southern base of Kangchenjunga, and finally, after an absence of seven weeks, returned to Darjiling, passing on the way the monasteries of Dubdi and Pamionchi. At the former we enjoyed the novel sensation of being drummed into camp by a temple band, formed of yellow-coated acolytes armed with trumpets five feet long, horns and cymbals, and greeted on our visit to the Buddha of the Sanctuary with waving of banners and clouds of incense. There also our coolies forgot their burnt eyes and frost-bitten feet in the delights of unlimited native beer—a drink more like Marsala, oranges and bananas, to obtain which they actually put three days' marches into one, a feat unique in our experience of them.

THE MODEL OF SORROW.

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

I.

HOW I FOUND THE MODEL.

I CANNOT pretend that my ambition of painting "The Man of Sorrows" had any religious inspiration, though I fear my dear old dad at the Parsonage at first took it as a sign of awakening grace. And yet, as an artist, I have always been loath to draw a line between the spiritual and the beautiful; for I have ever held that the beautiful has in it the same infinite element as forms the essence of religion. But I cannot explain very intelligibly what I mean, for my brush is the only instrument through which I can speak. And if I seem here to be contradicting myself by using my pen to explain what my picture of "The Man of Sorrows" means, it is only because I have seemed—judging by the hostile criticism with which my work has been assailed—unable to make clear what is the conception of this unfortunate picture.

And in the first place let me explain that that conception is far from the conception with which I started: was, in fact, the ultimate stage of an evolution; for I began with nothing deeper in my mind than to image a realistic Christ—the Christ who sat in the synagogue of Jerusalem, or walked about the shores of Galilee. As a painter in love with the modern, it seemed to me that, despite the innumerable representations of Him by the masters of all nations, few, if any, had sought their inspiration in reality.

I started by rejecting the blonde, beardless type which Da Vinci and others have imposed upon the world; for Christ, to begin with, must be a Jew. And even when, in the course of my researches for a Jewish model, I became aware that there were blonde types too, these seemed to me essentially Teutonic. A characteristic of the Oriental face, as I figured it, was a sombre majesty, as of the rabbis of Velasquez—the very antithesis of the ruddy gods of Walhalla. The characteristic Jewish face must suggest more of the Arab than of the Goth.

I do not know if the lay reader understands how momentous to the artist is his model, how dependent he is on the accident of finding his creation already anticipated, or at least shadowed forth, in Nature. To me, as a realist, it was particularly necessary to find in Nature the original, without which one could never produce those subtle *nuances* which give the full sense of life. After which, if I say that my aim is not to copy but to interpret and transfigure, I suppose I shall again seem to be self-contradictory. But that again must be put down to my fumbling pen-strokes.

Perhaps I ought to have gone to Palestine in search of the ideal model; but then my father's failing health kept me within a brief railway-run of the Parsonage; besides, I understood that the dispersion of the Jews everywhere made it possible to find Jewish types anywhere, and especially in London, to which flowed all the streams of the Exile. But the long days of hunting in the Jewish quarter left me despairing. I could find types of all the apostles, but never of the Master.

Running down to Brighton one week-end to recuperate, I joined the Church Parade on the lawns. It was a sunny

morning in early November, and I admired the three great even stretches of grass, sea, and sky, making up a picture that was unspoiled even by the stuccoed boarding-houses. The parasols fluttered amid the vast crowd of promenaders like a swarm of brilliant butterflies. I noted with amusement that the Church Parade was guarded by beadles from the intrusion of the ill-dressed; and the spectacle of over-dressed Jews paradoxically partaking in it, reminded me of the object of my search. In vain my eye roved among these: their figures were strangely lacking in the dignity and beauty which I had found among the poorest. Suddenly I came upon a sight that made my heart leap. There, sitting oddly enough on the pavement-curb of a street opposite the lawns, sat a frowsy, gaberdined Jew. Vividly set between the tiny green cockle-shell hat on his head and the long uncombed black beard, was the face of my desire. The head was bowed towards the earth: it did not even turn towards the gay crowd, as if the mere spectacle was beadle-barred. I was about to accost this strange creature, who sat there so immovably, when a venerable Royal Academician, who resides at Hove, came towards me with hearty hand outstretched, and bore me along in the stream of his conversation and geniality. I looked back yearningly—it was as if the Academy was dragging me away from true Art.

"I think, if you don't mind, I'll get that old chap's address," I said.

He looked back, and shook his head in laughing reproof. "Another study in dirt and ugliness! Oh, you youngsters!"

My heart grew hot against his smug satisfaction with his own conventional patterns and prettinesses. "Behind that ugliness and dirt I see the Christ," I retorted. "I certainly did not see Him in the Church Parade."

"Have you gone on the religious lay now?" he asked, with a burst of his bluff laughter.

"No, but I'm going," I said, and turned back.

I stood, pretending to watch the gay parasols, but furtively studying my Jew. Yes, in that uncouth figure, so strangely seated on the pavement, I had chanced on the very features, the haunting sadness and mystery, of which I had been so long in quest. I wondered at the simplicity with which he was able to maintain a pose so essentially undignified. I told myself I beheld the East squatted broodingly as on a divan, while the West paraded with parasol and prayer-book. I wondered that the beadles were unobservant of him. Were they content with his abstention from the holy ground of the Church Parade and the less sacred seats on the promenade without? or would they, if their eyes drew towards him, move him on from further profaning those frigidly respectable windows and stuccoed portals?

At last I said "Good morning," and he rose hurriedly and began to move away, uncomplainingly, as one used to being hounded from everywhere.

"*Guten Morgen*," I said in German, with a happy inspiration; for in my futile search in London, I had found that a corrupt German called Yiddish usually proved a means of communication.

He paused, as if reassured. "*Gut' Morgen*," he murmured.

And then I saw that his stature was kingly, like that of the sons of Anak; and his manner a strange blend of majesty and humility.

"Pardon me," I went on, in my worst German, "may I ask you a question?"

He made a curious movement of acquiescence, compounded of a shrug and a slight uplifting of his palms.

"Are you in need of work?"

"And why do you wish to know?" he replied, answering, as I had already found was the Jewish way, one question by another.

"I thought I could find you some," I replied.

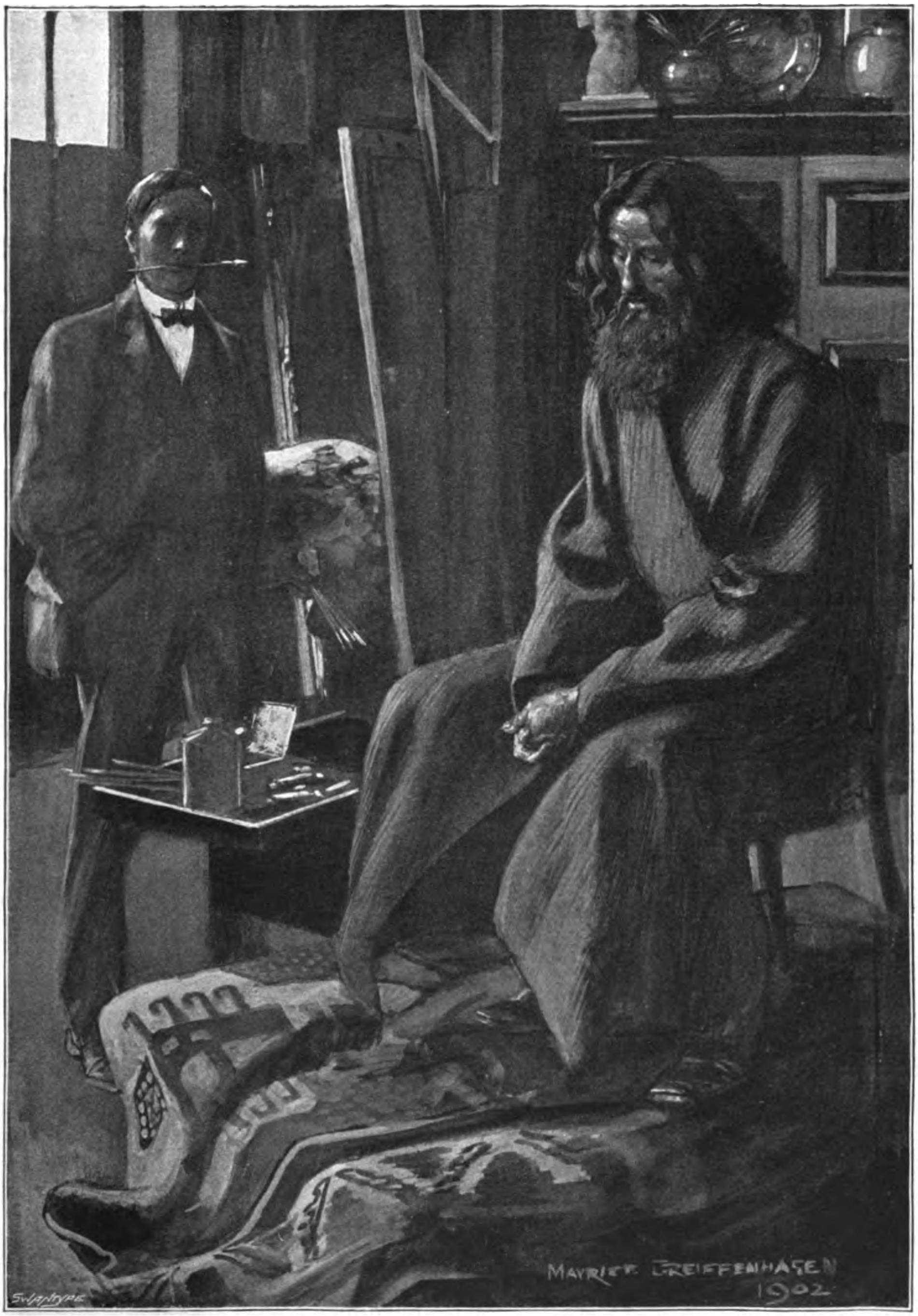
"Have you scrolls of the Law for me to write?" he replied incredulously. "You are not even a Jew."

"Still there may be something," I replied. "Let us walk along."

I felt that the beadle's eye was at last drawn to us both, and I hurried him down a side street. I noticed he hobbled as if footsore. He did not understand what I wanted, but he understood a pound a week—for he was starving—and when I said he must leave Brighton for London, he replied, awe-struck: "It is the finger of God." For in London were his wife and children.

His name was Israel Quarriar, his country Russia.

The picture was begun on Monday morning. Israel Quarriar's presence



"The picture was begun on Monday morning."

dignified the studio. It was thrilling and stimulating to see his noble figure and tragic face, the head drooped humbly, the beard like a prophet's.

"It is the finger of God," I, too, murmured, and fell to work, exalted.

I worked for the most part in rapt silence—perhaps the model's silence was contagious; but gradually through the days I grew to communion with his shy soul, and piecemeal I learnt his sufferings. I give his story, so far as I can, in his own words.

II.

THE MODEL'S STORY.

"I CAME here because Russia had grown intolerable to me. All my life and during the lives of my parents we Quarriars had been innkeepers, and thereby earned our bread. But Russia took away our livelihood for itself and created a monopoly. Thus we were left destitute. So what could I do with a large family? Of London and America I had long heard as places where they have compassion on foreigners. They are not countries like Russia, where truth exists not. Secondly, my children also worried me greatly. They are all six females, and a female in Russia, however beautiful, good and clever she be, if she have no dowry, has to accept any offer of marriage, however uncongenial the man may be. These things conspired to drive me from Russia. So I turned everything into money, and realised 350 roubles. People had told me that the whole journey to London should cost me 200 roubles, so I concluded I should have 150 roubles with which to begin life in the new country. It was very bitter to me to leave my fatherland, but the *moujik* says, 'Necessity brings everything.' So we parted from our friends with many tears: little had we thought we should be so broken up in our old age. But what else could I do in such a wretched country? As the *moujik* says: 'If the goat doesn't want to go to the market it is compelled to go.' So I started for London.

We travelled to Isota, on the Austrian frontier. As we sat at the railway station there, wondering how we were going to smuggle ourselves across the frontier, in came a benevolent-looking Jew with a long venerable beard, two very long ear-locks, and a girdle round his waist; washed his hands ostentatiously at a tap, prayed aloud the *Asher Yotzer* with great fervour, and on finishing his prayer looked every one expectantly in the eyes, and all responded 'Amen.' Then he drew up his coat sleeve with great deliberation, extended his hand, gave me an effusive *Shalom Aleichem*, and asked me how it went with me. Soon he began to talk about the frontier. Said he: 'As you see me, an *Ish kosher* (a ritually correct man), I will do you a kindness, not for money but for the sake of the *Mitzvah* (good deed).' I began to smell a rat, and thought to myself, How comes it that you know I want the frontier? Your kindness is suspicious, for as the *moujik* says, 'The devil has guests.'

"But if we need the thief, we cut him down even from the gallows.

"Such proved Elzas Kazelia. I asked him how much he wanted to smuggle me across. He answered thus: 'I see that you are a clever, respectable man, so look upon my beard and ear-locks and you will understand that you will receive fair treatment from me. I want to earn a *Mitzvah* (good deed) and a little money thereby.'

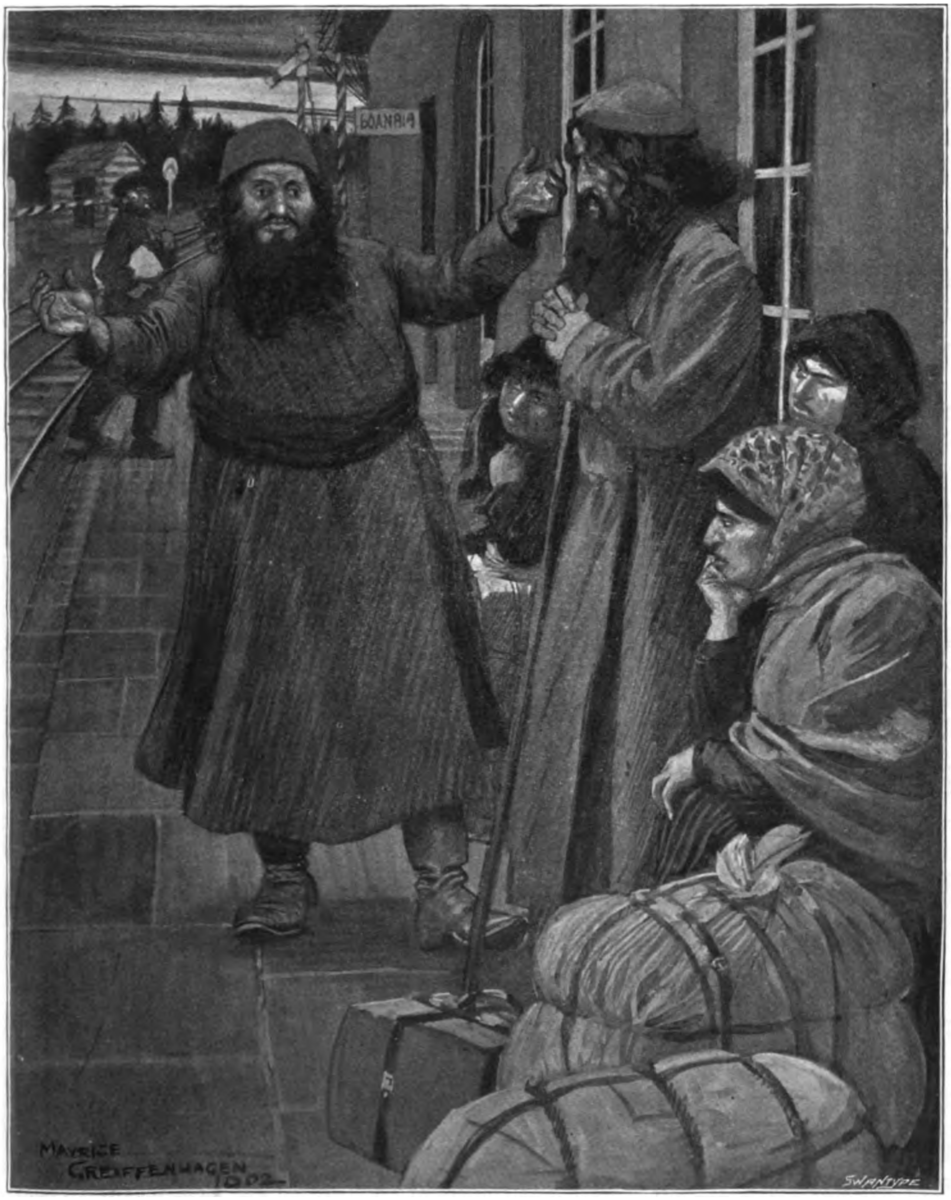
"Then he cautioned me not to leave the station and go out into the street, because in the street were to be found Jews without beards who would inform on me and give me up to the police. 'The world does not contain a sea of Kazelias,' said he. (Would that it did not contain even that one!)

"Then he continued: 'Shake out your money on the table, and we will see how much you have, and I will change it for you.'

"'Oh,' said I, 'I want first to find out the rate of exchange.'

"When Kazelia heard this, he gave a great spring and shrieked 'Hoi, hoi! On account of Jews like you the Messhiach (Messiah) can't come, and the Redemption of Israel is delayed. If you go out into the street you will find a Jew without a beard who will charge you more, and even take all your money away. I swear to you, as I should wish to see Messhiach Ben David, that I want to earn no money. I only desire your good, and so to lay up a little *Mitzvah* in Heaven.'

"Thereupon I changed my money with him. Afterwards I found that he had swindled me to the extent of fifteen roubles. Elzas Kazelia is like to the Russian forest robber.



"'*Hoi, hoi! On account of Jews like you the Messhiach can't come.*'"

"We began to talk further about the frontier. He wanted eighty roubles, and swore by his *kosher Yiddisheit* (ritually pure Judaism) that the affair would cost him seventy-five.

"Thereupon I became sorely troubled, because I had understood it would only cost us twenty roubles for all of us, and so I told him. Said he: 'If you seek others with short beards they will take twice as much from you.' But I went out into the street to seek a second murderer. The second promised to do it cheaper, said that Kazelia was a robber, and promised to meet me at the railway station.

"Immediately I left, Elzas Kazelia, the *kosher* Jew, went to the police, and informed them that I and my family were running away from Russia and were going to London; and we were at once arrested and thrown bag and baggage into a filthy cell, lighted only by an iron grating in the door. No food or drink was allowed us, as though we were the greatest criminals. Such is Russian humanity, to starve innocent people. The little provender we had in a bag scarcely kept us from fainting with hunger On the second day Kazelia sent two Jews with beards. Suddenly I heard the door unlock, and they appeared saying: 'We have come to do you a favour, but not for nothing. If your life and the lives of your family are dear to you, we advise you to give the police seventy roubles, and we want ten roubles for our kindness, and you must employ Kazelia to take you over the frontier for eighty roubles, otherwise the police will not be bribed. If you refuse you are lost.'

"Well, how could I answer? How could one give away the last kopeck, and arrive penniless in a strange land? So my people and I began to weep and to beg for pity. 'Have compassion,' we cried. Answered they: 'In a frontier town compassion dwells not. Give money. That will bring compassion.' And they slammed the door, and we were locked in once more. Tears and cries helped nothing. My children wept agonisedly. O, Truth, Truth! Russia, Russia! How scurvily you handle the guiltless! For an enlightened land to be thus!

"'Father, father,' the children said, 'give away everything, so that we die not in this cell of fear and hunger.'

"But even had I wished, I could do nothing from behind barred doors. Our shouting was long useless. At last I attracted a warder who was watching in the corridor. 'Bring me a Jew,' I cried: 'I wish to tell him of our plight.' And he answered: 'Hold your peace if you don't want your teeth knocked out. Recognise that you are a prisoner. You know well what is required of you.'

"Yes, I thought, my money or my life.

"On the third day our sufferings became almost insupportable, and the Russian cold seized on our bodies, and our strength began to fail. We looked upon the cell as our tomb, and on Kazelia as the Angel of Death. Here it seemed we were to die of hunger. We lost hope of seeing the sun. For well we know Russia. Who seeks Truth finds Death more easily. As the Russian proverb says, 'If you want to know Truth, you will know Death.'

"At length the warder seemed to take pity on our cries, and brought again the two Jews. 'For the last time we tell you: Give us money and we will do you a kindness. We have been seized with compassion for your family.'

"So I said no more, but gave them all they asked; and Elzas Kazelia came and said to me: 'It is a characteristic of the Jew never to part with his money unless chastised.' I said to Elzas Kazelia, 'I thought you were an honourable, pious Jew. How could you treat a poor family so?' He answered me, 'An honourable pious Jew must also make a little money.'

"Thereupon he conducted us from the prison and sent for a conveyance. No sooner had we seated ourselves than he demanded six roubles. Well, what could I do? I had fallen among thieves, and must part with my money. We drove to a small room, and remained there two hours, for which we had to pay three roubles, as the preparations for our crossing were apparently incomplete. When we finally got to the frontier—in this case a shallow river—they warned us not even to sneeze, for if the soldiers heard, we should be shot without more ado. I had to strip in order to wade through the water, and several men carried over my family. My two bundles, with all my belongings, consisting of clothes and household treasures, remained, however, on the Russian side. Suddenly a wild disorder arose. 'The soldiers! The

soldiers! Hide! hide! In the bushes! in the bushes!'

"When all was still again, the men went back for the baggage, but brought back only one bundle. The other, worth a hundred and fifty roubles, had disappeared. Wailing helped nothing. Kazelia said: 'Hold your peace. Here, too, dangers lurk.'

"I understood, but felt completely helpless in his hands. He drove us to his house, and our remaining bundle was deposited there. Later, when I walked into the town, I went to the Rabbi and complained. Said he, 'What can I do with such murderers? You must reconcile yourself to the loss.'

"I went back to my family at Kazelia's house, and he cautioned me against going into the street. On my way I had met a man who said he would charge twenty-eight roubles each for our journey to London. So Kazelia was evidently afraid I might yet fall into honester hands.

"Then we began to talk with him of London, for it is better to deal with the devil you know than the devil you don't know. Said he, 'It will cost you thirty-three roubles each.' I said, 'I have had an offer of twenty-eight roubles, but you I will give thirty.' 'Hoi, hoi!' shrieked he. 'On a Jew a lesson is lost. It is just as at the frontier—you wouldn't give eighty roubles, and it cost you double. You want the same again. One daren't do a Jew a favour.'

"So I held my peace and accepted his terms. But I saw I should be twenty-five roubles short of what was required to finish the journey. Said Kazelia, 'I can do you a favour: I can borrow twenty-five roubles on your luggage at the railway, and when you get to London you can repay.' And he took the bundle and conveyed it to the railway. What he did there I know not. He came back and told me he had done me a turn. (This time it seemed a good one.) He then took envelopes and placed in each the amount I was to pay at each stage of the journey. So at last we took train and rode off. And at each place I paid the dues with its particular envelope. The children were offered food by our fellow-passengers, though they could only take it when it was *kosher*, and this enabled us to keep our pride. There was one kind Jewess from Lemberg with a heart of gold and delicious circles of sausage.

"When I arrived at Leipsic they told me the amount was twelve marks short. So I missed my train, not knowing what to do, as I had now no money whatever but what was in the envelopes. The officials ordered us from the station. So we went out and walked about Leipsic; but we attracted the suspicion of the police and they wanted to arrest us. But we pleaded our innocence, and they let us go. So we retired into a narrow dark street and sat down by a blank wall, and told one another not to murmur. We sat together through the whole rainy night, the rain mingling with our tears.

"When day broke, I thought of a plan. I took twelve marks from the envelope containing the ships' money and ran back to the station and took tickets to Rotterdam, and so got to the end of our overland journey. When we got to the ship, they led us all into a shed, like cattle. One of the Kazelia conspirators—for his arm reaches over Europe—called us into his office and said, 'How much money have you?' I shook out the money from the envelopes on to the table. Said he, 'The amount is twelve marks short.' He had had advices, he said, from Kazelia that I would bring a certain amount, and I didn't have it. 'Here you can stay to-night. To-morrow you go back.' So he played on my ignorance, for I was paying at every stage in excess of the legal fares. But I knew not what powers he had. Every official was a possible disaster. We hardly lived till the day.

"Then I began to beg him to take my *Tallis* and *Tephillin* (praying-shawl and phylacteries) for the twelve marks. Said he: 'I have no use for them—you *must* go back.' With difficulty I got his permission to go out into the town, and I took my *Tallis* and *Tephillin* and went into a *Shool* (synagogue), and I begged some one to buy them. But a man came up and would not permit it. He took out twelve marks and gave me them. I begged him to give me his address, that I might be able to repay him. Said he, 'I desire neither thanks nor money.' Thus was I able to replace the amount lacking.

"We embarked without a bit of bread or a farthing in money. We arrived in London at nine o'clock in the morning penniless, where I had calculated to have at least a hundred and fifty roubles. I had a friend's address, and we all went

to look for him, but found that he had left London for America. We walked about all day till eight o'clock at night. The children could scarcely drag along from hunger and weariness. At last we sat down on the steps of a house in Wellclose Square. I looked about, and saw a building which I took to be a *Shool* (synagogue), as there were Hebrew posters stuck outside. I approached it. An old Jew with a long grey beard came to meet me, and began to speak with me. I understood soon what sort of a person he was, and turned away. The *Meshumad* (converted Jew) persisted, tempting me sorely with offers of food and drink for the family and further help. I said, 'I want nothing of you, nor do I desire your acquaintance.'

"I went back to my family. The children sat crying for food. They attracted the attention of a man, Baruch Zezangski (25, Ship Alley), and he went away, returning with bread and fish. When the children saw this they rejoiced exceedingly, and seized the man's hand to kiss it. Meanwhile darkness fell, and there was nowhere to pass the night. So I begged the man to find me a lodging for the night. He led us to a cellar in Ship Alley. It was pitch-black. They say there is a Hell. This may or may not be; but more of a Hell than the night we passed in this cellar one does not require. Every vile thing in the world seemed to have taken up its abode therein. We sat the whole night, sweeping the vermin from us. We hardly survived till dawn. In the morning entered the landlord, and demanded a shilling. I had not a farthing, but I had a leather bag, which I gave him for the night's lodging. I begged him to let me a room in the house. So he let me a small back room upstairs, the size of a table, at three shillings and sixpence a week. He relied on our collecting his rent from the kind-hearted. We entered the empty room with joy, and sat down on the floor. We remained the whole day without bread. The children managed to get a crust now and again from other lodgers; but all day long they cried for food, and at night they cried because there was nowhere to sleep. I asked our landlord if he knew of any work we could do. He said he would see what could be done. Next day he went out and returned with a heap of linen to be washed. The family set to work at once; but I am sure my wife washed the things less with water than with tears. Oh, Kazelia! We washed the whole week, the landlord each day bringing bread and washing. At the end of the week he said, 'You have worked out your rent, and have nothing to pay.' I should think not indeed!

"My eldest daughter was fortunate enough to get a place at a tailor's for four shillings a week, and the others sought washing and scrubbing. So each day we had bread, and at the end of the week, rent. Bread and water alone formed our sustenance. But we were very grateful all the same. When the holidays came on, my daughter fell out of work. I heard a word 'slack.' I inquired what was the meaning of the word 'slack.' Then my daughter told me that it means *schlecht* (bad). There is nothing to be earned. Now what should I do? I had no means of living. The children cried for bread and something to sleep on. Still we lived somehow till *Rosh Hashanah* (New Year), hoping it would be indeed a New Year.

"It was *Erv Yomtov* (the Day before the Holiday), and no washing was to be had. We struggled as before death. The landlord of the house came in. He said to me, 'Aren't you ashamed? Can't you see your children have scarcely strength to live? Why have you not compassion on your little ones? Go to the Charity Board: there you will receive help.' Believe me, I would rather have died. But the little ones were starving, and their cries wrung me. So I went. I said, weeping, 'My children are perishing for a morsel of bread: I can no longer look upon their sufferings.' And they answered: 'After *Yomtov* we will send you back home.' 'But meanwhile,' I answered, 'the children want food.' Whereupon one of the Board struck a bell, and in came a stalwart Angel of Death, who seized me by the arm so that it ached all day, and thrust me through the door. I went out, my eyes blinded with tears, so that I could not see where I went. It was long before I found my way back to Ship Alley. They already thought I had drowned myself for trouble. Such was our plight still when came the Eve of the Day of Atonement—not a morsel of bread to 'take in' the fast! But just at the worst a woman from next door came

in and engaged one of my daughters to look after a little child during the Fast (while she was in the Synagogue), at a wage of tenpence paid in advance. With joy we expended it all on bread, and we prayed that the Day of Atonement should endure long so that we could fast long, and have no need to buy food; for, as the *moujik* says, 'If we had no mouth we could wear a golden coat.' I went to the Men's Free Shool and passed the whole day in tearful supplication. When I came home at night, my wife sat and wept. I asked her why she wept. She answered: 'Why have you led me to such a land, where even prayer costs money? I went the whole day from one Shool to another, but they would not let me in. At last I went to the Shool of the Sons of the Soul, where pray the pious Jews with beards and ear-locks, and even there I was not allowed in. The heathen policeman begged for me, and said to them: "Shame on you, not to let the poor woman in!" The *Gabbai* (treasurer) answered: "If one hasn't money one sits at home.'" And my wife said to him, weeping, 'My tears be on your head,' and went home, and remained home the whole day weeping. With a woman *Yom Kippur* is a wonder-working day. She thought that her prayers might be heard, that God would consider her plight if she wept out her heart to Him in the Shool. But she was frustrated, and this was perhaps the greatest blow of all to her. Moreover, she was oppressed by her own brethren, and this was indeed bitter. If it was the Gentile, she would have consoled herself with the thought 'We are in exile.' When the fast was over, we had nothing but a little bread left to break our fast on, or to prepare for the next day's fast. Nevertheless we sorrowfully slept. But the wretched day came again, and the elder children went out into the street to seek prosperity, and found scrubbing that brought in ninepence. We bought bread, and continued to live further. Likewise we obtained three shillings-worth of washing, and were as rich as Rothschild. When *Succoth* (tabernacles) came, again no money, no bread; and I went about the streets the whole day to seek for work. When I was asked what handicraftsman I was, of course I had to say I had no trade, for foolishly enough among the Jews in Russia a trade is held up to contempt, and when one is held up to scorn they say to him: 'Anybody can see you are a descendant of a handicraftsman.'

"I could write Holy Scrolls indeed, and keep an inn; but what helped these accomplishments? As I found I could obtain no work, I went into the Shool of the Sons of the Soul. I seated myself next a man, and we began to speak. I told him of my plight. Said he: 'I will give you advice. Call on our Rabbi. He is a very fine man.'

"I did so. As I entered, he sat in company with another man, holding his *Lulov* and *Esrog* (palm and citron). 'What do you want?' I couldn't answer him, my heart was so oppressed, but suddenly my tears gushed forth. It seemed to me help was at hand. I felt assured of sympathy, if of nothing else. I told him we were perishing for want of bread, and asked him to give me advice. He answered nothing. He turned to the man, and spoke concerning the Tabernacle and the Citron. He took no further notice of me, but left me standing.

"So I understood he was no better than Elzas Kazelia. And this was a Rabbi! As I saw I might as well have talked to the wall, I left the room without a word from him. As the *moujik* would say: 'Sad and bitter is the poor man's lot. It is better to lie in the dark tomb and not to see the sun-lit world than to be a poor man and be compelled to beg for money.'

"I came home, where my family was waiting patiently for my return with bread. I said, 'Good Yomtov,' weeping, for they looked scarcely alive, having been without a morsel of food that day.

"So we tried to sleep, but hunger would not permit it, but demanded his due. Hunger, you old fool, why don't you let us sleep? But he refused to be talked over. So we passed the night. When day came, the little children began to cry: 'Father, let us go. We will beg bread in the streets. We die of hunger. Don't hold us back.'

"When the mother heard them speak of begging in the streets, she swooned; whereupon arose a great clamour among the children. When at length we brought her to, she reproached us bitterly for restoring her to life. 'I would rather

have died than hear you speak of begging in the streets—rather see my children die of hunger before my eyes.' This speech of the mother caused them to forget their hunger, and they sat and wept together.

"On hearing the weeping a man from next door, Gershon Kotkal, came in to see what was the matter. He looked around, and his heart went out to us. So he went away, and returned speedily with bread and fish and tea and sugar, and went away again, returning with five shillings. He said, 'This I lend you.' Later he came back with a man, Nathan Beck, who inquired into our story, and took away the three little ones to stay with him. Afterwards, when I called to see them, they hid themselves from me, being afraid I should want them to return, to endure again the pangs of hunger. It was bitter to think that a stranger should have the care of my children; and that they should shun me as one shuns a wolf.

"After *Yomtov* I went to Grunbach, the shipping agent, to see whether my luggage had arrived, as I understood from Kazelia that it would get here in a month's time. I showed my pawn-ticket, and inquired concerning it. Said he, 'Your luggage won't come to London, only to Rotterdam. If you like I will write a letter to inquire if it is at Rotterdam, and how much money is due to redeem it.' I told him I had borrowed twenty-five roubles on it. Whereupon he calculated that it would cost me £4 6*s.*, including freight, to redeem it.

"But I told him to write and ask. Some days later a letter came from Rotterdam stating the cost at 83 roubles (£8 13*s.*), irrespective of freight dues. When I heard this I was astounded, and I immediately wrote to Kazelia, 'Why do you behave like a forest-robber, giving me only twenty-five roubles where you got eighty-three?' Answered he, 'Shame on you to write such a letter! haven't you been in my house, and seen what an honourable Jew I am? Shame on you! To such men as you, one can't do a favour. Do you think there are a sea of Kazelias in the world? You are all thick-headed. You can't read a letter. I only took fifty-four roubles on the luggage. I had to recoup myself because I lost money through sending you to London. I calculated my loss, and took only what was due to me.' I showed the letter to Grunbach, and he sent again to Rotterdam, and they answered they knew nothing of a Kazelia,—I must pay the £8 13*s.* Well, what was to be done? The weather grew colder. Hunger we had become inured to. But how could we pass the winter nights on the bare boards in the inclement weather? I wrote again to Kazelia, but received no answer whatever. Day and night I went about asking advice concerning the luggage. Nobody could help me.

"And as I stood thus in the middle of the sea, word came to me of a *Landsmann* (countryman) I had once helped to escape from the Russian army, in the days when I was happy, and had still my inn. They said he had a great business in jewellery, on a great high road in front of the sea in a great town called Brighton. So I started off at once to walk to him—two days' journey, they said—for I knew he would help, and if not he, who? I would come to him as his Sabbath guest—he would surely fall upon my neck.

"The first night I slept in a barn with another tramp, who pointed me the way. Next day I stopped to earn sixpence, by chopping wood, and lo! when Sabbath came I was still twelve miles away, and durst not profane the Sabbath by walking. So I lingered in a village, thanking God I had at least the money for a bed, though some would think it sinful even to touch the coins. And all the next day, I know not why, the street boys called me a *Goy* (heathen) and a Fox. 'Goy-Fox, Goy-Fox,' and they let off fireworks in my face. So I wandered in the woods around, very weary, and when the three stars came in the sky I started for Brighton. But so footsore was I, I came there only at midnight, and could not search. And I sat down on a bench—it was very cold, but I was so tired, and the policeman came and drove me away: he was God's messenger, for I should perchance have died; and a drunken female with a painted face told him to let me be, and gave me a shilling. How could I refuse? I slept again in a bed. And that morning I started out, and walked all down in front of the sea, but my heart grew sick, for I saw the shops were shut. At last I saw a jewellery shop and my *Landsmann's* name over it. It sparkled with gold and diamonds, and little bills were spread over it, 'Great sale! Great sale!' Then I went joyfully to the door, but lo! it was

bolted. So I knocked and knocked, and at last a woman came from above and told me he lived in that road in Hove, where I found indeed my redeemer, but not my *Landsmann*. It was a great house with steps up and steps down. I went down to a great door, and there came out a beautiful heathen female with a shining cap on her head, and she drove me away. 'Goy Fox was yesterday!' she shouted with wrath, and slammed the door on my heart; and I sat down on the pavement without, and I became a pillar of salt, all frozen tears. But when I looked up, I saw the Angel of the Lord."

III.

THE PICTURE EVOLVES.

SUCH was my model's simple narrative, the homely realism of which appealed to me on my most imaginative side, for through all its sordid details stood revealed to me the tragedy of the Wandering Jew. Was it Heine or another who said, "The people of Christ is the Christ of peoples"? At any rate, such was the idea that began to take possession of me: to paint, not the Christ that I had started out to paint, but the Christ incarnated in a race, suffering—and who knew that He did not suffer over again?—in its Passion. Yes, Israel Quarriar could still be my model, but after another conception altogether.

It was an idea that called for no change in what I had already done. For I had worked mainly upon the head, and now that I purposed to clothe the figure in its native gaberdine, there would be little to redraw. And so I fell to work with renewed intensity, feeling even safer now that I was painting and interpreting a real thing than when I was trying to reconstruct retrospectively the sacred figure that had walked in Galilee.

And no sooner had I fallen to work on this new conception than I found everywhere how old it was. It appeared even to have Scriptural warrant, for from a brief report of an historical theological lecture by a Protestant German professor, I gleaned that many of the passages in the Prophets which had been interpreted as pointing to a coming Messiah really applied to Israel the people; Israel it was whom Isaiah in that famous fifty-third chapter had described as "despised and rejected of men: a man of sorrows." Israel it was who bore the sins of the world. Israel was the Man of Sorrows. And in this view the German professor, I found, was only re-echoing Rabbinic opinion. My model proved a mine of lore upon this, as upon so many other points. Even the Jewish expectation of the Messiah he had never shared, he said: that the *Messhiach* would come riding upon a white ass. Israel would be redeemed by itself; though his neighbours would have called the sentiment "epicurean."

"Whoever saves me is my *Messhiach*," he declared suddenly, and plucked at my hand to kiss it.

"Now, you shock *me*," I said, pushing him away.

"No, no," he said: "I agree with the word of the *moujik*, 'the good people *are* God.'"

"Then I suppose you are what is called a Zionist?" I said.

"Yes," he replied, "since you have saved me, I see that God works only through men. As for the *Messhiach* on the white ass, they do not really believe it, but they won't let another believe otherwise. For my own part, when I say the prayer, 'Blessed be Thou who restorest the dead to life,' I always mean it of you."

Such Oriental hyperbolic gratitude would have satisfied the greediest benefactor, and was infinitely in excess of what he owed me. He seemed unconscious that he was doing work, journeying punctually long miles to my studio in every and any weather. It is true that I early helped him to redeem his household gods, but could I do less for a man who had still no bed to sleep in?

This had involved the discovery of further complications. The agents at the East End charged him 3*s*. 6*d*. per letter, and conducted the business with a fine legal delay. But it was not till Kazelia was eulogised by one of these gentry as a very fine man, that both the model and I grew suspicious that the long chain of roguery reached even unto London, and that the confederates on this side were playing for time, so that the option should expire, and the railway sell the unredeemed luggage, which they would doubtless buy in cheap, making another profit.

Ultimately Quarriar told me his second daughter—for the eldest was blind of one

eye—was prepared to journey alone to Rotterdam, as the safest way of redeeming the goods. Admiring her pluck, I added her fare to the expenses.

One fine morning Israel appeared transfigured with happiness.

"When does man rejoice most?" he cried. "When he loses and finds again."

"Ah, then you have got your bedding at last?" I cried, now accustomed to his methods of expression. I hope you slept well."

"We could not sleep for blessing you," he replied unexpectedly. "As the psalmist says, 'All my bones praise the Lord!'"

Not that the matter had gone smoothly even now. The Kazelia gang at Rotterdam denied all knowledge of the luggage, and sent the girl to the railway, where the dues had now mounted to £10 6*s*. Again, therefore, the cup was dashed from her lips. But she went to the Rabbi, and offered, if he supplied the balance, to repledge the Sabbath silver candlesticks that were the one family heirloom in the bundle, and therewith repay him instantly. As she pleaded with him, in came a noble Jew, paid the balance, lodged her and fed her, and saw her safely on board with the long-lost treasures.

IV.

I BECOME A SORTER

As the weeks went by, my satisfaction with the progress I was making was largely tempered by the knowledge that after the completion of the picture my model would be thrown again on the pavement; and several times I fancied I detected him gazing at it sadly, as if watching its advancing stages with a sort of hopeless fear. My anxiety about him and his family grew from day to day, but I could not see any possible way of helping him. He was touchingly faithful, anxious to please, and uncomplaining either of cold or hunger. Once I gave him a few shillings to purchase a second-hand pair of top-boots which were necessary for the picture; and these he was able to procure in the Ghetto Sunday market for a minute sum, and he conscientiously returned me the balance—about two-thirds.

I happened to know Samson, the famous philanthropist of the Ghetto, and inquired whether some committee could not do anything to assist Quarriar. Samson was not very encouraging. The man knew no trade; however, if he would make application on the form inclosed and answer the questions, he would see what could be done. I saw that the details were duly filled in—the ages and sex of his six children, etc.

But the committee came to the conclusion that the only thing they could do was to repatriate the man. "Return to Russia!" cried Israel, in horror.

Occasionally I inquired if any plan for the future had occurred to him. But he never raised the subject of his difficulties of his own accord, and his very silence, born, as it seemed to me, of the majestic dignity of the man, was infinitely pathetic. Now and again came a fitful gleam of light. His second daughter would be given a week's work for a few shillings from his landlord, a working master-tailor in a small way, from whom he now rented two tiny rooms on the top floor. But that was only when there was an extra spasm of activity. His half-blind daughter would do a little washing, and the landlord went out of his way to allow her the use of the backyard.

At last one day I found he had an idea, and an idea, moreover, that was carefully worked out in all its details. The scheme was certainly a novel and surprising one to me, but it showed how the art of forcing a livelihood amid impossible circumstances had been cultivated among these people, compelled for centuries to exist under impossible conditions.

Briefly his scheme was this. In the innumerable tailors' workshops of his district great piles of cuttings of every kind and quality of cloth accumulated, and for the purchase of these cuttings a certain competition existed among a class of people known as piece-sorters. The sale of these cuttings by weight and for cash brought the master-tailors a pleasant little revenue, which was the more prized as it was a sort of perquisite. The masters were able to command payment for their cuttings in advance, and the sorter would call to collect them week by week as they accumulated, till the amount he had advanced was exhausted.

As a piece-sorter Quarriar would be able to employ his daughters too. The family would carefully sort out their purchases, and each quality and size would

be readily saleable, as raw material to be woven again into the cheaper woollen fabrics. Through the recommendation of his countrymen there were several tailors who had readily promised to give him the preference. His own landlord in particular had promised to befriend him, and even now was allowing his cuttings to accumulate at some inconvenience, since he might have had ready money for them. Moreover, his friends had introduced him to a very respectable and honest sorter, who would take him into partnership, teach him, and allow his daughters to be employed in the sorting, if he could put down twenty pounds! His friends would jointly advance him eight on the security of his Sabbath silver candlesticks, if only he could raise the other twelve. This promising scheme took an incubus off my mind; and I hastened, somewhat revengefully, to acquaint the professional philanthropist, who had been so barren of ideas, with my intention to set up Quarriar as a piece-sorter.

"Ah," he replied, unmoved, "then you had better employ my man, Conn, to find him a partner. He does a good deal of this sort of work for me."

"But I told you they have already found a partner."

"The partner will cheat him. Twenty pounds is ridiculous. Five pounds is quite enough. Take my advice and let it all go through Conn. When I want my portrait painted I don't go to an amateur. By the way, here are the five pounds; but please don't tell Conn I gave them. I don't believe they'll do any good."

My interest in piece-sorting had grown abnormally, and I went into the figures and quantities—so many hundredweight purchased at fifteen shillings, sorted into lots and sold at various prices—with as thorough-going an eagerness as if my own livelihood were to depend upon it.

I confess I was rather bewildered by so serious a difference of estimate at the very outset; but I was inclined to set down my friend's scepticism to that pessimism which is the penalty of professional philanthropy.

On the other hand, I felt that, whether the partnership was to cost five pounds or twelve, Quarriar's future would be safer from Kazelias under the auspices of Samson and his Conn. So I handed the latter the five pounds.

With the advent of Conn all my troubles began, and the picture passed into its third and last stage.

I soon elicited that Quarriar and his friends were rather sorry Conn had been introduced into the matter. He was alleged to favour some people at the expense of others, and not at all to be popular among the people amid whom he worked. And altogether it was abundantly clear that Quarriar would rather have gone on with the scheme in his own way without official interference.

Later, Samson wrote me direct that the partner put forward by the Quarriar faction was a shady customer: Conn had selected his own man; but even so there was little hope that Quarriar's future would thus be provided for.

There seemed, moreover, a note of suspicion of Quarriar sounding underneath; but I found comfort in the reflection that to Samson Quarriar was nothing more than the usual applicant for assistance, whereas to me, who had lived for months in daily contact with him, he was something infinitely more human.

Spring was now nearing. I finished my picture early in March, after four months' strenuous labour, shook hands with my model and received his blessing. I was somewhat put out at learning that Conn had not yet given him the five pounds necessary to start him, as I had been hoping he might begin his new calling immediately. I gave him a small present to help tide over the time of waiting.

But that tragic face on my own canvas remained to haunt me, to ask the question of his future; and few days elapsed ere I found myself starting out to visit him at his home. He lived near Ratcliffe Highway, a district which I found had none of that boisterous marine romance with which I had associated it.

The house was a narrow building of at least the sixteenth century, with the number marked up in chalk on the rusty little door. I happened to have stumbled on the Jewish Passover. Quarriar was called down, evidently astonished, and unprepared for my appearance at his humble abode; but he expressed pleasure, and led me up the narrow, steep stairway, whose ceiling almost touched my head as I climbed up after him. On the first floor the landlord—in festal raiment—intercepted us, introduced himself in English

(which he spoke with pretentious inaccuracy), and, barring my further ascent, took possession of me and led the way to his best parlour, as if it were entirely unbecoming for his tenant to receive a gentleman in his attic.

He was a strapping fellow, full of 'cuteness and vigour—a marked contrast to Quarriar's drooping, dignified figure, standing shamefacedly near by, and radiating poverty and suffering all the more in the little old panelled room, elegant with a big carved walnut cabinet and gay with chromos and stuffed birds. Effusively the master-tailor painted himself as the champion of the poor fellow, and protested against this outside partnership that was being imposed on him. He himself, though he could scarcely afford it, was keeping his cuttings for him, in spite of tempting offers from other quarters, even of a shilling a sack. But of course he didn't see why the new partner should benefit by this. He discoursed to me in moved terms (Quarriar only putting in a word now and then when appealed to), of the sorrows and privations of his tenants in their two tiny rooms upstairs.

He produced a goblet of rum and shrub for the benefit of the high-born visitor, and we all clinked glasses, the landlord beaming at me unctuously as he set down his glass.

"I love company," he cried, with no apparent consciousness of impudent familiarity.

I returned, however, to the piece-sorting. It occurred to me afterwards that I ought not to have insisted on such a secular subject on a Jewish holiday; but Quarriar and the landlord, so far from rebuking me, entered most cordially into the discussion. The landlord was saying what a pity it would be if Quarriar were really forced to accept Conn's partner, when Quarriar timidly blurted out that he had already signed the deed of partnership, though he had not yet received the promised capital nor spoken over matters with the new partner. The landlord seemed astonished and angry at learning this, pricking up his ears curiously at the word "signed," and giving Quarriar a look of horror.

"Signed!" he cried in Yiddish. "*What* hast thou signed?"

At this point the landlord's wife joined us in the parlour, with a pretty child in her arms, and another shy one clinging to her skirts, completing the picture of felicity and prosperity, and throwing into greater shadow the attic to which I shortly afterwards climbed my way up the steep airless stairs. I was hardly prepared for the depressing spectacle that awaited me at their summit. It was not so much the shabby, fusty rooms, devoid of everything save a couple of mattresses, a rickety wooden table, and a chair or two, and a heap of Passover cakes, as the unloveliness of the three women who stood there, awkward and flushing before their great guest. The wife and mother was dwarfed and black-wigged, the daughters squat, with tallow-coloured round faces, vaguely suggestive of Caucasian peasants, while the sightless eye of the eldest lent a final touch of ugliness.

How little my academic friends know me who imagine I am allured by the ugly! It is only that sometimes I see through it a beauty that they are blind to. But here I confess I saw nothing but the ghastly misery and squalor, and I was oppressed almost to sickness as much by the scene as by the atmosphere.

"May I open a window?" I could not help inquiring.

The genial landlord, who had followed in my footsteps, rushed to anticipate me; and when I could breathe more freely, I re-found something of the tragedy that had been swallowed in the sordidness, as my eye fell again on the figure of my host, standing in his drooping majesty—the droop being now necessary to avoid striking the ceiling with his kingly head.

Surely a pretty wife and graceful daughters would have detracted from the splendour of the tragedy. Israel stood there, surrounded by all that was mean, but losing nothing of his regal dignity—indeed the Man of Sorrows.

Ere I left I suddenly remembered to ask after the three younger children. They were still with their kind benefactor, the father told me.

"I suppose you will resume possession of them when you make your fortune by the piece-sorting," I said.

"God grant it!" he replied; "my bowels yearn for that day."

Against my intention, I slipped into his hand the final seven pounds I was prepared to pay. "If your partnership scheme fails, try again alone," I said.



"The unloveliness of the three women who stood there."

His blessings pursued me down the steep staircase. His womankind remained shy and dumb.

When I got home, I found a telegram from the Parsonage. My father was dangerously ill. I left everything and hastened to help nurse him. My picture was not sent in to any exhibition—I could not let it go without seeing it again, without a last touch or two. When, some months later, I returned to town, my first thought—inspired by the sight of my picture—was how Quarriar was faring. I left the studio and telephoned to Samson at his office.

"*That!*" His contempt penetrated even through the wires. "Smashed up long ago. Just as I expected." And the sneer of the professional philanthropist vibrated triumphantly.

I was much upset, but ere I could recover my composure Mr. Samson was cut off. In the evening I received a note saying Quarriar was a rogue, who had had to flee from Russia for illicit sale of spirits. He had only two, at most three, elderly daughters; the three younger girls were a myth. For a moment I was staggered, then all my faith in Israel returned. Those three children a figment of the imagination? Impossible! Why, I remembered countless little anecdotes about these very children told me with the most evident fatherly pride. He had even repeated the quaint remarks the youngest had made on her return home from her first morning at the English school. Impossible that these things could have been invented on the spur of the moment!

I went to Samson: he said that Quarriar, challenged by Conn to produce these children, had refused to do so, or to answer any further questions. I found myself approving of his conduct. "A man ought not to be insulted by such absurd charges," I said. Mr. Samson merely smiled, and took up his usual

unshakable position behind his impregnable wall of official distrust and pessimism.

I wrote to Quarriar to call on me without delay. He came immediately, his head bowed, his features careworn and full of infinite suffering. Yes, it was true: the piece-sorting had failed. For a few weeks all had gone well. He had bought cuttings himself, and given the partner various sums for the same purpose. They had worked together, sorting in a cellar rented for the purpose, of which his partner kept the key. So smoothly had things gone, that he had felt encouraged to invest even the reserve seven pounds I had given him; but when the cellar was full of their common stock, and his own suspicions had been lulled by the regular division of the profits—seventeen shillings per week for each—one morning, on arriving at the cellar to start the day's work, he found the place locked, and when he called at the partner's house to inquire, the man laughed in his face. Everything in the cellar now belonged to him, he claimed, and insisted that Quarriar had eaten up the original capital and his share of the profits besides.

"Besides, it never *was* your money," was the rogue's ultimate argument. "Why shouldn't *I* profit, too, by the Christian's simplicity?"

Conn blindly believed his own man, for the transactions had not been recorded in writing, and it was only a case of his word against the partner's. It was the latter who had told Conn the younger children did not exist. But they were still living with the kind-hearted countryman, as he and the other members of the family were now again face to face with starvation.

"You are sure you could absolutely produce the little ones?"

He looked grieved at my distrusting him. My faith in his probity was the one thing he valued in this world. I dismissed him with a little to help him over the next week, thoroughly determined that the man's good name should be cleared. The partner must disgorge, and the eyes of my benevolent friend and of Conn must be finally opened to the injustice they had unwittingly sanctioned. Again I wrote to my friend. As usual, Samson replied kindly and without a trace of impatience. Would I get some intelligible written statement from Quarriar as to what had taken place?

So, at my request, Quarriar sent me a statement in quaint English—probably the landlord's—stating specifically that the partner had detained goods and money belonging to Quarriar to the amount of £7 9*s*. 5*d*., and had assaulted him into the bargain. When the partner was threatened with police-court proceedings, he defied Quarriar with the remark that Mr. Conn would bear out his honesty. Quarriar could give references to show that he was an honest man and had made a true statement as to the number of his children, seven Russians [named], who would attest that the partner given him was well known as a swindler. Though he was starving, Quarriar refused to have anything further to say to Conn. Quarriar further referred to his landlord, who would willingly testify to his honesty, but who was afraid of Conn and not inclined to commit himself in writing, but would give his version verbally.

Against this statement my philanthropic friend had to set another as made by the partner. Quarriar, according to this, had received the £5 direct from Conn, and had handed over niggardly sums to the partner for the purchase of goods—to wit, two separate sums of £1 each (of which he returned to Quarriar 33*s*. from sales), while Quarriar only gave him as his share of the profits for the whole of the five weeks the sum of 17*s*., instead of the minimum of 10*s*. each week that had been arranged.

The partner insisted that he had never handled any money (of which Quarriar had full control), and that all the goods in the cellar at the time of the quarrel were only of the value of 10*s*., to which he was entitled, as Quarriar still owed him 33*s*. Moreover, he was willing to repeat in Quarriar's presence the stories the latter had tried to persuade him to tell. As to the children, he challenged Quarriar to produce them.

In vain I attempted to grapple with these conflicting documents. My head was in a whirl. It seemed to me that no judicial bench, however eminent, could probe to the bottom of this matter from the bare materials presented. The arithmetic of both parties was hopelessly beyond me. The names of the witnesses introduced showed that there must be two camps, and that certainly

Quarriar was solidly encamped amid his advisers.

The whole business was taking on a most painful complexion, and I was torn by conflicting emotions and swayed alternately by suspicion and confidence.

How sift the false from the true, amid all this tangled mass? And yet mere curiosity would not leave me content to go to my grave not knowing whether my model was apostle or Ananias. I too must then become a rag-sorter, dabbling amid dirty fragments. Was there a black and was there a white, or were both statements parti-coloured? To take only the one point of the children, it would seem a very simple matter to determine whether a man had six daughters or three; and yet, the more I looked into it, the more I saw the complexity Even if three little girls were produced for my inspection, it was utterly impossible for me to tell whether they really were the model's. Nor was the experience of Solomon open to me—to have them hacked in two to see whose heart would be moved.

And then, if Israel's story were false here, what of the rest? Was Kazelia also a myth? Did the second daughter ever go to Rotterdam? Was the landlord's detaining me in the parlour a ruse to gain time for the attics to be emptied of any comforts? Where were the silver candlesticks? These and other questions surged up torturingly. But I remembered the footsore figure on the Brighton pavement, I remembered the months he had practically lived with me, the countless conversations; and as the "Man of Sorrows" rose reproachful before me from my own canvas, with his noble bowed head, my faith in his dignity and probity returned unbroken.

I called on Samson, and his practical mind quickly suggested the best course in the circumstances. He appointed a date for all parties — himself, myself, Conn, the two claimants and any witnesses they might care to bring—to appear at his office. But above all Quarriar must bring the three children with him.

On getting back to my studio, I found Quarriar waiting for me. He was come to pour out his heart to me, and to complain that all sorts of underhand inquiries were being directed against him, so that he scarcely dared to draw breath, so thick was the air with treachery. He was afraid that his very friends, who were anxious not to offend Conn and Samson, might turn against him. Even his landlord had threatened to eject him, as he had been unable to pay his rent the last week or two.

I told him he might expect a letter asking him to attend at Samson's office; that I should be there, and he should have an opportunity of facing his partner. He welcomed it joyfully, and enthusiastically promised to obey the call and bring the children. I emptied my purse into his hand—there were three or four pounds—and he promised me that, quite apart from the old tangle, he could now as an expert set up as a piece-sorter himself. And so his kingly figure passed out of my sight.

The next document sent me in this *cause célèbre* was a copy of a letter from Conn to Mr. Samson, to announce that he had made all arrangements for the great meeting, winding up thus:

"The original application form filled up by Quarriar clearly condemns him. The partner will be there, and I have arranged for Quarriar's landlord to appear if you think it necessary. I may add that I have very good reason to believe that Quarriar does not mean to appear. I fancy he is trying to wriggle out of the appointment."

I at once wrote a short note to Quarriar reminding him of the absolute necessity of appearing, and with the children, who should be even kept away from school.

I reproduce the exact reply:

DEAR SIR,—

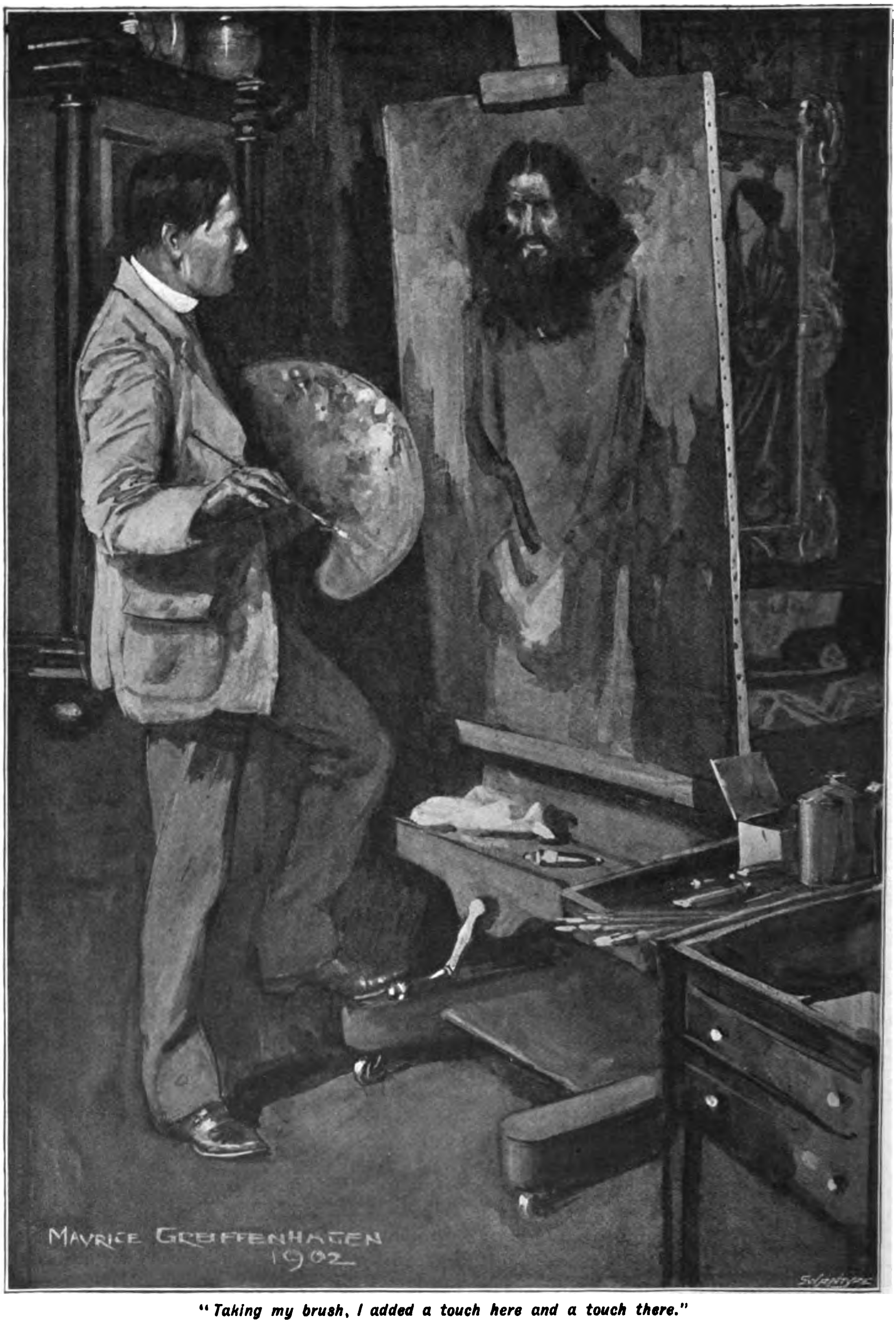
Referring to your welcome letter, I gratify you very much for the trouble you have taken for me. But I'm sorry to tell you that I refuse to go before the committee according you arranged to, as I received a letter without any name threatening me that I should not dare to call for the committee to tell the truth, for I will be put into mischief and trouble. It is stated also that the same gentleman does not require the truth. He helps only those he likes to. So I will not call, and wish you, my dear gentleman, not to trouble to come. Therefore if you wish to assist me in somehow is very good, and I will certainly gratify you, and if not I will have to do without it, and will have to trust the Almighty. So kindly do not trouble about it, as I do not wish to enter a risk.

"I remain,

"Your humble and grateful servant,

"ISRAEL QUARRIAR.

Last Wednesday a man called on my landlord and asked him some secrets about



"Taking my brush, I added a touch here and a touch there."

me, and told him at last that I shall have to state according I will be commanded to and not as I wish. I enclose you herewith the same letter I received: it is written in Jewish. Please not to show it to any one, but to tear it at once, as I would not trust it to any other one. I would certainly call at the office and follow your advice. But my life is dearer. So you should not trouble to come. I fear already I gratify you for kind help till now; in the future you may do as you wish."

V.

LAST STAGE OF ALL.

THIS letter seemed decisive. I did not trouble Mr. Conn to English the Hebrew epistle. My imagination saw too clearly Quarriar dictating its luridly romantic phraseology. Such counterplots, coils treasons, and stratagems in so simple a matter! How Quarriar could even think them plausible I could not at first imagine; and with my anger was mingled a flush of resentment at his low estimate of my intellect.

After-reflection instructed me that he wrote as a Russian, to whom apparently nothing mediæval was strange. But at the moment I had only the sense of outrage and trickery. All these months I had been fed upon lies. Day after day I had been swathed with them as with feathers. I had so pledged my reputation as a reader of character that he would appear with his disputed children, bear every test, and be triumphantly vindicated. And in that moment of hot anger and wounded pride, I had almost slashed through my canvas and mutilated beyond redemption that kingly head. But it looked at me sadly, with its sweet majesty, and I stayed my hand, almost persuaded to have faith in it. I began multiplying excuses for Quarriar, figuring him as misled by his neighbours, more skilled than he in playing upon philanthropic heartstrings; he had been told, doubtless, that three daughters made no impression upon the flinty heart of bureaucratic charity,—that in order to soften it one must "increase and multiply." He had got himself into a network of falsehood, from which, though his better nature recoiled, he had been unable to disentangle himself. But then I remembered how even in Russia he had pursued an illegal calling, how he had helped a friend to evade military service; and again I took up my knife. But the face preserved its reproachful dignity,—seemed almost to turn the other cheek. Illegal calling! No; it was the law that was illegal—the cruel, impossible law, that in taking away all means of livelihood had contorted the Jew's conscience. It was the country that was illegal—the cruel country whose frontiers could only be crossed by bribery and deceit—the country that had made him cunning, like all weak creatures in the struggle for survival. And so gradually softer thoughts came to me and less unmingled feelings. I could not doubt the general accuracy of his melancholy wanderings between London and Brighton. But were he spotless as the dove, that only made surer the blackness of Kazelia and the partner—his brethren in Israel and in the Exile. And so the new Man of Sorrows shaped himself to my vision. And taking my brush I added a touch here and a touch there, till there came into that face of sorrows a look of craft and guile. And as I stood back from my work, I was startled to see how much nearer I had come to a photographic representation of my model; for those lines of guile had indeed been there, though I had eliminated them in my confident misrepresentation. Now that I had exaggerated them, I had idealised, so to speak, in the reverse direction. If the exaggeration was unfair to Quarriar, the painted Israel must bear vicariously the sins of Kazelia & Company. And the more I pondered upon this new face, the more I saw that this return to a truer homeliness and a more real realism did but enable me to achieve a subtler beauty. For surely here at last was the true tragedy of the people of Christ: to have persisted sublimely, and to be as sordidly perverted; to be king and knave in one; to survive for two thousand years the loss of a fatherland and the pressure of persecution, only to wear on its soul the yellow badge which had defaced its garments.

For to suffer two thousand years for an idea is a privilege that has been accorded only to Israel—"the soldier of God." That were no tragedy, but an heroic epic, even as the Prophet Isaiah had prefigured. The true tragedy, the saddest sorrow, lay in the martyrdom of an Israel *unworthy of his sufferings.* And this was the Israel I tried humbly to typify in my Man of Sorrows.



Plants that Walk

By Edward Step.

Illustrated by Walter A. Pearce

CLIMBING plants, especially such as have tendrils like the vine, are seen to have the sense of touch, from the almost intelligent manner in which they search for suitable objects round which to twine. The insectivorous plants, too, such as *Dionæa* and *Drosera*, exhibit an exquisite fineness of perception.

The opening and closing of flowers under certain conditions is evidence of a considerable amount of sensibility, if not of sense, in the plant. Some open only after exposure to a certain intensity of light, others wait for a particular degree of warmth in the atmosphere. That this is so may be tested in such a flower as the crocus, by changing the temperature: for instance, by taking potted specimens from a warm to a cold room and *vice versa*. Some flowers open with the sun's first beams, and close again by noon; others wait until the sun is high in the heavens before they open, and do not close until sunset; others, again, take a prolonged sleep during the whole time the sun is above the horizon, and open only when his last red rays are thrown up over the western bank of clouds behind which he has disappeared from view. The common garden marigold, if taken from full exposure to the afternoon sun and placed in complete darkness, will soon show sensitiveness to the change by evident closing.

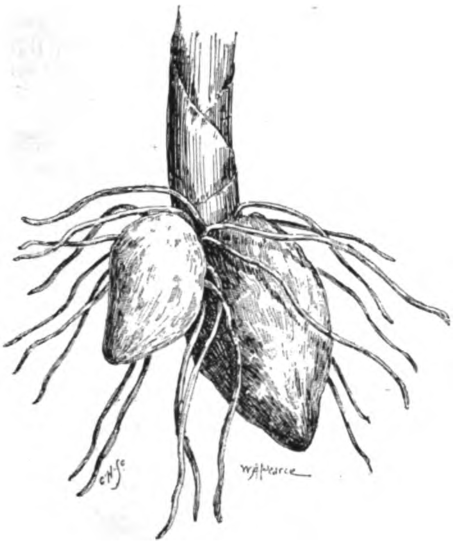
Of course, modern science very satisfactorily accounts for these apparent whimsicalities by the relations of the plant to certain insects that act as pollen-carriers between different flowers of the same species; but the intelligence, so to speak, of the plant is not lessened but enhanced, in our estimation, by these relations.

The manner in which the ivy-leaved toadflax, when her seed-capsules are ripening, feels along the wall for a cranny in which to discharge the seeds, is as suggestive of intelligence as the similar act of a bird seeking for a suitable resting-place. These things, which are the common facts of botany, show that sense is not an attribute of animals alone.

Many differing kinds of movement take place in plants, besides the opening and closing of flowers, and the regular action of climbing plants and tendrils. There are many plants in which definite leaf-movements occur, regulated by the intensity of light, or by alterations in the atmospheric conditions. Among these may be mentioned the folding up of the leaflets of clover, the folding down of the similar leaflets of woodsorrel, the semaphore-like action of the leaves of the Indian telegraph-plant, the folding together of the leaflets and the absolute depression of the leaves of the sensitive mimosa.

All these movements denote sense; but in the instances we now wish to consider the movement is a more mechanical phase of growth. In our common purple orchis and some other species there occurs what we may term a geographical movement—a real travelling of the plant. If we dig up one of these—the "long purples" of Shakespeare—we shall find its roots include two smooth, roundish tubers, "which liberal shepherds call by grosser names"; one in the process of formation, the other formed last year, and now being drawn upon by the growing stem for its nourishment. Next year this one will have become wasted, whilst the new tuber will be supporting the new stem, and a newer tuber will be

forming on the farther side. This process goes on year after year, with the result that the stem is each year about half an inch from the spot the plant occupied twelve months previously, and in the



Tubers of early Orchis.

course of a dozen years (for the plant is a perennial) it will have moved about six inches towards the other side of the meadow. And so the poet feels justified in singing—

> The orchis takes
> Its annual step across the earth.

It is somewhat extravagant to describe it as moving towards the girdling of the earth, for the passing from one side of a field to the other would occupy a vast period of time—even supposing that the annual movement were persistently in one direction, which there is some reason to doubt. Still it is quite fair to include the orchis among walking plants.

A similar action, though much more pronounced, is characteristic of some garden lilies and several of our spring-flowering bulbs. Tulips, if planted in the shadow of thick shrubs, such as evergreens, will walk away from them into the lighter portion of the border. The bulb that was planted in such a place does not actually move as such, but its substance is transferred piecemeal, and only the old chaffy skin is left. The bulb sends out a white shoot that runs horizontally below the ground until it has reached a distance of several inches from the bulb. Then near its point a swelling begins to assume the shape of a tulip-bulb, which enlarges as the substance of the old bulb is brought into it by way of the white shoot. Next year the position, if not suitable, may be further changed by a similar process.

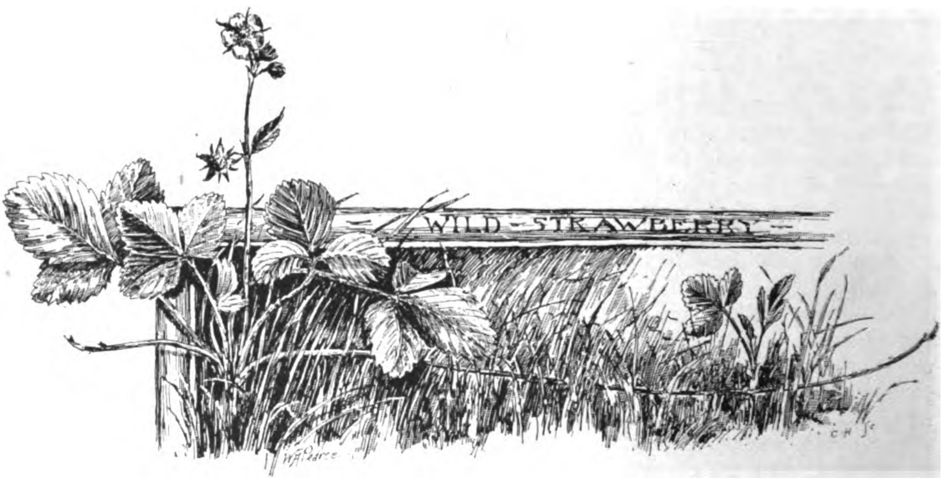
The solid corm of a crocus, if examined by clearing off the soft fibrous skin that invests it, will be seen to have a number of "eyes" on its surface, indicating the position and number of the future flowering stems. The material for these stems and flowers is drawn from the corm, which consequently becomes wasted; but whilst the flowering goes on, and after, the leaves and roots are at work elaborating new material. The leaves become broader than they were and very long, but as summer approaches they become congested; their work is done, but the leaves do not drop off as do those of the tree. Instead, the whole of the nutritive substance they contain is drawn down to the base of each stem, where a new corm is formed on the remains of the old one. As there were probably half a dozen stems from the old corm, we have now, instead of that solitary corm, six new ones. By this process the patch of crocus grows larger every year, and the corms approach nearer to the surface and become more accessible to the depredations of mice. Then there comes a spring, when the sprouting corms are seen to be just below the surface, and consequently when the new ones are formed they are above it. When ripe and dry they get scattered about, and so the clump that had perhaps got too crowded is broken up and the corms are distributed.

What happens next? The intelligent crocus, by the action of the wind or the scratching of some animal, having got upon new soil, proceeds to occupy it by sending down a shoot straight into the earth, and down this shoot all the substance of the corm descends and forms a new crocus below.

The movement of garden lilies, especially *Lilium auratum* and *L. speciosum*, is still more apparent. Place a bulb of *Lilium auratum*, the heavily-scented, golden-rayed lily of Japan, in the centre of a large flower-pot. For a season or two it retains its position; then it breaks up into a number of smaller bulbs,

equalling or exceeding in number the flowering stems sent up the previous summer; but when these in turn give off each a stem, it does not at once assume a vertical direction, but shoots almost horizontally until it reaches the side of the pot, when it rises erectly. You may plant such bulbs in the garden border, and put in a stake to mark the spot, and in the course of a few years you will find that stake and the plants are by no means so near each other as they were.

It will be obvious that some such method of dispersal is an advantage—in some cases a necessity—with perennial plants that increase far more rapidly by division of the bulbs or tubers than they do by seeds. It is probable that actual dispersion does not take place until the soil surrounding the clump of tulip or crocus or lily is becoming exhausted for that particular species, and the individuals are getting crowded. Some bulbous plants, such as the daffodil and the star of Bethlehem, can bear a good deal of such crowding, but probably their special nutriment may be more abundant than that of the others we have named. Certainly, it would appear that the long thick stems of the lilies must take far more from the soil than would be needed by the thin narrow leaves of crocus



and daffodil. Slugs often assist in this work of dispersion by eating into the heart of the bulb and breaking it up, when the remaining portions form into small bulbs, and their stems naturally shoot from the most healthy part—that is, the scales farthest from the slug-eaten centre.

There is a large class of trailing plants that are perennial, and the length of whose lives is not ascertainable; they may, in fact, be said to be undying, for they constantly renew their youth. Plants of this character—creeping Jennie, periwinkle, strawberry, sweet violet, etc.—are most readily propagated, artificially and naturally. A small portion of the trailing stem of creeping Jennie or periwinkle, broken off and dropped upon damp earth, will send down roots from near the leaves, and, thus established, the bit of stem will put forth shoots that will peg themselves down, so to speak, at short intervals and cover a great space with a network of green wires. Strawberry, sweet violet, and others achieve similar results by throwing out stolons, or runners, leafless stems at the end of which a young plant is formed and pegged down; then the runner continues to grow, forms another and another plant at intervals, and so occupies much territory.

Brambles often act in a similar fashion, though they do not exactly trail. An ascending stem may so rapidly grow to a great length, that it is succulent and green throughout and not yet woody. Its own weight causes the growing end to arch over and touch the earth. The contact induces roots to push down into the soil, and so another bramble bush is formed in connection with the old; for immediately these roots have got hold of the ground an ascending shoot rises from this

point. This is really the principle upon which the reputation of the banian has been built. Its horizontal branches send down what botanists designate "adventitious" roots, which reach and pierce the earth and grow into thick columns that support the overgrown yet ever-growing branches. Milton, having probably read Pliny, thought the case of the banian was still more like that of the bramble, for he says the banian, or Indian-fig—

> In Malabar, or Decan, spreads her arms,
> Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
> The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
> About the mother-tree, a pillared shade,
> High over-arched, and echoing walks between.
> (*Paradise Lost*, Book ix.)

There is a North American fern that occupies new territory in a similar fashion to that which Milton thought to be the method of the banian. It bears a superficial resemblance to our common hart's-tongue fern, especially at the base of the frond; but the other end goes off to a very long, sharp point, that is little more than an extension of the midrib beyond the frond. The whole frond has a graceful arching habit, and it has generally been described, like Milton's banian, as rooting in consequence of the tip bending down and coming in contact with the earth. Although in effect this is true, it is not a sufficiently precise description. This is what actually takes place: a bud forms at the extreme tip of the frond, and develops a cluster of little fronds and roots whilst swaying in the air. The increasing weight of the young plant, especially when laden with rain or dew, causes the parent frond to bend its tip to the earth, when the roots of its offspring take hold and become fixed. When well established and come near to maturity their frond tips repeat the process, and several generations



Walking leaf of North America.

may be found thus attached together. This peculiarity has gained for the fern the popular names of "Walking-leaf" and "Jumping-fern."

Our illustration is drawn from specimens found by the artist, Mr. W. A. Pearce, in Alleghany Co., Pennsylvania, U.S.A. There, many of the streams are bounded by tree-topped rocky banks, rising perpendicularly to a height varying from five to thirty feet. Along the edge of the rocks, shaded by the trees above, the walking-leaf delights to grow in tangled masses, the long tips of the fronds with their young plants finding convenient rooting-places in the crevices of the rocks below. So intimately are the plants of a clump connected by family ties, that it is very difficult to get a good specimen without breaking several of the very brittle fronds. Of course, the jumping-fern also reproduces itself by spores like other ferns; but this is a longer and more tedious process. This walking-leaf or jumping-fern is known to botanists as *Camptosorus rhizophyllus*, a name of dreadful aspect to the unscientific, but which may be translated as "the fern-with-curved-spore-clusters-and-rooting-leaves."

There is an allied species of *Camptosorus* found in Siberia that shares the peculiarity of reproduction with the American plant; and in Northern India, Thibet, and China there occurs a species of maidenhair—Edgworth's *Adiantum*—which, though differing greatly in form from the walking-leaf, resembles it exactly in this particular, as will be seen by comparing the figures.

Several ferns in general cultivation produce little plants from the back of the frond, but these hardly come within the same category. In a description of these should be included several of our native wild plants which produce young plants from the edges of their leaves under certain conditions—for examples, the round-leaved sundew and the bitter cress. A more striking example of a plant that walks and takes possession of large surfaces will be found in the familiar Wandering-Jew saxifrage of cottage windows.

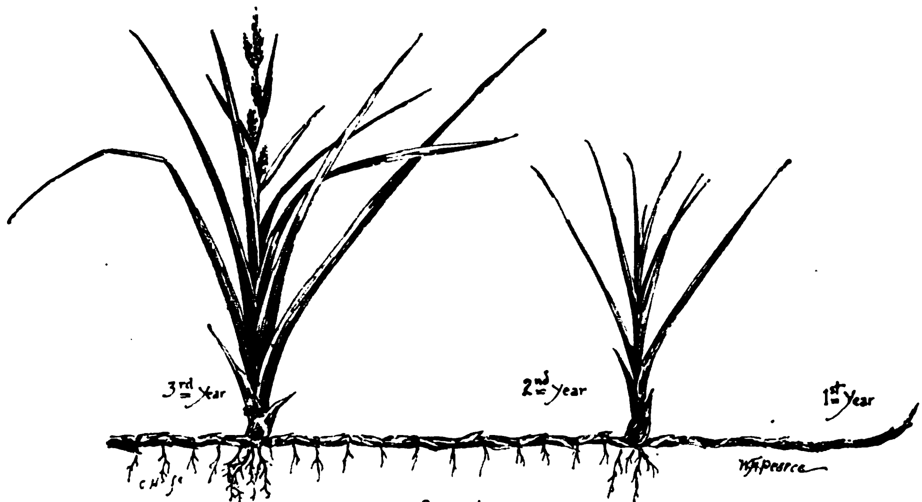


Edgworth's Adiantum.

It may not be considered out of place in this connection to refer to a plant that desires to leave the earth where it was produced from seed, but has no means of walking. This is the remarkable parasite called dodder, one species of which is so destructive to the flax crop. It is a degraded member of the beautiful convolvulus family, but only its minute flowers reveal this fact. Otherwise it is a mere pink or crimson thread that twines in a hopeless tangle round nettles, thistles, furze, thyme, heather, oats, or vetches. It has not a leaf on its whole length, and it is quite innocent of the green colouring-matter that is the mark of every honest plant. This is a blood-sucker and an

incubus; yea, it is a veritable "old man of the sea" whom there is no shaking off. This is its story: its seeds germinate in the earth, and come up in a few days. The thread-like plant feels around for some foster-parent to which it may cling. Should a suitable wet-nurse not be within reach, it dies of loneliness in a couple of days; but should the wandering tip of its stem be so fortunate as to touch a young plant of one of the species named, it quickly makes a secure "hitch" around it and awaits developments. This hitch is the grip of the old man of the sea, for it cannot be shaken off. The victim grows rapidly, and the upward movement of its stem pulls the young dodder clear out of the ground, with the result that its tender roots shrivel up and perish. This is all right from the dodder's point of view. It has been lifted from the ground, and will not again return to it. Having lost its earth-roots, it immediately puts forth others—aerial roots—which pierce the skin of its victim and ramify in its flesh, drawing much nutriment therefrom, upon which the parasite grows much more vigorously than the plant it is robbing.

Several of our grasses and sedges develop creeping stems of great length, which give rise to new plants at every point, or at intervals. The familiar quitch, twitch, or couch, is of this character; but the most striking examples are to be found in maram-grass and sea-sedge that occur on sand-dunes by the sea. That mythical Cornishman Tregeagle is said to be frequently employed in the bootless task of weaving the sand into ropes or binding it into bundles—an impossible task; but these plants of the seashore make ropes of their enormous creeping rootstocks wherewith the sands are tied together, and many banks that would otherwise wash away with the first high tide are held intact. Our final illustration shows a portion of one of these rootstocks of sea-sedge with its vertical stems.



Sea-sedge.

"FRANCIS BACON'S BI-LITERAL CYPHER."

A REPORT

BY JOHN HOLT SCHOOLING

UPON THE APPLICATION BY MRS. E. W. GALLUP OF LORD BACON'S BI-LITERAL CIPHER TO THE WORKS MENTIONED IN THE ABOVE VOLUME, FOR THE PURPOSE OF TESTING THE VALIDITY OF MRS. E. W. GALLUP'S STATEMENTS CONTAINED IN HER BOOK.

[*Pending the arrival of a further, and exhaustive, article which Mrs. Gallup is preparing on the "Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy," we publish, without prejudice, the following examination of the cipher.*—ED. P. M. M.]

To the Editor of
THE PALL MALL MAGAZINE,
London.

SIR,—
In accordance with your instructions I have examined the method of Mrs. E. W. Gallup's application of Lord Bacon's biliteral cipher to the works mentioned by her in the book entitled "Francis Bacon's Bi-literal Cypher," for the purpose of testing the validity of Mrs. Gallup's statements contained in that volume; and I now beg to submit to you the results I have obtained.

Before showing the results of my examination into this matter I desire to state that I have approached this inquiry with an unbiassed mind: I am not a partisan on either side of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. I have put aside all question of the probability of Lord Bacon having written works usually ascribed to William Shakespeare, Edmund Spenser, Ben Jonson, Christopher Marlowe, Robert Burton, and to other writers; and I have not considered the probability of Lord Bacon, if he did write those works, having hidden in them and in his signed writings a most interesting story of his parentage and life ["The Deciphered Secret Story" now set out by Mrs. Gallup], and other writings now alleged to have been deciphered by Mrs. Gallup. Nor, on the other hand, have I considered the question of motive which might cause a person to put together a work such as this by Mrs. Gallup, either as a deliberate attempt to deceive or as the outcome of a fanciful misconception elaborately and ingeniously worked out. I have merely received the facts as they are placed before the public by Mrs. Gallup, and for my present purpose the whole matter resolves itself into a question of the evidence given by visual facts. Do these facts substantiate Mrs. Gallup's statements, or do they invalidate her statements? That is the point to which I now address myself.

First, it is essential that the exact nature of Lord Bacon's biliteral cipher be very clearly understood. This cipher was invented by Lord Bacon, and it was set out by him in the *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, where he discusses various ciphers and their merits. This biliteral cipher [two-letter cipher] may be explained as follows:

The letters of the alphabet are represented by the key-letters *a* and *b* in various combinations of five, thus:—

KEY-TABLE.

A=a a a a a	I or J=a b a a a	R=b a a a a
B=a a a a b	K=a b a a b	S=b a a a b
C=a a a b a	L=a b a b a	T=b a a b a
D=a a a b b	M=a b a b b	U or V=b a a b b
E=a a b a a	N=a b b a a	W=b a b a a
F=a a b a b	O=a b b a b	X=b a b a b
G=a a b b a	P=a b b b a	Y=b a b b a
H=a a b b b	Q=a b b b b	Z=b a b b b

The word *Bacon* would be represented by—

a a a a b	a a a a a	a a a b a	a b b a b	a b b a a
[B]	[A]	[C]	[O]	[N]

This cipher is to be used for "unfolding" or hiding a secret message in a written or printed communication which

* "Francis Bacon's Bi-literal Cypher." By Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup. Second Edition. Howard Publishing Company, Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A. Messrs. Gay and Bird, 22, Bedford Street, London. 1900.

has the appearance of an ordinary written or printed communication, with the exception that in preparing this latter two different sorts of letters or two different founts of type are used.

For example, Roman letters and Italic letters may be used, or two different sorts of Italic letters, or two different sorts of Roman letters. Or, in a written communication, thick letters and thin letters may be made by the pen. Whatever be the chosen form of differentiation, the only essential thing is that one sort of letters shall represent Lord Bacon's key-letter *a*, and the other sort of letters shall represent Lord Bacon's key-letter *b*.

Here is a specimen of an "open" message in which the differentiation lies in the use of Roman capitals and Italic capitals. The secret message "Fly" has been hidden in the following words:—

I W*I*L*L* C*A*L*L* A*T* F*OU*R

The person who receives the above open message proceeds to write an *a* below each Roman capital and a *b* below each Italic capital, thus:

I W*I*L*L* C*A*L*L* A*T* F*OU*R
a abab abab ab abba

The decipherer then places these inserted key-*a*'s and key-*b*'s in groups of five, being very careful to preserve their ascertained order:

aabab ababa babba
[F] [L] [Y]

and by looking at the foregoing key-table the letters denoted by these three groups of key-*a*'s and key-*b*'s are seen to be FLY—the secret message.

It is obvious that the secret message hidden in the open message depends wholly upon the accurate use and upon the accurate interpretation of the mode of differentiation used: in this instance, upon the accurate use and subsequent discernment of Roman and Italic capitals. Inaccuracy in the order of the Roman and Italic capitals during the preparation of the open message, or an inaccurate discernment of that order by the decipherer, would destroy the right combination of key-*a*'s and key-*b*'s, with the result that the secret message deciphered might be wholly different from that intended to be read. Many different secret messages may be successively hidden in the same open message if, in the latter, the order of the Roman and Italic capitals is varied.

For example, I again write the words "I will call at four," but I vary the order of the Roman and Italic capitals, thus:

I W*I*LL CALL A*T* FO*U*R

I place an *a* below each Roman capital and a *b* below each Italic capital:

I W*I*LL CALL A*T* FO*U*R
a abaa aaaa ab aaba

Arranging the inserted *a*'s and *b*'s in groups of five, and looking in the key-table for their meaning, the result is:

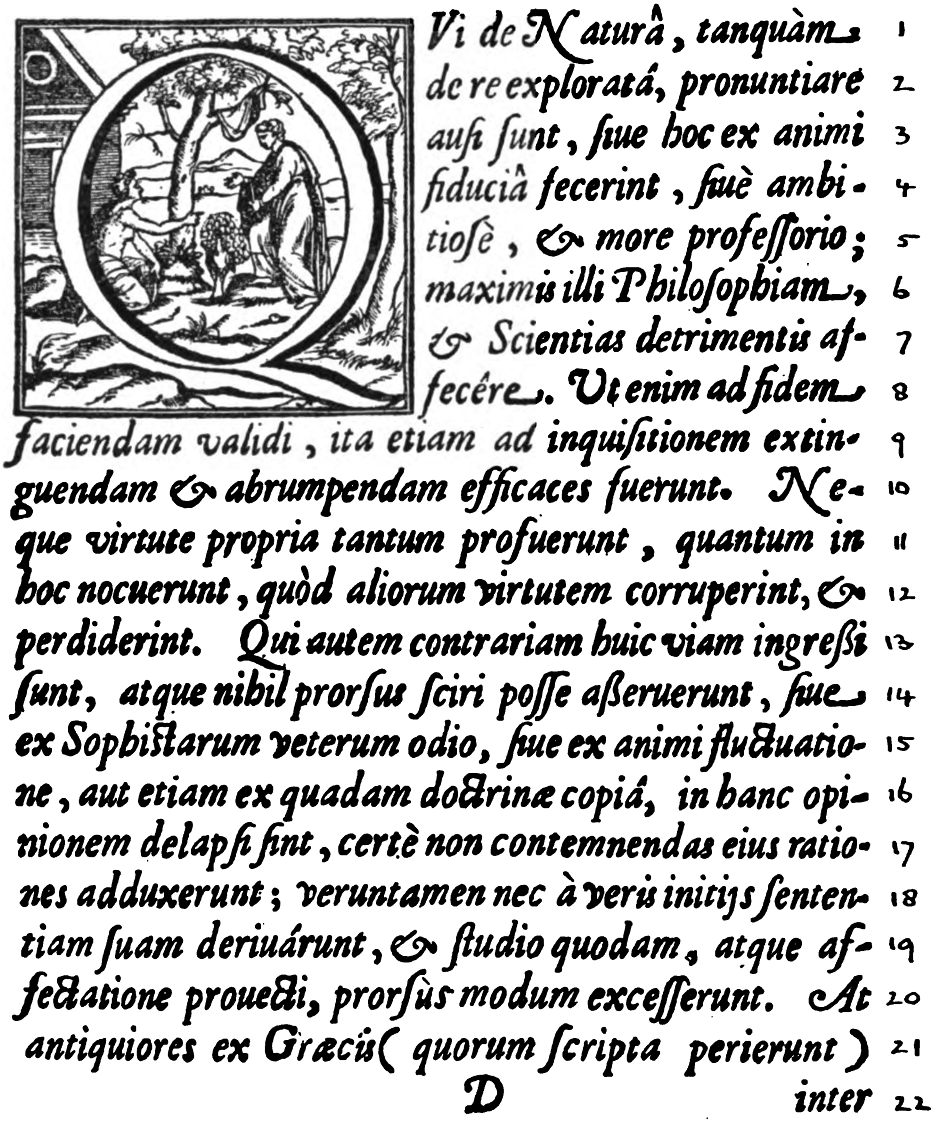
aabaa aaaaa baaba
[E] [A] [T]

and the secret message becomes EAT in place of FLY.

In the two foregoing illustrations of Lord Bacon's biliteral cipher the difference between the two founts of type is so strongly marked that no mistake can occur in the deciphering process. We know that the Roman capitals denote key-letter *a*, and that the Italic capitals denote key-letter *b*, and we see at a glance which are Roman and which are Italic capitals.

But if we attempt to apply this cipher to printed words in which there is no sharp distinction between the founts of type, and in which, moreover, we merely conjecture the existence of a secret message, it is obvious that a very considerable chance of error attaches to the fundamental stage of the deciphering—namely, to the ascertainment of the key-*a*'s and the key-*b*'s—or such ascertainment may be simply impossible. And, as we have seen, *everything depends upon this first stage of the deciphering process.*

Mrs. Gallup gives facsimiles in her book of some of the printed pages of various works to which she has applied the biliteral cipher of Lord Bacon, acting upon the conjecture that they contain a secret cipher message. I now show a part of two of these pages for the purpose of actually testing Mrs. Gallup's mode of ascertaining these all-important key-*a*'s and key-*b*'s.


QVi de Naturâ, tanquàm de re exploratâ, pronuntiare ausi sunt, siue hoc ex animi fiduciâ fecerint, siuè ambitiosè, & more professorio; maximis illi Philosophiam, & Scientias detrimentis affecêre. Vt enim ad fidem faciendam validi, ita etiam ad inquisitionem extinguendam & abrumpendam efficaces fuerunt. Neque virtute propria tantum profuerunt, quantum in hoc nocuerunt, quòd aliorum virtutem corruperint, & perdiderint. Qui autem contrariam huic viam ingressi sunt, atque nihil prorsus sciri posse asseruerunt, siue ex Sophistarum veterum odio, siue ex animi fluctuatione, aut etiam ex quadam doctrinæ copiâ, in hanc opinionem delapsi sint, certè non contemnendas eius rationes adduxerunt; veruntamen nec à veris initijs sententiam suam deriuârunt, & studio quodam, atque affectatione prouecti, prorsùs modum excesserunt. At antiquiores ex Græcis (quorum scripta perierunt)

D inter

THE FIRST PAGE OF THE PREFACE OF THE "NOVUM ORGANUM."

The first facsimile is from the first page of the *Praefatio* of the *Novum Organum* of Lord Bacon, edition of 1620. Mrs. Gallup asserts that Lord Bacon worked his cipher into this, using for the purpose two different founts of Italic letters: one fount to denote the key-*a*'s, the other to denote the key-*b*'s.

We will apply a visual test, and will look, for example, at some of the *o*'s; and to each *o* I append Mrs. Gallup's interpretation of it.

The *o* in—

exploratâ,	line 2,	is stated to denote	key-letter		*a*
pronuntiare,	,,	,,	,,	,,	*b*
hoc,	line 3,	,,	,,	,,	*a*
ambitiose,	line 5,	,,	,,	,,	*a*
more,	,,	,,	,,	,,	*b*

The *o*'s in—

professorio,	,,	are stated	,,	,,	*a*

and so on.

But we see that, instead of these numerous *o*'s in the *Praefatio* of the *Novum Organum* having been printed

in two different founts of Italic type—as asserted by Mrs. Gallup—they were printed from the same fount of type. If, acting upon the conjecture that this page of Bacon contains his cipher, we procced to apply to the type the first stage of the deciphering process, we are met by the insuperable obstacle that the essential condition of two different founts of letters [of *o*'s, in this instance] is absolutely non-existent.

them the first and all-important stage of Lord Bacon's biliteral cipher. To assert that one of these *p*'s denotes key-*a*, and that another precisely identical *p* denotes a key-*b*, is to assert that which has no shadow of a base in fact.

It is not practicable for me to work through all the letters of the alphabet in this way. But a similar entire absence of corroboration of Mrs. Gallup's ascertainment of the key-letters *a* and *b* will be seen by any person who may care to examine other letters, and to refer to Mrs. Gallup's interpretation of them stated in her book.

I now show a facsimile given in Mrs. Gallup's book of a part of the first page of the "Epistle Dedicatory" of Spenser's *Complaints*, Edition of 1591.

MOST Honourable and
bountifull Ladie, there
bee long ſithens deepe
ſowed in my breſt, the
ſeede of moſt entire loue
& humble affection vn-
to that moſt braue Knight your noble brother
deceaſed; which taking roote began in his life
time ſomewhat to bud forth: and to ſhew thē-
ſelues to him, as then in the weakenes of their
firſt ſpring: And would in their riper ſtrength
(had it pleaſed high God till then to drawe
out his daies) ſpired forth fruit of more per-
fection. But ſince God hath diſdeigned the
world

THE "EPISTLE DEDICATORY."

We will look at some of the *p*'s.

The *p* in—

exploratâ,	line 2,	is stated to denote key-letter			*a*
pronuntiare,	,,	,,	,,	,,	*a*
professorio,	line 5,	,,	,,	,,	*b*

The small *p* in—

Philosophiam,	line 6,	,,	,,	,,	*a*

The first *p* in—

propria,	line 11,	,,	,,	,,	*a*

The second *p* in—

propria,	line 11,	,,	,,	,,	*b*

and so on.

But we observe that all these *p*'s are identical. They are not—as asserted by Mrs. Gallup—printed from two different founts of Italic type, and there is no possibility whatever of applying to

Mrs. Gallup asserts that this work was written by Lord Bacon, and that Bacon concealed in it a part of the "secret story," applying his biliteral cipher by using Italic letters of two different founts of type, one fount to denote the key-*a*'s and the other to denote the key-*b*'s.

We will look at some of the *n*'s, and note Mrs. Gallup's interpretation of them.

The *n* in—

and,	line 1,	is stated	to denote	key-letter	*b*
bountifull,	line 2,	,,	,,	,,	*a*
long,	line 3,	,,	,,	,,	*a*
sithens,	,,	,,	,,	,,	*a*
Knight,	line 7,	,,	,,	,,	*b*
taking.	line 8,	,,	,,	,,	*b*
in,	,,	,,	,,	,,	*a*

and so on.

But all these *n*'s are identical. They are all from the same fount of type. It is sheerly impossible to apply to them the first and fundamental stage of the biliteral cipher.

We will look at some of the *o*'s.

The *o*'s in—

Honourable, line 1, are stated to denote key-letter *a*

The *o* in—

bountifull,	line 2,	is stated	,,	,,	*a*
long,	line 3,	,,	,,	,,	*b*
most,	line 5,	,,	,,	,,	*b*
affection,	line 6,	,,	,,	,,	*a*
most,	line 7,	,,	,,	,,	*a*
brother	,,	,,	,,	,,	*b*

and so on.

All these *o*'s are identical. And yet Mrs. Gallup asserts that they are printed from different founts of Italic type, and that by reason of the [non-existent] difference between these *o*'s some of them denote Bacon's key-*a*'s and some denote Bacon's key-*b*'s.

Upon this imaginary basis of ascertaining the key-letters *a* and *b*, rests the whole of Mrs. Gallup's elaborate superstructure. For these two key-letters are the very essence of Lord Bacon's biliteral cipher. There is not a shadow of justification for Mrs. Gallup's ascertainment of the key *a*'s and *b*'s. This lady might with as much or with as little justification by fact have attempted to assure her readers that Bacon's key-letters are to be seen in the smooth wet sand as the ebb-tide runs back from it.

Moreover, I write not as a man who overlooks or who undervalues apparently trivial differences in form. On the contrary, my experience extending over many years, in connection with the study of gesture in handwriting, has taught me that small differences of form commonly unregarded are often of great meaning.* But here there are no such differences. Mrs. Gallup's fanciful ascertainment of the key *a*'s and *b*'s essential to this biliteral cipher rests solely upon her imagination: it has no base in fact, and her whole structure collapses.

Mrs. Gallup writes: "The Bi-literal [cipher] is exact—scientific—inflexible." It is so—*after the decipherer has ascertained which letter in the open message or in the printed book shall be regarded as denoting a key*-a *or a key*-b *respectively*. And Mrs. Gallup's exact compliance with the method of the biliteral cipher in all stages but the first and fundamental stage has probably caused her results to be accepted as true. I am informed that many persons have accepted her results as true. All the later stages of deciphering are easy to follow in Mrs. Gallup's book, but the most important first stage is not at all easy to follow—in the book. Here, I have shown Mrs. Gallup's method of obtaining the key *a*'s and *b*'s in all its nudity of phantasy. Credence that may rightly be extended, after trial, to Mrs. Gallup's unfolding of all the later stages of deciphering has apparently been extended on faith to the first and fundamental stage.

Mrs. Gallup writes with reference to the Italic letters:

> These letters are seen to be in two forms—two fonts of type—with marked differences. In the capitals these are easily discerned, but the distinguishing features in the small letters, from age of the books, blots, and poor printing, have been more difficult to classify, and close examination and study have been required to separate and sketch out the variations, and educate the eye to distinguish them.

But Mrs. Gallup does not tell us how Lord Bacon managed to get his work set up by the compositor. There were many thousands of pages to be set up in type: his own signed writings, and also, as we are informed by Mrs. Gallup, the writings of Shakespeare, Spenser, Burton, and many others; into all of which, Mrs. Gallup asserts, Bacon introduced his cipher. If, as Mrs. Gallup asserts, these *n*'s and *o*'s and *p*'s at which we have looked are from different founts of italic type [although we see that they are from the same fount of type], to differentiate which requires "close examination and study"—how, we may ask, did the hapless compositor pick up the type from his

* I may refer interested readers to my article "Written Gesture" in the *Nineteenth Century* for March, 1895.

case? How could any compositor possibly comply with Lord Bacon's supposititious directions that nearly every alternate letter was to be set up in type of one of two different founts between which the [imaginary] difference is not perceptible to the eye?

As Mrs. Gallup's statements in her book have no other basis than her conjectural application of Lord Bacon's biliteral cipher to the works she mentions, and as her mode of applying the cipher is not only absolutely lacking in any justification by fact, but is also shown to be wholly erroneous by fact, it follows that all her conclusions are proved to be without foundation, and that Mrs. Gallup's book, "Francis Bacon's Bi-literal Cypher," can be regarded only as a phantasy of her imagining, wholly unworthy of credence.

I am, sir, your faithful servant,

JOHN HOLT SCHOOLING.

CUPID'S GARDEN.

BY ARTHUR L. SALMON.

CUPID came into the garden
When the lilacs were a-bloom;
Where the drooping light laburnums
Scattered gold through leafy gloom.
There he found the children racing,
Hiding, seeking, dancing, chasing:
Cupid came to gambol with them
When the lilacs were a-bloom.

Cupid came into the orchards
When the fruit-trees were a-glow;
Where the bloom of pear and apple
Fell like rosy-tinted snow.
There he found the children playing,
Climbing, clinging, shouting, swaying:
Cupid came to frolic with them
When the fruit-trees were a-glow.

Now 'tis silence in the garden;
Orchard-paths are damp and dim;
Those who sported here with Cupid
Wander lonely, seeking him.
Did he vanish with the May-time?
Did he leave us with hope's playtime?
Shall we seek and never find him
In the garden hushed and dim?

MISS AUDREY.

A COMEDY.

BY FRANCES HARROD

(Frances Forbes Robertson).

I.

SHE had been brought up among young men and women who were all her seniors: the house was invariably full of them—cousins, and cousins, noisy, bright, good-looking folk whom her father loved to have about him. The rambling old manor had rooms enough to house them twice over, if needs be, and still leave Miss Audrey's wing free from the whirlwind of their presence. She was, after all, mistress of the house, though still in her teens—heiress to the great property that stretched over hill and dale of wooded country; and they treated her with just that touch of deference in their manners that human nature instinctively offers to the endowed of this world. And if her father insisted upon having the house always full, encouraged the wildest of fun, had a weakness for pairing his guests, and chuckled over the scheming of the less attractive, he nevertheless succeeded in impressing his child that she was not to be quite like them—that she was, through her mother, of different stock. The parvenu had cared for her mother, and appreciated with a simple greatheartedness the fact that she had been, in almost all things but wealth, his superior—one of the prizes! And she had not disdained him. That her relations did, unobtrusively, tickled his sense of the fitness of things—proof of her value, after all, and of his own, since they had accepted the alliance; he willingly stood aside to render homage to the one thing he did not possess. Of how much he grieved at his lady's death, the outside world was ignorant. After a year's seclusion he opened his house, the old place that had been a wedding gift to his bride—the ancestral home of her impoverished family, rescued by himself from the hammer after three generations in alien hands—to all his kith and kin, on condition only that they should be happy and enjoy the good things of this world whilst they were with him.

Audrey was still a child: Miss Audrey he named her, with a playful insistence at ceremony, perhaps a little to cover a certain shyness he experienced before the grave little lady. As she grew older she perceived there was some unaccountable barrier between them, and tried pathetically to break through. She became wistful when he was not observing her, as she watched him romp with those pink-and-white little cousins, or tuck one under each arm and go off to remote premises to drink gingerbeer in secret, his round congenial face beaming with delight at their pleasure. Yet on her stealing after them he invariably called order, and she came to notice that he even blushed.

She would have loved to sit on the table with those others and drink gingerbeer; but he divined nothing in the slender little girl of his own temperament. She was the worshipped charge left to his care by the great lady who had not disdained to love him—the continuance of that gracious presence in his home, the most precious and exquisite possession of his life. *Her* child first of all, the blood of an ancient race in

her veins; and afterwards—warm thought enough, and pondered on with secret elation—his own. It had been arranged between himself and her more aristocratic relations that at eighteen she should be handed over to their care for several seasons, to be taken then into the great world. Meanwhile, she was to remain with him,—receive his friends, he found himself inwardly insisting. She must not learn to be ashamed of him. It would be preposterous that his daughter should be ashamed of her father; he could but remain as he was, and she must care for him as he was. His avowed pride, this being just himself; yet secretly the old man put on the curb—instinctively he sought to preserve her from too much contact with himself,—at any rate, that self in him which he considered vulgarly indecorous, and that got the better of him at the slightest pinch.

Miss Audrey, then, was rather a lonely little person in the midst of a fluctuating crowd whose members were always her seniors, and, but for a few exceptions, divided from herself by some intangible difference she was hardly able to understand. As children will among grown-up people, she watched them and judged them, and then built up a little world of her own in her imagination, wholly apart from them, deducting all that was perplexing in the life around her, and lived therein.

One fact, however, of that other life gradually impressed itself on her mind: her cousins and their girl friends, when staying at the Manor, seemed ever occupied in getting engaged; and at times, Miss Audrey thought, the occupation resembled something of a campaign, in which occasionally the men ran away. She watched the manœuvres from the height of her fifteen years with apparent indifference; actually, with a philosophic perception that only fifteen years can possess.

She admired her female relations enormously; she longed to look like them. They had round figures and small waists; most of them were pretty; when they were not pretty, they had the air of prettiness, and they wore numerous chains and bracelets and lockets, which, in the secret of their chambers, they admitted to Miss Audrey were the gifts of devoted swains of long ago.

"So many?" Miss Audrey would say with a little gasp.

To her it seemed that the most wonderful thing in the world would be to possess a little locket that she should wear under her dress containing a portrait; the audacity and *wonderfulness* of hanging one's person with a collection of such souvenirs struck her as amazing, and entirely beyond any emulation. But those men! She could not quite guess why these beautifully dressed, clever, radiant young women should care or trouble about them. They were not good-looking; they struck her as stupid; and did they not wear hideous coats of most brilliant colours, alluded to as *blazers*? Moreover, if any of them happened to be more than usually stout, he appeared in knickerbockers! . . . Why did her cousins and their friends care for these men? Creatures who were reluctant, too! How dared they! She found them vainer than the prettiest of the girls, and so extraordinarily ugly!

"Life is not a fairy story to all of us, Princess Audrey."

An engagement had been announced. The girl was standing in the midst of them, her arms laden with trails of briar rose; and she looked down on her companions with something of the expression a fairy princess might indeed wear if suddenly taken from one of those fat volumes and planted among a bevy of modern young women.

"But why did you say that they were engaged *at last*?" she said.

"Well——" There was a pause of embarrassment. "He did not seem in very much of a hurry, you know."

II.

When the news was circulated that Max Winslow was being brought by one of them to stay at Moorlands, Miss Audrey, seventeen now, noticed that there was a raising of eyebrows among the house party expressive of disapproval. Her father, too, had seemed annoyed at being pushed to receive him. She asked them about him, and all she could gather was that he was extremely handsome.

He came, curiously enough, the same day as Horace Fielding—a cousin of her mother, the son of a man who had ignored her father with persistent

arrogance. She herself did not know this, and was dismayed to find that her parent's ill-humour towards Max Winslow was entirely turned now against her cousin, who had frankly written for an invitation on the pretext that he was staying in the neighbourhood, and, on arriving, had made the mistake of openly showing his astonishment at the presence of Mr. Winslow. The old man, on edge, as it were, at the presence of his enemy's son, found occasion for annoyance at this disparagement of one of his guests. Fully aware that Winslow was not entirely a desirable person, he nevertheless made much of him, pressed him to stay, and, to the surprise of the whole house, took him conspicuously under his wing.

How good-looking the youth was, and bright and different from all the other men, Miss Audrey realised only too effectually. Horace Fielding had followed upon his heels at that first meeting. The flush was still upon her cheek as she met her cousin's eyes, and she had, after a moment's hesitation, looked away. . . . This, then, was her cousin; and the difference, the evident difference dividing him from those other people, between those other people and both these men, made her a little nervous as she turned to the tea-table. To her guests it seemed, however, that this slender, lovely girl was the most consummately self-possessed and gracious young lady they had ever dreamt of outside a romance.

And then it was so soon, so soon that all the trouble came. Mr. Winslow had been pressed to stay; and Horace, her cousin, yes, her cousin, had stayed without being pressed: why did he not go? Why did he not go, since he did not care for her, since he even neglected her (unhappy man, he was by her side all day)? Why did he not go away? and why did she wish him to go? It was her turn, then, to pursue. No, that could not possibly be. She did not care in the least for her cousin. If she thought of him all day long, in the most persistent and absurd way, when she was doing the most trivial things, or in the midst of most interesting conversation—even, to her shame, when a question was asked her, so that she could not think of an answer—at any rate side by side with this thought was also a consciousness of Max Winslow—a calm presence, as it were, a silent image of his beautiful person in the background of her mind, with very pleading eyes. If the fact that she thought of Horace all day was proof that she cared, why, then, she must care too for Max. Could it be that she was in love with two men at once? That was preposterous—*ergo*, it was not love, but some very upsetting state of affairs that she would get used to.

She remembered, as she carefully looked back over the events of the past, that on first seeing her cousin, on first meeting his eyes, she had been forced to look away—something like a very fleeting giddiness had possessed her. But then, when the tall handsome figure of Max Winslow had stood before her, she had really thrilled, he was so astonishingly good-looking.

She sought out one of her cousins in the hope of elucidating matters. Miss Molly was experienced,—she was engaged to Mr. Phillerton-Brown. Mr. Phillerton-Brown was plain—a small person, fat, and bristly in appearance.

"Molly," said Audrey, "when you first saw Mr. Phillerton-Brown, did you feel——"

"Feel?"

"Did you feel dizzy?"

"When I saw Will?"

"Yes."

"No, I did not feel dizzy."

Miss Audrey realised that this was conclusive. Molly cared, and had not felt dizzy. Doubtless to feel dizzy meant nothing at all.

But later the affair faced her again; there seemed no peace for her in this world: Horace was always in her mind. Was she, then, doing what she had deplored in her cousins? Was she caring for some one "who wasn't in a hurry"—who after all might run away? It was her turn then to suffer the ignominy of pursuing the reluctant.

Meanwhile those numerous cousins and the plain young men in "blazers" were aware that their fair kinswoman was in danger of Max Winslow. They discussed the question whenever the two were not near, and with admirable suburban sagacity made a great mystery, let hints fall, and shadowed the girl like a detective in a dream, who is somehow multiplied to a good-natured crowd, and yet reveals in its shining eyes that formidable person,—all of which was conducive to the hastening of matters. Max Winslow

realised that he was not approved of by these honest folk. With ingenious directness he sought Miss Audrey and begged her to go away with him.

"To go away with you?" she said with wide-open eyes.

He explained. Her father had already forbidden his suit—a question of his poverty.

"Are you very poor?"

"In comparison to you, Miss Audrey"—his face was boyishly expressive of simple candour, his look pleaded—"but I love you," he said, after a moment's hesitation; and then he seemed to Miss Audrey a veritable knight of strength. He might be poor, but he would champion her against the world; and he wanted her enough to run away with her—surely that was really wanting her? And how wonderful to run away—pursued perhaps! Her father would be angry, of course—fathers were always angry when people ran away—but he would forgive her. Every one had been horrible to Max just because he was poor, and he was so much handsomer and more distinguished than any of them. She stopped at the thought of Horace. Of course Horace was—— Well, it did not matter now about Horace: she tried not to think of Horace. Max loved her. Max was poor, she was rich. She certainly loved Max, or she couldn't think of running away with him—though running away was a great temptation in itself. In all her life nothing so exciting had ever happened to her.

"Max, I will come," she said, and looked at him with dismay in her eyes.

Horace Fielding had come to Moorlands actuated by a keen desire to meet his cousin, of whom he had heard diverse interesting details—not the least those from Judge Burton. "A King of Parvenus!" he had exclaimed over his wine. "A gentleman, sir, in spite of himself. Had the impertinence to marry your cousin. Had the splendid audacity to marry the handsomest lady of family in the county—plain as Punch himself. A surprising character, lovable and irascible. A type—heaps of money—keeps all his relations. By all means make his acquaintance. You will find him delightful."

Horace had found him delightful, if more irascible than the portrait had promised. He did not know how far his own parent had effectively published the unreasonable prejudices he harboured against all flesh that went the way of trade. There had been a coolness, he knew. He had been keen, nevertheless, to explore the land, as it were, for himself. Miss Audrey had met him there on the border-line: beautiful replica of those family portraits in his own home of fair women. She had made him welcome with a grace my lady Betty, in powder and patches, could not have out-rivalled. Horace Fielding fell in love with the beautiful Miss Audrey, and thence into sad perplexity and morose depression. Miss Audrey was of course not for him; she was the most lovely thing on earth—the most tender and dainty and brave and good. It was impossible to perceive that he could in any way find favour in her eyes, or that he had any right or reason to hope that he might. But *Max Winslow*! Under this lash the man of him came out. She was at any rate his kinswoman; he had a right to save her from such a scoundrel—such a contemptible scoundrel.

One evening he wandered out after dinner, and found himself star-gazing. The world was white with the light of those countless myriads peeping one from behind another, not a pattern of points on the blue of night, but a blaze of repeated jewels in wanton profusion. They held him there walking up and down between the pine trees, vied with Miss Audrey for all his thoughts, sped their brightness now and then in sudden dippings—golden things that raced through space; when his senses were challenged suddenly by a noise of voices speaking quite near him.

"You will not fail me, Audrey?—to-night, then, to-night."

Horace stood quite still. It was Max Winslow, not a stone's throw from him, talking to Miss Audrey.

"If I can get away at twelve,"—that was her answer, very faintly spoken just as she moved away. Horace paced up and down again. He began to use irrelevant language concerning the trees, the stars, himself, and the devil. He could hardly think, for the consuming anger that possessed him. What were they all doing, that such a despicable worm as Winslow should be allowed to be

anywhere within a mile of Miss Audrey? Things had gone apace—God, they had gone apace! but something must be done at once. And yet what right had he to interfere?—that of kinship surely! He hovered on the thought, and took resolution at last. Miss Audrey should be saved in spite of the throng of idiots about her, even if he carried her off: yes, he would carry her off if must be——

* * * * *

"Max—Max, I am frightened!" Her voice broke on the quiet stillness of the air again. It seemed quite near him, as before; though now there was a strange tremor that brought the blood surging to his own face. He hastened in the direction he thought they were walking, and was in time only to see Miss Audrey in her white gown speed silently by, Max Winslow close by her side. A flash of wheels, winged wheels gleaming in the light given by the glimmer of a myriad stars marshalled all in an infinite cluster to guide the runaway lovers.

He followed, white and desperate with rage, late by all those minutes it took to stumble to the gun-room, where his own bicycle had been put in the afternoon, to pause a moment as his hand slipped upon steel that proved to be the muzzle of a gun, to take it from the rack and load it. He went two miles without any sign of them. The gun grew heavy, but at every rise in the ground his feet met the pedals with more strenuous pressure. In the silence of the night the thought came that Miss Audrey would be lost to him for ever if he had not resolution now—if he failed to overtake them—if he should miss the way at some cross roads, or chance on some mishap. The carrying of a gun was not an easy matter, but the consciousness of the use to which he meant to put it brought a sense of satisfaction that deducted something from the burden of it. Yet as time went on and still he could gain no sign of them a cold feeling possessed him that they had by some trick of fate escaped. He put on speed at an impossible pressure, and at last, turning a corner, he perceived the runaways riding leisurely enough not very far ahead; he could overtake them now. Miss Audrey looked back: she spoke to her companion; he too looked round, then they shot ahead. The chase had indeed begun. Horace was nerved at the sight of that good-looking scoundrel bicycling with athletic ease, stretching a hand to Miss Audrey that they might go an equal pace. She seemed to have no fear. Horace perceptibly gained; then he raised the gun, caught at the trigger, and fired. The shot rang out in the silence of the night. The girl stopped at once and dismounted. Max Winslow looked back for a moment, then deliberately rode ahead.

"Poor wretch!" quoth our hero aloud. The epithet caused him a humbiing moment. The descent was steep, the gun swung somehow awkwardly, a flint in the road turned his wheel, and man and bicycle and gun, in a confused mass, were thrown into the ditch at Miss Audrey's feet.

"What are you doing, cousin?" said Miss Audrey.

"I am in the ditch."

"Will you not get out?"

"I will," he said; but he did not move.

"Are you hurt?"

"Not in the least."

There was a pause. "You might have shot me."

"Were you afraid?"

"No, I knew you were a good shot. I realised you would hit him the second time."

"I shot in the air."

"He was afraid," she said, after a moment.

"I knew he would be—that's why I brought a gun: one only brings a gun to a coward——"

"He is absent—he cannot defend himself."

"He went, rather than risk shot for you——"

"Perhaps he thought it best."

"To leave you alone at midnight with his rival?"

"Rival!"

"Perhaps it was the wrong word—I should have said alone with a man who loved you."

"Will you not get out of the ditch?"

She was staring in front of her, very pale, with a curve on her lip of scorn that was rather touching. She had been shamefully left by her lover; yet, in a way, such conduct had fitted in with her conception of the stronger sex. In the recollection of those love affairs of her girl friends in the past five years, somehow, to her mind, that was how man

had appeared to her: a creature who, when put to the test, was after all a coward.

Horace from his ditch watched her growing indignation against the paltry jackanapes who had run to save his skin—she was surely the most forlorn little figure of a bride conceivable, standing in her white gown under the stars.

"I am sorry," he continued after a pause, "and yet I am glad, Miss Audrey." He looked away from her without making any move to rise.

"Why did you follow me?" she said.

"Because I cared for you, Miss Audrey. Oh, that must seem little to you—he told you so too, no doubt—there is no reason why you should understand there is a difference——"

"Shall we not go home now?" she said.

"Yes, Miss Audrey." He remained quite still.

She leant her elbow on the saddle of her bicycle, and looked at him with a kind of shy remonstrance. She wanted to be angry—but it was Horace. Somehow, though she had just been deserted by her lover, though she was not to run away after all, there was a sense of such extraordinary happiness in her heart that even the delight of that clandestine wedding seemed a trivial matter now: Horace had said he cared. . . .

"Yes," he murmured, "we must get home before the world grows light, and we are seen, and you are tired of talking to me, or that I run away with you, or tell you how I want to . . ."

"Do you feel in a hurry about it?" she said suddenly, after a pause.

"Hurry, Miss Audrey? . . . I hurried?" he said, with a faint smile.

"Then we can go home," she said.

He got up as if with some difficulty, and came to her side. "Shall we walk up the hill?"

She watched him, and then gave a little cry. His arm was broken: he could not move his hand, and his face, that had been hidden in the shadow, was white and drawn with pain. He smiled at her dismay.

"It is nothing, nothing in the world!"

Meanwhile the Parvenu was seated in the dining-room, his hands on the table and his eyes fixed before him.

Miss Audrey had left her bedroom door open, and as the old man had passed on his way upstairs an odd sense of apprehension had taken hold of him, so that he had called out to her, then after a moment's hesitation had tiptoed into her room, and discovered the little childish note she had written for him. He had looked at his watch with trembling fingers, found that the last train had gone, and understood that he could do nothing until the morrow. He came out of the room, still, strangely enough, on tiptoe, and crept downstairs to the dining-room, candle in hand, and seating himself at the big table, waited. There was nothing he could do. His little girl had gone away with a scoundrel. His blood froze as he thought that in this he was to blame—he had encouraged Max Winslow because Fielding had disapproved: he had not chosen that his guests should be criticised—and his pride had been punished—continued to stare into the shadows beyond the flickering candle in apathetic misery; and all he could hear in the silence, beating on the waves of the air, as it were, repeating itself over and over again, crowding into every available space, rising up from the ground, leaping from shadowy corners and coming in again and again, as a new thing, almost, at the open door, were the echoing words: "She has gone. Your little girl has gone."

His feet had grown cold and his hands were numbed. He must move soon: the sickening thought came that he must move soon, get up and face the common affairs of day—even tend to his own creature comforts—when he heard the crunching of the gravel outside. A startled look came to his wide-open eyes. She was in the threshold.

Miss Audrey sped to his side. In a moment's flash she understood something of the cruelty of her act and everything of his love. She rubbed his cold hands in hers. The tears edged out of his eyes as he smiled at her. "Come, come, Miss Audrey, this won't do—riding at night, eh! You were right to bring her home Fielding. Where is Winslow?"

"He will not return!" said Horace.

"God, man, you are hurt! An accident, Miss Audrey, is that it? An accident."

Horace looked at his host, and understood the refined kindness of this great-hearted old man, who could surely give a lesson to the world in good manners.

THREE GOOD FRIENDS.

BY MARK AMBIENT.

PROLOGUE.

THREE good friends in the world have I,
And three is sufficient for me;
For take 'em together,
For all sorts of weather
I've got a good friend—you will see!

I.

My first is my friend when the weather is damp,
But I leave her as soon as it's fine!
My Gamp!
My Gamp!
My buxom old gamp,
She's a very stout friend of mine!
(*Or* thine?
Her past to unfold—I decline!)

II.

My second's a friend of superior type:
For whether it's wet or fine,
My Pipe!
My Pipe!
My bacchanal pipe,
Is a juicy good friend of mine!
(*Not* thine!
Another man's pipe—I decline!)

III.

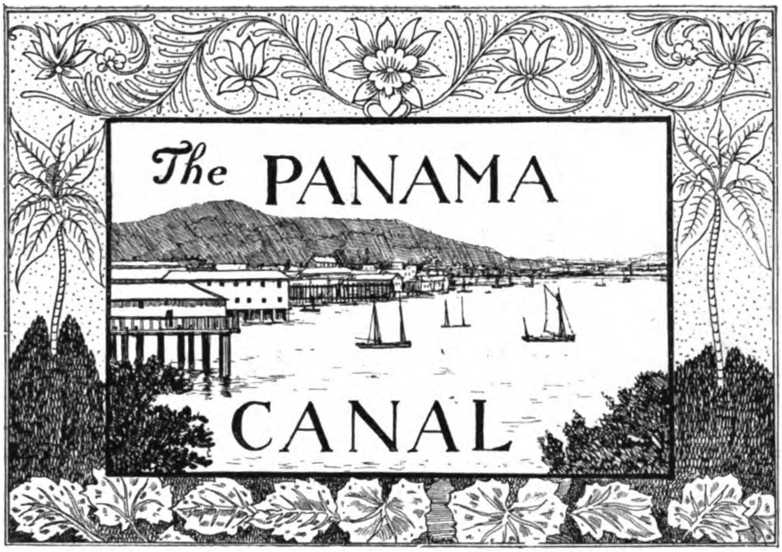
Last, but not least, comes the love of my life,
That midsummer friend of mine:
My Wife!
My Wife!
My sunshiny wife,
She's the best of the lot in fine!
(In *fine*!
For she brings forth the *son—and* the *shine*!)

EPILOGUE.

So three good friends in the world have I,
And three is sufficient for me:—
One wife (quite enough),
And a pipe to puff,
And my pally old parapluie!



Pall Mall Magazine.



THE UNION OF THE ATLANTIC AND THE PACIFIC.

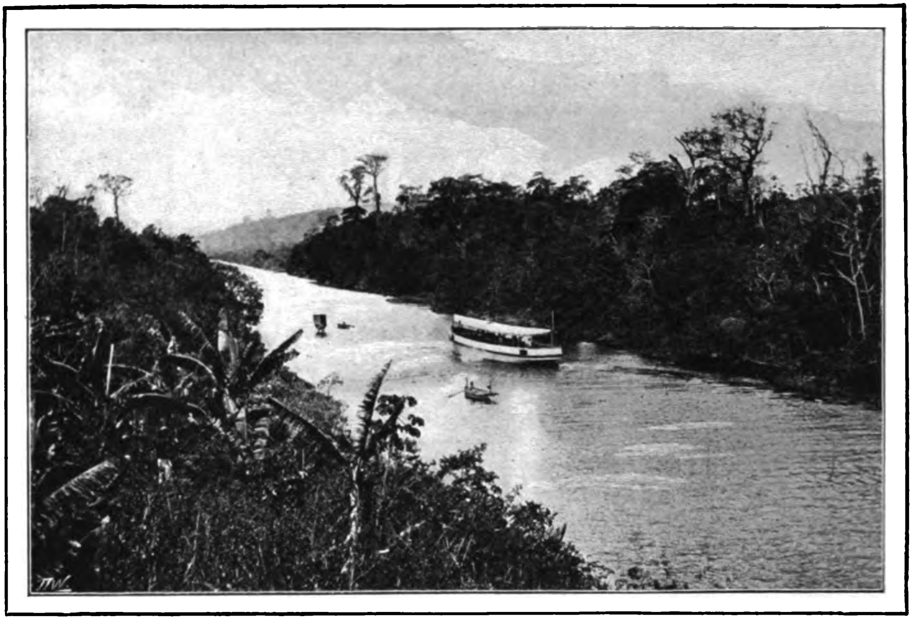
A STORY OF THE EFFORTS OF FOUR CENTURIES.

BY JOHN GEO. LEIGH.

IT is probable that before these words appear in the printed page, the Legislature of the United States will have taken the first practical step towards the realisation of an enterprise which has during four centuries claimed widespread attention, exciting the imagination of the deepest of thinkers and most ardent men of action. Every item of information essential to a wise decision is now before the world, and the latter awaits, with lively concern and no little anxiety, that final word from Congress which will assert, or at least for another session postpone, the reign of common-sense. To out-manœuvre, as was hoped, the "lobbying" of rival interests and the "knavish tricks" of politics, a majority of the Isthmian Canal Commission resolved, in January, upon a somewhat sensational proceeding. They had previously united in a report to President Roosevelt recommending for adoption by the United States the so-called Nicaragua route. Within two months, however, there no longer existed the conditions which had dictated this agreement, and the Commissioners very properly claimed the right to make this clear and reaffirm their technical preferences for the purchase and completion of the Panama undertaking. I, for one, decline to believe that the people of the United States will ignore the significance of this, under the circumstances, quite legitimate and logical *volte-face*; or that they will be so misguided or blinded by prejudice as to refuse a better and cheaper project, of which the worst is known, in favour of another against which they have repeatedly been warned, and the perils of which can only be learned by painful and possibly humiliating experience. To the latter half of the nineteenth century was reserved the honour of throwing open the Corinth and Suez Canals, enterprises bequeathed to it by older civilisations; and I doubt not that posterity will often wonder that the same era, so rich in scientific revelation, public spirit, and engineering exploits, did not also witness the construction of that more majestic and at least equally needful undertaking—an artificial junction of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

THE QUEST OF THE OLD VOYAGERS.

Among the earliest of the Spanish *émigrés* to the New World was one Vasco Nunez de Balbao. He found his way to recently-settled Darien; here became, as



A view of the Panama canal.

the result of a revolution—the first of a long series of similar occurrences in that part of the world—Governor of the newly created province of Castilla del Oro; and here also heard confused accounts of a vast expanse of water to the west. He passed from his capital, near the Atrato River, to the site of Acla, on Caledonia Bay, and thence, with a considerable force of compatriots and Indians, journeyed across the mountain chain. On Sept. 25th, 1513, he reached a high ridge overlooking San Miguel Gulf, and, pressing forward in advance of his party, became the first European to behold the "Great South Sea," as he then called the Pacific. From the time of this memorable expedition and Magelhaens' famous voyage six years later, which resulted in the discovery of the Philippines and the first circumnavigation of the globe, the belief gradually strengthened that only at the extreme south of the continent would the oceans be found united. So suggestive, however, was the conformation of the central isthmus, that it was with the greatest reluctance that far-sighted men acknowledged, first, that there existed no channel navigable the entire distance, and secondly that to construct one, even in those days of small tonnage and ill-paid labour, would be a most toilsome and costly undertaking. However, as to the feasibility of the enterprise there were but few doubters; the commencement of the sixteenth century was a strenuous age, and the spirit with which most obstacles were faced is fairly epitomised in this contemporary comment of Gomara: "Mountains there are, but there are likewise hands; take but the resolve, and it (the canal) can be made."

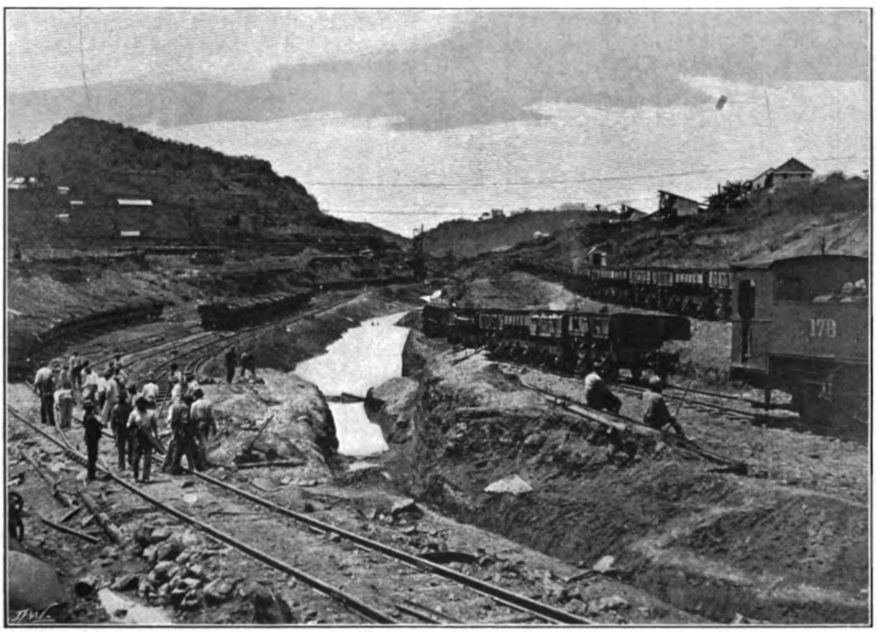
The Emperor Charles V. and the Adventurers.

The Emperor Charles V., as King of Spain, devoted much attention to the exploration of his American possessions and the discovery of the long-sought ocean link. In 1523 he wrote to Cortes charging him to impress upon all provincial governors the necessity of examining every bay and river mouth which offered a possible solution of the problem; and the daring Captain-General, in reply, expressed belief that the quest would be successful and "render the King of Spain master of so many kingdoms that he might call himself lord of the world." About this time Lake Nicaragua was discovered; and during the next ten years lines of posts were established and well-organised transit routes in operation between the Gulf of Mexico and Tehuantepec, Nombre de Dios and Old Panama, the Gulf of

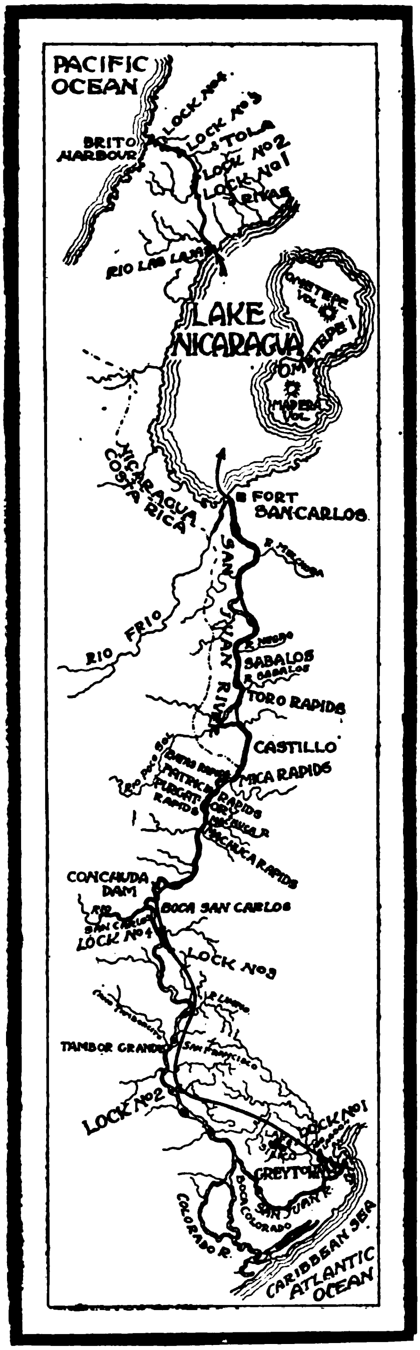
Darien and Panama Bay, and numerous other Caribbean and Pacific stations. Gold poured over them in constant streams from the mines of Mexico and Peru, while from Spain came stores of European goods for the use of her adventurous sons and for purpose of barter. Such traffic, however, was not sufficiently convenient, even in those early days of communication between Pacific and Atlantic: the importance of a maritime connection naturally suggested the idea of a ship canal, and the relatively short distance between the several points raised up for each proposed route a band of ardent advocates. Then, as now, opinion was unanimous concerning the urgent need of the much-trumpeted enterprise and the genius of engineers to triumph over every possible obstacle; then, as now, a single Power was designated as the master of the situation and inevitable arbiter of the movement; then, as now, there was strife over details and great issues were ignored.

A Leap to Modern Times.

Centuries pass in which airy projects are discussed, and we reach the era in which the Republic of Central America in 1825 made the next proposal. This and the adjoining States were quick to recognise the value to themselves and the great and growing importance to the North American Union of inter-oceanic communication. Much diplomatic negotiation, the signature of many treaties, the grant and lapse of many concessions, the incorporation of several companies, and some superficial examinations of the various routes, sum up the history of the question during the next score years. In 1848, as results of the war with Mexico and the Guadalupe - Hidalgo Treaty, California became part of the United States; and the people of the older settlements, reinforced by an army of European arrivals, commenced that westward "trek" which, in a few years, created a new America, extending from the Mississippi across the Rockies to the very waters of the Pacific. No prophet is needed to foretell that here is a country destined to rival in wealth and political influence both East and South; for the energy and adaptability of its people and the marvellous range of its climate and natural products must perforce make it, in fact as well as name, the Golden West. But much of it is still the "back of beyond"; though the larder of the world,



The works in progress.



The route of the Nicaragua Canal.

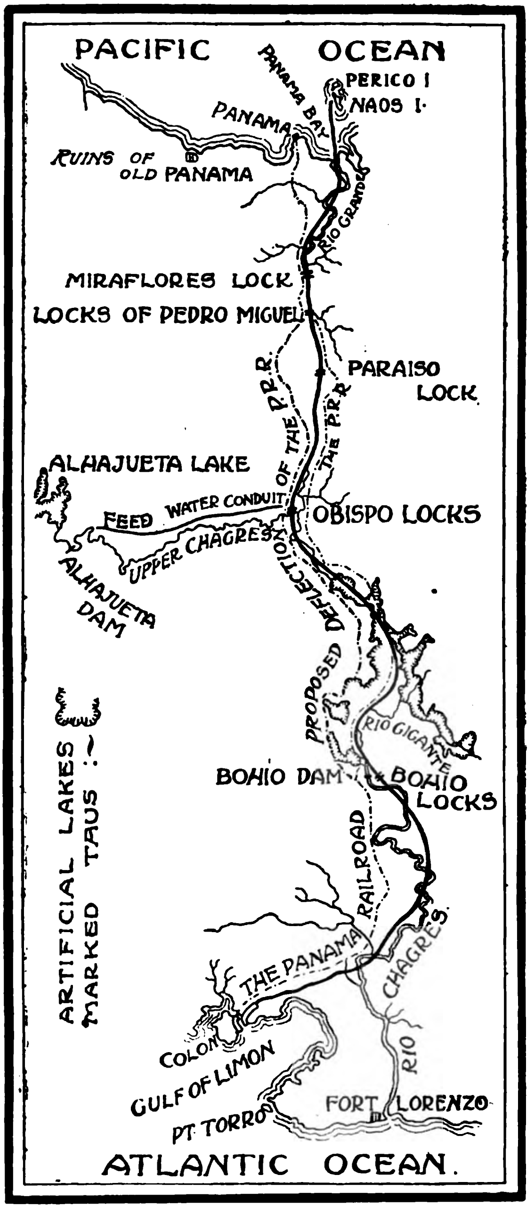
the States of the Pacific slope are far distant from the great centres of population, and little has been done to aid their development by the monopolist transcontinental railroads, the present arbiters of their fate. For them, accordingly, the isthmian canal is a vital necessity: were it long delayed, a situation might readily arise, resulting in the fulfilment of a forecast contained in a Senate report of 1896—that, without this guarantee of national strength and unity, "the chain of the Rocky Mountains may one day become the boundary between two great rival republics."

The Discovery of Gold in California.

The treaty with Mexico had not been ratified when gold was discovered in California, and the Central American isthmus began to witness, but on a grander scale, the same movements which had marked its early history. From the east came thousands of treasure-seekers; for, to elude the hardships and delays of the journey across the corpse-strewn plains or the voyage round the southern continent, lines of steamers had been hurriedly organised—on the one side between New York and Chagres and San Juan del Norte, on the other from Panama and other isthmian Pacific ports to the Golden Horn. What wonder that these circumstances and the growing requirements of commerce, followed in rapid succession by such reasons of public character as the maintenance of military and naval stations in the newly acquired territories, the extension of mail facilities and the discharge of other governmental functions, aroused in administrative circles and throughout the Union a lively feeling in favour of an isthmian maritime canal? Now, however, there became manifest new obstacles, destined to be considered for fifty years more serious even than those raised by nature.

England had emerged in 1786 from her long struggle for mastery of Central America, with no assets more splendid than the privilege of cutting dyeing-woods within certain limits of Honduras and a protectorate over the Mosquito Indians, her allies for many years. With the disappearance, however, of Spanish dominion, England revived many ancient claims, and these were only finally disposed of in 1864, when the Mosquito tribes, voluntarily and without protest from Downing Street, incorporated themselves with Nicaragua. To the somewhat

involved conditions which led to the signature of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty I shall not further allude; nor shall I devote more than passing reference to the diplomacy of the past two years, resulting in the abrogation of that much-misunderstood instrument, the grant of a free hand to America in all that relates to an isthmian canal, and the unanimous expression of Britain's hope and confidence that the United States will triumph in the great enterprise on which they have set their hearts, to their own glory and the equal advantage of all nations. Of all these and allied matters, a full and authoritative account was given in an article in the Pall Mall Magazine a month ago.



The route of the Panama Canal.

De Lesseps' Stupendous Failure.

To President Grant's first Message, in 1869, we owe the birth of the sentiment, "An American canal on American soil," to which Congress promptly responded by a joint resolution providing for further explorations and reports. While the latter were being examined by the Interoceanic Canal Commission, appointed in 1872, a movement was in progress in France destined to besmirch many reputations, to bring the nation to the brink of revolution, and to ruin thousands of thrifty, confiding families. As the representative of a syndicate organised for the purpose of inaugurating a scheme for canal construction, Lieutenant Lucien-Napoleon Bonaparte-Wyse proceeded to Colombia, and there entered into two contracts with the Government, under which the French promoters obtained the exclusive privilege, for ninety-nine years from the date of opening, of constructing and operating an inter-oceanic canal across the territory of the Republic. This triumph, as it then seemed, was followed by the appearance of Baron Ferdinand de Lesseps, with the glories of Suez yet upon him, as head of the movement; by the International Congress of 1879, which affirmed the feasibility of a sea-level canal, to be constructed within twelve years, at a total cost of some £48,000,000; and, in December 1880, by the successful flotation of the "Compagnie universelle." So cogent had proved de Lesseps' glowing report, issued after a visit to the isthmus and his first abortive attempt to secure subscriptions, that the public now applied for twice the capital asked for—namely,

£12,000,000, in 600,000 shares of 500 francs each. After two years devoted to preliminary work, the erection of fine administrative buildings, and the accumulation on a vast scale of machinery and the like, active operations were commenced early in 1883 towards the excavation of the 157,000,000 cubic yards of rock and earth involved in de Lesseps' sea-level plan. In 1887, however, perished all hope that such a feat could be accomplished within reasonable limits of time and expenditure, and in January, 1889, came the inevitable, long foreseen catastrophe. Still fresh, no doubt, in the memory of readers are the scandalous revelations, financial and journalistic, which followed the crash and early liquidation; but unhappily, for many reasons, the subsequent investigations on the isthmus and the wise measures adopted to prevent an uncompensated forfeiture of the enterprise, obtained much less publicity.

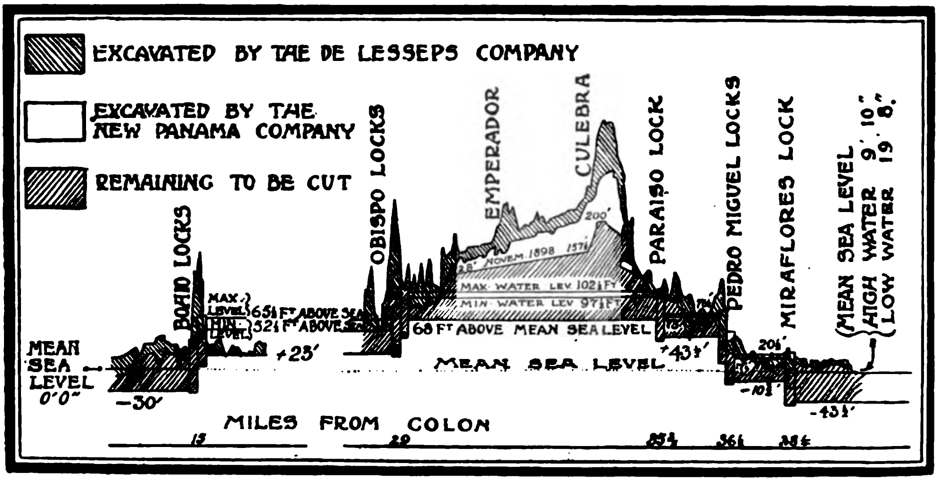


Diagram showing the present state of the Panama Canal.

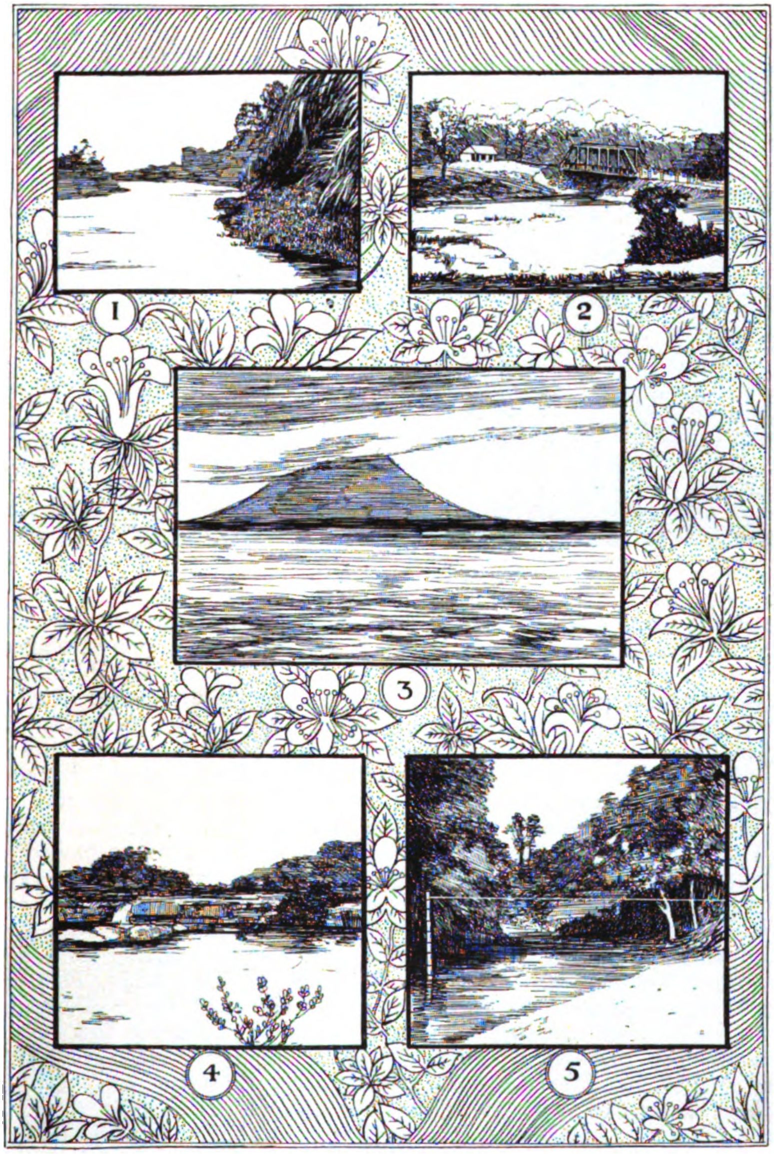
The Crash and the Liquidation.

To M. Brunet, the first liquidator, were accorded extraordinary powers, and he used them with discretion and effect. Having suspended the works, he proceeded to satisfy himself that the canal project was feasible—a question naturally provoked by de Lesseps' stupendous failure. Many new reasons for the latter were disclosed in the report of the "Commission d'études" which M. Brunet had despatched to the isthmus; among others the *insouciance* with which, up to the very end, the administration of the defunct Company had ignored many vital engineering and physical problems of the undertaking. These were now—after £58,000,000 had been squandered and many hundreds of lives sacrificed—subjected to closer investigation; and the conclusion arrived at by M. Guillemain and his *confrères* was that a lock-canal was feasible and should still be pursued. The term of twelve years allowed by the Colombian Government for the completion of the canal having nearly expired, the liquidator's next care was to secure an extension; and this and two further prolongations, the last making the fatal date of forfeiture October 31st, 1910, were obtained by means of ready-money and other payments. Finally, in October 1894, under a special enactment of the French Legislature, a new company was organised, with a cash capital of £2,400,000, to continue operations in the isthmus and preserve the plant from further decay—largely (as was hoped) in the interests of the shareholders and creditors of its predecessor.

The Canal To-day.

During the liquidation period, Europe and America were painfully stirred by eye-witnesses' accounts of the desolate workings and neglected condition of the locomotives and other once valuable machinery strewn along the Panama

Railroad and abandoned canal. To the memory of these in large measure is due the long-enduring impression that the Panama project was, as I have often heard it said, dead and buried. Only recently, and even then with less cordiality than I think was deserved, has it been recognised that the New Company has been hard at work, with, considering its meagre financial resources and the apparent hopelessness of its mission, very meritorious results. Included in this article are photographs taken in November 1899, at different points in the great cutting through the Cordilleras. To the "divide," so far as excavation is concerned, the Company has mainly devoted its attention, for the Emperador-Culebra line



Views on the Nicaragua route.

1. Scene on the Rio San Juan. 2. Gauging station at Tipitapa, outlet of Lake Managua. 3. Lake Nicaragua, Zapatero in clouds. 4. Dam site at Tipitapa in dry season. 5. Gauging station on Rio Grande at Brito.



The Emperador Cutting.

must be utilised in any scheme adopted for the completion of the enterprise. The work is also valuable because actual experience has demonstrated that no longer need fears be entertained concerning the stability of the soil, however deep the cuttings. For purposes of comparison, there appears on page 502 a longitudinal section of the central reaches of the canal, showing the original contour of the mountain range, the depth to which the great cutting had been carried at the time of de Lesseps' collapse, the further excavation accomplished by the present Company up to November 1899, and the elevations of the lock-system recommended for adoption by the International Technical Committee. Of the 360 feet of earth and rock which it was necessary to remove at the summit of the pass for the proposed sea-level canal, 65½ feet only had been cleared at the end of 1888; but to this, along the six miles of heavy work, the New Company has added about 6,000,000 cubic yards of excavation, involving an expenditure of £1,600,000.

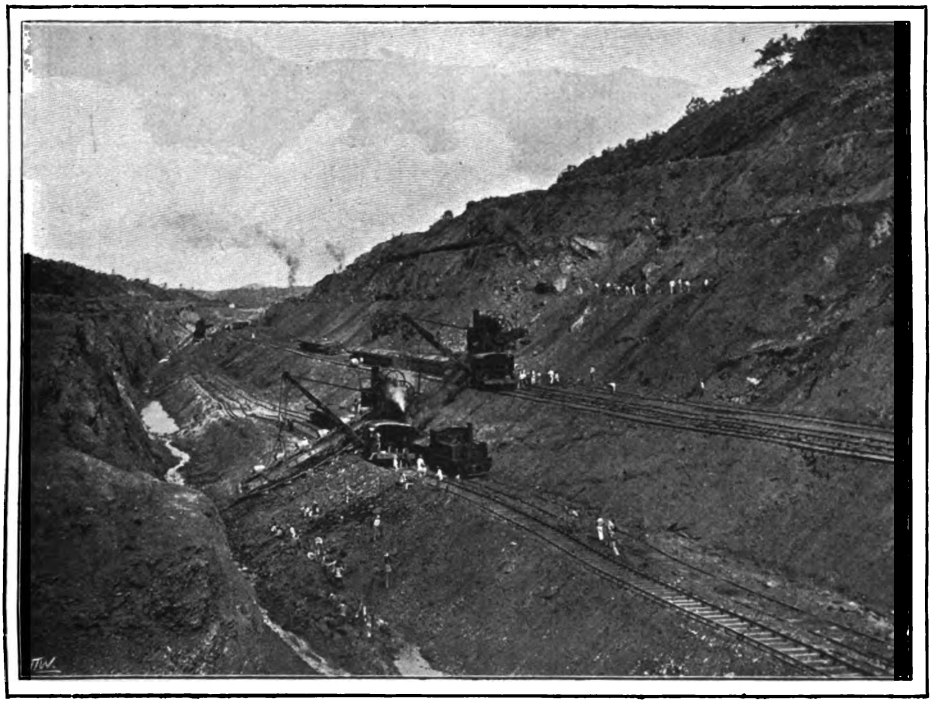
The International Committee.

Most important, however, of all the achievements of the present *régime* is the systematic and thorough investigation to which, since 1894, every technical detail of the enterprise has been subjected. Warned by the disclosures which followed the *débâcle* of 1880, and directly inspired by the Legislature, the directors declined to accept as reliable, until so proved, any survey, statement, calculation, and the like, for which the old administration was responsible. They summoned to their aid a Technical Committee of fourteen engineers, some of them men of world-wide reputation as organisers and superintendents of canals. The painstaking labours of this body concluded, in November 1898, in an elaborate report, which was then submitted for examination to another special engineering commission whose appointment had been provided for in the Company's charter. Both boards agreed that a sea-level channel was out of the question, that each of the plans most fully considered included solutions of all important problems involved in the undertaking, and that there should be recommended for the completion of the canal, because of its comparative economy of time and money, a project having for its most prominent feature a central reach the bottom of which

would be 68 feet above mean sea-level. It may be well to here remark, in reference to the canal question generally, that the belief as to the greater height of the Pacific than the Caribbean Sea rests on no basis more substantial than the errors of early geographers, and that such difference as at times exists is merely tidal.

America and Panama.

I now revert to the United States, where it has been decreed by the inexorable Fates the destinies of the Panama Canal shall be, for good or ill, determined. Investigations most prolonged, elaborate, highly skilled, and conducted with scrupulous thoroughness at a vast expense, show that the choice of the United States is limited to Nicaragua and Panama, and that although the construction of a sea-level canal is feasible over the second route, the time required for its completion excludes that proposal from really serious consideration. The Commission has, after adequate scrutiny, endorsed, as solving all the difficulties likely to be encountered, the two plans for the completion of the Panama enterprise formulated by the International Technical Committee. It has even recommended for adoption—should the United States see fit to acquire the property and rights of the Company—a scheme of its own, largely based upon these proposals. The central idea is to deepen the great Emperador-Culebra cutting to within 47 feet of the mean level of the oceans, and thus dispense with the highest level, two flights of locks, and any expedient for feeding the canal other than by means of the water from the Chagres, impounded in the so-called Bohio Lake by an enormous dam, 2546 feet long, thrown across the river. It is estimated that, exclusive of the excavation required for the Bohio dam, the completion of the canal will necessitate the excavation of about 95,000,000 cubic yards, of which nearly half will be concentrated in the 7·91 miles between the Obispo gates and Pedro-Miguel locks. The total estimated cost of the American project, *plus* 20 per cent. for engineering, police, sanitation, and general contingencies, is £28,845,000. The Commission has also estimated that £5,500,000 will be about the value in the new plan of the work accomplished by the two French companies, and that to this there should be added amounts for maps,



In the Culebra Cutting.

etc., and Panama Railroad stock, making its total valuation of the canal property £8,000,000. That the Canal Company is not only anxious to sell, but regards the present as probably its last opportunity, may be gathered from the fact that the shareholders, at their meeting in December, repudiated the endeavours of the ex-Director-General, M. Hutin, to secure better terms, authorised fresh negotiations on the basis of the American valuation, and guaranteed the United States Government against possible contestation by shareholders or creditors of the de Lesseps administration.

The Difficulties of the Nicaragua Route.

It is outside the scope of the present article to attempt even a perfunctory description of the Nicaragua project, as developed by the latest Commission. This much, however, must be said—that, thanks to the careful surveys and continuous hydrographic observations of the past few years, it has now been possible to formulate a scheme for the utilisation of Lake Nicaragua, without apparent danger to the canal, which is entitled to the respectful consideration, if not adherence, of the most exigent of engineers. One does not require expert knowledge to recognise that to a lock-canal there can be no adjunct more valuable than a natural summit-level, favoured with an inexhaustible water-supply. Lake Nicaragua, therefore, has always appeared an ideal auxiliary to the proposed ship-canal; and this it assuredly would be but for one unhappy circumstance. Its drainage basin is so vast (no less than 12,000 square miles), and the rainfall of the region so abnormal, that the level of the lake is subject to periodical fluctuations of six feet and even more. This suggests many obvious dangers; and, accordingly, the nice problem set before engineers has been to devise a system of control which, on the one hand, will never permit the navigable depth of the summit-level to be less than 35 feet, nor, on the other, allow the lake to rise above a certain elevation (fixed by the latest project at 110 feet above mean sea-level). To achieve these results, the Isthmian Canal Commission has proposed to carry the summit-level eastward to Lock No. IV., a distance of 55 miles, and to a point on the San Juan River called Conchuda, where a great dam and other controlling works must be constructed. The map of the route, included in this article, may serve to familiarise readers with other features of the Nicaragua project; and the same may, I hope, be said for the following necessarily brief comparison of the two schemes yet competing for America's support.

The Rival Routes Compared.

Such a comparison reveals, so far as physical features are concerned, certain points of similarity. For instance, in each case the continental divide, or mountain chain, is within ten miles of the Pacific Ocean; each route on the Atlantic side is governed by the course of a river providing a water supply for the proposed canal; and both summit levels are formed by lakes, one natural, the other artificial, each demanding a costly dam and waste-ways for its regulation, the impounding of flood-waters, and the alimentation of the canal during the drier seasons. Lake Nicaragua, of course, may be regarded as inexhaustible; Lake Bohio, on the other hand, will be so formed as to yield a water supply for a traffic of 10,00c,000 tons; which might, however, be increased fivefold by the reservoir above Alhajuela, suggested by the "Comité technique" of 1896–8. Therefore, so far as the practical operation of a ship-canal is concerned, the Nicaragua route offers no advantages superior to Panama. The Bohio dam will probably cost more than would that proposed at Conchuda; but in the one case the regulation of the lake will be simple and automatic, in the other dependent upon the judgment and continuous observations of the operating staff.

Labour, Harbours, and Climate.

The total length of the Nicaragua route from sea to sea is 183½ miles, inclusive of 70½ miles in the lake and 39½ miles in the canalised San Juan; while that of the Panama is 49 miles, including a sailing line in Lake Bohio of 12½ miles. So far as excavation is concerned, Nicaragua may be described as virgin soil. The cut through the "divide" west of the Lake calls for the removal of some 18,000,000 cubic yards of earth and rock, or about one-tenth of the total excavation, distributed over the whole route. On the other hand, the maritime reaches of the Panama line only require increased depth

and width, and nearly 50 per cent. of the entire work will be concentrated in the Culebra section. Obviously, therefore, a much larger force of labourers would be needed for the completion of the one enterprise than for the other The difficulties and delays consequent upon its recruitment would be seriously accentuated, in the case of Nicaragua, by the latter's lack of harbour accommodation and facilities for transportation. These would have to be created, under by no means favourable conditions, before any immediate reception of quite an army of labourers. Whichever canal be built, it is probable that Uncle Sam will seek in Jamaica the majority of his workmen, for the records of both the Panama Railroad and Canal suggest that the coloured population of that island is better constituted than any other race for manual labour in the isthmus. So far as climate is concerned, there is little to choose between the two routes, and that little is in favour of Panama, for it must not be forgotten that the swamp region south-



Travelling cableways.

plant could be landed or considerable force of labour employed; and more than paper arguments appear necessary to dispel present misgivings concerning the successful construction and maintenance of a harbour at Greytown, upon which, of course, would entirely depend the commercial utility of the canal. For the complete protection of shipping, Colon may require some improvement, but at the other terminal of the Panama route no work of any kind is suggested. Moreover, a well-equipped railway is in operation along the canal line, and at various points facilities exist for the west of Greytown, through which for many miles the projected canal would pass, has no dry season and an annual rainfall of about 250 inches. Moreover—and this, in my opinion, is a point on which much stress should be laid—malaria is always generated by the first disturbance of the soil, but as excavation proceeds to the deeper subsoil there is less probability of sickness.

The Cost of Construction.

The estimated cost of constructing a canal by the Nicaragua route is £37,772,000, or nearly £1,000,000 more

than the estimate for Panama, inclusive of the admitted value of the property. To this difference, for the purpose of equitable comparison, should certainly be added the greater cost of maintaining and operating the Nicaragua Canal, together with a larger percentage than has been allowed under the head of "Sanitation." The estimated annual cost of maintaining the two canals is respectively £660,000 and £400,000, and the difference between these amounts, capitalised on a 3 per cent. basis, is over £8,500,000. There are many other advantages in favour of the Panama route to which the American Commission has alluded, but of these considerations of space forbid more than passing mention. I will, in conclusion, simply note that the estimated time for a deep-draught vessel to pass through the two canals is twelve hours for Panama, and thirty-three for Nicaragua. These periods are practically the measure of the relative advantages of the projects as maritime highways, for it is notorious that the risks to vessels in a canal largely exceed those on the open sea.

The history of the question has proved that only through the operation of the power and resources of a great nation can the boon of an isthmian ship-canal be conferred upon mankind. To the United States destiny has committed enormous and ever-increasing responsibilities, and among these certainly not the least are the efficient construction and guardianship of that highway, westward to the Orient, which has for so many score years been one of the worthiest of human ideals. Gladly do we recognise the probability that to the universal expressions of good-will with which the Republic enters upon its magnificent enterprise may now be added felicitations that she has made a wise choice, ensuring an early and comparatively facile realisation of her own and the world's ambition.

PERVERSITY.

BY AILEEN ORR.

WHEN I am asked what weather I would praise,
I cry, "Give me the unseasonable days!"
Such are my rank, unreasonable ways.
Shunt me to winter-tide when spring's begun,
Snowflakes in June, and January sun,—
Surprising sweet, unseasonable days,
Come, pamper my unreasonable ways!

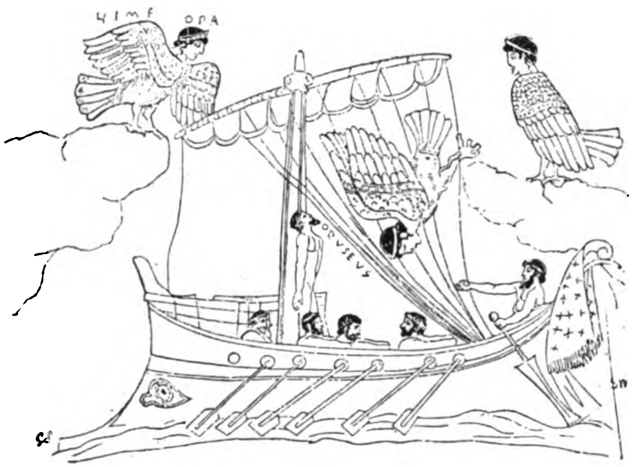
If I am asked what flower I request,
I love the one that's out of season best,—
Knowing such wild desire were vain confest:
A frail forget-me-not when winter's here,—
Lilies in autumn, roses all the year,—
Rank, unattainable, untold request!
Still must I love what's out of season best.

When I am asked which fruit I deem a treat,
Only unseasonable ones seem sweet:
An orange in July—ripe nuts in May—
Plums in December—peaches every day;
So never satisfied—though happy yet—
Seeing I thrive on what I cannot get!

And would you know the hearts I've understood?
I'll tell you—those most changeable of mood . . .
Charmingly bad, unreasonably good;
One that is happy when the most are sad,
One that is sorrowful when I am glad:
Alluring, wise, incorrigible mood!
Who loves what's only *seasonably* good?

. . . . .

Unseasonable blooms, fruits, hearts, and days,
Come, pamper my unreasonable ways!



Ulysses and the Sirens. (From a vase in the British Museum.)

HOMER AT "HER MAJESTY'S."

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, ODYSSEUS AND ULYSSES.

BY C. F. KEARY.

MR. W. P. KER, in his *Epic and Romance*, a book which it would be difficult to overpraise, has a good deal to say on the essentially dramatic qualities of Homer; using of course "dramatic" in our sense—that which reveals character in speech and action, as distinguished from a mere narrative of events. And Mr. Ker reminds us how that Aristotle gives an account of the plot of the Odyssey which is concerned altogether with its human side and leaves the Olympians, save only Poseidon, almost out of account, and says nothing about such a tremendous passage as the νεκυία, the summoning the dead from the house of Hades.* Aristotle thought the story, the *fabula*, the most important thing in drama, the personality of the hero in the epic, thus almost exactly reversing our way of looking at things. Mr. Ker suggests how after the manner of the author of the *Poetic* the plot of the Iliad might be described:

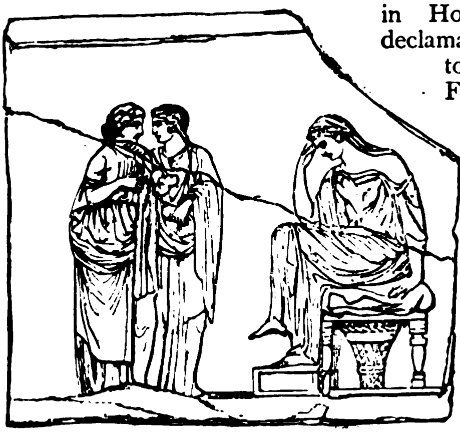
"A certain man taking part in a siege is slighted by the general, and in his resentment withdraws from the war, though his own side is in great need of his help. His dearest friend having been killed by the enemy, he comes back into the action, and takes vengeance for his friend, and allows himself to be reconciled."

It is the presence of this essentially dramatic quality in Homer (it really distinguishes Homer from all the writers of literary epics, from Virgil and his successors) that gives what I may call the general literary interest to Mr. Stephen Phillips' *Ulysses* as performed at Her Majesty's Theatre. It is no longer the time of day to discuss the minutiæ of that performance, with which the newspaper critics have all dealt, and which so many of the London public have by this time seen. But outside the charm to sight and sound of the piece, outside its literary charm, its charm as a spectacle and its melodious setting, there lies its historic importance as a serious attempt to adapt Homer for the boards. There were, no doubt, Greek dramas on themes connected with the return of Odysseus; for such are referred to by Aristotle.

* Aristotle's account of the Odyssey (it has often been quoted) is as follows: "A man is abroad for many years, persecuted by Poseidon, and alone. Meantime the suitors of his wife are wasting his estate and plotting against his son. After many perils at sea, he returns to his own country and discovers himself to his friends. He falls upon his enemies and destroys them, and so comes to his own again."

One wonders, however, that the Elizabethans, who chose their plots wherever it pleased them, did not make more use of the Tale of Troy or the Wanderings of Odysseus.

There is of course *Troilus and Cressida*, wherein at any rate some of the greater personages of the Iliad do make their appearance—Odysseus himself, and the King of Men. But in our country at least little has been done in this direction. For a predecessor to Mr. Stephen Phillips' play one has to go to a far post-Elizabethan time, to in fact not quite two hundred years back (1706), when was acted—as it happens at Her Majesty's of that day, the "Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket"—Nicholas Rowe's *Ulysses, a Tragedy*. The cast for that piece, as on the present occasion, was a fine one: Betterton, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Barry. Mrs. Bracegirdle took an extra-Homeric part invented by Rowe for his play — Eurymachus' daughter, Semanthe, whose love-affair with Telemachus is an important part of the piece. The play reads emptily and bombastically enough; but that alone does not prove that with good setting and good acting it might not have gone down. But it did not: it ran a few nights only.



Penelope (British Museum).



Penelope (in the play).

It must be owned that, though there is plenty of character in Homer, his fashion of declamation is more suited to the traditions of the French classical drama than of ours. People are always, in Homer, telling us with considerable amplitude what their "dear heart" (or mind) dictates to them; and they have sometimes as great a love of stereotyped phrases as the modern journalist. It is hardly natural that, for example, Nestor and Polyphemus (and, for a third, Apollo to his own Cretan sailors in the Hymn to Apollo*) should address new-comers in precisely the same formula: "O strangers, who are ye? And whence have ye plied over the moist ways hither? Was it for barter, or come ye as pirates, your lives in your hands, bringing evil on all men?"

As a fact there have been two or three "Ulysses" in the French drama. The latest, by M. Ponsard, is referred to by Mr. Phillips in his "author's note" at the end of *Ulysses*. So too is the suave and scholarly "Return of Ulysses" by Mr. Robert Bridges, of which we may say that, though it contains some excellent lines, one can hardly imagine it having been written to be acted.

Now, for Mr. Phillips, it is generally claimed and conceded, that he has special gifts for reconciling literature with the practical working stage, that he is not an "armchair" dramatist but is always alive to the acting

* Only that this is one of the passages which make the hymn read like a "crib."

Pen
I will wed no man but he bend that bow
(angry murmurs among the Suitors)
Ulys (rising)
Lady, and Princes - but to make you sport,
I will essay to bend Ulysses bow (loud laughter)
- To make you sport - for I have supped full well.
Ant
Impudent rags! Thou shalt not vie with us
Tel
The beggar shall make trial: Come, old man.
Ctes
The old man! Excellent!
All (laughing loudly)
The beggar man!
Eurym
Come forth then wooer lordliest and last
Here is a broad mark for thy shaft old man
Ant
Pen
Ah ~~do not~~ Let mock him!
Ulys.
Sirs but to make you sport.
(he totters toward the bow)
Athene strength! O if my might should fail me!
(he totters the bow and after simulated faltering bends it in amazed silence from the Suitors. He springs to his height, his rags falling from him
Dogs! do ye know me now (Thunder and darkness)
Penel (rushing towards him)
Ulysses!
Ulys
Back!
Suitors
(amazedly amid the scene)
Ulysses! is it he? Is it he - Ulysses?

Autograph facsimile of a page of Mr. Stephen Phillips' play.



Hermes (Mercury) presenting a Soul to Hades (Pluto)—British Museum.

possibilities of what he writes, and that we are to look to him to revive for us a living and poetical drama. Necessarily, then, the first question we ask ourselves is—seeing that drama is character in action—how has our author himself conceived the hero of *Ulysses*? On the cover of the little book—designed for the uninstructed—that was handed to us with the programmes, are engraved five of the epithets of Odysseus, which within are spoken of as those which characterise him the best. Our cribs, I think, used to translate these five epithets, much-counselling, crafty, much-travelled or much-wandering, much-enduring, and—I am sure I forget the last: was it "crafty" too, or "of many a turn"? There are a great many other epithets which the king of Ithaca shares with



Tiresias—A Ghost.



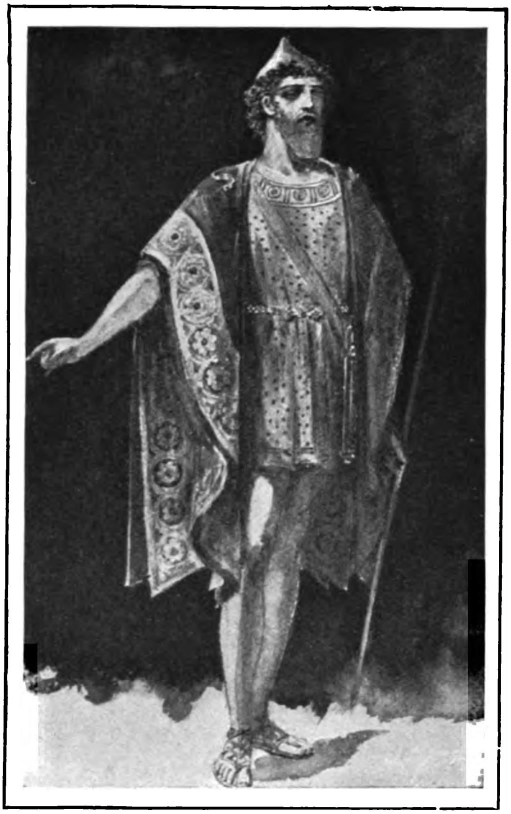
Charon (In the play).

other heroes—and occasionally with villains likewise, such as Polyphemus, who is complimented with the divine title ἀντίθεος, "of nature like the gods" — good, divine, magnanimous, blameless, great-hearted, city-destroying, and so on. But there are two other titles which belong much more to the inner nature of the man than the five above given: "wise" or "pondering" (πολύφρων), and ταλασίφρων, which one may translate "able to dare and endure." Certainly the last is quite as common as, say πολύτροπος—it occurs two or three times in Book XVII. alone of the Odyssey, and is an epithet of Odysseus in the Iliad likewise—and is quite as much appropriated to this special hero. It is represented, though certainly not very happily, in a line of Mr. Phillips'—

"So much encountered and so little quailed."

And the author of *Ulysses* seems to have fixed his mind upon an analogous quality—inflexible determination to win through all difficulties—as the one on which the action of his drama was to turn, which was to supply its motive.

Thus, in the first act the temptation Ulysses has to encounter is not so much love as ease. Ogygia takes in this play a good deal of the character of the land of the *lotophagi*, which is only mentioned in Homer, but has been created by Tennyson. I shall have to speak again of this scene, and therefore will now pass it by. After it follows the trial of sheer terror, when Ulysses has to make his descent into the underworld.



Ulysses.

Some of the critics of the play, I noticed, seemed to take the idea of a descent into Hades as an everyday matter; and blamed the pusillanimity of Ulysses or of Mr. Beerbohm Tree. I should guess they were more used to the sweet security of streets than to the exercise of their imaginations. For what says Dante?—

Allor' fu la paura un poco queta,
Che nel lago del cuor m' era durata
La notte, que passai con tanta pieta.

"Then was a little allayed the fear that all night long, that night of misery, had filled like a tide my heart,"—for that is the best way one can render the "che nel lago del cuor." And what says Odysseus himself of himself?—

"She spake, and my dear heart was broken; I sat weeping upon the bed, nor did my soul desire any more to behold the rays of the sun. I wept and rolled from side to side till I could weep no more, and then I spake."

And this only when he had heard what was before him, and the danger was still far off. Mr. Beerbohm Tree at all events did not weep and roll about the boards of Her Majesty's.

Of course Odysseus' visit to the Cimmerian land and the borders of the world of ghosts has nothing to do with the dramatic "plot" of the Odyssey. Its connection with the wanderings is of a different kind: mythologically it is quite in place, and could not be omitted. Mr. Phillips' excuse for introducing it is that it is a supreme test of the hero's firmness. For that reason, too (unless it were also partly out of consideration for the scene-

painter and stage-decorator), he has adopted the Virgilian, not the Homeric picture, and made Ulysses descend into the depths of Hades' kingdom. Here, I am inclined to think, he made a mistake. There is an immense dramatic advantage in leaving a thing incomplete (how effective it is in *La Tosca*, and even in *Au téléphone!*); and I doubt it was that instinct quite as much as a regard for *το σέμνον*, or the feelings of the audience, that made the Greek dramatists carry their supreme action off the stage. I myself was more thrilled by the scene of the entrance to Hades than by the dark abyss itself (which was of course a very shallow abyss), though I own the appearance of Charon was a crowning triumph. I have never before seen upon the boards a figure so phantasmal. The illusions of Anticleia were immensely striking—if one banished a certain consciousness of contrivance which would intrude. And yet to have had the ditch, the blood poured forth, and "the unnumbered heads of the dead" approaching out of the darkness, that to my thinking would have given greater possibilities. There seems no adequate reason for departing from Homer's account here: no more reason than there is for turning Elpenor, who is especially mentioned as the youngest of Odysseus' company—a bit of a coward too—and who was by this time a ghost—into a man who addresses his Captain thus:

> I am an old, old man! am long forgotten
> Even by my dearest. Let me go with thee!



Calypso. From a vase.



Handmaiden.

Still pictorially this was the great scene of the play, and we have no right to quarrel with such gifts. Some of the fine passages—the purple patches—which have been quoted occur here.

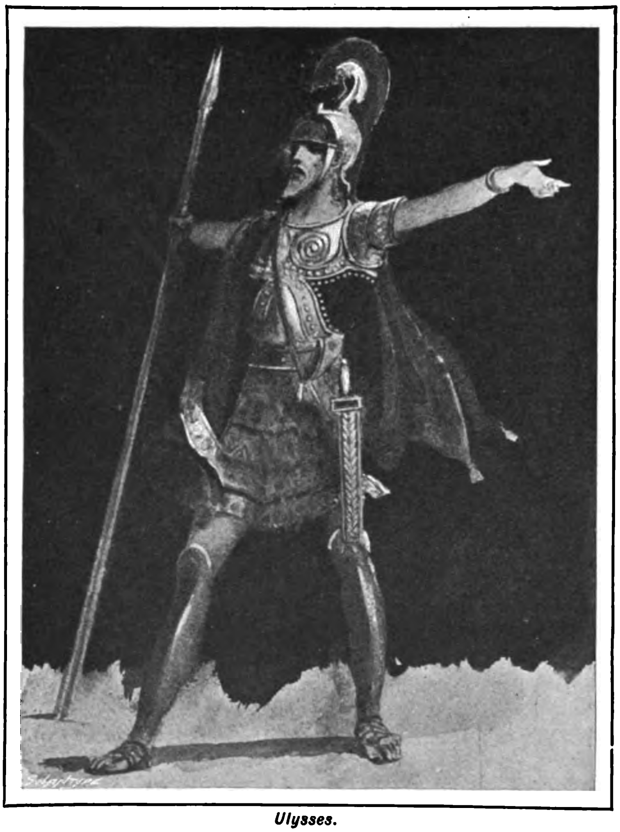
> This world
> Begins to grip my heart with gradual cold, etc.

And it was an ingenious thought—and not contrary to the Virgilian spirit—to make the little children flit round, attracted as moths might be by the gleam of the armour. The vision of Agamemnon is effective: he steps proudly as Achilles should have stepped through the fields of asphodel. Should have?— No, perhaps it were wiser to leave that tremendous and most tear-moving passage alone. There is a certain reticence of speech throughout this scene: which I take to have been due to a sense on the part of the dramatist of the impossibility of telling again what Homer has told once and for ever.

Then we get back to the purely human story: Odysseus landing at Ithaca, his disguises, the slaughter of the suitors, the matters which alone the other dramatists of the Odyssey, from Rowe to Bridges, have dealt with. Here so skilful a playwright as Mr. Phillips is on firm ground. There are all sorts of subsidiary pleasures for the theatre-goer in this act, as in the (now) second scene of Act I., the reproduction (a sort of reproduction) of a Mycenæan house, and then the dresses from archaic vases, with a touch of the Mycenæan added. A carper would say it was like representing the

battle of Hastings in Elizabethan trunk-hose, this association of Mycenæ and archaic Hellas. But the rich decoration was a pure delight to me. Melantho's dress was a glory and a splendour, Telemachus' corkscrew curl a delight.* I find, too, all the quasi-humorous scene with Athene at the opening of Act III. what it should be—dramatic, as taking a part of the play as any, and in the Homeric spirit. But not so the comic relief of Ctesippus. This unhappy comic relief! which even to the Elizabethans had come down as a tradition from "that old Vice" of the Moralities, and was a heavy burden on some of them. Shakespeare threw himself into it with gusto: in the very midst of his tragedies he can be amusing. But very few of the others can in such circumstances; and in Marlowe, Webster, Haywood, Ford, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, there are to be found some terribly heavy funny passages. It did not suit Ben Jonson over-well in his serious vein; and yet he has a better sense of humour than them all. On Mr. Stephen Phillips it is a veritable incubus: not in *Ulysses* alone. The soldiers' drinking scene in *Paolo and Francesca*, and a very unlively drinking-song where the sergeant says:

I love not, I, the long road and the march,
With the clink, clink, clinking, and the *parch*!



Ulysses.

are within the experience of all, seeing that *Paolo and Francesca* also "takes the stage." If our author could but do this part by collaboration, and call in the aid of Mr. Gilbert!

And so the thing draws to a conclusion. The story here, as Homer tells it, is so intensely dramatic that nothing could better it. It would perhaps be impossible to give the shooting through the hatchets—through the interstices between the blade and the handle—though that and the sudden terror of the suitors would be immensely moving. But there should be no fumbling with the bow directly Odysseus handles it—there has already been quite enough of the beggar—its very touch should turn him into a hero.

On the whole, then, we have in *Ulysses* a very notable and very interesting attempt to dramatise Homer from the standpoint with which we started, the standpoint of Aristotle—and of Mr. W. P. Ker. But it is not my individual standpoint; and I do not myself understand an Odyssey which leaves out, I do not say mythological elements — because these we have—but the mythological feeling. In the last scene Athene comes in as well as she could do; but in the Prologue the divinities are burlesqued. However they are treated, they can hardly be made dignified upon a

* The illustrations will enable the reader to compare the actual costumes with the material at the British Museum, from which they were designed.



Aphrodite.

modern stage and to a modern audience. To Mr. Ker, unless I misunderstand him, the gods of Homer are "machinery"; to Mr. Phillips useful, I imagine, as a sort of decoration. But now take a passage out of Homer himself, to show how these divine ones seemed to him.

"Thus spake Zeus: nor did the Messenger, the slayer of Argos, disobey. Straightway he bound upon his feet the immortal golden sandals that wind-like bore him up over the moist sea and the limitless earth. In his hand he took the magic wand that closes the eyes of men in slumber and wakes them from sleeping. In his hand he held it, the mighty slayer of Argos, as he flew over Pieria and descended from air to the sea; and over the wave he passed swiftly like a bird, like the sea-mew, which hunts for fish in the terror of the barren sea, and often dips its wings in the brine: thus sped Hermes over many and many a wave. But when he reached the far-off island of Calypso he came up out of the blue sea on to the land, until he was come to the cave wherein dwelt the fair-haired nymph, and he found her within. A great fire was burning on the hearth, and far around spread the smell of the new-cut cedar and citron-wood that were burning in it. And she within was singing with a lovely voice, and passing a golden shuttle athwart the woof. Outside the cave was a green and spreading grove of alder trees and poplar and odorous cypress; wide-winged birds slept therein, owls and hawks and gaping cormorants, whose business is in the sea."

"Even an immortal might admire that place, and Hermes standing still admired," we are told. The "gods," too, I doubt not, greatly admired Mr. Hawes Craven's Cave of Calypso: but they are not the same gods. And, seriously does not all that scene (the actual scene at Her Majesty's) seem a little vulgar when you have read the passage above? Calypso, with her "tricks of delay" and "tears to fire men's blood"—most like to a lady from the *Folies Bergères*. And you should go farther on and read the dialogue between Hermes and Calypso. If this is machinery, it is of a wondrously beautiful kind. It sounds like belief to me.

The excellent decoration and setting of the play, Mr. Coleridge Taylor's music—at least far above the average of much written as accompaniment—all these things constituted a beautiful garment, at



A handmaid.



Wine-bearer.

once setting off and concealing Mr. Stephen Phillips' verse. However, we have the book with us for re-reading, whereby he, so to say, poses *pour le nu*. Shall I confess that I am not on principle in favour of these resuscitations, these *νεκμίαι*? They have, of course, their educational advantages: I know Mr. Phillips has any number of the most recent precedents for what he has done. But I appreciate Mr. Lang's gifts as a poet and romancer (he has been described in a dedication as a "poet, romancer, scholar, and friend to Mr. S. R. Crockett"), better when he is otherwise engaged than in telling in suave verse the story of Helen of Troy and writing in prose and in collaboration a continuation of that heroine's life. I admire Mr Maurice Hewlett's remarkable powers most when he is not telling us new Canterbury Tales. Mr. Phillips has inadvertently challenged some sort of comparison with the five greatest poets of the world: with Homer by his subject, Shakespeare by his style; with Virgil and Dante through the Hades scene, and then with Goethe in the Prologue in Heaven. For I cannot doubt that that *Prolog in Himmel*, which also has an element of burlesque, and is written in verse analogous to what one may call the mock-heroic in English metre:*

> Fürwahr! er dient euch auf besonderer Weise;
> Nicht irdisch ist des Thoren Trank und Speise,

was somewhere at the back of Mr. Phillips' consciousness when he wrote *his* opening. This precedent exonerates our author from meaning (as most of the reviewers have imagined) to show his Olympians in merely a burlesque light. And there are fine lines in this Prologue—

> Which ten years' battle could not batter down,

and

> When all the other captains had won home,
> Was whirled about a wilderness of foam.



Eumœus, a Swineherd.

* In rhyming decasyllables, but not always in couplets.



Mr. Stephen Phillips.
Photo by Foulsham & Banfield.

As there are very bad lines likewise:

> Hark!
> 'Tis ratified by rivers of the dark.

At the end of the volume which I have in hand are printed a series of press notices of Mr. Phillips' earlier work which show that he has been fortunate enough to secure not the complacent approbation but the enthusiastic voices of a greater number of critics of distinction than were ever before known to be of one mind concerning a contemporary poet. Divinity itself would think twice before condemning one who had such an array of compurgators, and so various in their character and critical attitude generally, as are Mr. Colvin, Mr. Archer, Mr. W. L. Courtney, Mr. Churton Collins, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, and then—parody and irony laid aside—Mr. Owen Seaman and Mr. Max Beerbohm. We mortals are less wise than divinity, so that there arise moments when this very chorus of universal praise incites to criticism. But then there come back to memory, or one encounters again in quotation, those purple patches of Mr. Phillips' verse, and criticism is disarmed.

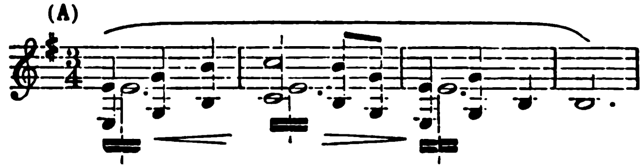
> Never for me that sail on the sea-line
> Never a sound of oars beneath the moon,
> Nor sudden step beside me at midnight.

(The last line stumbles a little.) And one could go on with many more, only that they have all been given already.

> Ah, God! that I might see
> Gaunt Ithaca stand up out of the surge—
> You lashed and streaming rocks and sobbing crags,
> The screaming gull and the wild-flying cloud: etc.
> Hermes, this place
> Begins to grip my heart with gradual cold.

(What follows rather than this special line: for the "begin" and the "gradual" are at war.) The passage about death in the

(A)



(B)



These two phrases are used as incidental music in the Hades scenes, for which purpose their gloomy, dark-coloured character renders them suitable.

(now) first scene of Act I., and the recognition of Ithaca in the first of Act III.; which last has, however, been overpraised by the press. It is a little verging on the commonplace. And I can in no wise agree with that one—I forget which—of the eight compurgators for Mr. Phillips I have named, who said that while he rose as high as Milton he never fell below Landor. For I find, and have always noticed of him, that he is capable of writing the most shocking lines, and in passages too which show no sign of carelessness or hurry. Nobody is farther from that impeccability which must be reckoned as Milton's only and original sin. His peculiarity is, not that he nods, but that he seems to nod with his eyes open. The line about the rivers of the dark was surely deliberate. The first speech of Athene in Act III., Scene i.—admitting the propriety of this rhymed decasyllable—is excellent. "Here let thy buffetings and fury end," it concludes. But with Poseidon's reply we at once leap into pantomime:

He shall not rest! Even here his limbs I'll rend.

I have said that the Calypso scene on the stage is necessarily a sad descent from the passage in the Odyssey which describes the same scene. But surely Mr. Phillips might have written for the sea-nymphs a better lyric than this?

See, see, Ulysses, weary and wise
Sing low, sing low with downcast eyes,
For he rouses at last
And his eyes are cast
To the land where his spirit would be
Over the violet sea.
Alas for the arms that yearn!
Alas for the eyes that burn!

The first line has a certain suggestion of the nursery rhyme, and that is at least harmless; lines 3, 4 and 5 are in a pure "Ingoldsby Legends" metre, and the remainder of no particular metre whatever. The lyric which precedes this is better, but far from above criticism.

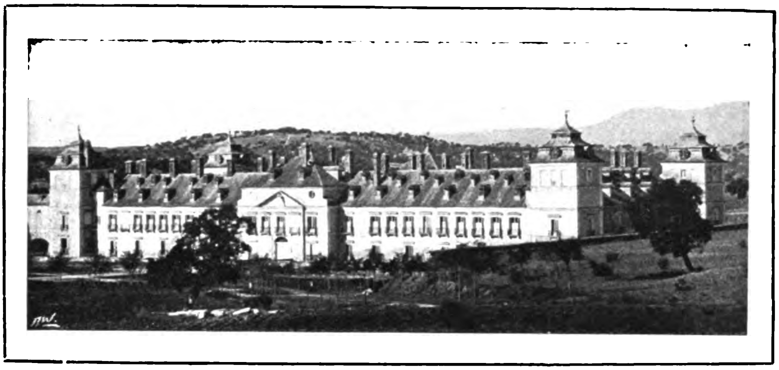
From the green heart of the waters,
We old Ocean's daughters
Have floated up with mortal men to play,
Out of the green translucent night,
Up to the purple earthly light,
To dance with creatures of a day.
For alas! we have seen the sailor asleep,
Where the anchor rusts in the ooze of the deep,
But never, never before
Have we seen a mortal dance on the long seashore.

For one thing, this song is full of repetitions—the "green heart of the waters" and "green translucent night," "with mortal men to play," "dance with creatures of a day," "a mortal dance on the long seashore"; and with a "For alas!" it breaks away into a quite new metre. But this sort of verbal criticism is an ungrateful task. Ever since the great days the Shakespearean tradition has been with us, and it will be with us till the crack of doom. The theatre has never wanted its tragedies and dramas in blank verse; now they are by a Nicholas Rowe, now by a Home, now by a Mr. Wills, now by Mr. Comyns Carr. But Mr. Stephen Phillips has been the only one whom the critics could take seriously; and therefore they have not unjustly regarded *Herod*, *Paolo and Francesca*, and *Ulysses*, as a revival of the poetic drama in England.

*** The Editor desires to express his thanks to Mr. Percy Anderson for his kind permission to reproduce the very interesting costume designs for *Ulysses* appearing in this article. These drawings are not intended to be either pictures or portraits; they are simply coloured sketches supplied to the costumier by the artist for the purpose of reproduction upon the stage. Mr. Anderson does not limit his work to the drawing of his designs; he invariably supervises the make, colour and material of all dresses and ornaments presented under the authority of his name.



Alphonso XIII., King of Spain.



The palace of El Pardo.

ALPHONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN.

THE EDUCATION OF A SOVEREIGN.

BY A. E. H. BRAMERTON.

MORE than sixteen years have elapsed since the gloomy morning in November 1885 when Alfonso XII., King of Spain, died near Madrid, in the royal palace of El Pardo, his favourite shooting-box. Many clouds hung then over the horizon of the Bourbon monarchy, as the reins of government passed into the hands of a young and inexperienced foreign Queen Regent, a Hapsburg, the second wife of Alfonso XII., Doña Maria Christina, who had had nothing to do with politics during her husband's lifetime. At the moment of his death the late King left no issue by his first wife and cousin, Doña Maria de las Mercedes Orléans y Bourbon, daughter of the Duke of Montpensier, and only two little daughters by his second wife, the Infantas Mercedes and Maria Theresa. The first months of the regency of Doña Maria Christina were a period of anxiety and of suspense, until a bright sunny day dawned in the spring of 1886, May 17th, when the booming of guns and the peal of church bells announced to the inhabitants of the capital that the posthumous son of Alfonso XII. had come into the world, nearly six months after the death of his father. A brilliant and distinguished assemblage had been summoned to the antechambers of the palace, according to ancient etiquette—ministers of the crown, marshals, grandees, nobles, high state dignitaries, the presidents of Senate and Congress—to witness the immediate presentation of the Royal babe on a silver salver clad in lovely lace-trimmed robes; and Sagasta, the premier and leader of the Liberal party, visibly moved, called out, as he carried his precious burden round, "It is a King." This meant that the Alfonsist branch of the Bourbons was once more represented by a prince, and that his eldest sister, the Infanta Mercedes, *ipso facto*, became Princess of Asturias and heiress apparent. She was a little over five years old in 1886.

Everybody contributed to make the first years of the childhood of Alfonso XIII. in some sort a truce in Spain. The Conservative party and its chief, Señor Canovas, after the death of Alfonso XII., had stood aside and advised the Queen-Regent to call to her councils the Liberal party and Sagasta, on the understanding that the two great dynastic parties would co-operate in the defence of the throne of her son. Sagasta started on a policy of conciliation and moderate reforms that disarmed the Republicans, who had at first been very restless in great towns. The marshals, the generals, and the admirals answered for the loyalty of the two services. The clergy and the monastic orders were held in leash by their prelates, who had received the strictest instructions from the Vatican



Photo by] [Castellanos, Madrid.

Alphonso XII.

itself to give no trouble to the Governments of the Regency. Indeed, Pope Leo XIII. had granted the request of the Queen-Regent and had consented to be the godfather of her son, for whom he sent a special blessing and message of sympathy. Nor did His Holiness afterwards cease from showing regard for the little King and his mother. Nothing contributed more than this unswerving attitude of the Head of the Church to check the Pretender and his numerous partisans in Spain. All the Courts and Governments of Europe also showed marked sympathy for the Spanish Regency during its first years.

Thus Doña Christina was able to rule quietly the eighteen millions of Spaniards, and to devote much attention to her son. During more than eighteen months he was in the hands of his nurse, a strong-built, handsome, healthy peasant, who had left in the distant Valley of Peace ("Valle de Paz"), in the province of Santander, her cottage, her husband, and her own bairn, the foster-brother of Alfonso XIII. This "Pasiega" (to use the vernacular expression) was for years a prominent figure in the train of royalty, with her picturesque garb, the national costume of the province that vies with Galicia, Asturias and the Basque country in providing nurses for the Madrid upper classes. This nurse was carefully directed by an Englishwoman, Mrs. Davenport, and by Dr. Riedel, the Queen's own Austrian surgeon-in-ordinary, for fourteen years. The little King grew by degrees from a good-looking baby into a fine boy, who only gave a little trouble at first by his activity and wilful inclinations. It was said that whenever he grew restive, his attendants always appealed with success to his mother, whose influence over him was already so great, that a look, a word of reproach, sufficed to make Don Alfonso the most sorrowful and obedient of children. His subjects saw much more of him in those days in the streets and parks of Madrid than later on.

Every summer he was taken to San Sebastian, which the Queen had made the summer resort of royalty. She had bought an estate beautifully situated on the brow of a hill, facing the entrance



The Queen-Regent.

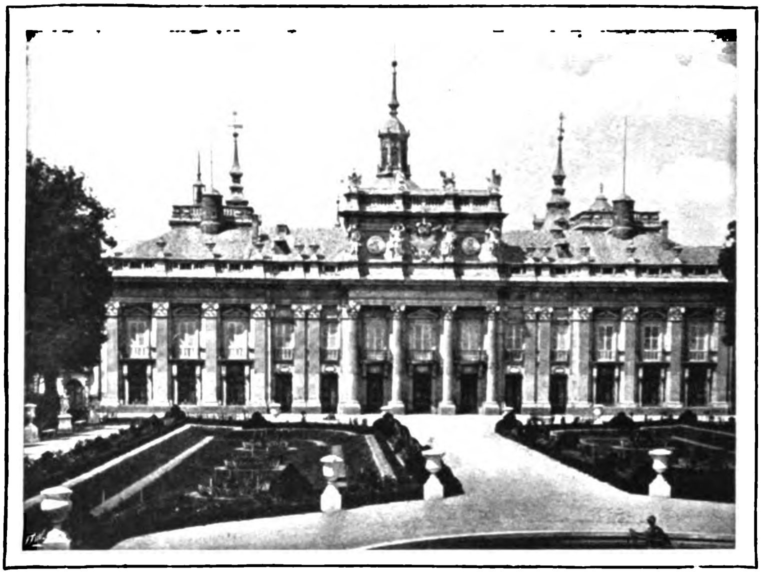


Photo by] [Castellanos, Madrid.

The baby king and his nurse.

of the bay, and there she had a summer palace built, El Palacio de Miramar. The young monarch soon became the principal attraction on the beach of "La Concha" for natives and foreigners, who liked to see him play on the sands. There he displayed an activity and vitality that easily convinced people every summer that he was not so delicate as busybodies would have had it. Indeed, his Catholic Majesty not infrequently gave much trouble to governesses and aides-de-camp, caring nought about wetting his feet and spoiling his neat sailor suits. As he grew up he showed precocious intelligence and curiosity, eagerly watching and listening to his sisters' lessons, picking up German and English especially, with their

governesses, Fraulein Czerni and Miss Etta Hughes. In that period of his childhood, and even afterwards, his favourite playmate was his youngest sister, the Infanta Maria Theresa, who, like himself very much resembled Alfonso XII., in the lively disposition, the inclination for chaff, and even the personal traits, the bright eyes, the broad forehead of the Bourbons and the regular and delicate features.



Another of the King's palaces.

On several occasions the health of the young King gave concern to all around him. All Madrileños recollect how in one of his severe illnesses the inhabitants of the capital of all classes watched with painful interest the medical bulletins published three times daily in the Lord Chamberlain's office, on the ground floor of the palace. As the people went out of the courtyards into the Plaza de Oriente they always looked up at the windows of the apartments, where the Queen Regent never abandoned the head of the bed in which the little sufferer was tossing. The warmest welcome was given the "Rey niño" when he reappeared in the streets of Madrid. After every one of these ailments Alfonso XIII. displayed much recuperative power, and as he approached his seventh year a decided change for the better was noticeable in his health and in his appearance.

Then came a great trial for the widowed Queen. For seven years she had had her boy almost all to herself. The time had come when the traditions of the monarchy, the etiquette of the Bourbon Court, the "raison d'état," must be bowed to. Her son must pass from the hands of women to those of men, of those who would undertake the difficult task of training their young sovereign during nine long years, until he became a King with eighteen millions of subjects to govern.

Extreme care was taken in the selection of Alfonso XIII.'s ghostly advisers. Monsignor Merry del Val, a chaplain of Pope Leo XIII., the son of a distinguished Spanish diplomatist and senator, a churchman who had imbibed the conciliatory views of the Pope himself, was the first guide and confessor of the King. Later on he was succeeded by the member of the Order of Jesuits who long acted as confessor to the Queen Regent and other members of the royal family, the Padre Montana. This Jesuit was attached to the palace for many years, and his official title was Professor of Religion, Morals and Church History to His Catholic Majesty. He was credited in Court circles with having properly fulfilled his mission, until one day the Opposition, and particularly the Repub-

lican papers, fastened upon some rather unwise articles, which he had contributed to ultramontane journals, to raise such an outcry that the Queen Regent was advised by her Government to dispense with the services of the Reverend Father. His place was taken by chaplains-in-ordinary, and the matter, as usual in Spain, was soon hushed up.

Directly the Queen decided that her son's education should begin in earnest, a director-in-chief of his studies was appointed. This personage was a distinguished artillery officer, General Sanchis, a veteran who had acquired considerable experience in the staff and artillery colleges, and was much esteemed in the army. He was several years at the head of the King's household, and showed tact and ability in directing the numerous body of professors who were in succession summoned to the palace to give lessons to Alfonso XIII.

It is the custom for the "Director de Estudios" to live in an apartment in the palace, where quarters are also assigned to the principal officers in charge of the King's education—Colonels Loriga and Castejon, and Rear-Admiral Aguirre de Tejada. These three have been for years the close companions of the monarch, one of them always sleeping in his bedchamber. They always, one or the other, escort him whenever he does not go out with his mother or with his sisters, and are often present when he has lessons with his other professors.

After the death of General Sanchis, which occurred two years ago, no other Director of the Royal Studies was appointed. They are now superintended by Admiral Aguirre de Tejada, as senior in rank of the inner circle of professors of the royal household. These officers have done their best to give their pupil an education more practical and less theoretical than is the custom in Spanish institutes and universities, where generally the plan of studies is too classical, and too much on purely French models and systems. Care has been taken to make Alfonso XIII. thoroughly master of his own language, its grammar, and of the literature and history of Spain. He takes a keen interest both in the history of his native land and in that of other countries. Geography has been also one of his favourite studies; and Latin and Greek formed part of his programme, with mathematics and the sciences. His professors say that he has a very retentive memory and a great facility in grasping



The Throne-room, Madrid.

what is shown him, besides an inquiring, curious disposition, that often makes his questions puzzling, and casts a cloud of disappointment over his face if he does not get a satisfactory or complete reply.

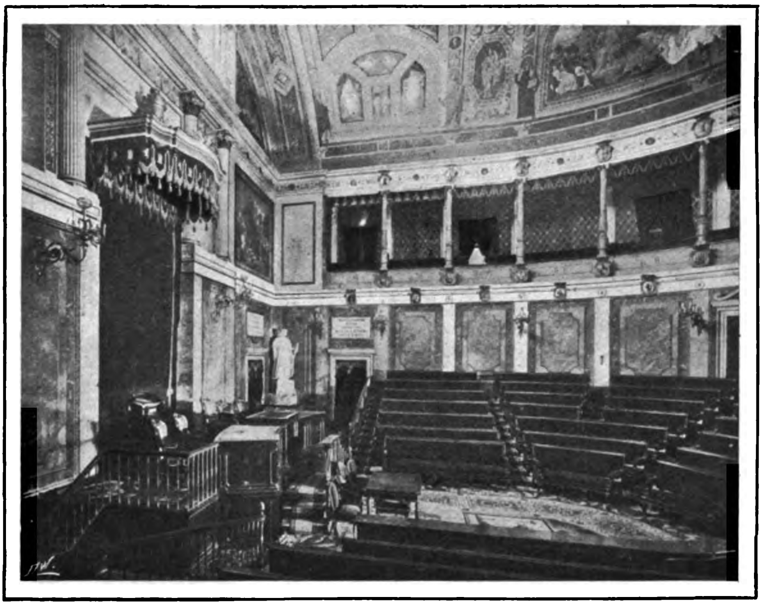
Under the tuition of Señor Merry del Val, a first secretary in the Spanish diplomatic service, who talks English like a native born, the King keeps up the knowledge that he acquired in his childhood, and he now reads, writes and talks our language very well. A French professor, Don Luis Albert Gayan, goes to the palace every other day, about midday, to teach Don Alfonso the language and literature of his neighbours; and His Majesty talks French fluently, though with a slight Spanish accent. The head-master of the German school at Madrid, Dr. Fromme, has given lessons for some time to the King, who talked German well even before he passed into the hands of male professors, and is now able to read German works, and to write in German to his grandmother, the Austrian Archduchess Isabel. Of late years, he has been given by special professors an insight of industrial and commercial questions, of engineering and agriculture. Nothing, however, has interested him so much in his higher studies, as the lessons that one of the most learned professors of the Madrid University, Señor Santa Maria de Paredes, a well-known Liberal, by-the-bye, has been giving His Majesty for nearly a twelvemonth, in political economy, social questions, international and constitutional law and politics.



The young king in shooting-dress.

Alfonso XIII. rises at seven in all seasons in Madrid, and even earlier in summer at the Palace of Miramar. Directly after his breakfast, when he is in Madrid, he begins his studies, which last until nearly one, with only an hour's interruption for riding or some other exercise. After lunch, except on Sundays, *fête* days, or when he goes out with his mother and sisters, or when he goes out of town, he has several more hours of lessons of some kind. Music is his last evening lesson, and he has supper at eight. His ordinary hour for going to bed is about ten. He has led, up to a few months ago, as secluded a life as if he had been at school, so far as regards contact with the outer world and with his capital. It will suffice to say that he has but rarely, and only in the last eighteen months, accompanied the Queen Regent and his sisters to any public entertainment, and then only at the Royal Opera-house, and the Spanish theatres of the highest class, or some classical concert. Once so far he has been allowed to go to a bull-fight; and great was the surprise of the inhabitants of the capital, and greater that of the fifteen thousand spectators who crowded the bull-ring, when they actually saw their King going to the "Plaza de Toros" and appearing in the Royal box for

the first time, as not even in San Sebastian had he ever been permitted to go to the famous bull-fights of that summer capital of Spain. The young King showed the keenest interest in the national sport, and was given a welcome loud and hearty by his subjects of both sexes, who lustily cheered, and said, "*este si que es Español*" (this King is truly Spanish). He has never been known to go about on foot or on horseback with his officers in the streets of Madrid, and many are the Madrileños who have never seen him. In San Sebastian, on the contrary, he is seen every day on the beach or walking and driving. He has been allowed to fencing in a room in the palace which was specially fitted up for that purpose; and he has shown himself of late to be a pretty good swordsman in many a match with his own military professors, and with the generals and officers of the Queen's military household. He is a good walker, and has often covered five miles an hour on the mountain roads near San Sebastian in summer. At one time he had a fancy for cycling, and he is now anxious to have his own automobile. He has been out often on that of his brother-in-law, the Prince Charles of Bourbon-Caserta, who married his eldest sister, the Princess of Asturias,



The Spanish Congress Chamber.

have a few companions of his own age. He sees them every other day, when they go together to stroll in the royal domain of the "Casa de Campo," or when they are put through a very complete course of military drill in the "Campo de Moro," the beautifully-laid-out slopes and shrubberies that lie between the Royal Palace of Madrid and the left bank of the river Manzanares. These young companions are sons of grandees and nobles of ancient lineage, and sons of some of his military professors, and all belong to very staunch Catholic families.

The King's physical training has not been neglected. Besides drill, he has had several years of gymnastics and a year ago, and is styled by courtesy Prince of Asturias.

Alfonso XIII. is very fond of horses, and he has plenty to select from in the royal stables at Madrid, famed for their splendid show of thoroughbreds, and of Hungarian and Andalusian horses. He looks very well in the saddle, and has a firm seat even when on mettlesome Arabs and Irish ponies. He has begun to drive his own carriages and a four-in-hand on the royal estates of "El Pardo" and the "Casa de Campo," and it is no secret that he longs for the time when he can push his excursions outside. He has shown in the last two years the same inclination as his late

father and other Bourbon ancestors for the chase, and he delights in going out for a battue in the El Pardo preserves, or simply with a gamekeeper and a pointer. He has had his portrait taken in his thoroughly Spanish shooting garb, with the broad-brimmed felt, the Castilian rug or "manta" cast over his shoulder.

Some of the most pleasant of his leisure hours he has always spent with his mother and sisters, and his aunt, the Infanta Isabel, who is his great source of information concerning the past, Spanish society, ways, and customs, and the people and the men he will have to deal with; and no mentor ever displayed more tact, finesse, and sincerity in such tuition than the widow of Count de Girgenti. The King sees his mother and sisters every day, frequently taking his afternoon tea or driving in an open carriage with them. Courtiers say that he is very devoted to Queen Christina—so much so that he has many a time expressed the desire that she should remain in Spain and in the Madrid Palace after his coming of age.

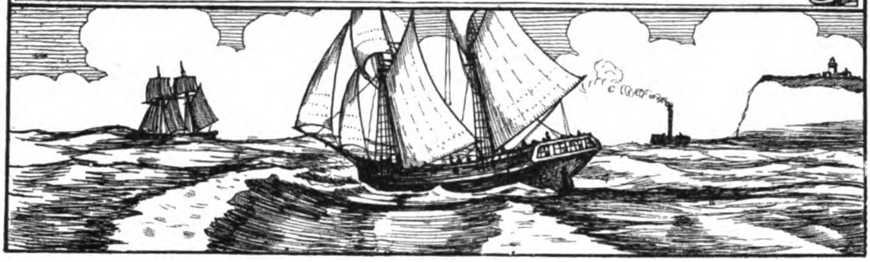
The relatively secluded life that the King has led so far has not made him shy or timid. He has had enough glimpses of the outer world to acquire a perfect command of his face, a peculiarly grave deportment for his years, and an easy, cool way of talking, not unmingled with banter and slight assertion of his intention, as Spaniards have it, "of being every inch a king." This does not prevent him from being courteous, considerate, kindly, even warm-hearted, with those surrounding him, and his humbler attendants. He is averse to excessive courtly demonstrations, such as too much kissing of hands, and prefers a manly shake of the hand with his youthful companions and professors. He goes out of his way to please them, and to show them any present received—anything that interests him. He is said to have simple tastes, and the quarters he has occupied in the palace for about ten years are comfortable without ostentation: a dining-room, a fencing-room, a gymnasium, the professors' saloon, the King's own library, where he takes his lessons, his bedroom and dressing-room, where the principal attendant is his faithful valet, "Jorge" (George), who acted in the same capacity to the late King Alfonso XII. The windows of His Majesty's present quarters are on the great Square of the Palace, the Plaza de la Armeria, where the relief of the guard takes place every morning at ten. Whenever Don Alfonso happens to be looking out and sees the colours pass in or out the square, he stands erect and salutes gravely the old red and yellow flag of Spain.

There is a widespread impression that a new departure will be made after May 17th, which will start Spain on a novel stage of her annals, on the day when Alfonso XIII. is to go in great state to take his constitutional oaths (there is no coronation nowadays, as the kings of Spain are such by the grace of God and by the constitution of 1876) in the House of Deputies, before the estates of the realm, Senate and Congress gathered together in one assembly for this solemn installation of their ruler.



The Palace, Madrid.

Other photographs in this article are by Lacoste, and Franzen, Madrid.



THE YARN OF THE *LOCH ACHRAY.*

BY JOHN MASEFIELD.

HEAR the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

The *Loch Achray* was a clipper tall,
With seven-and-twenty hands in all—
Twenty to hand and reef and haul,
A skipper to sail and mates to bawl
"Tally on to the tackle-fall!
Heave now 'n' start her! Heave 'n' pawl!"

Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

Her crew were shipped, and they said "Farewell!
So long, my Totty, my lovely gell!
We sail to-day if we fetch to hell,—
It's time we tackled the wheel a spell."

Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

The day that she towed down to sea
The dockside loafers talked on the quay:
"Lord, what a 'andsome ship she be!
Cheer her, sonny boys, three times three."
'N' the dockside loafers give her a shout
As the red-funnelled tug-boat towed her out.
They give her a cheer as the custom is,
And her crew yelled, "Give our loves to Liz.
Three cheers, bullies, f'r old Pier-head
'N' the blushin' stay-at-homes!" they said.

Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

In the grey o' the comin' on o' the night
She dropped the tug at the Tuskar Light,
'N' the topsails went to the topmast head
To a chorus that fairly awoke the dead.
Wi' royals set 'n' a bone in her mouth
She trimmed her yards, 'n' she slanted south.
She crossed the Line, 'n' all went well:
They ate 'n' slept 'n' they struck the bell.

'N' I gives you a Gospel Truth when I state
The crowd didn't find no fault with the mate
But one night off o' the River Plate.

Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

It freshened up till it blew like thunder,
'N' burrowed her deep; lee-scuppers under.
The old man said: "I mean to hang on
Till her canvas busts or her sticks are gone."
Which the blushin' looney did, till at last
Overboard went her mizzen-mast.

Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

Then a great squall struck the *Loch Achray*,
'N' bowed her down to her waterway.
The main-shrouds went, 'n' the forestay,
'N' a green sea carried her wheel away.
Ere the watch below had time to dress,
She was cluttered up in a blushin' mess.

Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

She couldn't lay-to nor yet pay-off,
'N' she got swep' clean in the washin'-trough,
Her masts were gone, 'n' afore you knowed
She filled by the head 'n' down she goed.
Her crew made seven-and-twenty dishes
Fer the Jack-sharks 'n' the little fishes;
'N' over their bones the water swishes.

Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.

The wives 'n' gells they watch in the rain
Fer the ship as won't come home again.
"I expect as it's head-winds," they say—
"She'll be home to-morrow, if not to-day;
I'll jest nip home 'n' I'll air the sheets,
'N' buy the fixins 'n' cook the meats
As my man likes 'n' as my man eats."
So home they goes by the windy streets,
Thinkin' their men is homeward bound,
With anchors *hungry* fer English ground;
'N' the blushin' fun of it is, *they're drowned*.

Hear the yarn of a sailor,
An old yarn learned at sea.



REAL CONVERSATIONS.

RECORDED BY WILLIAM ARCHER

CONVERSATION IX.—WITH MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

SCENE: *A garden on the seaboard of the Roman Campagna, sloping to the Mediterranean.*

W. A. discovered reading. To him enter Mr. Heinemann.

Mr. Heinemann. Good morning. Don't you find the sun rather hot there?

W. A. I was just thinking I should have to move.

Mr. Heinemann. Come and sit here in the shade. . . What a glorious morning!

W. A. There's no trace of those islands on the horizon.

Mr. Heinemann. That means steady fine weather. When the islands are visible, rain is not far off.

W. A. And meanwhile in England——

Mr. Heinemann. I have letters this morning,—frost, fog, sleet, slush, every possible abomination.

W. A. I don't wonder that people don't read books in such a climate as this.

Mr. Heinemann. But you were reading when I came!

W. A. Only a bad habit contracted by my ancestors in centuries of Scotch mists. I can't shake it off, even here. Confess, now, that you wouldn't like to be a publisher in the land of the *dolce far niente.*

Mr. Heinemann. Oh, there's no confessing about it. Reading is naturally an indoor employment, and the climate that tends to keep people indoors tends, other things being equal, to beget a nation of readers. But even the English climate has its drawbacks. From the point of view of the book-trade, the *far troppo* is as bad as the *far niente.* Not to mention the rush of business, that leaves men no time for reading, just think how much of the average Englishman's leisure time and spare cash goes to outdoor sports!

W. A. Then what is your general feeling as to the state of the book-market in England? Are things, on the whole, getting better or worse?

Mr. Heinemann. Undoubtedly better —very distinctly better. Of course we have great difficulties to contend with, but we are gradually overcoming them.

W. A. Difficulties? Such as——?

Mr. Heinemann. Well, there are many; but the fundamental difficulty is of course, in a crowded market, to get books shown and seen. This some of us are meeting by the gradual introduction and adaptation of the Continental system of supplying books to the booksellers "on sale." It is my own practice, for instance, in the case of almost all books except novels, to allow any bookseller whom I know to be trustworthy to have as many copies as he is likely to dispose of "on sale or return."

W. A. And you find the plan answer?

Mr. Heinemann. Most certainly. It is the only way of enabling the majority of books of the better class to get at their public.

W. A. What about wear and tear and depreciation of the stock you issue in this way?

Mr. Heinemann. Of course that is an item that has to be allowed for. The English custom of binding all books before publication stands a little in the way of this system. A German or French paper-covered book, if it gets soiled or faded in the bookseller's shop, can be re-covered for a fraction of a farthing; whereas in England it may cost

ninepence, or a shilling, or more, to re-bind a shop-soiled book. That is only one of several drawbacks to the system, that conservative members of the Publishers' Association enlarge upon. I admit all these drawbacks, fully, freely. But I say that the greatest drawback of all is to fail to sell your books.

W. A. You had a good deal to do with the founding of the Publishers' Association, had you not?

Mr. Heinemann. Yes, I believe I may call myself one of the prime movers in that matter.

W. A. And of course, having to deal with English men-of-business, you found plenty of opposition—plenty of sheer stick-in-the-mud inertia—to be overcome?

Mr. Heinemann. Some. But on the whole I found ready and intelligent support. And, as a matter of fact, the Publishers' Association, though only six years old, is a great success, and has already done wonderful work.

W. A. To the outsider, it certainly seems to stand to reason that publishers ought to organise themselves for concerted action, just as doctors, barristers, solicitors, even authors and actors, do.

Mr. Heinemann. As you say, it stands to reason. But the thing that stands to reason is precisely the thing that the mind of the majority is slowest to accept.

W. A. Yes, I suppose we English have a hereditary bias towards methods of unreason. What, then, should you say was the special function of the Publishers' Association?

Mr. Heinemann. It has many functions. Personally I have always thought the education of booksellers one of its most important functions. You may think it a paradox, but it's not far from the literal truth, that many booksellers in England never see a book of any value or importance, but live entirely by peddling novels, old and new. The book-trade will never be in a thoroughly healthy condition until we have a body of selected and trained booksellers all over the country, to whom we give depots of books on sale, and say to them, "Now, sell these—don't merely wait till people come to buy them, but *sell* them—that is your business!" English booksellers, with rare exceptions, have never realised, or have forgotten, that bookselling is no mere mechanical function, like handing out tickets for the Twopenny Tube, but is a calling that demands a great deal of intelligence, enterprise, and skill. A bookseller who really knew his business—I am speaking especially of the country and suburban trade—would never bother about the chance customers who came to his shop.

W. A. Hallo! isn't that going rather too far?

Mr. Heinemann. Oh, don't misunderstand me. He would see that the people who came to his shop had all possible attention,—a great deal more intelligent attention than they receive at present. What I mean is, that he would regard them as the accidents and accessories of his business, the main part of which would be the fostering and supplying of a steady demand among regular customers, many of whom might not come to his shop twice in the year.

W. A. Then how would he get at them?

Mr. Heinemann. In various ways. Largely through prospectuses and circulars—of the skilled use of which the English bookseller has as yet no idea. But in many cases he would put the actual books before the people who he knew would be likely to want them. Look at our scores of large towns inhabited mainly by people of means and leisure—who ought to be the backbone of the reading public—and you will find that there the bookselling trade is conducted with incredible negligence and stupidity. Ask a bookseller in any well-to-do seaside resort, for instance, whether he has even a list of possible customers for special professional books, and he will tell you that he has never thought of keeping one. But every German bookseller, for instance, has not only a list, but a carefully classified list, of his *clientèle*, and can tell at a glance how many he can rely upon to buy this book, how many to buy that. To take an obvious example, he knows that such and such a doctor is a throat specialist: he sends to his house, without waiting for an order, a new book on diseases of the larynx; and if the doctor doesn't want it, he fetches it away again in a day or two. Another doctor is a chest specialist: to him he sends a book on the Nordrach open-air cure—and so forth.

W. A. But don't you think that people in England would be apt to be

rather irritated by this system of "pushfulness"?

Mr. Heinemann. Certainly, if it were not applied with intelligence and tact. But bookselling ought to be a skilled, and a highly skilled, employment—that is precisely the point I am insisting on. You, I daresay, collect books on the drama?

W. A. Yes, in a very modest way.

Mr. Heinemann. Well, if I deluge you with prospectuses of books on horse-racing, or bimetallism, you think me a fool, and throw my circulars into the waste-paper basket, with comments to that effect. But I don't suppose you would be irritated if I sent you a prospectus of a book, say, on the French stage—or even, for inspection, the book itself?

W. A. I should probably call down on you the curse appointed for those who lead us into temptation—but I should very likely succumb.

Mr. Heinemann. The long and the short of it is, the bookseller should not be a mere penny-in-the-slot machine, but an intelligent intermediary between the publisher and the reading public. That is why I am utterly opposed to the mixing up of bookselling with other trades, and will always move heaven and earth to check the tendency. For instance, the Newsvendors' Association, a very powerful body, with five or six thousand members, relying largely on quite extraneous trades for their business, is putting pressure upon us to publish novels at prices so low that they could stock them, to the detriment of the legitimate booksellers whose business is the distribution of all classes of literature.

W. A. I can see the importance of what you say. It would certainly be an immense advantage to literature if booksellers as a class were educated men who took an intelligent interest in their calling. But what is the chance of attracting such men to the business?

Mr. Heinemann. To an intelligent man, is there any branch of commerce that ought to be more attractive? Why, in Germany even the assistants in a bookseller's shop are men of education, often university men. Bookselling is there regarded as one of the liberal professions. And why should it not be? Last year I attended the Congress of Booksellers and Publishers at Leipzig. Four hundred representatives were assembled from every part of the globe; and a lady of exceptional insight, who was present at some of the sittings, remarked that it was very seldom you saw in any public body so many notably intelligent physiognomies.

W. A. Speaking of Germany, I wish you would explain a matter that has always puzzled me. Who finances the enormous scientific and philological literature of Germany? The press teems with long and learned treatises, the mere setting of which must cost considerable sums, and which cannot possibly have a large sale. Can you explain to me how this vast literature is kept going?

Mr. Heinemann. Yes, I can: by the splendid organisation of the book-trade. Of course there are other things to be taken into account. In the first place, Germany abounds in small "endowments of research." It swarms with professors and "docents," each with his small salaried post, living with a frugality incredible to an Englishman of similar status, and devoting his life to his *Fach*, his special study, out of sheer love of it. It is these men that write the books you speak of.

W. A. Oh yes, I quite understand how they come to be written; it is the fact of their ever getting printed and published that puzzles me.

Mr. Heinemann. Well, of course the cost of manufacture is somewhat less in Germany than in England. But that isn't the real secret. It is, as I say, the perfect organisation of the book-trade. You see, the men that write these books also read and must possess these books. Each of them, that is to say, must have the books of his own special study—they are the tools of his trade. Well, the booksellers know this; and, all over the country, they know how to get at these men with the greatest certainty and the least expense. You know how many specialist magazines there are in Germany —*Archiv* for this, that, and the other thing. Why, there are two or three in connection with English literature alone—*Anglia*, *Angelsächsische Studien*, *Englische Studien*, and so forth. Each of these will have its constant body of subscribers, and the subscribers to the magazines may be confidently reckoned upon to buy the books appertaining to the same study, which are often merely the overflow from the magazines—treatises too long for insertion. Then there are a great number

of university libraries and similar institutions, which must have all scientific publications. Thus the sale of one of these learned works can be foretold almost to a copy. And remember that there are no advertising expenses to be reckoned with. Literary advertisements are almost unknown in Germany, except in the case of big productions such as a popular encyclopædia. For most books only one advertisement is needed—in the *Buchhändler Börsenblatt.* This paper is read conscientiously every morning by every bookseller throughout the length and breadth of Germany; and, knowing his *clientèle* to a nicety, he knows almost to a nicety how many copies of any given book he must write for.

W. A. Then it seems to me that newspaper proprietors ought to pray night and morning that the English book-trade may never be "organised" on the German model. What would the poor newspapers do without the publishers' advertisements? But, not being a newspaper proprietor, I am bound to admit that our system of advertising, in literature as in other things—but more especially in literature—strikes me as gigantically and foolishly wasteful. It is like firing volleys in the dark and without definite aim. For every bullet that finds its billet — for every advertisement that catches the eye predestined for it, and awakens a desire to buy and read—a thousand must go hopelessly astray and spend themselves in vain.

Mr. Heinemann. Oh, not quite so bad as that, I hope. In fact, advertisement—though the bad organisation of our book-trade forces us to rely too much upon it—is extraordinarily effective in selling a book. Of course no one who knows his business advertises at random. There is art in that, as in everything else. We may not aim at the individual reader, but we can aim pretty accurately at a class. Like our friends of yesterday, the gunners of the *Scuola d'Artiglieria,* we can calculate our range and drop our shells with tolerable precision, even over an "unseen target." Of course there is a great deal, too, in the choice of the weapon—the particular paper we select in order to get at a particular section of the public.

W. A. Which has the greater influence on the fortunes of a book—the reviews or the advertisements?

Mr. Heinemann. The advertisements, most emphatically. The glory of reviewing is departed—it is not at all what it used to be. I don't mean to say that it is less able. I think, on the contrary, that the average ability of reviewers is steadily rising. But for some reason or other the review has ceased to bite on the public mind as it used to. The days are past when a single article in the *Times* or the *Spectator* could make the fortune of a book. These romantic incidents don't occur nowadays. Our reviewers are excellent critics, but for some reason or other they don't excite such interest in the books they deal with as the reviewers of the past seem to have excited.

W. A. Is not that because no single paper is nowadays regarded with the devout and childlike faith which the last generation used to accord to its two or three great oracles? But surely, though no individual paper may have the influence it once had, you must underrate the general influence of reviews on the sale of a book. For myself, though I am a little behind the scenes in reviewing, and know very well that reviewers are human and fallible, yet I am often influenced by a review either to buy a book or to order it at the library.

Mr. Heinemann. Perhaps; but how much oftener do you feel that you have got out of a review all that you want to know about a book, and need not trouble about it any further? The function of the literary weekly, or the literary page of the daily paper, is largely to give people a superficial acquaintance with current literature, while saving them the expense of book-buying and the time involved in book-reading. I really do not know why we publishers support—as we do, almost entirely — the literary weeklies. They are of no proportionate service to us, either as organs of criticism or as mediums of advertising—except, perhaps, those that are practically trade organs, in which capacity they fulfil some of the functions of the *Buchhändler Börsenblatt.*

W. A. Then they are not the weapons you rely upon in bombarding the reading public?

Mr. Heinemann. Most decidedly not. If they are effective organs of publicity at all, it is only in the case of a very special class of books. For

getting at the great reading public, the popular newspaper is alone effective. But it is so effective that well-directed advertising will often counteract the harm done by the most damaging review, even in the most influential paper—I mean, of course, if the book has any real element of attraction in it.

W. A. But reviews, I presume, are useful for quoting in advertisements?

Mr. Heinemann. Yes, that is effective if skilfully done.

W. A. Rather a large "if." I am often struck with what seems to me the extraordinary stupidity with which "Opinions of the Press" are selected.

Mr. Heinemann. No doubt they are often carelessly compiled by unintelligent subordinates. But you must remember, too, that in the case of many books they are intended to appeal to readers of a very different class from yourself. You are, as you say, behind the scenes, and consequently in a position to discount a good deal that the man in the street will take for gospel.

W. A. Tell me, then, about the man in the street. As you take, on the whole, a hopeful view of the book-trade, I suppose I may assume that you think the average intelligence of the man in the street is looking up?

Mr. Heinemann. I don't know that that assumption is quite logical. Improvement in the book-trade would not necessarily imply improvement in public intelligence. There is an unintelligent as well as an intelligent reading public, and it might quite well happen that the book-trade was flourishing mainly through its appeal to the lower, and not the higher, class. But as a matter of fact, I don't think this is the case. The intelligence of the middle and lower-middle classes, in the matter of book-buying, is on the whole improving. I don't know that I can say as much for the wealthier classes. Many a man, where his father would have spent a pound in books, will now spend a guinea on an opera stall, and sixpence—or fourpence-halfpenny—on a magazine.

W. A. I fancy the fashion of collecting books—forming libraries of handsome, well-bound editions—has gone out a good deal.

Mr. Heinemann. Yes; but, on the other hand, people of moderate means have now much more encouragement than they had a generation ago to form their own little libraries. Look how execrable was the manufacture of books during all the middle years of last century—from the days of the Pickerings down to our own times! A reasonably attractive edition of a classical author was scarcely to be had for love or money. Now—within the last fifteen years or so—the improvement has been enormous. Dent and other publishers have done excellent service to literature and to the book-trade by their delightful editions of the classics. I can speak without egoism on this subject, for I have done nothing myself in the way of classical reprints: the literature of the day has always interested me more. But I greatly value the work done by others in this direction. It is not only good in itself—it helps current literature as well, by enabling people, at a reasonable expenditure, to form the nucleus of a handsome and attractive private library. Though I'm afraid I must admit that a good many people buy the Shakespeares and Scotts and Macaulays, with which the press teems, rather as furniture than as literature.

W. A. Like the lady who always bought books that were bound in red—it was such a nice warm colour for a room.

Mr. Heinemann. No doubt some such motive prevails in some cases. But books, after all, are a heavy and expensive form of wall-paper. I think we may take it that most book-buyers buy to read; and I believe that the number who buy intelligently to read intelligently is increasing year by year.

W. A. It is pleasant to hear any one, in these days, talking optimistically. What do you say, then, to the sixpenny edition—the book that is bought to be skimmed and thown away? You are not one of those who think that it is ruining literature?

Mr. Heinemann. The sixpenny edition—this is nothing new I am telling you—is simply the publishers' measure of self-defence against the cheap magazine. It ranks with periodicals rather than with books. The work published in sixpenny editions is probably, on the average, better than the matter supplied in the cheap magazines; and anything that tends to beget and foster the habit of reading—be it sixpenny editions, circulating libraries, public libraries, or what not—is in the long run good. The reading habit is like

the opium habit: once acquired, it cannot be shaken off.

W. A. I'm afraid that, as regards the literature of snippets, your simile is only too just. It is a narcotic to thought, an opiate to intelligence. For my part, I welcome the sixpenny edition, because it seems to me that it must in some measure compete, not only with the cheap magazine, but with the penny patchwork and halfpenny rag-bag. Any reading that requires a continuous effort of attention is better than the idle nibbling at odds and ends that passes for reading with so many people. But you don't think, then, that the sixpenny reprint is cutting into the sale of the new six-shilling novel—that people who would formerly have given four-and-sixpence for a book are now content to wait a year or two, till they can get it for fourpence-halfpenny?

Mr. Heinemann. I don't think the fourpence-halfpenny buyer and the four-and-sixpenny buyer belong to the same class at all. I don't know any one who buys sixpenny editions. For myself, I should as soon think of buying *Tit-Bits* or *Answers* as a sixpenny novel.

W. A. Well now, *I* am not at all above the sixpenny reprint. In starting on a railway journey, I have often bought a sixpenny Stevenson or Hardy.

Mr. Heinemann. Yes, but would you have bought a six-shilling novel if there had been no sixpenny one to buy? Probably you wouldn't—you would have bought a two-shilling "railway novel," as it used to be called. That is what the sixpenny reprint has done—it has killed the old yellow-back. At the same time, I admit there has of late been a falling off in the average sale of the six-shilling book. It's impossible to say that it is not partly due to the sixpenny reprint; but I think it is much more probably to be traced to over-production and to the war.

W. A. Do you find that the average life of a book—even of a successful book—is falling off?

Mr. Heinemann. Most certainly it is. If you come to think of it, how could it be otherwise? We live so much faster, year by year; and the claims on our attention are so increasingly numerous and urgent. Even within my own experience of eighteen years or so, I find one book elbow another out much more rapidly than it used to.

W. A. Then does a successful book live an intenser life in the short span allotted to it?

Mr. Heinemann. Intenser? Well, I don't know how you would measure intensity. But, of course, there is always a steadily-growing public to appeal to—not only owing to actual increase of population, but owing to the spread of education. Remember, it is only a little over thirty years since the first Education Act was passed.

W. A. Then, apart from temporary disturbances of the market, such as that caused by the war, should you say that the average sale of a successful novel was greater to-day than it used to be twenty years ago?

Mr. Heinemann. The comparison is very difficult to make, for in those days, of course, the three-volume novel, costing nominally a guinea and a half, held the field. But I think one may say with tolerable confidence that a successful novel has nowadays far more readers in the first three or four months of its life than it had then.

W. A. If, then, there is small hope of longevity for a modern book, does that affect your policy in the choice of matter for publication? Since the percentage of books that can be expected to make a permanent success is small and becoming smaller, do you relinquish the search for such books, and look out rather for those that are likely to make a temporary sensation before they sink into oblivion—pamphlet-books, or, as Ruskin used to say, mere supplements to the daily newspaper?

Mr. Heinemann. Oh no; that would be the most short-sighted policy. Every publisher will tell you that the books he really wants are what the French call *livres de fond*—books that are in steady, continuous demand.

W. A. And even among novels such books are still to be found, eh? Now, without going into individual instances, or in any way trespassing on delicate ground, what sort of novel commands the largest and steadiest sale?

Mr. Heinemann. Without doubt the story—the well-told story. From the point of view of enduring popularity, give me the writer who can "spin a good yarn." Look, for instance, at the steady vogue of Miss Braddon! The smart society novel, and the moral or religious

tract, may set people talking for a month or so, and have a large sale; but they very soon drop out and are forgotten.

W. A. And can you tell me if this shortness of life is characteristic of the American novel as well? One hears every day of gigantic "booms" in American fiction: does one novel drive out its predecessor, there as here? Or is there any novelist there who is establishing a permanent popularity, like that of Dickens or Thackeray, or even of our second-rate nineteenth-century men, Reade, Kingsley, or Trollope?

Mr. Heinemann. I don't hear of any—I wish I did. Many of their huge successes, especially in so-called historical romance, are even worse trash than the things the public devours on this side.

W. A. Do you take the same encouraging view of the American book-trade that you do of the English? I presume the conditions are very similar.

Mr. Heinemann. Well, the American publishers have one great disadvantage to contend against, and one great advantage on their side. The disadvantage lies in the fact that so much of the retail trade has fallen into the hands of the enormously powerful department stores, where you can buy everything from a shoelace to an edition of Horace.

W. A. I see. You mean that the intervention of these stores—Wanamaker's, Marshall Field's, and so forth—prevents the development of a class of skilled specialists in bookselling, such as you think we shall one day have in England.

Mr. Heinemann. Yes. It is certainly not to the advantage of literature that it should reach the public through the medium of the dry goods store. Spare me the obvious pun!

W. A. Well, then, what is the great advantage that the American publisher enjoys?

Mr. Heinemann. The power of getting direct at a very large public without the intervention of the bookseller at all, through the medium of a properly-organised Post Office. Do you realise that books and magazines can go through the post in America for one cent a pound, in place of our fourpence, or eight cents, a pound? American publishers do an immense business in this way.

W. A. But a man must hear of a book before he can order it to be posted to him. How do the publishers get at their postal customers? Through circulars? Newspaper advertisements?

Mr. Heinemann. Partly; but especially through the magazines, which are splendid advertising mediums. Do you know why the Americans have half a dozen first-rate illustrated magazines, while we have only one—the PALL MALL? It is simply because of the facilities for distribution offered by the Post Office. I can tell you we stand greatly in need of another Rowland Hill here in England; but I suppose that sort of man comes only once in a century. Our magazines, such as they are, get at the public through six thousand retailers, and Smith and Son's seven hundred and eighty bookstalls. Now, why should not the profits of this mechanism of distribution go into the nation's exchequer?

W. A. If Wells's *Anticipations* are correct, we are bound to have great postal reforms before long. But do you mean to say that this one-cent rate actually pays the American Postal Department?

Mr. Heinemann. I can't give you figures on the point; but clearly it wouldn't be continued if it involved a loss. And if it simply covers expenses in America, it could not fail to bring in a large profit in England, where the distances are so much shorter. But, speaking of the American book-market, there is another point that must not be overlooked—the enormous success of the subscription edition.

W. A. The subscription edition? What does that mean precisely?

Mr. Heinemann. Why, the special edition of standard books and sets of books got up to be sold by travelling canvassers.

W. A. I know the book-agent is a stock figure in the repertory of the American humourist. So he is really a success, is he?

Mr. Heinemann. Undoubtedly. In thousands and thousands of American houses, especially in country districts, you will find quite a handsome little library bought from the travelling agents.

W. A. And do the leading publishers sell books in this way?

Mr. Heinemann. Indeed they do. But not the same editions as they put on the general market. There is always something special about the subscription

edition—superior illustrations, or binding, or both.

W. A. Is not the method we have heard so much of recently—the method of selling enormously-advertised sets of books on the instalment principle—simply a development of the American "subscription" method?

Mr. Heinemann. Yes it is; and it might have been a very valuable development, only that, unfortunately, it was discounted by being applied in the first instance to a set of books that nobody really wanted.

W. A. The *Encyclopædia Britannica!* Do you mean to say that all that gigantic advertising was not successful?

Mr. Heinemann. Successful in selling the books? Oh yes. I have no special information, but I have every reason to believe it was enormously successful. What I mean is that, when people had got the books, they found they were out of date. Compare the twenty-years-old *Encyclopædia Britannica*, for instance, with Brockhaus's great *Conversations-Lexikon*, which is reprinted and brought up to date every year!

W. A. What! Every year?

Mr. Heinemann. Yes; it runs to sixteen volumes in all, and four volumes are reprinted every three months.

W. A. But you think that if the method of mammoth advertisement is applied to well-chosen publications, it would establish itself in popular favour and do good service?

Mr. Heinemann. Yes, I think the method sound. And now, if we are to catch the afternoon train for Frascati, I think we had better go in and see about lunch.

W. A. One moment more. I see you have lately been engaged in a controversy on the subject of the literary agent. What, in your view, is the head and front of his offending?

Mr. Heinemann. Oh, I have no special objection to an author's employing an agent, if he thinks it worth while to do so; only I don't see where the advantage comes in. It seems to me that he pays a very long price for a very small service, and often for no service at all.

W. A. But if the author happens to be wholly incompetent in matters of business, it is surely worth his while to pay for expert assistance. There are people—not mere Harold Skimpoles in other respects, I hope—to whom figures convey no meaning whatever. They can no more interpret a publisher's contract than they can an Oscan inscription. If such people have to make their livelihood by selling the books they write, is it not reasonable and natural that they should call in expert assistance?

Mr. Heinemann. By all means: let them employ a solicitor to look after their business interests.

W. A. But then, a solicitor who has acquired experience of this class of business will become to all intents and purposes a literary agent.

Mr. Heinemann. With this fundamental difference: that the solicitor will transact your business for a stated fee, whereas the literary agent claims a percentage on your profits. It passes my comprehension how any author of the smallest standing can think it to his interest to pay an income-tax of ten per cent., and sometimes fifteen per cent., to his literary agent. A solicitor would do for five pounds all that an agent does for fifty.

W. A. But what about an agent's special knowledge of the market—where to "place" a book to best advantage, and so forth?

Mr. Heinemann. I assure you that is all nonsense. It must be a very unintelligent author indeed who does not know all that need be known about the market. Remember, I am speaking of the market for books; as regards the "serialising" or "syndicating" of literary matter the case is different. There, I admit, the agent has his uses; and perhaps in the case of an author living at a great distance from his market—in America or Australia. But come along now, or we shall really be late. We can resume the discussion this afternoon, if you like, at "Tusculum, beautiful Tusculum."

W. A. I wonder if Cicero employed a literary agent?

Mr. Heinemann. Not he! He was far too good a man of business.

[*Exeunt ambo.*

BINGO'S FLUTTER.

BY HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

I.

BINGHAM MASTERMAN, known to his friends as Bingo, was the only son of a Liverpool merchant who had accumulated a vast fortune by the exercise of patience, thrift, caution, and a habit of mind constraining him to buy when others wished to sell, and to sell when his neighbours were unduly anxious to buy. Not ungenerous to himself or to his family, it may be said of him—as Junius said of the Duke of Bedford—that his charity ended where it began—at home.

Bingo's father married late in life the daughter of an Irish peer. This nobleman died in '85, but his memory was kept green by old Masterman. Before Bingo was breeched he understood that his maternal grandfather had been a miserable sinner and a scandalous spendthrift.

Bingo was sent to Eton and Christchurch, where he made many friends, being an amiable fellow, and recognised as the son of a millionaire. He did not shine either in the schools or in the playing-fields, but he rode, not to, but after (a long way after) hounds, and bought sporting prints. Knowing men said that Bingo was likely to own a Derby winner some day. He had looked at a set of plans of model racing stables, and it was generally understood that when it pleased Providence to remove his father, something would happen. "The governor," Bingo would say, "is one of the best, but he had to fork out thirty thou. to pay the racing debts of my grandfather, Punchestown. Bless you, that little affair nearly killed both of 'em. Poor old Punch worried himself to death thinking that my father would not pay up, and my father barely escaped a fit knowing that he must. Bar chaff, if I had a little flutter *now*, he would cut me off with a shilling."

When, in the fulness of time, Masterman *père* was laid in the marble mausoleum to which his wife had preceded him, Bingo found himself sole possessor of more than £1,000,000 sterling.

"Bingo, me boy, ye'll have your flutter now," said an Irish second cousin; but Bingo shook his head austerely, and said, very properly, that for a season his sire's prejudice against what he (Bingo) admitted to be one of the finest of British institutions must be respected.

"Me cousin is not buying—yet," reported the Irishman, "and divil a bet will he make, good son that he is, till he wears pink again! Me only fear is that some match-making mamma will break his spirit, before his first race."

Many of Bingo's friends shared this son of Erin's apprehensions: sensible that Bingo was susceptible to female beauty, and—being of plastic clay—might be moulded by the wrong sort of wife into something quite unthinkable from a racing point of view. But, *if* he married the right sort! The conjunction, it will be admitted, introduced possibilities.

Amongst the right sort (in a good sportsman's eyes) Lady Margie Yester shone pre-eminent. Her mother, old

Lady Stockbridge, knew Bingo, and approved his personalty, if not his personality. "I believe," she told her sister, "that his great-grandfather was transported for sheep-stealing, but I have always made a point of denying the story, because the dear man himself says that he never had a great-grandfather on his father's side. He can give Margie a tiara, and a tiara Margie must have. The child understands that perfectly. Yes; his means, my dear, are very large."

"As large as his ends," suggested the sister, whose married daughters wore no tiaras. She was referring to Bingo's extremities—hands and feet of generous proportions.

"Quite so," said Lady Stockbridge, blandly. "Is it true, dear, that your darling Ethel is engaged to a minor canon?"

"An infamous lie!" affirmed the other lady of quality. "Why, a bishop, nowadays, is *hardly* eligible!"

Bingo dined quietly (*en famille*, my dear Mr. Masterman) at Stockbridge House; and Lord Stockbridge proposed him at Black's and found a duke as seconder. Margie Yester told young Bicester that he was not to speak to her unless it was certain that no one was looking; and Bingo told his pals that the world was a better place than he had supposed.

"I believe your governor only allowed you seven hundred a year," said Jack Ainsworth.

"And I never exceeded my allowance," replied Bingo proudly. "By Jove, Jack, what a splendid woman Margie Yester is! You know her, of course!"

"She does not know me."

"I'll introduce you any day," said the enthusiastic Bingo; but Ainsworth drily declined the honour.

Bingo did not go to Ascot, but he promised to join Lady Stockbridge's party for the July meeting at Newmarket. Margie talked of Sandown and Goodwood and Doncaster, and said that she counted upon Bingo as a companion at the big autumn handicaps.

"You mean to play the game?" she asked sweetly.

"Not—*alone*," said Bingo.

Margie smiled behind her fan. Bingo was warming up! Young Bicester had warned her that he was rather a "cautious cove"; and her brother, Stockbridge, had said that Bingo would have to be shaken up at his fences—a bit of a slug!

"Bless your innocent heart," said Margie, "you won't be left alone, Bingo. Don't fret!"

"You—and y—y—your people," added the careful young man, "are going to stand by me?"

"To the death," said Margie gaily. "All the same, don't lend money to Stockie: that's my tip."

"He hasn't asked for any," said Bingo, grinning.

"Hasn't he?" said Margie. "Well, really," her voice softened delightfully, "that is very considerate of Stocky. And mamma—has—has she invited you to invest a few hundreds in the Kaffir market? She hasn't? Not yet. If she does—don't!"

"I won't," said Bingo firmly. "I say, Lady Margaret—I say, Margie, you've been awfully decent to me."

"I have," said Margie, truthfully, with a faint tinge of colour in her cheeks. "I like you, Bingo. I feel like Pharaoh's daughter when I look at you."

Poor Bingo blushed. Divinity not being his strong point, he confounded Pharaoh's daughter with Potiphar's wife.

"You are, so to speak, still in the bulrushes," continued the young lady. "May I adopt you, Bingo dear?"

"You can do what you like with me," said the enchanted Bingo. "I am yours, and all I have is yours. Can I say more?"

"You might perhaps say it differently," replied Margie, thinking of Bicester; "but I shan't pretend to misunderstand you, my honest old Bingo, because, whatever those cats, my aunts, may say or think, I am—straight. If we enter into partnership, I—I am older than you, Bingo—*I* must be head partner—at any rate at first. You, I take it, want to do what I want to do." She held up a slender hand and began to count upon the tips of her fingers. "I want to race, I want to hunt, I want to yacht. I want one of the best *chefs* in London, a house in Carlton House Terrace, and two months' holiday—not a day less."

"And where shall we spend the holiday?" said the enraptured Bingo.

"We? My dear Bingo, the object of the holiday will be singular so far as we are concerned. Don't look so unhappy!

You will have your little lark and I shall have mine. And now, if you like, you may kiss me."

Margie wrote that night to young Bicester:—

"*L'homme propose*, and, when he has a million, what daughter of Eve will say him nay? Stocky gave Bingo a bottle of '84, and it is wonderful stuff! I am to race and hunt and yacht and to have two months' holiday. *Nous verrons.* I trust you will see the propriety of marrying the jam-maker's daughter. She is a nice little thing, and nearly as innocent as my dearest Bingo. What a *partie carrée* we shall make! *Apropos*—why not make a double event of it? Then we can meet. I'm sure Bingo will hit it off with your—what is her name?—something vernal—oh yes—your Violet. It is a pity that the other name is Potts, but she will need the less persuading to change it. . . ."

II.

Two days later Margie received a wire from young Bicester: "Congratulations given and received. V. is mine. Include us, if possible, in Newmarket house-party."

And so it came to pass that Lady Stockbridge's house-party for the July meeting included Bingo and Miss Potts. More, by what seemed at the time a coincidence, these two persons travelled down to Newmarket by the same train, and were alone together for two hours in a first-class carriage. Young Bicester was in attendance at St. Pancras, and 'twas he who introduced his *fiancée* to Bingo and begged that gentleman to take care of her during the journey. Bicester said that business engagements would keep him in town that night, but he hoped to join the party on the heath next day about luncheon time.

"You are going to marry Lady Margaret?" said Miss Potts, very shyly, as the train rolled out of the great station.

"And you are engaged to Lord Bicester?"

"Ye—es."

For a time conversation languished. In a second-class compartment Bingo's man and Miss Potts' maid were already upon confidential terms; but between the master and mistress hung an impediment of speech which both regarded as a dreadful obstacle. Finally Bingo burst into praise of young Bicester, whom he had known and admired at Eton and Oxford. "What a chap he was, to be sure! So good-looking, so cheery, such a sportsman, and so forth," until Miss Potts was covered with confusion.

"Lady Margaret is one of the loveliest women in England," murmured Miss Potts, offering her Roland demurely.

"Beautiful and—straight," said Bingo.

"She has a splendid figure," admitted Miss Potts.

"I meant beautiful and good," explained Bingo. "So many women one meets in society are beautiful but not—er—good."

"I don't like to think that a beautiful face" (Miss Potts blushed, thinking of her George) "may mask a false and evil soul."

"It has been proved," said Bingo, with the air of a Newton revealing the law of gravitation.

"Lord Bicester and Lady Margaret are friends, I think," observed Violet, after another embarrassing pause.

"And that," said Bingo briskly, "is a reason why we should be friends too. You know, I felt quite nervous at having to travel with you, but it has worn off. I no longer feel shy—do you?"

"Not quite so shy, Mr. Masterman."

"Shyness is—is a beastly bore, but—when I get over mine I'm quite, you know—quite——"

"Sportive," suggested Miss Potts, playing up to the gay and genial Bingo.

"I was going to say—bold, Miss Potts. "Not brazen, like some men, but bold. When I am in my bold mood I f—f—f—feel like Alexander. All that I desire seems within my grasp——"

Miss Potts glanced furtively at the button above the window. Bingo was extending his arms as if——

"Mr. Masterman," she said nervously, "would you mind opening the other window? It is sultry—isn't it?"

"Sultry?" echoed Bingo, with a laugh. "Well, when you think of some of the people in this train who are going down to Newmarket, I am surprised that the weather isn't—er—warmer. Miss Potts, I feel that you are my friend! I can say things to you that I—— Good gracious! for heaven's sake don't touch that button!—You would stop the train and

also this delightful talk. Let me see: I was about to observe that I wish we could have racing, which is a great national sport, without racing people. I do not like racing people. Their ways are not my ways, Miss Potts—nor your ways, I feel assured."

"I don't understand a word they say," the young lady admitted. She smiled happily, sensible that she had escaped a dreadful blunder. Her companion was really very nice, very nice indeed. He had nice ideas. She wished that George were here to listen to them: George, who said that he had promised his mother not to read a line of Shakespeare till he had mastered the Racing Calendar!

Next day Bingo rode on to the heath. It was piping hot, and the shade-trees bordering the inclosure wooed our hero seductively; but his Margie, like Gilpin's wife, although on pleasure bent, was fully alive to business opportunities. Not for Bingo were cool shadows and the tinkle of ice in long tumblers. No, no! He must trot to and from that Pandemonium on the other side of the course, the betting-ring; then he must jump on to his hack and gallop down to see the start, returning, as a true lover should, in melting mood; and then there were messages to trainers and jockeys, and the inevitable stroll up and down the paddock before and after each race. Still he felt that he was "in it," whereas poor little Miss Potts sat disconsolate beside Lady Stockbridge, who talked pleasantly to everybody except her guest. George Bicester gave her luncheon and a smile; but he too, like Bingo's Margie, was in the embrace of opportunity.

"It's my day," said young Bicester, when Margie and he met for a moment under the trees.

"And mine," said Margie, radiantly.

"'Pon my soul, Margie, if——"

"Don't, George. Ifs and ands——"

"Remind me of Potts," said the young fellow gloomily. "How about this selling race, Margie? I saw you talking to old Kempton. What's his tip? Phe-e-e-w! Pyramus! Is that really sound? Eh—you have backed the colt for a win and a place? Then I shall get on at once."

"George!" she called him back. A slight blush encarmined her cheeks; her eyes were suffused with soft light. "George—dear, put on another pony for me. You and I can't go wrong to-day—can we?"

Young Bicester nodded and smiled grimly.

"There is to-morrow," he said significantly. "A pony on Pyramus, then. All right."

Bingo came up, and the trio watched Pyramus win his race. Bingo had not made a single bet, because, as he said, he was in mourning; but he rejoiced at Margie's success. Pyramus was a wonderful colt, a rare shaped 'un, a galloper and a stayer—and no mistake!

"Buy him," said Margie. "He is to be sold with all his engagements this afternoon. Buy him, Bingo! You can't start your stud with a better."

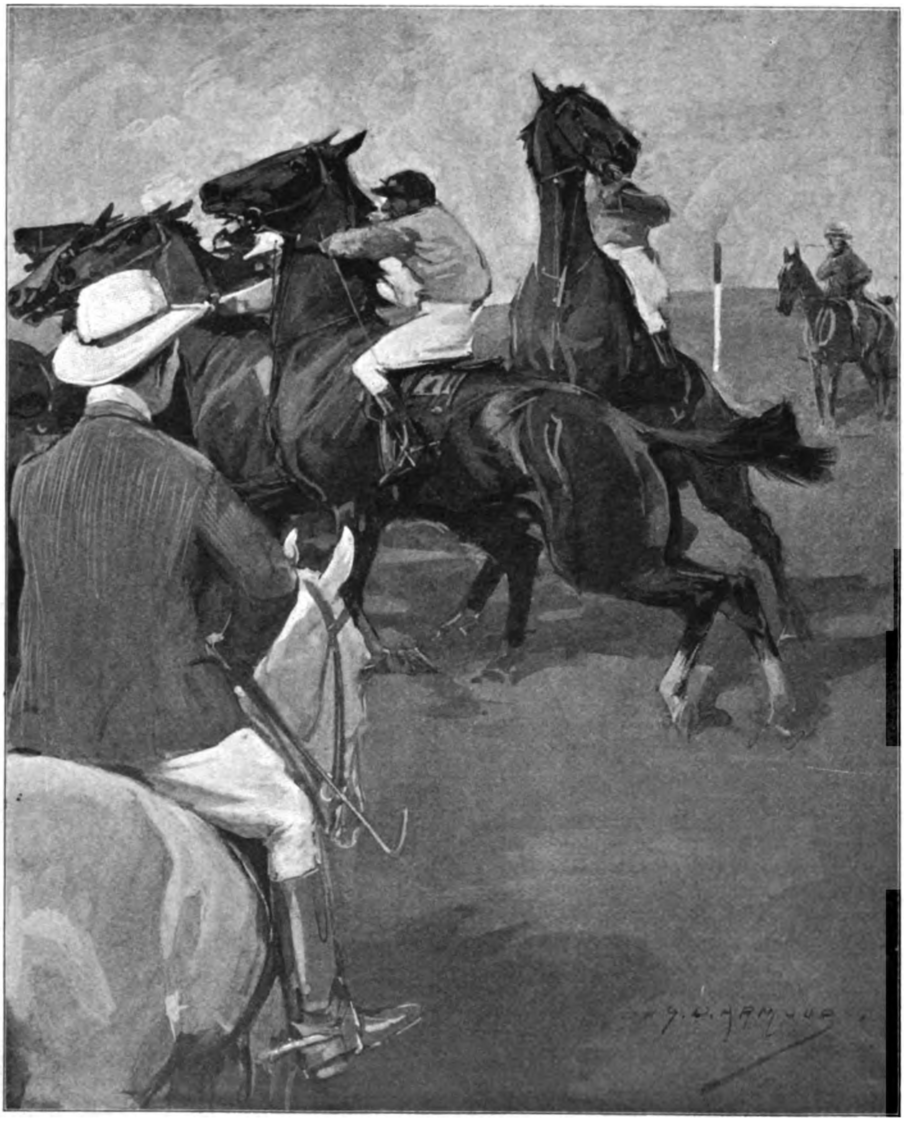
"They'll all want him now," said Bingo cautiously. "The price will be stiff, Margie. And my poor dear father, you know——"

She coaxed in vain: Bingo was not to be budged from the unassailable position of chief mourner for one who held racing to be an abomination. After Doncaster, when a decent twelve months had elapsed, Margie and he would get together such a stud as was never seen on or off Newmarket Heath; meantime—patience!

Later, finding himself alone, for his Margie and young Bicester had mysteriously disappeared, Bingo thought he would see Pyramus sold. He had never attended a sale in his life, and it might be well to see how the thing was done. He sauntered up to Tattersall's ring, smoking a cigarette; and the men outside, knowing him by sight, made way for him. This pleased Bingo vastly well, for in his sire's lifetime he had not quite realised his own importance. Glancing round, he saw many faces familiar to the racing world. Hard and shrewd faces these! Cut-and-thrust fellows. Ah! there was young Bicester, and Margie beside him. Who was this? Why, one of the stewards of the Jockey Club, to be sure, and nodding in the most encouraging manner to him, Bingo. Others nodded too. Bingo returned these nods, keeping one eye on Pyramus.

"Seven hundred guineas, I'm bid. Any advance on that? And fifty? Thank you, my lord. And seventy-five? Really, gentlemen, this magnificent colt is dirt cheap at a thousand——"

Bingo looked round the ring. The voice of the auctioneer was very familiar. Where had he heard those bland tones before? By Jove! In his dame's house



"*The jumble of colour and motion indicated that the horses were about to start. 'They're off!'*"

at Eton. He caught the eye of the auctioneer and recognised an old fag-master. Then he nodded cheerily, and the other nodded back.

"Eight hundred guineas. Sold—for eight hundred guineas."

"A dam fine colt!" said Bingo loudly.

"You evidently think so," said a man at his side; and while Bingo was wondering what he meant, young Bicester and Margie came up.

"Oh, Bingo!" cried Margie: "you are a dear!"

"Eh—what?"

"It was meant as a surprise for me, wasn't it?"

Bingo stared apprehensively at his Margie.

Young Bicester said solemnly: "You paid a stiffish price, Bingo, but the colt, if he wins to-morrow, will be worth double the money. By Gad, you behaved like a veteran."

"What tommy-rot are you talking?" said Bingo uneasily.

Young Bicester began to laugh. "Why, man, you've not forgotten already that you bought Pyramus five minutes ago?"

"I?"

"Saw you do it. What? You never meant it? Oh, Lord—what a game! Well, the colt's yours, and his trainer is shoving through the crowd at this moment to speak to you."

"But——"

"Bingo," whispered Margie, "don't write yourself down an ass before the multitude. Pyramus is yours."

"But my poor dear father, Margie——"

"Your poor dear father never came to Newmarket in his lifetime, and you insult his memory by presuming to think that he is here now. Hush!"

"You have bought a nice colt, Mr. Masterman," said the trainer.

"Ye-es," said Bingo.

III.

A very cheery dinner followed, and Bingo's health was drunk in the Lanson '84. After dinner the men made much of Bingo, filling his glass several times with the famous Stockbridge port, laid down —as connoisseurs know—by the grandfather of the present peer. When they went into the hall, where a roulette table had been set out, Bingo was firmly of the opinion that he had bought Pyramus of his own free will; he had promised young Bicester to rise with the lark on the morrow to see his horse at exercise on the Lime Kilns; he had selected his colours; he had spoken of his set of plans for racing-stables. And he was listened to with attention and courtesy, for, as young Bicester observed, the words of the rich are as pearls of price in the ears of the poor.

Young Bicester, always practical in money matters, suggested that the richest man present should take the bank.

"That will be dear Bingham," purred Lady Stockbridge.

"You will win, Bingo dear," said Margie. "The bank always wins."

Some men from the rooms dropped in, and the ball began to roll. Bingo raked up innumerable threepenny-bits and sixpences. The only winner, indeed, was Miss Potts, who declared her intention of giving her winnings to the poor. At midnight Lady Stockbridge retired, having lost seventeen shillings and ninepence, and her temper; the other ladies were constrained to follow her. Then young Bicester proposed that the men should go on playing. Bingo, gazing at the pile of loose silver in front of his chair, made no objections; and, as he lit Margie's candle, suggested Monte Carlo as a pleasant spot for a honeymoon.

"Give you my word," he added, "I'd no idea roulette was such an amusin' game."

"I love you when you talk like that!" replied his Margie.

However, in the course of the next two hours Bingo lost his little pile of silver and five thousand pounds. It was young Bicester's night as well as day, and he backed his luck. He said afterwards that he felt in his bones that he must win, because Fortune had taken from him Margie and given her to Bingo. Those present who knew Bingo's inherited reluctance "to part" were amazed at that young man's coolness and good temper, although Stocky observed that if anything could work miracles nowadays it was surely the port his grandfather had laid down, not to mention the Lanson.

"You'll never miss it, old chap," said young Bicester, as he pocketed Bingo's I.O.U. "And besides, you'll get all of it back to-morrow. Tell your man to call you at five sharp."



"'Pyramus,' said the hero of the hour, 'is a niceish colt, but he is mine no longer.'"

"Yes, I'll get it back to-morrow," said Bingo, with a gay laugh. "Pyramus can carry five, ten, fifteen thousand pounds!"

"There is no doubt about it," said Stocky to young Bicester: "Bingo means to have a flutter."

None the less Bingo was not feeling quite himself when he was shaken into consciousness the following morning at five, although his face brightened when he met Margie booted and habited in the hall. She kissed him before young Bicester and the third footman.

"That is because you lost your money like a dear little man," she said fondly.

After that the trio talked of Pyramus till the Lime Kilns were reached. Here many noble quadrupeds galloped past them; here the trainer of Pyramus swore that the colt was fit to run for a man's life or fortune; here Bingo declared, for the forty-first time, that he meant to back his colt to win him twenty thousand pounds. Young Bicester thought it might be done if Bingo's money was carefully divided amongst the gentlemen of the ring.

"You mustn't be too bold, my pet," said Margie reprovingly. "Remember Jubilee Juggins. And besides, I don't want you to break the ring till I am paid yesterday's winnings."

"What did you win?" said Bingo.

"Yes: what did you win?" repeated young Bicester. "Including last night, I cleaned up about seven thou."

"I never tell what I win, or lose," said wise Margie.

But when Bingo moved off for a few words in private with his trainer, young Bicester asked the question again: "Did it run into four figures?" He knew that she had been amazingly lucky, that she always was amazingly bold.

"I'll tell *you*," murmured Margie. "I won eighteen hundred pounds. Almost am I persuaded to——"

"Look here," interrupted young Bicester eagerly. "I've a plan which I think is sound. Pyramus will start with odds on him. I know this Newmarket crowd—and so do you. When they find out that somebody is backing the colt to win a corking big stake, they'll plunge: and that's our opportunity, for honestly I don't think he can beat two others whom I can name. We'll lay twelve thousand against the colt. If he wins, there is Bingo for you, richer than ever. If he loses, there is true love and a nice working capital for two who know the ropes. Now then—choose!"

She looked hard into his laughing, debonair face, at his fine seat on his cob, at his brown slender hands; then her eyes roved reluctantly to the somewhat pulpy figure of Bingo.

"If Pyramus loses," she said with decision, "Bingo may go to Jericho."

"And the fair Potts may go with him," added young Bicester.

IV.

"By Jove!" said Bingo, at a quarter-past four, "I stand to win a goodish stake."

"And to lose, what?"

"*Or* to lose," corrected Bingo. "Who ever heard of winning *and* losing?"

"I have," said Margie, enigmatically.

"You are too excited," said Bingo critically, not ill pleased at his own self-possession.

"Pyramus may lose."

"Not he," said Bingo confidently. "Look at him," he cried, as the horses cantered past,—"what a stride!"

"Why, little Johnny is up!" said Margie, in a tone of voice which raised Bingo's eyebrows.

"I got him at the last moment—wonderful luck! These Yankee beggars can ride. Hullo! is this heat too much for you, Margie?"

"Don't fuss!" she said sharply.

He stared at her stupidly, stolidly—so she was thinking. But if love blinds some, it is as euphrasy and rue to clear the vision of others. Bingo blinked at his Margie's white cheeks and dilated eyes. Was it possible that she, his beloved, could be so affected by a mere horse-race?

"This sort of thing is bad for you," he said, in a tone she had never heard from him before. Now it was her turn to stare at a new Bingo. For a moment each peered into the soul of the other, and then each, as if animated by a common sense of repulsion, turned aside their eyes. Bingo had seen a reckless, desperate demon of hazard; Margie glimpsed the cold, cautious merchant appraising goods he had purchased.

Margie closed her eyes for an instant and prayed. She had long ago lost the

habit of prayer and its form. Only the most elementary phrase escaped from her heart: "O God—give me George, not this man!" She repeated this again and again, as she gazed through her glasses at the jumble of colour and motion far down the course which indicated that the horses were about to start.

"*They're off!*"

Her hands were trembling, and the man at her side had his cold eyes on them. Why had this pitiful feminine weakness assailed her at such a moment? With a desperate effort she regained control of her muscles. Her cheek had begun to twitch: she was possessed of a palsy. Ah! her prayers had been answered. She could see now. Pyramus was neither first, nor second, nor third. Across the broad riband of turf came the hoarse growl of the ring, deepening into an angry bellow as the seconds sped by. *Pyramus!* The hateful name smote her. *Pyramus—Pyramus!* Margie closed her eyes, unable to look as the horses thundered by. She heard the man next Bingo say in a quiet drawl: "Near thing that." Then the roar of the ring sounded like the murmur of a summer sea, a sea upon whose placid tides she must embark.

When she recovered consciousness, her eyes met those of young Bicester, who was bending over her. She could see Bingo too, looking very uneasy, and her mother with a face aflame with interrogation. Her faculties quickened at once. Pyramus had lost. Good heavens! It had indeed been a near thing for her. She smiled faintly at young Bicester, wondering why he looked so impassive. Then her lips parted, and the word she had heard as she fainted quivered from them.

"Pyramus?"

"Has won by a short head," said young Bicester, coolly.

V.

Lady Stockbridge always assures the country cousins whom she has cut dead in Town that she is short-sighted, but her sister maintains that nothing escapes her keen grey eyes. Upon this occasion she sent Bingo to the paddock, where little Johnnie was about to step into the scales, and asked young Bicester to find the carriage. Bingo hesitated for a brief moment, and then went his way. Later, as he passed the small stand in the enclosure where sit the members of the Jockey Club, a portly man joined him.

"Congr—r—ratulate you," he said, slightly rolling the "r." "You are Fortune's son, *mon cher*."

Bingo never smiled, but he accepted the cigar the other offered with a "Thank you, Count."

The Austrian eyed him shrewdly. Then he spoke quickly: "I am told you bought the colt under a misapprehension—*hein?* Do you intend to keep him?"

The son of old Masterman scented a buyer. One of the sire's business maxims floated into his mind: "Buy on the slumps; sell on the bumps." The Austrian was known to be a buyer who paid any price for a horse which took his fancy.

"Pyramus is for sale," said Bingo, slowly, and he named a price which represented a profit such as would have warmed the heart of old Masterman.

"I take him," said the Austrian.

That night, at dinner, Stocky uncorked the last of the Lawson '84, and once more the health of Pyramus was drunk and that of his owner. Margie had quite recovered from the effects of what her mother called an "indisposition"; she was wearing her prettiest frock and a radiant smile. She sat by Bingo, and young Bicester sat opposite, beside the jam-maker's only daughter.

"Speech, speech, Bingo!" cried young Bicester, as he emptied his glass.

The others repeated the words. Bingo stood up.

"Pyramus," said the hero of the hour, "is a niceish colt, but he is mine no longer. I sold him this afternoon. I—I shall not race any more. I—er—have had my little flutter."

He sat down in a silence which manifested the stupefaction of the company. Lady Stockbridge was the first to recover the use of her tongue.

"I am glad, Bingham," she said blandly, "that you have made this resolution. I am an old woman, although I hope that I do not look one, and I've been on almost every racecourse in Europe; but, knowing what I know, I say again that I applaud your resolution. In the evening of my life it will a consolation to reflect that one who is near and dear to me does—not—race."

"The old hypocrite!" said young Bicester, quite audibly.

"Mother backed the wrong 'uns this afternoon," explained Stocky.

After dinner no one suggested roulette; and young Bicester, rather ostentatiously, begged Miss Potts to teach him Patience, which he admitted he had never learned, and which, he added, might prove of service to beguile "the evening of his life." Margie proposed to Bingo that they should walk on the lawn—*au clair de la lune*. Lady Stockbridge composed herself for a well-earned nap.

"Well," said Margie, sharply, when she found herself alone with her lover, "what have you got to say? How—how dared you sell Pyramus?"

"You told me you were straight, and——"

"And what?"

"And I believed you," said Bingo, coldly. "You proposed to enter into partnership with me. We—er—sealed the articles in the usual way. I am talking business now. But this afternoon the partnership was dissolved."

"By you," said Margie vehemently.

"By you — first," Bingo riposted. "Your prayer, Lady Margaret, was heard not by Him to whom it was addressed, but by me. You prayed as children pray—perhaps you have not prayed since you were a child—and children pray aloud."

"I prayed aloud!" she repeated in amazement, for the words of her prayer had escaped memory.

"You said, not once but three times, 'O God, give me George—not this man.'"

Margie was silent.

"I am not quite such a fool as I look," continued Bingo. "After the race I went into the ring, and I found out one or two things. Bicester laid an immense sum against Pyramus, and I guessed the rest."

Bingo went back to the drawing-room alone; and presently young Bicester left his Violet with a muttered excuse to the effect that he was stifling for lack of air. Bingo took his place at the card-table.

"Doesn't it come out?" he asked, after looking at the rows of cards.

"No—it doesn't," replied Miss Potts, very crossly. "And I don't think," she added, naïvely, "that Lord Bicester will ever learn Patience."

"Perhaps not," replied Bingo thoughtfully. "I should be so much obliged, Miss Potts, if you would try to teach me."

Young Bicester did not come back to the card-table; and Bingo lighted Miss Potts's candle.

"It began badly," said the girl, referring to the game known to Patience players as Job, "but it worked out beautifully in the end, Mr. Masterman?"

"It began badly," assented Bingo, thinking of another game; "but it is most curious, Miss Potts, that so many things in real life which begin badly *do* turn out well, and for the best, in the end."

Before she said her prayers that night, Miss Potts made an entry in her diary:

"George is very cold to me. He complained to-night of the heat of the room. Lady Margaret was on the lawn. Mr. Bingham Masterman seems to be an understanding person."





Photo by H. Hall

Braintree.

THE KING'S MANTLE OF GOLD.

CORONATION VELVETS AND SATINS

BY MARY HOWARTH.

IN one of King Athelstan's charters is mentioned "uno regnum pallium auro textum," by which is proven at a very early date the monarch's delight in "a royal mantle woven of gold alone." Precedent and beauty make it no strange circumstance that the King shall count among his Coronation raiment a cloak so supremely majestic. For in olden days it was not by the pattern of the cloak he wore, but by the splendour of the material of which it was made, that the rank of a man was indicated. Women of high degree were also given sumptuous wraps of the same kind to blazon forth their great estate. Etheldretha, princess of East Anglia and an abbess, is represented in a benedictional of the tenth century, which belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, wearing over a tunic of cloth of gold a splendid scarlet mantle most handsomely embroidered.

Cloth of gold was first of all brought to this country from the East, where it was made. Threads of silk crossed by threads of gold described the fabric accurately. In the wardrobe accounts of Edward I. vestments of Lekeys gold (that is, of cloth of gold from Lucca) are mentioned; and in Tudor records the colours of that house, white and green, were interwoven with gold to make gorgeous "jakettes." Of kingly preferences for this material above all others history teems. Richard II., whose extravagance in dress was monumental, is said to have possessed one "cote" which he had caused to be made for him of "gold and stone," that cost £20,000. His portrait, restored not very long ago by George Richmond, in the Sanctuary, Westminster Abbey, the fane he loved so well, represents him crowned and in his robes of state, a monarch every inch of him, apparelled regally. He and his queen, Anne of Bohemia, whom he so greatly loved, were wont to have their state robes embroidered all over with royal badges and devices, commingling the initials R for Richard and A for Anne; his symbols the white hart crowned and chained, the sun emerging from a cloud, and the *planta genista* or sprig of broom which was the badge of his ancestor Geoffrey le Bel; hers the ostrich and the interlaced band or knot, with the crown all intertwined. Then again the Field of the Cloth of Gold brings to the eyes of the imagination a very riot of bullion, with our King Henry VIII. dazzling in a garment of "cloth of silver of damask, ribbed with a cloth of gold as thick as might be" on a horse clad in a marvellous vesture, "the trapper being of fine gold in bullion, curiously wrought"; and Francis I. of France as splendid in

raiment of a like gorgeous nature. The days are gone foi displays of so intentionally Gangantuan a character on ordinary occasions; but a Coronation ceremonial brings back all the glories of the past, in welcome emphasis.

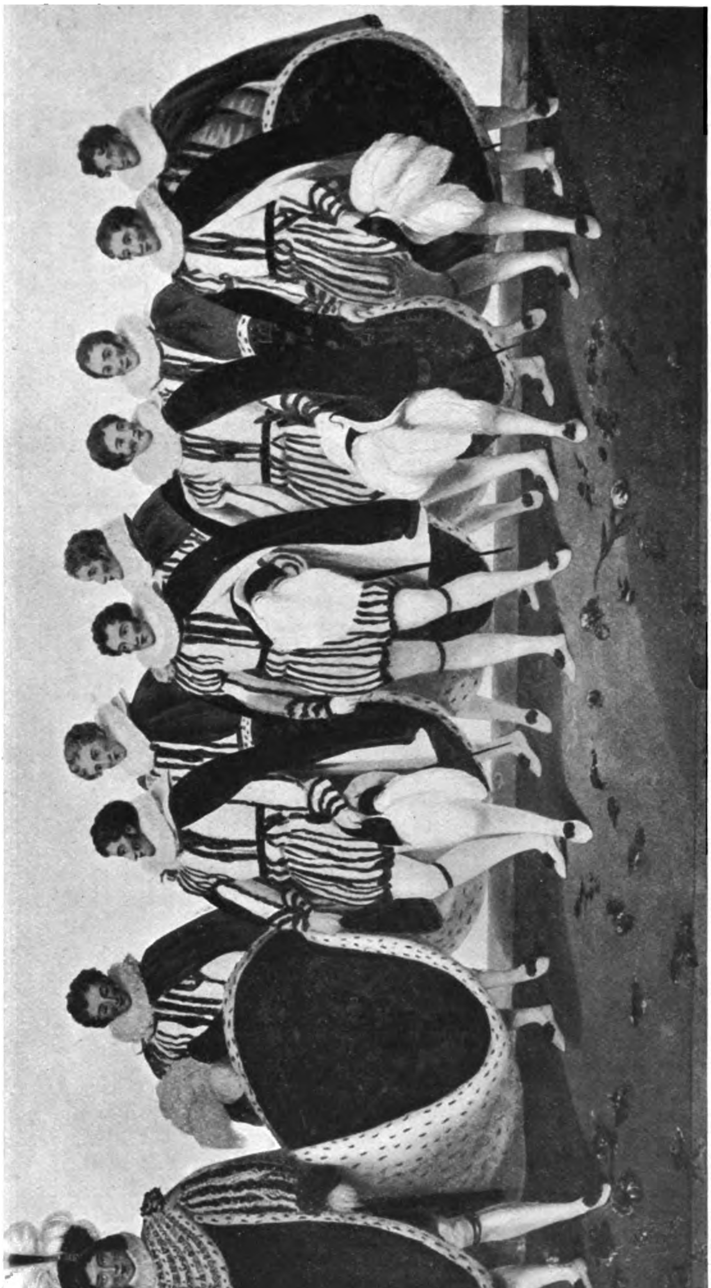
Silk fabrics were as early as the eighth century in use amongst the wealthy and important of our land, but until the tenth were rare possessions. At that time Englishwomen were renowned the world over for their skill in weaving and embroidery, and some superb mantles were fashioned by them of rich silk overlaid with stitchery. Velvet was a later delight. It is first mentioned in the reign of Henry III., seems not to have gained great favour during the reigns of the first three Edwards, found no comment in the sumptuary laws of Edward III., but had its position as a quality fabric clearly marked in an Act of the time of Henry IV., dated 1403, in which it was decreed that "no man not being a bannaret or person of high estate shall wear any cloth of gold, of crimson, of velvet, or motley velvet, save only gens d'armes quant ils seunt armes," to whom full licence to garb themselves as they pleased was given.

It is at a later date than the ones already referred to that the weaving of silk became an English industry. That which made it possible was primarily the inauguration of a direct European trade with the Indies, and the introduction of silk culture into France and Italy, which event brought about the importation of the raw material in sufficient quantities to make it a workable commodity on commercial lines. France was before England a silk-weaving nation; indeed, it was only in the sixteenth century that the immigration of some Flemish weavers into our country gave the industry its impetus. There are many records of loom weaving in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, among them a grant made by that pioneer of progress in 1564 to the Dutch and Walloon settlers in the city of Norwich, where the Duke of Norfolk had installed three hundred refugees from the neighbouring country across the sea.

A hundred years later another political event added to the resources of England as an important centre of the silk-weaving trade. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, which withdrew from all Protestants the protection promised to them in 1598 by Henry IV., resulted in the expatriation of a large number of French weavers from their native land to this. Many of these men with their families settled in Spitalfields, while Huguenot and Flemish centres of weaving industry were also started and reinforced by them principally in Essex, Norfolk, and Kent, but also elsewhere in England. The peculiarly trying vicissitudes against which the industry has had to struggle, aided by the march of time, have changed to a large extent the locale of the workers. Spitalfields, for example, is no longer an important centre. I shall narrate presently how the bulk of the business there done amidst distressingly circumscribed surroundings has happily migrated into the country. But that delightful cause of exodus is not the only one that silenced the 24,000 looms of 1825, and rendered idle so many of the descendants of the 60,000 hands at that time there employed.

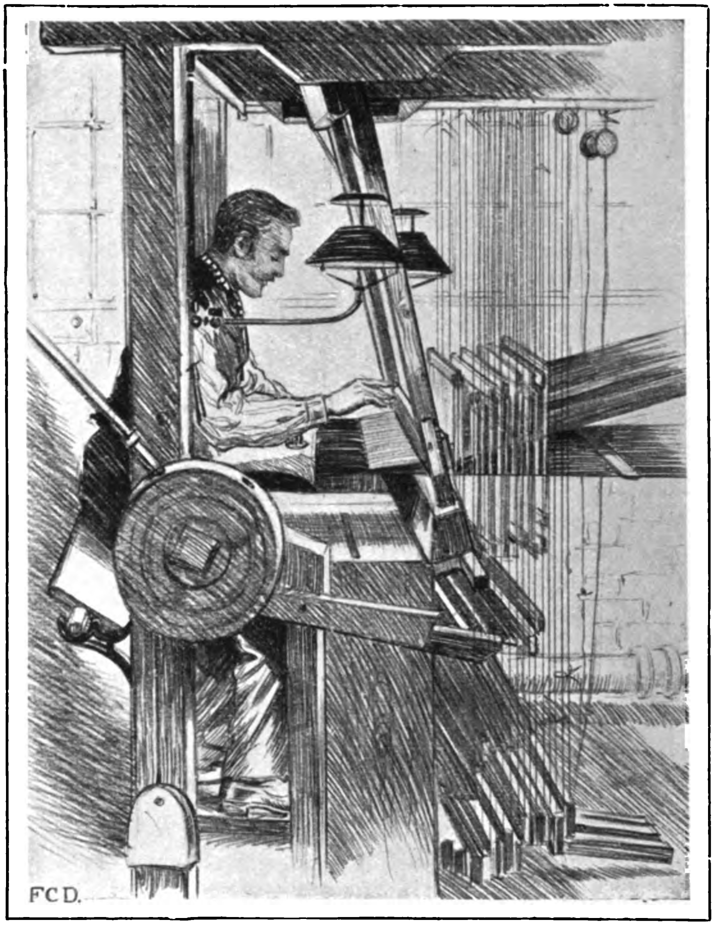
Once more policy was the crux of the situation, for the real cause of the blight that settled with such desolating results upon the weaving industry in England was the passing of the Free Trade Act, into a discussion of the merits or demerits of which it does not become the mere female to enter. Suffice it to remark that its influence for good the poor in purse have enjoyed, inasmuch as their houses have been by its influence made comfortable and pretty owing to the cheapness of fabrics from abroad, and imports of other kinds. But what is beneficial to the multitude is often disastrous to the individual, and it was the profitable and exquisitely beautiful craft of the loom in England that in this case suffered acutely. Women, however, with their usual alert resource, are responsible for a subversion of the catastrophe—a subversion that has undoubtedly well begun, and bids very fair to turn the scale of ill-fortune into bounteous good again.

For many years Her Majesty the Queen as Princess of Wales, and our present Princess of Wales, brought up by her mother the late Duchess of Teck to thoroughly comprehend the situation, have strenuously applauded British silks, British velvets, and British brocades, as well as every other home craft of our country; and now, in this the Coronation Year, not only has Royalty's decided wish been expressed that home productions shall be worn by the Peeresses on that ceremonial day in Westminster Abbey



George IV's. Coronation Mantle.

in the year's high noon, but large orders have been given for materials of many kinds for Majesty's own wear as well as for that of the Princesses of England and of many a great lady of the realm.



The Princess of Wales's purple Coronation robe.

There are hand-looms in numbers busily at work now at Braintree in Essex, at Sudbury in Suffolk, at Leek in Staffordshire, where to Mr. G. Bermingham a large order has been given for dress-lengths to be made for the Princess of Wales's wear during the Coronation festivities; there are power-looms in plenty at Halifax in Yorkshire, at Patricroft in Lancashire, at Coventry (for ribbons), at Glasgow, at Macclesfield. Even in quaint, beautiful Canterbury, where the craft had quite died away, there is now established in an old house on the King's Bridge, in which very domicile long ago the Huguenots worked so skilfully and well, by two ladies, a hand-loom industry with a splendid promise of success; and it is interesting to know that while the house was being made ready for their occupation spools and other relics of its former inhabitants were found beneath its ancient floors.

It would do the hearts good of those who have laboured in the face of such appalling and chilling disappointments as confronted them when they set to work to reinstate a love in their fellow-countrymen and women for a calling that results in so much happiness to those who follow it, and in the possession of so much beauty to those who buy the proceeds of it—of, say, the pioneer members of the Ladies' Committee of the Silk Association

of Great Britain, who themselves started the successful exhibition of 1890, and pushed the matter before the very eyes of Society—if they could see the joy there is this year in many a cottage home, where hand-looms, long silent, are now clacking again with the sweet old shuttle whirr, and beneath eager fingers are literally growing pure, exquisite, and sumptuous fabrics, that will last as records of the first Coronation of the Twentieth Century.

Conscience pricks me: before the other sex I bow my head, beseeching pardon. Men, too, are helping every day to re-vitalise the craft cult of home production. It is not only women who are interested. Led by His Majesty the King, whose palaces contain new furniture brocades, and tapestries, wall hangings, and velvet arras from British hand-looms, the wealthy men of the land are now patrons of the same cause, even in the matter of their waistcoats. Several years ago the King, then Prince of Wales, revived the use of silk vestings for day and evening wear, since which time there has been a steady demand for and consequently a steady production of such materials.

The Church helps too most potently. Altar-cloths of purest silk, ecclesiastical vestments and banners, are sought for because they are all national from beginning to end. Special tributes of praise also are due to members of the theatrical profession, always so loyal; to Sir Henry Irving in particular as the instigator of the vogue that for tinsel substituted worth as an attribute of modern stage management. English weavings, it cannot be too widely known, moreover, go abroad to the palaces of monarchs and the private houses of potentates. When a King of Bavaria, renowned for the sumptuous appointments of his abode, sent to an English firm in the seventies a piece of old eighteenth-century brocade to be copied, the Lyons weavers asked so enormous a price for the work, that the firm resolved it should be woven at home; and after several unsuccessful trials the weavers entrusted with the task were so triumphant that the same pattern went to the Imperial Castle of Charlottenburg, and was repeated over and over again in various colours for various customers.

If only one might wax confidential! If only one might reproduce just as they occurred scene after scene in which royalty has figured, positively refusing French materials and preferring to wait a really long time—and that means much to a woman—for an English piece to be woven for her use! Were, for example, the lips of the Princess of Wales's dressmakers unlocked, it would be to tell a story of Her Royal Highness's devotion to British fabrics that is truly and deeply sincere—of orders given in January for gown-lengths to be worn in June—of particular and imperative instructions that English embroiderers only should fashion the exquisite and intricate adornments of Coronation robes—of a thorough and personal interest in the re-establishment of one of her own country's once most lucrative industries. But in England it is not permissible to applaud in capitals and extol in headlines. Simply may one state facts baldly. So there is the fact, and absolutely true.

It was at Braintree, in the mills of Messrs. Warner & Sons, that the King's golden mantle has been woven. The gold was dug, who knows where?—perchance in Australia, maybe in South Africa, as likely as not in Klondyke—it was bought by a firm of gold-wire pullers, who prepared it for the loom; it was set up on the loom and then it was woven. Anglers who tie their own flies know exactly what the gold looked like when the weavers received it, for they themselves buy it on little reels, some of it a very narrow flat strip, some round, in which case the gold has been wound about a very fine silken thread, to make the tag, ribs, and sometimes the whole body of their lures. For the King's Coronation mantle, instead of the fine silken inner thread one of delicate silver was used, covered with gold exactly in the manner just described. The very purest gold only was naturally deemed suitable for the cloak, gold with less alloy in it than that used for the coinage of sovereigns and half-sovereigns, gold with the brightest possible radiancy of glory, a luminous colour like corn first touched with the radiant burnish of the harvest sun. Mr. Frank Warner, who knows the ins and outs of hand-loom weaving from beginning to end, tried first one weaving and then another, until the result was precisely what was wanted—a perfectly pliable cloth, stiff enough to stand alone, yet so amenable to the movement of its wearer as to fall from one glistening line of folds to another; perfect also for the needle of

the embroiderer and the gold and silken stitchery it was to receive.

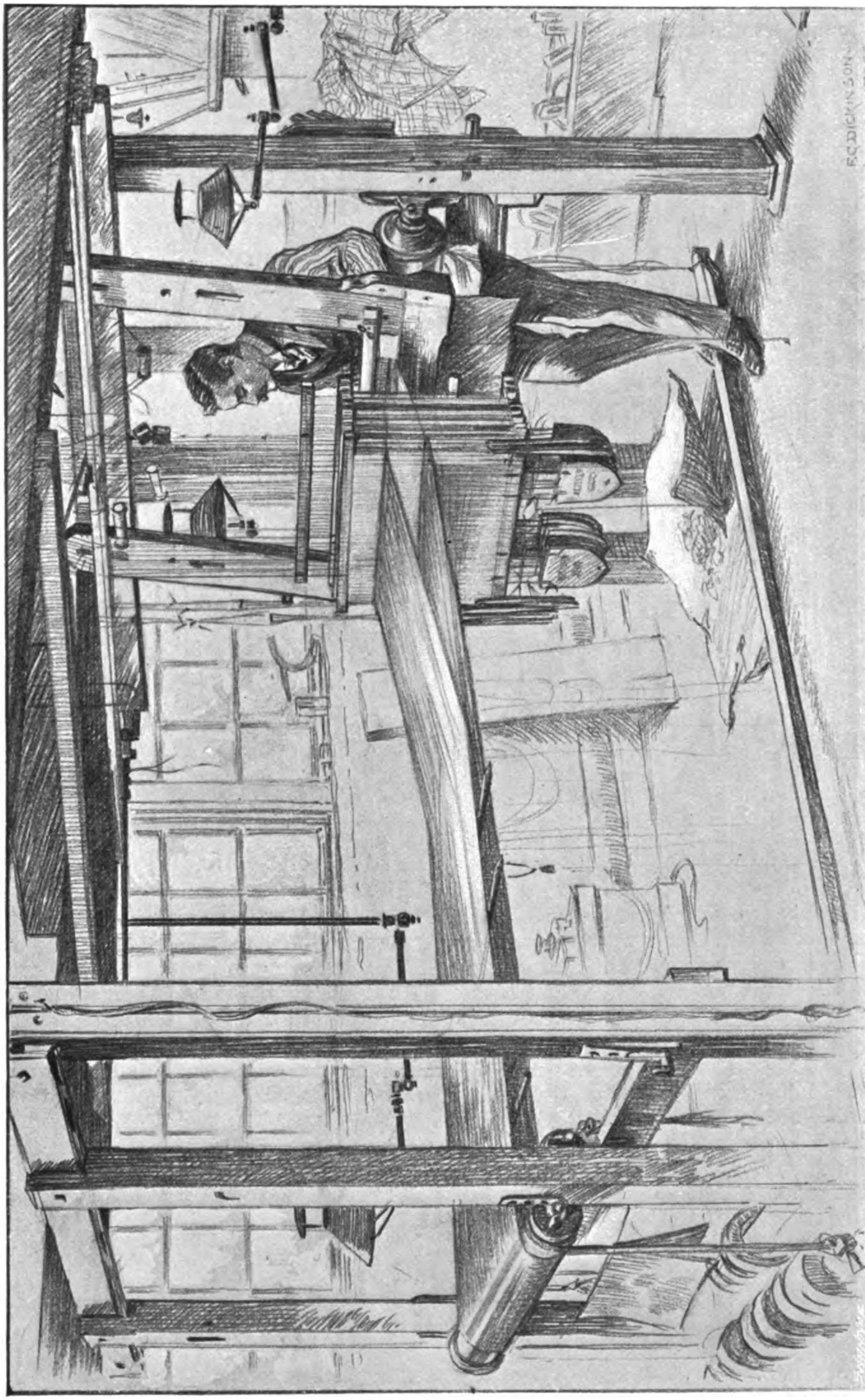
Albert Parchment and William Shoulder wove the King's Mantle of Gold, every inch of it by hand. Their looms were set in a spacious room, long and lofty, lighted, as all weaving galleries should be, with windows running the entire length of the outer walls. Against the windows, so that the weavers could most advantageously use the light, theirs and other looms stood in long rows, a wide aisle between them serving for walking space. Both men and seven others in Messrs. Warners' firm received Honourable Mention at the Paris Exhibition of 1900, where the firm obtained the gold medal for silks. Opposite Albert Parchment and William Shoulder was a fellow-workman, weaving the length of glorious purple velvet that is to form the Coronation Day robe of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales. Other looms were slowly creating—surely the sentient expression is appropriate here—more velvets for Royalty and the great ladies of the kingdom to wear on that all-glorious day of glorious June. In every case the weaving was hand-wrought by men, and the delicate loveliness of each fabric was growing beneath skilled human fingers that seemed to take a real pleasure in their skilful craft. In one case a lad of fifteen was the maker of a length of purest white satin, probably destined to form the petticoat of a Coronation gown.

Massed together there in that one gallery were fabrics that are to become historical and of priceless worth. Bravely will they play their part in the pageant of June; yet never will they look more mystic nor more wonderful than when, so slowly, with such patient tireless persistency of steady effort, they were brought into being on the looms at Braintree. And, too, their worth was so incontestably proved there, stark as they were, without a needleful of embroidery upon them or an inch of lace, devoid of diamonds to flash another radiancy into their own—of, too, the human charm of their wearers-to-be. They were crudely placed in a bare hard space, here the gold, there the red, close at hand the purple, and the beauty of each was so supreme, that it proclaimed itself a perfect unit, yet capable also of producing an effect that in combination was completely charming.

A royal record is Albert Parchment's. He it was who wove the wedding-dress of the present Princess of Wales; whose whole trousseau was made on British looms. The firm of Warners at that time wove solely in Spitalfields; but Parchment, their craftsman then as now, recalls those days with no sort of joy compared with these, remembering, as a grudge against London, the grime that threatened the spotless snow of "Princess May's" wedding garment. Seven years ago the move was made to Braintree, and the change is good not only for the work, but for the men and women employed in it. Vanished is the pleasant aspect of Spitalfields, the verge of green fields Mr. Benjamin Warner, the head of the firm, remembers in his boyhood, the so easily reached expanse of open country.

But Braintree is an ideal weaving centre. It is a quiet little country town of a bright and prosperous aspect, numbering, with Bocking its close neighbour, and actually a part of itself, some eight thousand inhabitants. While there is nothing whatever exciting about its scenic surroundings, there is a very well defined element of the picturesque in the gently swelling little hills, and moderately low-cut valleys that characterise this corner of Essex, so near the borders of Suffolk. And over all broods the delicious peace that appertains to country that is merely of mediocre comeliness, but is often far more charming to behold and salutary to know than the extremes that present the rugged mountains of wildness or the fascinating desolation of wide flat lands. The streets of Braintree are neither broad nor narrow; the market place is not imposing, though it is adequate for its Wednesday purposes; the church is placed in a well-chosen spot, and is approached by sad avenues of willows that border a large green graveyard. Could any other scheme more completely well link the past to the present, or more surely make for that repose and content so indissolubly connected in the imagination with the craft of the shuttle? The spell of the past still encompassed it, when to this east country came the depressed in spirit, seekers for consolation, who found it.

There were twenty-seven yards of gold tissue woven for the King's mantle, and as each few inches was completed, it was covered with jeweller's cloth to preserve it in immaculate splendour. At night



Weaving the cloth of gold for the King's Coronation Mantle.

the precious fabric was guarded by a watchman, who also had charge of the looms employed for the Coronation velvets and satins. Once a slight



Weighing the Gold.

flaw was detected in the cloth of gold, the merest, tiniest excrescence, after several inches had been woven past it; and the weaver was directed laboriously to unpick his work until the flaw was reached—a task that occupied quite as long a time as the process of weaving itself. It was about the end of the month of February that the lovely length of stuff, glowing like molten metal, was completed in triumph and borne from the mill to undergo the next stage in its progress towards completion, the rich hand embroidery it was decided should be given to it, instead of the woven pattern of crowns, eagles, roses, thistles and shamrocks in repetition, that garnished Queen Victoria's mantle.

Men and boys weave at the hand-looms at Braintree. The men who are fathers are encouraged to bring their sons into the mills, in order that the lads may watch the weaving and learn to take an interest in the craft. Full licence is permitted them to come and go as they please. Then, when a father says he thinks his boy is ready for work, the very simplest task that can be found is given him as a trial, after which he is taken step by step into the business, as a craftsman. In this way the old system of hereditary skill is nurtured—the system which still makes it possible, though the demand for cottage workers has decreased so lamentably, to greet the welcome call for weavers in their homes with a prompt supply.

Women are employed in numbers in other parts of the mill, all working with their hands in the most delightful surroundings, and among a riot of colours. It would be useful for a doctor to inquire in such a place whether the theory is tenable that colours and emotions are analogous, and that while one of a gorgeous hue will induce joy, another of sombre influence will foster gloom. At Braintree, hope, content and satisfaction apparently reign supreme. The women are as fresh and clean as their pretty

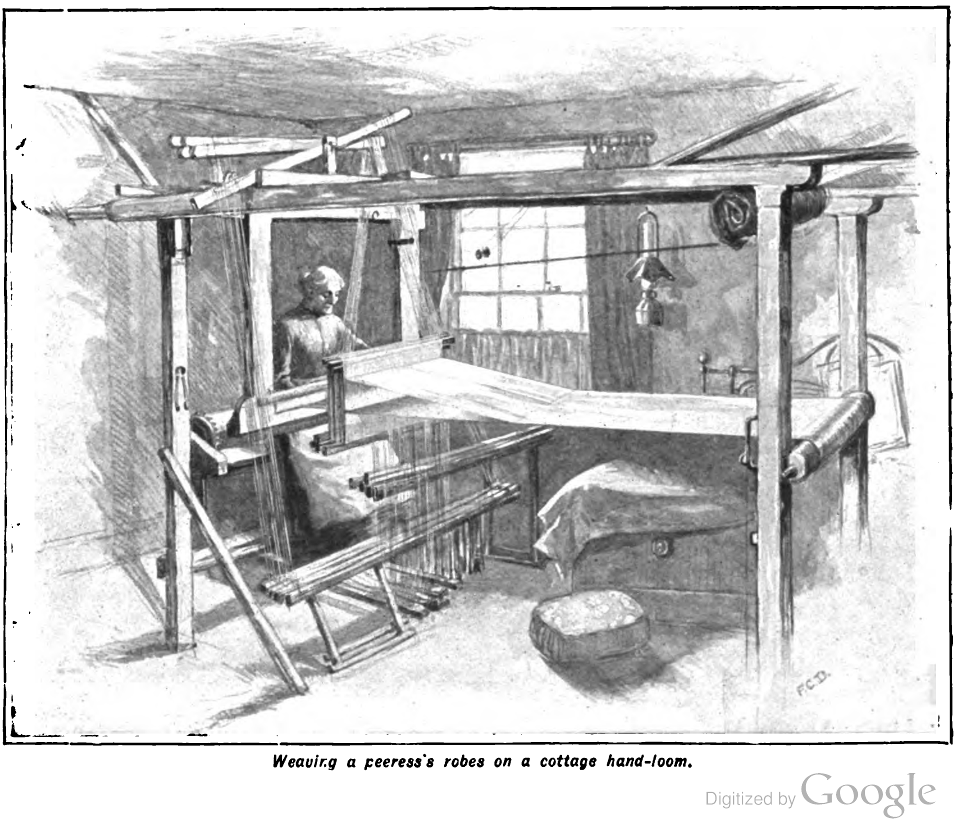
charges, the silks which they weigh, wind, and make into skeins with such dexterity and evident enjoyment. But then it is part of the creed of the craft that absolute cleanliness must prevail, for in weaving there is no harking back to remedy a finger-mark : every piece oi woven fabric leaves the looms ready for immediate use.

After a visit to a mill like the one at Braintree, one understands full well the passion of devotion men like Ruskin and Morris have felt for the handicrafts, and sympathises with their intolerance of the autocracy of modern mechanism. If I were asked to exaggerate the beauty of the process of hand-weaving from the initial stage to the end, I should say I could not do it. It is all art of the purest type of loveliness.

The silk that is used for velvets, satins, brocades, and taffeta fabrics, comes from India, Japan, China, France, and Italy; and the very first task the manufacturers to whom orders for Coronation raiment were given had to face, was the choice of specimens, in what is called a thrown state, suitable for their special purposes. Then the amount needed for a robe, or robes, was forwarded to a dyer, to whom were sent definite instructions as to the precise colour required, and explicit directions as to the weighting to be given the fabric. Herein lies a most important truth.

Almost all the dyeing of Messrs. Warner's silks, the firm of Sir Thomas Wardle, of Leek, Staffordshire, accomplish. Messrs. Warner adhere to the policy of absolute purity for which their names are famous, and have their silk dyed pure, without any weighting ; indeed, the material when it comes back to them is lighter on the scales than when it was sent out, owing to a necessary process that eliminates the gum from the silk. But there are dyeing processes that add weight to the materials, and manufacturers can state how much their thrown silk shall receive when it goes to the dyer. The cheapest silks are very much adulterated in this way, and that is why they crack and split and own none of the tenacity of long life in wear a pure fabric possesses.

After having been dyed the silk returns to its owner, the weaver; and if it is not



Weaving a peeress's robes on a cottage hand-loom.

immediately wanted, it undergoes the process of weighing and is stacked in bins that line a wall just as wine bins do. Oh the lovely sight those bins are, with their glory of silk—of the softest and most radiantly exquisite colourings! That for the weft is most floss-like. The weighing process is a great and oft-recurrent feature—at Messrs. Warner's mill entrusted to a woman, rather strangely, to whom the compliment is surely a great one, considering the reputation for inaccuracy usually accorded to my sex. It takes place before and after every stage the silk endures, until finally the woven length of fabric is brought for a last test to the enormous scales.

The room in which the women wind the silk, submit it to the tender mercies of the warping-mill, and make it into skeins, provides a succession of beautiful sights, to the tune of a steady musical whirr. A hand-stick is used to take a warp length of silk off the warping-mill, before it is cane-spread on large rollers for the looms, and about a hundred and ten yards of silk go on one cane. On the "vattoe" where the silk is spread is a long comb that separates the strands of silk to the precise width required by the loom. Many such corruptions of old French weaving words are met in the different processes of preparation and the parts of the appliances used. Every single stage is accomplished by hand labour, and the women work by time, but the men at the looms by piece. One of the most dexterous and beautifully accomplished exhibitions of skill seen at Braintree was the twisting of the silk to join the thrum left on the loom, before a fresh length of weaving was begun. The man who sat at the side of the loom picking up the opposite pieces of silk, two by two, and by a magical pressure of them between the thumb and first finger of his left hand joining them in indissoluble strength, had learned the trick of the twist in his boyhood, and could perform it and the picking up of the silk as quickly and surely with his eyes shut as with them open.

Much has been written in sympathetic language concerning the weight and heat the Queen, the Princess of Wales, the King's daughters, and the other illustrious members of the Royal Family, as well as the peeresses of the realm, will feel in their velvet kirtles on the day in June. Also the fiery nature of the colours to be worn, the royal purple and Coronation red, has been discussed, and loudly has their inability to blend in artistic beauty been deplored. Pure velvet, be it known, though, is as light as spun silk in the hand, and will be as cool, indeed cooler, than muslin. It is a cotton-backed velvet—that is to say a velveteen—that is so heavy and hot. As for the correct colours, they must be seen to be appreciated. The purple is absolutely regal, with the rare bloom of the plum in it and no suggestion of red, and the crimson is full and luscious, a rose of richest lustre.

The process of making velvet is like that of satin and silk, until the last stage comes in the weaving, when the man cuts the silk to make the pile of the velvet. This he does with a little sharp knife, after he has inserted beneath the silk that is to be cut a long grooved wire to raise it and two others to protect the part that must not be cut. Very skilled labour is required, and quick work is an impossibility, because such an infinity of care and thought must be given to the task. Hence a man does not weave more than about three or four yards of velvet a week. From twenty-two to twenty-five yards are ordered by the dress-makers for each customer, and therefore every robe takes from seven to eight weeks to weave, after it has been dyed and set up on the loom. It has been calculated that at least 6,000 gowns will be needed for the Coronation; and this being so, giving to each gown twenty-five yards of material, 150,000 yards will be required and 6,250 weavers for two months be kept busy. Messrs. Warner have created a great revival in the cottage-loom weaving centre at Sudbury, in Suffolk, where the peasants are making to their order Coronation velvets and satins. Picturesque little old-world Sudbury is fifteen miles away from Braintree by road, four hours by rail. The cottagers here have been famous weavers for generations and generations, and live in homes specially built for their purpose, with the dwelling-rooms downstairs, and the looms in upper apartments, lighted like the mills at Braintree with long windows running the whole length back and front. At Braintree there are a few cottage looms in upper rooms with ordinary windows, and very picturesque places they are. Whole families used to weave; but now, according to an old weaver at Braintree, who is

busy again, the young people "don't larn" in their homes. Is it possible that the present revival may make them eager to do so?

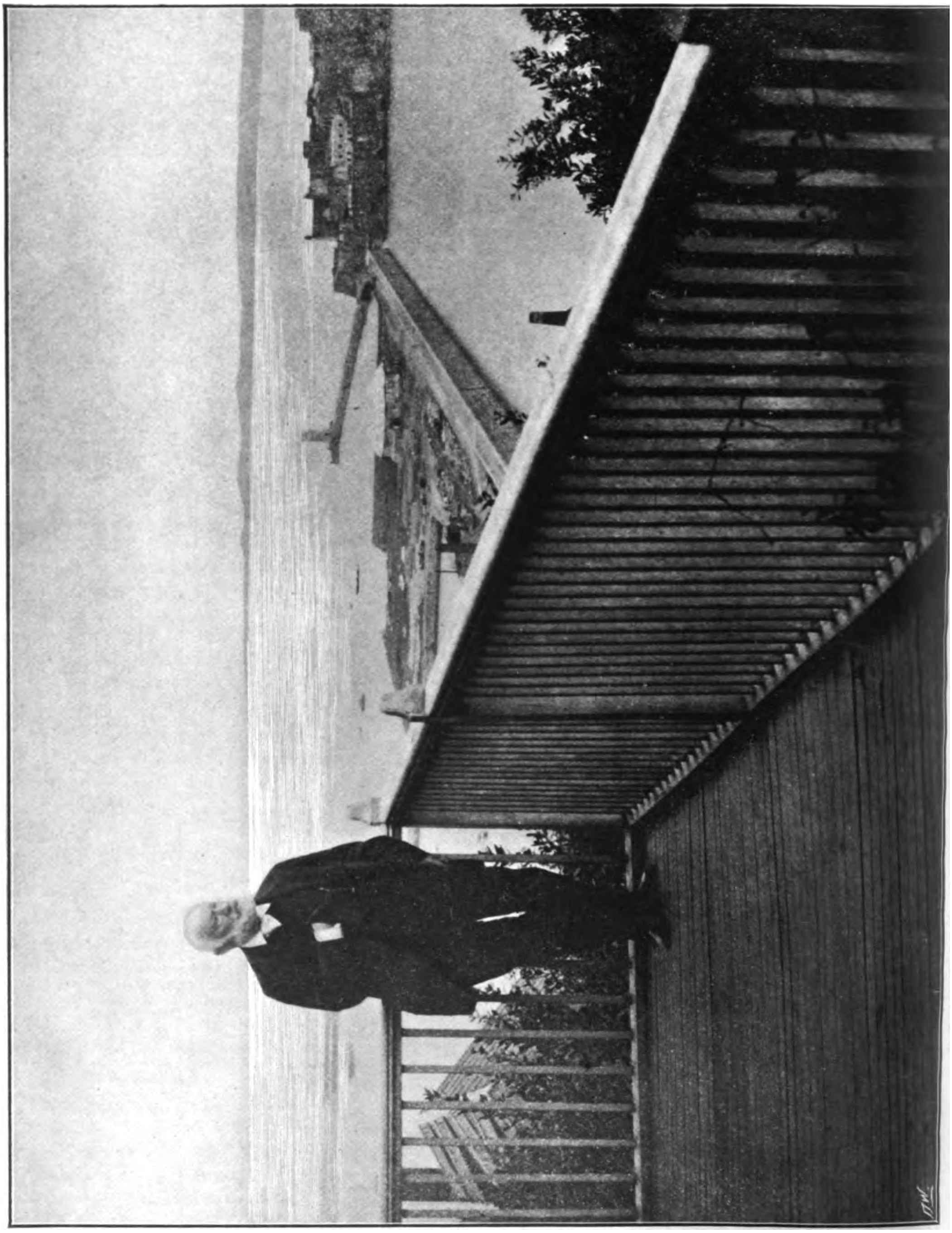
There will undoubtedly be a wealth of embroidery and jewelled tracery, lace that will be left in its native loveliness unadorned, and lace set with gems after an old fashion lately revived, given to the Coronation robes of royalty and the aristocracy. Every monarch has had his Coronation raiment to some extent embellished to suit his own taste, either with the needle or with a damask weaving, though in form it has accorded with the demands of tradition. Hence King Edward's mantle of pure cloth of gold, while it will repeat the symbols that embellished that of Queen Victoria, will present them differently. The curious eagles and intertwined national emblems, as has before been said, woven into the fabric in splendid colourings in the one case, will in the other, it is believed, be added by the embroiderer. But for details the time is not ripe. Reticence is very naturally required upon a subject of such importance.

It is to the Royal School of Art Needlework that the King, the Queen, and the Princesses of the Realm entrust many orders, for the skilled handicraft of embroidery. The school is located in Exhibition Road, South Kensington, and the embroiderers work in the Old Exhibition galleries of 1861 at present, though shortly they hope to be established in the new quarters built for them near what has always been regarded as only a temporary abiding-place. There they embroidered the length of white satin to form the pall that covered our late monarch's coffin—satin woven by Messrs. Warner at Braintree, with no knowledge that it would be required for so sad a purpose. There also the thrones for the King and Queen in the House of Lords were garnished with splendid emblems of royalty: to them went the crimson drapery of the throne in St. James's Palace, for the initial V. to be unpicked and E. to be substituted. Of late Coronation orders have multiplied, and at one frame two workers have been busy garnishing a table-centre of cloth of gold with the royal emblems, which on the great day will grace a banquet board in India, and others have embroidered the Royal Standard, a splendid piece of work. Some of the peeresses are to have the heraldic quarterings of their houses worked upon the petticoats of their robes, an old custom revived at a very timely moment.

It is indeed most pleasant to find how many Englishwomen are participating with Englishmen in the effort to make the crowning of King Edward VII. a sight of splendid, magnificent, and impressive beauty.



Photo by H. Hall. *Braintree.*



THE WAYS OF THE WORLD.

VICTOR HUGO.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE centenary of Victor Hugo, which has just been celebrated in Paris, arouses some of the deepest thoughts which are possible in the human mind. Hugo represents the culmination of a revolution which almost in our own time shook the foundations of humanity, and already that revolution is old, and Hugo is a vague and remote figure, a doubtful and little discussed author. Yet he was, beyond question, one of the greatest men of letters that Europe has seen, and the day of his return into intellectual triumph is remote indeed, but certain. There can be little doubt that we are divided from the generations that immediately precede us by a gulf far more unfathomable than that which divides us from the darkest ages and the most distant lands. There are art-critics who maintain that the most archaic and Byzantine beginnings of Christian art are superior to everything that goes by the name of an Italian master. There are art-critics who maintain that a portion of a Persian carpet contains and eclipses everything that can be found in the National Galleries of Europe. It is, upon the whole, exceedingly probable that there are art-critics who maintain that the two idols from the Fiji Islands which used to stand outside the British Museum are artistically superior to all the Greek gods and goddesses which are to be found inside. But there is a limit to this modern liberality: there are certain forms of art which are most recent and most effective upon the minds of our immediate forbears. No one declares that the Regency style of dress, or style of poetry, or style of architecture, was the most perfect in the world. No one says that Opie was the first painter, or Flaxman the first sculptor, or George IV. the first gentleman of Europe. The time is no doubt coming when a languid and æsthetic collector will exhibit, as treasures dating from the true time of art's supremacy, the furniture and costume of the Early Victorian Era. He will boast of possessing a real case of wax flowers under glass, an authentic sampler, and a real lustre chandelier from a real Brighton landlady. But that time is not yet. For the present we are doomed to misunderstand the time which produced us. We can comprehend the most immoral outbursts of ancient Greece or the most moral outbursts of ancient Israel; but our immediate progenitors are strangers to us. We worship our remotest ancestor, but we teach our grandmother.

I have dwelt upon this particular aspect of the matter because it is supremely necessary to understand it if we wish properly to understand Victor Hugo. He represented two great revolutions, the first artistic and the second political. The artistic revolution was that connected with the word romanticism: the political revolution was that connected with the word democracy. And the great difficulty involved in properly appreciating him lies in this, that both romanticism and democracy have conquered and therefore become commonplace. They have been so triumphant as to become invisible; just as existence itself is triumphant and invisible. And like existence itself they have become truisms: and while it is fatally easy to turn a truth into a truism, it is fatally difficult to turn a truism back into a truth. We may sympathise with a dead faith, but it is difficult to sympathise with an apparently dead scepticism. In history even a molehill is more expressive than an extinct volcano. Those who

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may be called, with all respect, the eternal tootlers of the ages, Horace and Catullus and Villon and Tom Moore, are always sure of sympathy. But those who have blown the trumpet to a veritable charge, like Luther and Victor Hugo, are doomed to exhibit themselves to history as making a gigantic fuss about nothing.

The great achievements of Hugo are sufficiently obvious even if we consider only his novels, which are probably the most popular, though certainly not the most important, of his works. Every one of his great novels was in itself a small French revolution. In "Notre Dame de Paris" he revealed to the modern world all the beauties and terrors of the old mediæval order, and showed how pitilessly the individual was sacrificed to such an order. In "Les Misérables" he showed, with a far more sensational illumination, how our own modern order of law and judgment and criminal procedure was, as far as the sacrifice of individuals was concerned, as cruel as any mediæval order. In "'Ninety-three" he showed that such a sacrifice of individuals became necessary, and even in a strange, bitter manner, attractive, even in the modern age. In all his works alike there are two common characteristics. The first is a tendency to what is called sensationalism; the second is a tendency to what is called democracy. It is necessary to realise his feeling upon both these points before we do anything like justice to him.

It is the custom among certain literary men of this era to sneer at the novels of Hugo, chiefly on the ground that they are sensational; as if all art were not sensationalism, and the whole artistic temperament best definable as the temperament which is sensational or receptive of sensations. But the novels of Victor Hugo have one very actual and direct claim upon the attention of everybody. They are, in one sense, the most interesting of all novels. The reason is that Hugo is typically a mystic, a man who finds a meaning in everything. We all know what are the uninteresting, the inevitably uninteresting parts of fiction: we all know what parts of a novel to skip. We skip the long description of the country where the hero was born, with its flat sandy wastes, made ragged with fir trees and tumbling towards the west into low discoloured hills. We skip the long account of the heroine's room, with its quaint old carved furniture and the portraits on the wall, dim with age but gorgeous with ancient colour. We skip the account of the hero's great-grandfather, who was so manly and honourable a lawyer in a country town. Now the greatest and boldest tribute that can be paid to Hugo, the greatest and boldest, perhaps, that can be paid to any novelist, may be stated in the form that it is not safe to skip these passages in a novel by Victor Hugo. In other novelists all these details are dead; in Hugo they are all alive. In Hugo we may be certain that the sandy waste will be made typical, in some wild way, of the type and tribe of characters to which it gives birth; we may be certain that the furniture in the room will be packed with symbolism like an antique chapel. There will be something human and horrible about the tree, something significant and psychological about the three-legged stool. This is no exaggeration; in this sense it is literally true that there is not a dull line in Hugo.

The description of the wooded Breton country in "Quatre-Vingt-Treize" is really a string of primeval epigrams about the effect of the forest-darkness upon the soul of man. The description of the room of the Duchess in "L'Homme Qui Rit" is really a riot of a kind of bestial mysticism and of evil sanctities, such as might have filled some forgotten Phallic temple. This is the first and most admirable thing about Hugo as a novelist—that he is always interesting, and interesting for the best and most impressive reason, that in everything, however small, he is interested. Those parts of a novel, scenery, minutiæ, explanations, which in most novelists are the most tedious, in him are almost the most fascinating. He takes the details which the best authors alive are forced to make too tame and too long, and at the end our complaint against him is that they are too headlong and too brilliant and too overstrained. Where none else can be tolerably vivacious, he contrives to be intolerably eloquent. For to him there is neither a large thing nor a small one; he has abolished the meanest and most absurd of all human words, the word "insignificant": he knows that it is impossible for anything to signify nothing.

Thus in what is, as a work of art,

perhaps his most successful novel, "Notre Dame de Paris," the sumptuous and fantastic details of Gothic architecture are practically almost as alive as the people that pass underneath them. In the presence of the mazy background of pious sculpture that runs like a pattern through the tale, we have something of the same sensation which we have sometimes in looking at such a façade as that of Rouen Cathedral; the network of stone is so rich and changing that we can almost believe it to be continually in motion, rippling underneath like a sea, with writhing serpents and fluttering birds. Hugo's backgrounds are never "set-pieces." So again in "Quatre-Vingt-Treize" the background to the two or three central figures is the most appalling of all possible backgrounds—a sea of faces. Cimourdain and Lantenac and the young Republican soldier have to act as stern and simple a drama as any old Greeks in a glade or wood; but instead of acting it in the midst of a wood they act it in the midst of a mob. "A two-legged forest" Hugo would probably have said. But his subordinate features are always thus terrific if our eye falls upon them; he will slaughter millions to make an accessory. In "Les Misérables," as in "Notre Dame," Paris is almost the chief character of the novel. In "L'Homme Qui Rit" the best description is that of two very weird and fierce and inscrutable things—the sea, and the English aristocracy according to Victor Hugo. In "Les Travailleurs de la Mer" he spends a vast deal of trouble on the reality of the cuttle-fish and very little on the possibility or probability of the gentleman who fights with him. Hugo is not a successful novelist according to the conception that a novelist must understand human nature. He does not even pretend to understand human nature; he is a poet, and boasts of understanding nothing; he glories in an astounded and uplifted ignorance. Human nature to Hugo was a spontaneous and unbegotten and thrilling thing, a thing like the lightning and the burst of song among the birds. He did not profess to have vivisected man in the modern manner. Man was to him an awful thing, a thing to fly from, as he must have been to the animals in Eden.

The manifest theatricality and vanity of Victor Hugo have undoubtedly interfered with his appreciation by English readers, for we English people have thoroughly embedded in our minds the idea that vanity is a morbid and fantastic thing, developed by a high degree of hyper-civilisation. We think this although every one of us has constantly noticed vanity in a child of three. We think this although every one of us knows that savages are vainer than civilised men, and that even the bonnets of Bond Street are not more elaborately feathered than the headdresses of the Cannibal Islands. The truth is that Hugo represents all the ultimate and fundamental things—love, fury, pity, worship, hatred, and consequently, among other things, vanity. Vanity is not only not the same thing as self-consciousness, it is very often the opposite of it. When a man becomes self-conscious he very often becomes painfully and abominably humble. But so long as a man is healthily unconscious he is almost certain to be healthily vain. He will take a delight, without a moment's *arrière pensée*, in any of his own powers or characteristics. Hugo had, more than any other great man of modern times, this self-enjoying faculty. To him delight in himself was the first condition of all optimism, and faith in himself the first condition of all faith. If a man does not enjoy himself whom he has seen, how shall he enjoy God whom he has not seen? To the great poet, as to the child, there is no hard-and-fast line drawn between the Ego and the Cosmos.

Any one who has ever watched a child for the first five years of its life will know that when the human soul first awakens to the immensities of mere existence, the first thing it does is to begin to act a part. In that first movement of the child we see the great part of the literary and political history of Victor Hugo. He had in all things an innocent arrogance; he had, if a paradoxical but accurate phrase may be employed, an utterly unconscious self-consciousness. And this quality fitted him supremely to be the expression of France in the nineteenth century; for France, having renewed her youth in that century, was really young. She had not only the fire and anger and hope of youth, she had also that more obvious and more painful characteristic of youth, its cleverness. "Quatre-Vingt-Treize," the great novel of the Revolution, was not the most successful, perhaps: it was possibly the most Hugoesque of the

works of Hugo; for Hugo was supremely at one with the spirit of the Revolution, and his novel, like the Revolution itself, was one mass of epigrams. The story of the Revolution, indeed, gives an exceedingly good example of how misleading are many of the narrow English notions about sincerity and affectation, and how artificial is their idea of artificiality. If an Englishman read in a novel by Victor Hugo that a man about to be beheaded asked permission to take leave of a friend, and when forbidden exclaimed in a resonant voice, "Our two heads will seek each other in the sack," he would say that it was a monstrous example of Hugo's exaggeration. In the best style of the latter-day realist and psychologist he would point out how impossible it would be for a man paralysed with the last proximity of death to have his wits polished for such neat and fantastic discourse. If he read it in a novel of Hugo's, in short, he would say that it showed all the weakness of Hugo; but as a matter of fact it does not occur in a novel of Hugo's, but in the actual history of the French Revolution. The words were the precise words, attested by numerous witnesses, used on this prosaic earth of ours by a living man, Georges Jacques Danton, within ten minutes of becoming a dead one. Until we have realised this fact about the Revolution, all criticism of Hugo must remain vain and superficial. Forms of expression always appear turgid to those who do not share the emotions they represent: thus the Hebrew songs appeared turgid to Voltaire and the critics of the eighteenth century, thus the epigrams of the French Revolution appear turgid to ourselves. The reason is not that the Hebrew psalmists or the French Revolutionists were affected, but that we are not so interested in religion as the Hebrew psalmists, nor so interested in democracy as the French Revolutionists. The great demagogues of the Terror were so filled with the unifying convictions, that their life became a poetical unity, a work of art like the legend of a mediæval saint. The extravagant appropriateness of Hugo's conversations are thoroughly in harmony with the extravagant appropriateness of the actual incidents of that period of French history. If Hugo does not honestly copy the Revolution, the only possible alternative is the somewhat improbable one that the Revolution honestly copied Hugo.

The second of the misunderstandings which interfere with the general appreciation of Victor Hugo is the misunderstanding of his idea of Republicanism or democracy. He appears at the first glance, from our point of view, a furious poet and an ineffectual politician, who was exiled from his country by the decision of a Bonapartist majority of his countrymen. He never ceased from calling down curses on the majority which was the basis of his own political creed, he never ceased from clamouring and praying for the rule of that very people whose decision had set him upon a lonely rock in the Channel. To the ordinary eye of these days nothing can be more pitiable than the position of the unpopular democrat. There is nothing more contemptible, at the first glance, than the man who has appealed, as Hugo appealed, from the people to a tyrant, and who finds immediately that the people and the tyrant are indissolubly allied against him. But to misunderstand Hugo on this point is to misunderstand the whole idea of democracy as Hugo understood it.

If there be one thing more than another which is true of genuine democracy, it is that genuine democracy is opposed to the rule of the mob. For genuine democracy is based fundamentally on the existence of the citizen, and the best definition of a mob is a body of a thousand men in which there is no citizen.

Hugo stood for the fact that democracy isolated the citizen fully as much as the ancient religions isolated the soul. He resisted the rule of the Third Napoleon because he saw that it had the supreme and final mark of the rule of the tyrant, the fact that it relied on the masses. As if a million of the images of God could by any possibility become a mass. He made his appeal to the individual, as every poet must do, and asked the solitary citizen to act as if he were really not only the only human being on the earth, but the only sentient being in the universe. He realised the obvious and simple truth, so often neglected, that if the individual is nothing, then the race is nothing—for the plain mathematical reason that a hundred times nought is nought. Therefore his sublimest figure, his type of humanity, was not either a king or a republican, but a man on a desert island.

THE ROUND TABLE.

THE HUMAN ELECTROSCOPE.

ELECTRICITY AND THE NERVES.

BY F. LEGGE.

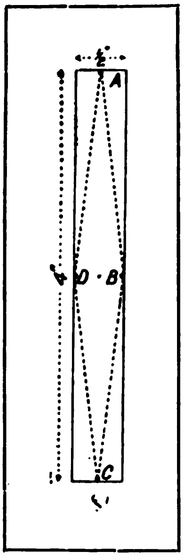


Fig. 1.

SOME years ago I gave an account in the PALL MALL MAGAZINE of a little paper vane that revolved when the open hand was held near it.* I said at the time that it was claimed by the French occultists as their own invention; and thanks to the fact that the Paris *Matin* has lately opened its columns to the discussion of so-called "occult" subjects, I am now able to say more as to its history. From letters that have there appeared it seems to have been discovered in the first instance by a certain Abbé Fortin, *curé* of Cholette-Montargis, who died some seven years back. During the last year it has been taken upandelaborated by Dr. Baraduc, who is apparently a specialist in nervous diseases, and includes among his lighter studies the fascinating art of spirit photography; while a kind of rival apparatus has been excogitated by Dr. Paul Joire, of Lille. I have not seen the apparatus of either Dr. Baraduc or Dr. Joire; but acting on the hints given in the letter of the last-named to the *Matin* as to the very small amount of friction produced by the revolution of a light steel point upon glass, I have succeeded in producing an instrument which not only gives unexpected results, but may turn out to be of serious service to science.

To make this you must take a piece of thin cardboard—what is known as "2 sheet Bristol" is the proper substance—and draw upon it an oblong or right-angled figure having parallel sides, as shown in fig. 1. Make a dot at the middle point of every side of this figure, and connect these four points as shown by the dotted lines. Cut through the dotted lines, and you will have a piece of card shaped like a compass needle. Before doing so, it will be better to find the centre of the needle, which you can do by drawing straight lines between the points A and C, and B and D, and to run a sharp pin through the point of junction. You should draw a straight line on each side of the centre one inch from it parallel to the line B D. When this is done and the dotted lines cut through, the under side of the needle will look as in fig. 2, where the parallel lines last named are marked E F and G H. Now cut a thin slice off the point of a medicine-cork not more than three-eighths of an inch in diameter, and glue it with seccotine or some other strong adhesive over the centre point of the compass. Break a quarter of an inch off the point of a fine sewing-needle,† run it through both the pinhole already made

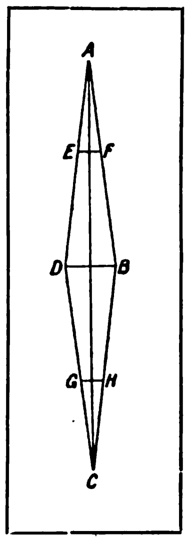


Fig. 2.

* See the PALL MALL MAGAZINE for May 1898.

† To do this safely, hold the pointed end between the jaws of a vice or bicycle spanner to the depth required, and break off the remainder with a pair of pliers.

and the cork, and you will have a pivot on which the whole affair will revolve freely. But to make it balance more easily, we must weight the ends, in order, in scientific language, to bring the centre of gravity below the point of suspension. To do this, cut two slips of cardboard of the dimensions shown in fig. 3, cut through the dotted lines, bend one half of the split end thus obtained one way and the other the other, and glue one slip over the line E F and the other over G H. The compass will then look as in fig. 4. For a support for it there is nothing better than the ordinary graduated medicine-glass turned upside down; and as a screen to keep off currents of air you can use either a piece of cardboard rolled up and pasted together, or a kitchen sieve with the bottom knocked out. The best screen, however, is one of the cylindrical lamp glasses generally to be found on "art" metal gas-fittings, which will have the additional advantage of being transparent. Put the compass carefully on the top of the inverted medicine-glass,* place the cylindrical screen over it, and the apparatus is complete. It is thus shown in fig. 5.

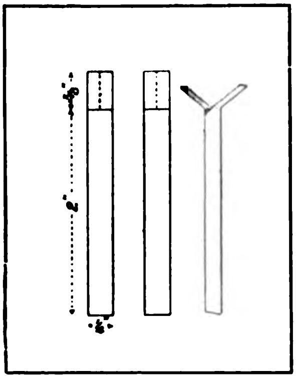


Fig. 3.

With this apparatus, which, as you will see, is constructed out of materials ready to your hand, all the experiments afterwards described can be performed if pains be taken to keep the whole affair dry and as far as possible in warm air. The mantelpiece makes an ideal situation for it; but it will be as well, even then, to put the medicine-glass on a substantial block of wood—or, better still, of marble or slate—and to take care that both the glass and the cylinder are carefully wiped with a dry silk handkerchief before the apparatus is used. But nothing that you can do can prevent cardboard from being hygroscopic—*i.e.* sensitive to moisture—and this soon becomes manifest in really wet weather. Moreover, the cardboard is heavy as such things go, and the lighter the contrivance is the more certain it is to respond to your attentions. You will therefore do well, if you feel any serious interest in the affair, to make it of more suitable materials, which will only cost a very little trouble to procure. Such an instrument is shown in fig. 6, where A and B are two balls made out of the pith of the elder-tree,† into which are stuck at right angles the rods A B, A C, and B D. These rods can be made of straight pieces of haystalk or rye-grass, but I have got the very best results from the use of young bamboo shoots, such as you find in Trichinopoly cheroots. A small disc, or, if you prefer it, another ball, of pith will enable you to fix as before the needle-point which serves as a pivot to the system. E is a piece of glass rod 3 in. high and of ¾ in. diameter, both ends being cut true, ground, and polished. This should rest on a cake of paraffin wax, which for convenience had better be let into a wooden block. The size of the rod A B should be 4 in., and that of the vertical rods 2 in., as in the cardboard model. A convenient screen can be made out of one of the glass ornament shades seen on lodging-house tables by cutting the top off with a

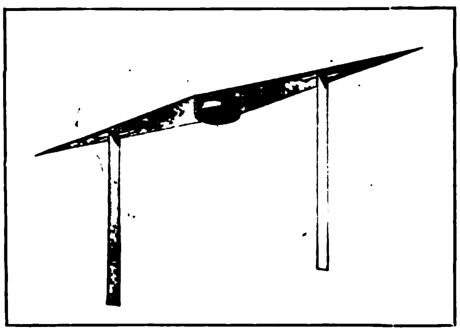


Fig. 4.

* If one side is inclined to hang down more than the other, cut small pieces off the lowest leg or dependent piece until the compass is perfectly horizontal.

† The pith balls cost threepence a dozen. Any optician can get them for you; but you will find the cheapest way of obtaining these, or any other of the materials mentioned here, is to write to some large firm making scientific apparatus.

glazier's diamond 6 in. from the base. Fig. 7 shows the apparatus complete.

If, now, the open palm be held at a short distance from the cylinder screen—in my own case I find I can make good practice at 12 in. or even 2 ft.—the pith balls will begin to revolve with considerable swiftness, and will continue to do so for a length of time which varies from one minute to half an hour. Even when they appear to stop, it only seems like a pause to gather wind, and if the hand be kept in the same position, they will generally set off in the opposite direction. The original theory was that with the right hand they moved from right to left, or against the clock, and with the left clockwise; but I have not found this borne out by experiment. The extraordinary thing is that if any substance that I have yet tried—a plate of glass, a wooden disk 1 in. thick, a stout quarto book, a cake of paraffin, or a sheet of zinc—be interposed between the hand and the cylinder, it makes no difference, and the pith balls continue to revolve as if nothing were there. On the other hand, if something flat, such as a glass plate, be placed *on the top* of the cylinder, the balls will slowly come to a stop, and will gradually, after they have apparently done so, fidget almost imperceptibly round until they arrange themselves north and south. After that, no alteration of the position of the hand will have any effect on them, although even a comparatively small hole in the overlying glass plate or lid shows itself by the resumption of rotation in a more or less sluggish manner when the hand is brought near the cylinder. This curious behaviour leads one to think that the force emanating from the hand does not necessarily proceed in straight lines, but in curves, which, although they can bend round any slight obstacle, glide over a plane surface placed end-on to their course. This appears very strikingly when you place one of these instruments with a plate on the top in a line with, and near to, another uncovered, and apply your hand to the covered one. This last will show no sign of any action, while the pith balls of the other will move as if there were nothing in the way.



Fig. 5.

I do not, however, believe in the existence of any natural force that cannot be measured, and how to measure the force that rotates the pith balls seemed at first sight an insoluble problem. Dr. Baraduc, I understand from an "interview" published by the *Matin*, measures the deflection of the copper needle, which in his instrument replaces our pith balls, by suspending it by a single silk thread above a galvanometer dial, or circle of 360 degrees divided into four quadrants of 90 degrees each. But I found this unsatisfactory, because through the lightness of our pith balls they showed themselves, when unpivoted, more inclined to be blown, so to speak, to leeward than to revolve round the point of suspension. And neither Dr. Baraduc nor Dr. Joire, who imitates him by using a suspensory thread when he attempts to measure the rotatory force, seems to have taken into account the advisability of making the pith balls return, as they should do, to zero after their journey. Finally, I resolved to make use of both the silk thread and the needle-point, with the result that is seen in fig. 8. Here we have a wooden base A furnished with three levelling screws, and on the base the cake of paraffin B, bearing in its centre a small glass disk C. On this rests the pivotal reed D, equipped with a needle-point at its lower extremity, and joined at its upper to the reed or indicating needle E, bearing at each end a pith ball. The length of D is so regulated that the pith balls are just above the galvanometer dial F, through a hole in

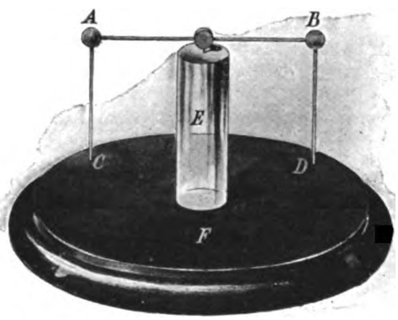


Fig. 6.

the centre of which D passes. The system D E is suspended by two parallel threads of cocoon-silk to hooks inserted in the cork G, which closes the upper extremity of a glass tube fitting by means of another cork into a rectangular plate of ebonite J, which rests lightly upon the upper edges of the cylindrical glass K. It is plain that any force laterally applied can only cause the indicator reed to deflect by twisting together the two silk threads, and that their untwisting will bring the indicator E back to the point at which it started, directly the force ceases to act.*

Suppose, now, that we take this last form of the instrument, and adjust it to zero by turning the cork until one of the pith balls is immediately over one of the degrees marked 0 on the dial. Place it then on the mantelpiece, get it as level as possible by means of the levelling screws, and rest the tips of the fingers of one hand in as easy and unconstrained a position as possible on the mantelpiece a few inches in front of it. After a short time, which may only be a few seconds, or may in extreme cases be as long as three minutes, the indicator will begin to swing backwards and forwards over a space on the dial which may be as much as 10 or even 20 degrees, returning to zero after each swing. Now take in your hand a cylinder of some kind, such as, for instance, a running cork,† and when the indicator has returned to zero, give this cork a hard squeeze. You will then see the indicator fly twice as far as in its first swing—sometimes, if your muscles are in good condition, going nearly as far as the entire quadrant. You will find that with most people the right hand produces a stronger swing than the left, though the rule is not invariable. If both hands are used at the same time, no deflection takes place, or, rather, will not take place if the hands are exactly equidistant from the instrument and exercise the same amount of pressure. As a matter of practice, you generally get a slight swing, but a shorter one than if you use one hand alone. These effects can be produced, though they are of course less accurately observed, with the instruments in figs. 5 and 7.

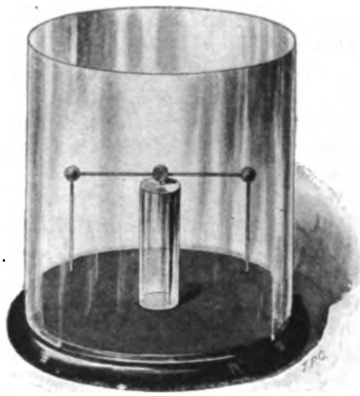


Fig. 7.

As to the explanation of these phenomena, Dr. Baraduc thinks they are produced by the expenditure of what he calls vital force, and he has therefore christened his instrument, constructed on something like the same principle as ours, the "biometer." I am sure, however, after personally experimenting with the affair for many weeks, that vital force has nothing to do with it, else I should have no vital force left. Moreover, M. Jules Bois, thegentleman in charge of the *Matin's* occult column, in the "interview" before referred to, introduces a lady who was hardly able to move the indicator at all, and whom the doctor thereupon convicted of having just come from a quarrel with her husband. The lady, on the same authority, confessed that the diagnosis was a good one; and although I do not pretend to much experience in such matters, my instincts tell me that any member of the sex would certainly develop more vital force after such an occurrence than before it. Dr. Joire, on the other hand, is of opinion that the force is "nervous," which I have always understood to be the correct medical way of saying that we know nothing about it. The result of my own investigation is that, contrary to the opinion I expressed in my former article, the deflections of the indicator are due to nothing but electricity. Not only are its indications much improved by really careful insulation, but the fact that it will not work if within a

* This apparatus will present no difficulties to anyone used to scientific instruments; but as it requires nice adjustment, it is rather an undertaking for an amateur. The materials do not cost more than ten or twelve shillings, the set of levelling screws being answerable for most of this.

† The cardboard cylinders called "postal tubes" are excellent for this purpose. So is a dumb-bell.

thoroughly closed cylinder is exactly what we might expect from the operation of the electric law that no charge can be conveyed to a body placed within a closed conductor, and the fact of the charge appearing to enter at the top of the cylinder and to overleap intermediate bodies agrees with what we know as to the curvature of electric lines of force.* Moreover, Dubois Reymond showed some years ago that this very phenomenon of the deflection of a delicately poised body on the contraction of the muscles of the arm near it, can be produced by means of an ordinary needle galvanometer, if the index finger of the contracting arm be allowed to dip into a bowl of water in circuit therewith.† He attributes this to the production of an electric current in the muscles themselves; and every experiment I have yet made has convinced me that in this he is right.

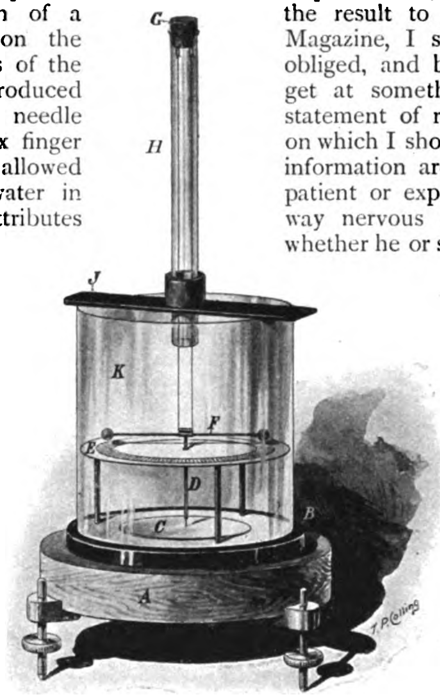


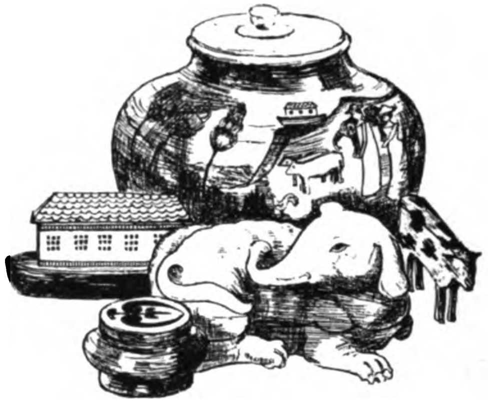
Fig. 8.

It is on this side that this little instrument—which we have seen begin as a mere toy—may not improbably render in the near future great service to science. The application of electricity for the cure of disease is still in its infancy, but it has already made an enormous stride forward, as anyone would admit did he spend a day in the midst of the complete installation for medical electricity in, say, the London Hospital. But no easily-used instrument has yet been brought into practical work which enables the surgeon to know what the exact electrical state (technically the *electrotonus*) of the nerve or muscle to which he is about to apply his battery really is.‡ Such a knowledge seems to be now within our reach by means of the apparatus I have described, or some modification of it; but before we can arrive at it, a very extended series of experiments must be made. Here it is that I think some of the readers of the PALL MALL MAGAZINE may be induced to help. If they will construct a few of the simplest forms of these very simple machines, will try them as far as possible among their friends and acquaintances, and will write me the result to the office of this Magazine, I shall be very much obliged, and be able possibly to get at something like a tabular statement of results. The points on which I should particularly like information are: (1) whether the patient or experimenter is in any way nervous or hysterical; (2) whether he or she is at the moment of the experiment in strong or weak health; and (3) whether he or she is suffering from any local affection, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, or the *sequelæ* of vaccination in the arm to which the hand that causes the deflection belongs. Only one caution, I think, need be given. You cannot expect true results if a lot of people, all throwing off different and probably conflicting electrical currents or charges, are crowding round the instrument. Any serious experiment to be made with it should be conducted either by the experimenter alone or with only one other person in the room, and this last should keep as far from the instrument as possible so soon as the experiment begins.

* The pointing of the indicator north and south is also significant, now that we know that every charged conductor is surrounded by a field of magnetic force.

† Curiously enough, this experiment is detailed in Bulwer Lytton's *Strange Story*.

‡ "For information about the motor nervous system we interrogate the muscles. . . . To attempt any adequate clinical study of diseases of the nervous or muscular apparatus without the aid of electro-diagnosis is to grope about in the uncertain twilight for something that might be looked for in the clear light of day."—W. S. Hedley, M.D. (in charge of the Electro-therapeutic Department, London Hospital) in the *Journal of Physical Therapeutics* for January 1902.



THE REVENGE.

BY RALPH HAROLD BRETHERTON.

WE had made friends with the Mammon of Unrighteousness. She was a second cousin of mine, and very rich.

"She may be nice, although she is so rich," said Beatrice. "We mustn't let that prejudice us against her."

These were words of wisdom, and we did not not let her riches prejudice us against her. We asked her to stay with us, and to bring her little daughter with her.

"I daresay Bene and Gerry will like the child to come; she will be a companion for them," said Beatrice.

So Ina Milsom and her child, Edith, came to spend a few weeks with us. They were on a visit to Europe, while John Milsom, the husband and father, remained in South America to manage the mine that brought in the riches. John had, I believe, fallen thoroughly into the indolent ways of the tropics, and he preferred his leisurely business to a scurried holiday at home.

Ina was a small woman of thirty-five, sharp-voiced and inclined to plumpness. She was clever, and knew it, and liked other people to know it. I had not seen Ina for many years, and Beatrice and she had never seen each other. Ina took good stock of Beatrice when first they met at the station. I did not mind, for Beatrice could stand scrutiny well. Moderately tall, still girlish in figure, and dressed all in white, she challenged and repaid such a look as Ina gave her. Ina herself was by no means bad-looking, but she had not Beatrice's grace. I think Ina knew this.

"My dear, what a child you are!" she said, as she kissed Beatrice quite unnecessarily. "I hope you'll excuse me, but I expected to see a staid matron. You have been married ten years, haven't you?

"Yes, and I am thirty next birthday. I shall begin to feel quite old then," said Beatrice, with a laugh.

"You don't look more than twenty," said Ina.

"Thank you," Beatrice answered simply.

Ina quickly made herself at home. There were many things which she wanted if we didn't mind, and if it didn't upset the house; and she took it so for granted that we didn't mind, and that it didn't upset the house, that we let her have them. For an hour after Ina had arrived, there was a great fetching and carrying to her room. I met Beatrice running up the stairs.

"What on earth is going on?" I asked.

"I'm making Ina comfortable," said Beatrice.

"Well, if you take anything else to her room you'll make her most uncomfortable. There won't be anywhere for her to sleep."

But for some minutes more the house rocked and shook in the throes of a revolution. Castors grunted, and there was the thud and rattle of moving furniture everywhere. Ina was making herself at home.

At tea Ina inspected our children. When I looked from Gerry and Bene to Edith I was sorry for Ina. Edith was not an attractive child. She was a silent, gawky little girl, about eight or nine, I suppose, with her hair strained back from a shiny forehead. Gerald was very polite to her, and took her all sorts of cakes; but before taking anything she looked frightenedly at her mother.

"No," said Ina shortly, and Edith refused the cake.

"May I ask that in future, Beatrice," Ina added sweetly, "Edith has her tea in the nursery? I suppose your children do not always have tea in the drawing-room?"

"Oh no," said Beatrice; "when there's nobody here we very often have tea in the nursery with them. Hal likes it better. He says the bread and butter is thicker, and he gets more to eat."

"I don't like Edith to be too much in the drawing-room—I am afraid it will spoil her; and, by the way, is there a nice quiet room where she can do her work?"

"Work?" Beatrice opened her eyes very wide.

"Her lessons."

"Oh, hadn't she better take a holiday? I was going to let Bene and Gerald have a holiday while Edith was here."

"She had a holiday on the voyage over; she cannot take another now."

"But surely it wouldn't hurt her?"

"I don't want my child to grow up an ignoramus."

Ina looked at Gerald and Benedicta as though she wondered if they knew their A B C. I believe she was half tempted to test them. I am glad that she didn't: Gerald might have got through without many mistakes, but I doubt not Bene would have been utterly floored.

We found a quiet room for Edith.

Ina looked at her watch. "It's just six," she said. "You can work until eight, then go to bed. You had better kiss me good-night now; I may not see you again. Your books are in my room, on the table by the window. Fetch them down."

Edith, kissed far more tenderly, I swear, by Beatrice than by Ina, very goodly fetched the books, and settled down to work.

"But I want to show her the new calf," said Benedicta.

"And I want her to see the trains," Gerald added.

"Not to-night," said Ina. "To-morrow morning, if she is good—and if you are good."

Beatrice, putting one hand on Gerald's shoulder and one on Benedicta's, drew her children to her.

"My children are always good," she said.

"Oh, Edith is—on the whole," Ina put in hastily, who, I fancied, felt a little snubbed. Beatrice has a quiet dignity about her which annoys other women.

We began to feel sorry for Edith. Except for an hour in the morning and an hour in the afternoon she was kept at her practising or her books. Her practising was somewhat a trial to us. Her execution, no doubt, was perfect, but she had no soul for music. She began at seven in the morning, and played until breakfast time. Ina supposed that we did not mind. Nor did we, so far as we were concerned, for our bedroom was some distance from the piano; but we felt inclined to put in a word for Edith. We didn't, however, for we did not want to be rude to Ina, after having asked her to the house.

Edith had to practise in the afternoon as well as in the morning. She was not allowed to have tea until she had put in her daily task of two hours at the piano. One afternoon Beatrice and I looked in through the window, and watched the child playing like an automaton.

"I swear," I said, "Gerry plays as well by ear."

Edith looked at the clock. She got up from the piano, and went to the table.

"I did not know that children of that age could tell the time by the clock," I remarked.

She opened her books, and began to pore over them.

"Thank heaven," Beatrice said, "it isn't my ambition to stuff my children with learning."

"Oh, they're 'cute enough," I answered. "They'll learn by assimilation. They don't need to be forced."

We tapped at the window. "Come out," we called to Edith.

But Edith shook her head. "Mother wouldn't like it."

"Oh, she won't mind."

"But she will."

We turned away, indignant in our hearts with Ina. I felt very unhappy about Edith. It was absurd to make her

stew in this way over lessons. Personally, I don't care much for cleverness unless it be natural wit. Beatrice could not spell, and when it came to compound fractions I was all at sea; but we had sound heads on our shoulders, observant eyes and keen ears, and we were very happy without political economy and the binomial theorem, whatever those two goals of the learned mind may be. What man or woman with any imagination wants to dive deep into history? I never remember learning much history, but it had always seemed to me that I could write a history of England which would be about as true as—and, I trust, less damaging to reputations than—Macaulay's. I could keep in credit at the bank without algebra. Beatrice made me happy, although she knew no more French than I did, which was next to nothing. Why, then, did Edith slave eight hours a day at her books and the piano? I could not see.

"I know what it will end in," I said. "Spectacles and a crooked spine. I'm going to talk to Ina."

"I should like to," said Beatrice; "but we mustn't."

"I think we must. That child will sicken soon."

"Never interfere between parent and child."

"Why not?"

"Well, would you like it? I know that if any woman were to interfere between me and my children I'd kill her."

"I believe you would. I certainly hope that no one will be so rash. But, you know, my heart bleeds for little Edith. I'm convinced that something ought to be done."

"Oh, Ina will soon find out her mistake. She loves her child, but expects too much of her—expects her to grow up all at once. Edith will get ill, and then Ina will see the error of her ways."

Ina did not care for our children, nor for our training of them. She said nothing, but sniffed contemptuously over Benedicta and Gerald and their deeds. She remarked that modern children were very different from old-fashioned children, and that she preferred old-fashioned children. In reply we passed strictures on old-fashioned parents. We said that often they were very brutal in their sternness. What we aimed at in our own family was perfect confidence and equality, unity of purpose and sharing of pleasure between parent and child. We waxed very eloquent on our pet subject. Ina sniffed, and said that Edith was an obedient child, who knew her place. A child's place was at her mother's knee, Beatrice said, and not at a table littered with books. There was very nearly a quarrel, but somehow or other it was avoided.

But peace could not reign long in a house where two mothers with healthy tempers despised each other.

"Poor Edith gets on my nerves," Beatrice said to me. "I lie awake thinking about her at night."

And perhaps Ina lay awake thinking about the wickednesses of Benedicta and Gerald.

I suppose our children are naughty, but as we couldn't love them much more than we do, I do not think it very much matters. But Ina was of a different opinion. Still, to my mind, she made a fault of what was no fault at all, but an act of Christian charity.

"Where's Edith?" she asked of us one afternoon.

"I saw her with Gerry and Bene just now, in the field," said Beatrice.

"But I didn't tell her she could go out."

"I expect Gerry or Bene asked her to."

"It's very wrong of them to take her away from her work. I must tell her to go back."

"Oh, let her have this afternoon off," I begged.

"She will have Saturday: that is enough," said Ina; and she went away, across the lawn, to the field, to send Edith back to her lessons.

"Won't she pitch into the kiddies!" I said.

"She may scold Edith if she likes, but let her dare to scold Bene or Gerry!" said Beatrice. "Let her dare!" She stood up her full height under the trees, and stiffened her arms. I smelt war.

What happened in the field I do not know. Gerald, I believe, had gone on a quest for something or other which he wished to show to Edith, and Ina found only Edith and Bene. There was a big flare-up between Ina and Bene, and Edith slunk away, cowed, to her lessons, while Ina haled Bene across the lawn to us by the collar of her frock. Beatrice went out to meet them.

"Let Bene go!" she cried commandingly.

"Not until I've shaken the breath out of her," Ina said through her teeth.

There was a flaming mark across her face, and I never saw a woman look so angry. She shook Bene until she was red and tearful. Beatrice darted forward and seized Ina's wrist, so that Ina, with a little cry of pain, let Bene go.

"How dare you touch my child!" Beatrice cried.

"She's a little devil."

"She isn't. She's the best child in the world, and I'll never forgive you for touching her."

"I'd like to kill her. She hit me across the face with a nettle." Ina put her hand up to her face. "You don't know the agony of it," she cried; and I could see that she was in great pain.

Beatrice looked from the child to Ina.

"You did something to her first of all," Beatrice said angrily; "and I dare say you deserved what you got."

"I only told her she was naughty."

I had hold of Benedicta's hand, and she struggled to get away.

"Oh you liar!" she cried. "I'll kick her. Let me kick her. I hate her—I hate her."

But I held Bene tight.

"What did you do to her?" Beatrice demanded.

"Nothing," Ina said doggedly.

Beatrice went nearer to her, and Ina quailed.

"Nothing," she repeated.

Benedicta struggled again. "She said you were a bad mother, muvvie," she cried, "and it isn't twue, so I hit her. She said I should grow up wicked because you didn't know how to look after children. Oh, she said howwid fings 'bout you, and they're not twue, and I'm going to kill her."

Benedicta broke away from me, but she did not kill Ina. Love overmastered hate in her, and after a little vicious dart at Ina, she ran to Beatrice and, sobbing, was received in Beatrice's arms. Beatrice lifted Bene up, and kissed and caressed her.

"It isn't twue what she said," Bene sobbed. "You're the best mother—you know you are, muvvie, and I know it too."

"I try to be," said Beatrice softly.

Then she turned to Ina. Beatrice's anger was very terrible to see. She was deadly pale, and her voice was low and clear. "Did you say that?" she asked of Ina.

Shame swallowed up the mark the nettles had left on Ina's face. She hung her head. "I did," she answered.

"Then you have done me something I can never forgive. Don't ask me to forgive you."

Ina knew that she had done wrong, but she was not the sort of person to admit it.

"I certainly shall not," she said. "I leave your house to-night."

"There's a train at 6.15. I will send your tea to your room. You can have one of the maids to help you pack if you wish it. I do not care to say good-bye."

Beatrice was very queenly. She towered, an outraged mother, her sobbing darling in her arms, high above Ina, who, never very tall, seemed to shrink to less than her usual size. There was righteous anger in every line of Beatrice's form; but I think that, if Ina had cared to ask humbly for pardon, she would have received it. All that she said, however, was, "Very well"; and she turned on her heels, and went towards the house. She was ashamed of herself, and still more ashamed of being ashamed. She went away with lowered head; but half-way across the lawn she straightened herself, and looked back at Beatrice.

"Take my advice and be sterner," was Ina's last shot, "or you'll make that child a rod for your back."

"At any rate," Beatrice called back, "I shan't break *her* back with lessons." Then Ina disappeared into the house.

"Let me kill her, muvvie," Benedicta begged.

Beatrice set the child down.

"No, darling," Beatrice said; "but I'll be even with her."

Beatrice walked away towards the back of the house. I followed her, half guessing what was in her mind.

"What are you going to do?" I asked her when I caught up with her.

"I'm going to find Edith. I expect she is still at her work. Ina won't disturb her until the very last minute."

"But you're not going to say anything to the child?"

"I am. I'll tell her what a mother she's got."

"But, Beatty, that was the very fault for which you were so angry with Ina."

"I shall tell Edith the truth—nothing else."

"Is it right? Think a bit: is it right?"

"I don't know, and I don't care. I'm

too angry to know or care whether it is right or wrong."

"Don't do it, there's a good woman."

"You only tell me not to because you're a coward, and wouldn't have the courage to do it. But I have the courage, and I'll do it."

When Beatrice is determined, there is no stopping her.

"All right," I said; "but I think you'll be sorry."

We went to the window of the room where little Edith was. The window was half open. Beatrice pushed it fully open. Edith's head was on her arms, and we heard her sob. Beatrice leaned into the room.

"Edith," she called.

Edith started, and raised her head.

"Come here," said Beatrice. The child came. She feared to move away from her books, but obedience was an instinct with her, and she came. Beatrice pulled her to her, so that they sat on the window-ledge, Beatrice outside, Edith inside.

"You're crying," said Beatrice.

"I've been naughty."

"What did you do?"

"I left my lessons, and mother found me."

"Are you crying because she was angry?"

"No, because I vexed her."

"You love her, don't you, Edith?"

"Of course."

"I'm going to tell you something, child."

I put my hand on Beatrice's shoulder. "Don't," I whispered, but Beatrice made no sign that she heeded me.

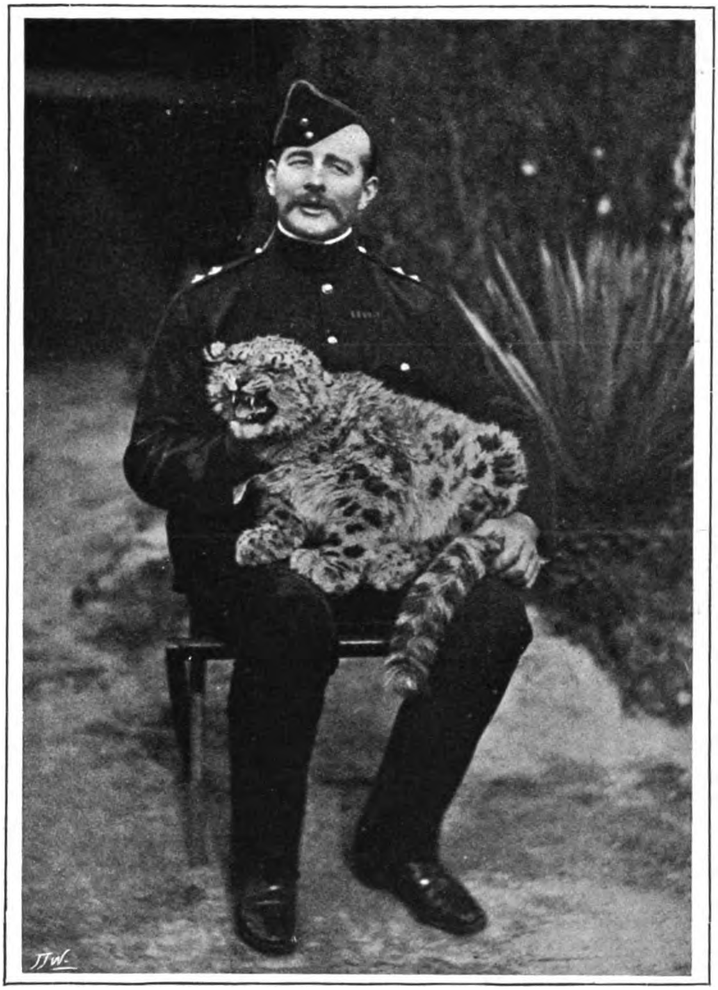
"It's this, child. If you love your mother, kiss her more often than you do, and make her kiss you more often. When she comes into the room don't bury your head in your books, don't look as if you were frightened to see her, but as if you were glad. Laugh sometimes, and make her play with you. Don't only say "yes" and "no" to her. Tell her that you love her and are happy. You don't ever tell her that, do you? Of course it is so, and she takes it for granted; but she would like to hear you say it now and again. Be obedient, because your mother knows more in all probability than you do, although you're such a learned little girl; but don't only do what you are told—do some things before you are told. When you are tired of your books, don't be afraid to say so. Leave them, and go to your mother, and get on her knee, and say, 'Mother, I'm tired, and I want to be loved.' You are tired, aren't you?—very tired—sometimes, but I don't think you ever say so. It's nothing to be ashamed of, Edith: your mother gets tired sometimes; I do—everybody does; we can't help it. You're very tired now, you know; I can see that you are. Well, shut your books this instant, and go to your mother—she's in her room. Jump into her arms—never mind how busy she is—and say, 'Muvvie, muvvie, I want to be loved.' And won't she hug you! You'll cry, and so will she, but you both will be very happy. But kiss me first. You and mother are going away to-night, and I shan't see you again; so kiss me good-bye."

They kissed, and Edith went, wonderingly, to do Beatrice's bidding.

"Beatrice," I said, "you're a regular trump."

She got slowly off the window-ledge. "No," she said, "I'm a fool—a silly, sentimental fool: I've ruined my chance of revenge." At which thought she burst into tears. "But I shall never speak to Ina again," she said defiantly—"I'm determined on that."





THE SNOW LEOPARD.

We are indebted to Mr. M. Dadabhoy, Mooltan, for this photograph of Capt. H. J. Nicholl, of the 1st Bedfordshire Regiment, with the snow leopard cub which he caught when shooting in the neighbourhood of the Buddhist monastery of Hanle, in Ladak, near the Thibet border. The leopard when caught was brought up by hand, and is now about six months old. It is now in the Zoological Gardens of London, and is the only specimen of its kind throughout the whole of Europe.

A NOTE ON THE SNOW LEOPARD.

BY F. E. BEDDARD, F.R.S.

"AN animal of the feline kind, frequently confounded with the panther," wrote a naturalist of the century before last. As a matter of fact, the Snow Leopard is not more like the panther than are many other cats. Cats are apt to be spotted, and the Snow Leopard is not exceptional in this respect. But any one who has had the opportunity of comparing the two creatures together in the flesh, or in the skin, would be totally unable to confuse them. The subject of the present "note" is pale in hue, as befits an animal which lives in high altitudes; its spots are much larger than those of a leopard, and to consider its manners merely, the ounce is a much milder beast than its fierce ally of Asia and Africa. It so happens that at least two out of the three specimens of this

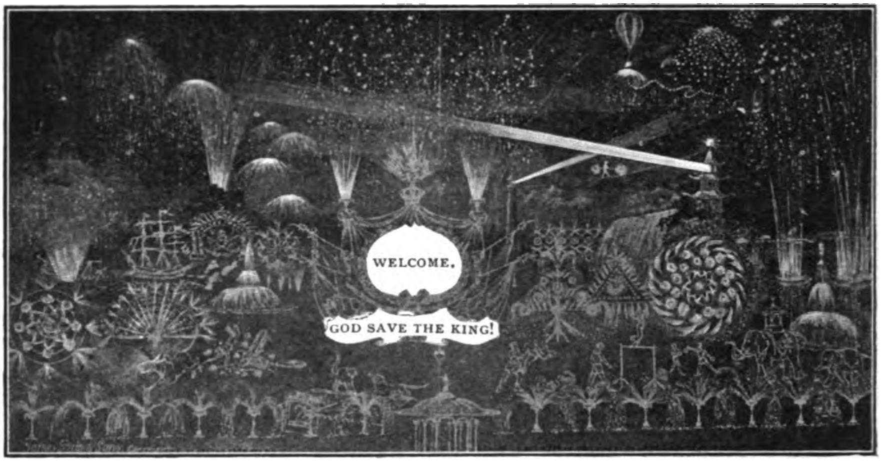
oriental cat which have been exhibited alive in the menagerie in Regent's Park have passed much of their lives as pets. Now, no one of ordinary sanity would make a pet of a truculent leopard. There are positively man-eaters among leopards, as among tigers. But there are no records of man-eating Snow Leopards. Not that they are not exceedingly carnivorous. It has been stated that one of these beautiful carnivores slew out of sheer greed—and it could not have been for food--no less than "six male ibexes." This almost rivals the weasel, which as the smallest is also the most fell of carnivores.

At present there is no possible way of confounding this creature with any other. It was originally described so long ago as the year 1778, and then recognised as a perfectly distinct beast. But since then the Snow Leopard has been mixed up, not only with the leopard, which is more or less natural, but also with the hunting leopard or cheetah, which is much less natural, as there is no resemblance of any kind between the two animals—except, indeed, that both are spotted and both are cats. It is an interesting fact that the ounce is one of those spotted cats that does not change its spots. In spite of Shakespeare the leopard does change its spots, and indeed loses them entirely. Leopards which live in high and damp localities, such as the forest of Malaya, become black; and it has been pointed out that they are in this respect similar to other creatures which inhabit the same kind of. places. The Snow Leopard does not, as it appears, undergo any such changes; it is always precisely the same in hue, and never varies in any important particular. Probably—or perhaps it is more prudent to say possibly—this is due to its regular mode of life.

The Ounce is a dweller upon high mountains. Only rarely does it descend to such a low level as 6,000 feet. The general elevation at which the cat is found is 8,000 feet and upwards. Under these circumstances the climatic conditions are much the same, and there is, so to speak, no reason for any divergence from the normal, caused either by the direct influence of temperature, or by any process of natural selection which might come in to assist in an advantageous change. It is an exceedingly remarkable fact that a dry and cold climate seems to influence the animals which live under it. Damp and heat, as we have already mentioned, are apt to cause melanism—a blackening or at least darkening of the skin. But arctic climates and deserts, which so far as dryness is concerned are on exactly the same level, cause the exact opposite. In this way, then, it is possible that we may explain the bleaching of the Snow Leopard.

It is not very often that the Zoological Society exhibit to the public a new creature that is new in captivity. The Society has been founded since so long ago as 1826; and during the seventy odd years that have elapsed there have been many opportunities of acquiring new and rare beasts. But it so happens that this particular animal was not on view in Regent's Park until so recently as 1891. And since that date only two other individuals have been obtained, including the very new arrival which we refer to here. Arrivals at the Zoo are occasionally apt to be received at the wrong time. A beast accustomed to the tropics sometimes turns up in the middle of the winter. And if it does, there is unfortunately some chance that it may succumb to the rigour of the climate. The Snow Leopard has fortunately selected the very best time possible for its advent. Therefore there is no reason in the world to doubt that it will be a success, and will remain for years an inmate of its cage outside the Small Mammals House. The last Snow Leopards were not so long-lived as might have been wished.

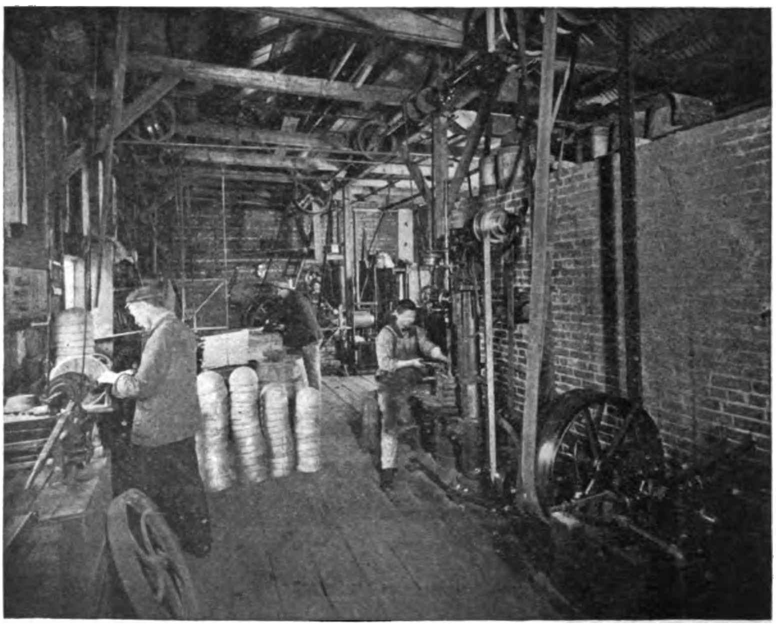
END OF VOL. XXVI.



The Manufacture of Fireworks.

IT was with a view of penetrating the arcana of a fascinating science that I recently accepted the courteous invitation of Messrs. Pain & Sons, of St. Mary Axe, City, and Walworth Road, S.E., to visit their famous works at Mitcham.

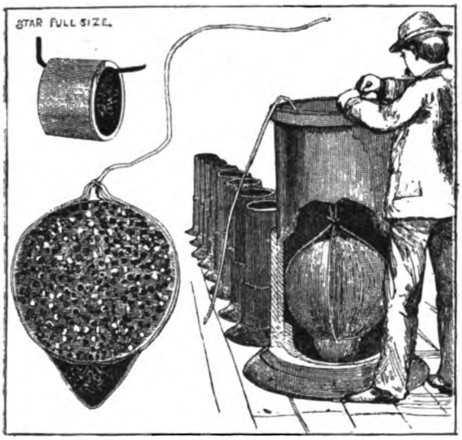
The scent of lavender has departed for ever from Mitcham. A road through fields speedily brings one to the gates of what, at the first blush, appears to be a fortified camp or miniature Aldershot. There you are politely requested to stand and deliver all matches and smoking appliances whatsoever that may be upon your person. It is a tradition of the place that the name of Bryant & May has never even been whispered beyond these bounds. Indeed, extraordinary precautions are everywhere taken against accident. All employees, male and female (several hundred in number), are obliged to change their outer garments upon entering, and wear goloshes in the workshops; while the latter are illuminated by gas-jets *outside* the windows, and these again are lighted by a portable electrical appliance. Moreover, to minimise the force of a possible explosion, or prevent the spread



Machinery shed.

of a conflagration, between each hut or workshop—and the whole vast enclosure of many acres is covered with them—stout barriers or hoardings of timber and corrugated iron are erected, while each hut, in turn, is subdivided in order that some of its inmates, at least, may escape in case of fire.

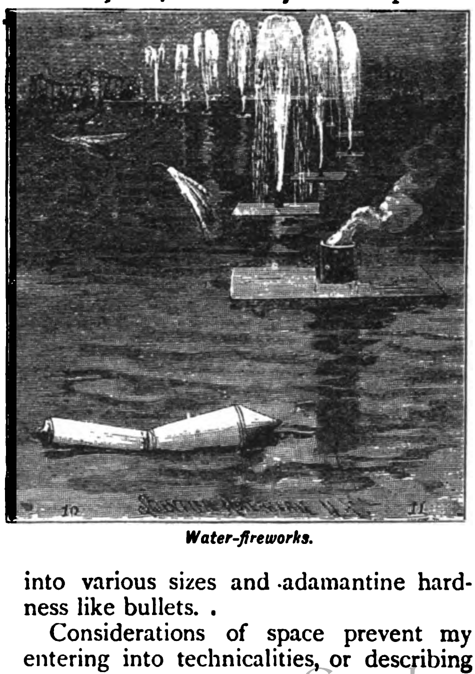
The visitor is first shown over a series of warehouses, piled from floor to ceiling with cases or tubes awaiting filling at the



Firework shells.

workshops. These, made entirely of paper of various thicknesses, are not manufactured on the premises, but give employment to hundreds of men, women and children in Mitcham and elsewhere. Here you have your bomb, your rocket, roman candle, squib, and cracker in embryo. A workman, "to show how the thing is done," runs a wooden roller over a number of sheets of brown paper pasted on both sides, passes this through a machine, withdraws the roller, "chokes" one end with a string, and lo! you have the primitive condition of the rocket. The 12-inch shell, however, must needs take the place of honour. It is composed of brown pulp, or true papier-maché, made in two halves, and joined by canvas bands soaked in glue. This is charged from the top with an explosive mixture, freely intermingled with "stars." Attached to the bottom of the shell is a separate receptacle containing a heavy charge of gunpowder, a quick-match connecting this with the top. To secure the vertical flight of the shell, it is dropped to the bottom of an iron mortar, in shape like a section of drain-pipe; the match touched at the top ignites the gunpowder, sending aloft the shell, which, exploding by a time-fuse, releases its cargo of stars.

The Rocket comes next in order. Charging a rocket of fairly large proportions is a formidable operation. The paper case is first placed over a spindle in order to obtain a hollow centre, by which means the escaping gases give to the stick the required propulsion skywards. The operator is provided with a bowl full of the necessary mixture, and a tiny scoop. Seventeen times must the scoop be re-used for each rocket, and every charge rammed home by forty blows of a heavy mallet. The rocket *per se* is now an accomplished fact. The usual top, containing stars of various colours, or "serpents"—merely small squibs packed closely together—is adjusted in a separate building. The Board of Trade regulation signal rocket, manufactured by this firm, contains a large charge of guncotton, the explosion of which, it is said, can be heard twelve miles at sea. Great proficiency has been attained in the manufacture of stars of every conceivable tint and degree of brilliancy. Any colour or shade can be produced at will. I was permitted to look into the hut where the operation takes place. Thence the various mixtures in the form of powder are transferred to another shed, where they are compressed



Water-fireworks.

into various sizes and adamantine hardness like bullets.

Considerations of space prevent my entering into technicalities, or describing

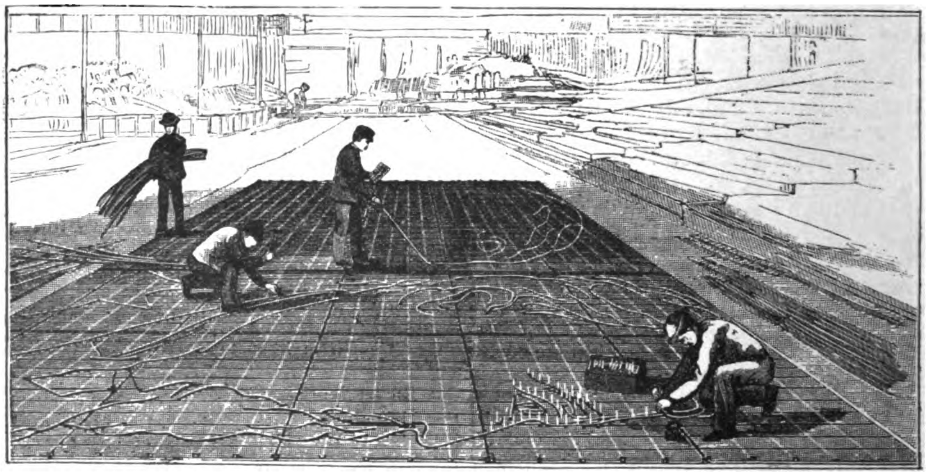


Case-marking building.

the elaborate mechanism of set-pieces, which, after all, are a combination on a grand scale of the pyrotechnic devices already cited, though involving much artistic taste and mechanical ingenuity. Although vague potentialities of disaster rose constantly in my mind, and I found it to be truly an awe-inspiring moment when I stood, with goloshes on my feet, in a room with some four thousand pounds of gunpowder as my sole environment, wondering what would become of the goloshes in case of accident, I felt, in quitting this wonderful home of the pyrotechnic art, the consciousness of having spent a very delightful and instructive afternoon.

For the Coronation Festivities Messrs. Pain will manufacture about 500 tons of display fireworks. In their illuminations they will use 1,500,000 prismatic lamps and gas-jets, 100 crystal devices of various designs, and many electric installations.

All who may be contemplating the employment of pyrotechnic display, or the illumination of their premises and residences, should apply to Messrs. Pain & Sons for their Catalogue.



Making a set-piece.

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HOMER on the STAGE

TRAVEL in the HIMALAYAS

ONE SHILLING